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TITAN.

WHAT HELPS TO CAUSE THE DEGENERACY OF THE YOUTH OF FRANCE.

[M. EMILE AUGIER AND M. A. DUMAS (FILS).*]

LET us take them upon their own showing. Nothing is more unfair than to judge individuals or nations from *our*, and not *their* own point of view. They have a right to protest whenever this is done; but whenever their own point of view is the one adopted whence to study and judge them,—whenever the words taken out of their own mouths be those whereby they are condemned, then, they can have no possible cause of complaint, and their only resource is to swear to the existence of self-calumny. But against this there is another victorious argument—the *public*. If the writers of France calumniated France, the French public would not adopt their works, and make their fortunes as it does. Suppose Emile Augier's *Jeunesse* were to be brought out upon the English or German, or Spanish, or Italian, or Russian, or American stage, or in any capital of the entire civilized world, large or little—be it Lisbon or Copenhagen, or Rio Janeiro, or Amsterdam, or no matter where, excepting *only* Paris—what effect would it have? None; for it would tell no *home-truth* to the audience, it would represent no scenes that every spectator had repeatedly witnessed in his own or his neighbour's family. Call the hero Philippe Huguet anything save a Frenchman, and he is no longer true;

he does not exist, he *cannot be*; he would represent nothing to the public who should in any country save France be required to appreciate him. Philippe Huguet, the hero of *La Jeunesse*, does most aptly and most perfectly embody not only a whole class of professional men—of men, namely, of the so-called 'middle classes'—by every detail of his conduct; but his *principles* are those of the whole nation, and of every man in it, from the Duke down to the dustman. Emile Augier's piece is *not* a clever piece; it is a commonplace piece, such as its author could write, he being a commonplace man; but it *is* the record of what the young men of France have come to, and, to a certain degree, it is the explanation of *why* they have come to it. It is nothing more than this; but *it is this* completely, and therefore it is fraught with considerable interest for the foreign spectator or reader. There can be no doubt that among contemporary prose writers, none have so perpetually devoted themselves to the portraiture of the youth of their country, as Emile Augier and Alexandre Dumas, the younger. The latter lives the life of what are termed the 'fast men' (*les viveurs, les tapageurs*), and he simply sets down on paper that which is furnished him by his own experience. He seldom or never meddles with 'marriage or giv-

* *La Vie à l'ingt Ans*, 1 vol. 18mo, Paris, Michel Levy; *Le Fils Naturel*, a Comedy in Five Acts. By A. DUMAS.

La Jeunesse. A Comedy in Five Acts. By E. AUGIER.

France: *Scènes de la Vie de Jeunesse en Province*. By M. ERNEST SERRET

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ing in marriage,' but stops short upon the threshold of domestic life, confining himself almost exclusively to the first half of existence. Here we are at once arrested by our own words—the *first half* of existence? Alas! there lies one of the secrets of the degradation of the French youth in our century. Life in France is necessarily divided into two distinct halves; one lying before, the other after marriage. In marriage there is, there can be, no love, for that has been squandered, even unto utter ruin, during the period when marriage is not adverted to, and upon the creatures with whom marriage would be impossible. Youth, therefore, which true pure love can indefinitely prolong, is not co-existent with, but is on the contrary annihilated by, matrimony. When a Frenchman of twenty-two marries a woman of sixteen, *his youth is past*; he is old in every sense, in his utter want of generous impulse, in his narrowness and selfishness, in his incessant habits of calculation, in his difficulty of being duped by his affections. *He has lived.* The profligacy into which he often allows himself to be led after marriage, is either a mere matter of vanity or the result of his incurable taste for bad company; it may even come from intense laziness, and the horror of being bored, which he thinks he may be in what are called respectable houses; it rarely if ever comes from passion. That has been spent, and the heart which is supposed to be its source, is pretty much in the state of a well-squeezed lemon. It mostly has little enough to give; but little or much, whatever it did originally contain, has been expended during the 'first half' of life. But why, it will be asked, these 'two halves?' and why should not dignity and respectable behaviour adorn youth, and passion develop itself (as it often does in really generous organizations), with the energy and strength of maturer years? Why? because the very constitution of society in France forbids it; because her moral and political and legislative *mistakes* have rendered it impossible. Men are not absolutely born of one species on this side of a ditch or a hill, and of another species on that, accordingly as one side is called France or the other England or Spain. Circum-

stances modify them, and every modifying circumstance has combined to make Frenchmen what they are since the last seventy or eighty years. It has been the work of two or three generations; not more. The division into two distinct halves of the Frenchman's existence, is one of the chief facts that have to be seized. In the first half, he forgets every decency; in the second, he forgets every sentiment. He abandons so much to misconduct, because he has from childhood upwards been saying to himself that he has only a few years during which to be young, during which to discover whether he has a heart or not, and to use it if he have one; and after that his life becomes a mere matter of business and calculation. He is all the more 'wild' during his first period, that he knows he is expected to be all the more tame during the latter. The French Revolution has in this respect more to answer for than may be at first supposed, or than it has (to our knowledge) been made accountable for as yet.

When examining the condition to which society is now reduced in France, two causes for it strike you at first,—two causes which, in reality, may be compressed into one, but which we will for the reader's convenience study separately. One is the tenure of property in France, superinducing, as it does, the uniform level of need throughout every family; the other is the manifest moral inferiority of the women, their banishment from society, whilst the affections, whatever their violence, may yet be alloted to innocence, and the privileges vouchsafed them so soon, as whatever they *feel* must be felt at the cost of virtue. Just as *pure love* can never be the prize of a Frenchman, his incentive to action, his consolation under reverse, but he must be content to set the 'love' on one side, and the 'purity' on the other;* just so 'innocent liberty' is out of the possible appreciation of a Frenchwoman, and her inno-

* Let us at once disclaim all intention to deny exceptions. A man may marry for love in France, and for interest in other countries, but the fact of the effect his marriage will create, proves his departure from what is the ordinary course pursued by the large majority of his fellow-countrymen.

cence is just there where her liberty is not. Freedom to do right she never has ; when freedom is allowed her to an almost unlimited extent, it is, do not let it be overlooked, the *freedom to do wrong!*

Women and men in France are never young at the same time, so that the young man is never modified by the young woman, which, in other countries, and especially in our own, he almost always is, in a beneficial sense. When the female, in French civilisation, begins to emerge from her nothingness, and to live, to *be*, therefore to *be young*, she clashes against the exhausted youth of her companion, who, as we have stated above, bids adieu to the impulses of youth so soon as he marries. A young French woman, consequently, stands, on her entrance through the portals of matrimony into the life of the world, between the premature old age of her husband and the utter unscrupulousness of his bachelor friends,—between the cold disdain for life and its true capacities of happiness, and the wildest thirst for life's enjoyments, bought no matter at what cost. A young man's existence in France usually opens by what might be styled the betrayal of a friend, if the friend's happiness were seriously compromised in the business. At all events, his first love reposes upon a violated duty. After that, how can he ever feel a healthy, proper respect for his own youth, or for the youth of others? Neither does he feel anything of the kind. A Frenchman's first sin is, *that he despises his own youth*. Added to this, his personal experience has not taught him to believe in the virtue or purity of women, and he, for this reason, regards marriage as a disagreeable necessity, as an institution which provides for the perpetuation of families, and in which comfort even can only be secured by indifference and a tolerable amount of philosophy. The word *wife* has no sacredness of sound in a Frenchman's vocabulary ; for he knows too well what is his opinion upon the wives of others. The companion of the greater part of life, the associate in its business if not in its pleasures, is chosen for motives that have little enough to do with her own individual qualities or attractions. To

say the truth, nine Frenchmen out of ten would rather their wives were not over attractive. They hold to their being rich above all, beyond all, immeasurably beyond and above all other qualifications ; they like them to be clever and sharp, because then there is a strong chance of their being able to administer their fortunes wisely ; they approve of their being severely brought up, because that sort of education may afford some guarantee of their economy and distaste for extravagant expenditure ; but as to reckoning beauty, or talent, or what are termed 'charms' or 'attractions,' of any personal sort as compensations for lack of dower, or as *advantages* in themselves, the contrary is precisely the case, generally, in France.

A man's *own* wife, in France, represents *nothing but* the matter of fact portion of his existence, the wives of other men represent to him its pleasanter part. Now, this being the case, it is almost impossible that women should be quite virtuous ; *ergo*, it is difficult that men should easily believe in their virtue. Hence the death of all chivalry amongst Frenchmen, and one cause of the degeneracy of youth ; for what is *unchivalrous* youth ? We do not say there are *no virtuous women in France*. No ! for on the contrary, there are a considerable number of most *virtuous wives* in French society ; but then their virtue is necessarily, from all the causes we have adduced, and from the constitution and manners of that society, something so sublimely severe, or severely sublime, that it is abnormal, awful, and all but repellent. It is the virtue of martyrs and saints, never an easy, amiable, cheerful, loveable, every-day virtue ; but a virtue stiff, starch, ceremonious, dreary in the extreme, and reminding of solemn fasts and humiliations. Nor can this, as things are, be otherwise. Human nature will assert itself in some way ; and if the weakness of the human creature do not lead it to yield to the temptation of passion, it will give it over to the consolation of pride. Where love-marriages are the rule, and money-marriages only the exception, the virtue of women is valiant and gay—it is the virtue of happiness ; where the reverse is the case, female virtue is harsh and reserved—

it is the virtue of resignation and of pain.

We will show by and by, why this division of a man's life in France into two distinct halves, and this consequent separation of all Frenchwomen into the two opposite classes of wives and mistresses, has been all but a necessary result of the legislative mistakes of the revolution; for the moment let us direct our reader's attention towards those writers who, in contemporary France, have painted the most accurately the incidents, habitual to one or the other half of a modern Frenchman's life.

There can be no doubt, that of all those who have undertaken to depict the 'first half' of life in the France of our days, none have succeeded so thoroughly as Alexandre Dumas, the son. The *Dame aux Camélias*; the *Demi Monde*; *Diane de Lys*; the volume entitled *La Vie à Vingt Ans*; all these are but the successive chapters of one work that in its pages reflects the image of what the youth of France is in society, as now constituted in France—of what its enjoyments and its sufferings are during the period that lies before marriage. Emile Augier, on the other hand, is more of a moralist and a philosopher, far less of a poet than Alexandre Dumas. Whilst the latter recounts or sings what he has himself done, more or less, and lives individually in all he relates, the former observes from a distance, and is to a certain degree pre-occupied by the causes of all this moral disease and confusion; of all this 'ineradicable taint of sin,' which he also vaguely feels to be the produce of a 'false nature,' though he does not, son of Gaul that he is, clearly discern where the falsehood lies. As we said in the first line of our first page: let us take them upon their own showing. No one can thus accuse us of prejudice or exaggeration.

We will turn over the pages of *La Vie à Vingt Ans*; a chapter torn from the book of French life during its 'first half'; during that half that could not be what it is, were not the other half its sequel.

La Vie à Vingt Ans is the history of the three different love passages in the early life of a certain Emmanuel de

—, whom the author presents to us as the type of the young men of the present day in France. He begins what he takes to be a life of pleasure at eighteen. His 'first love,' as we have said, rests upon a violated duty. He has been introduced by an uncle of his into a house where he meets with Madame d'Harnebey, a beauty of not very immaculate renown, and some years older than himself. Still, whatever her reputation, Madame d'Harnebey is well received in the world, and Emmanuel is dazzled to absolute blindness when she shines upon him in all her lustre. She perceives this, and he has sense enough left to see that she does so. 'What delights even the women the most used to adulation,' says M. Dumas, 'is the naive and sincere expression of the admiration they excite; if it really be genuine, they will even excuse its being coarse; and I know women of fashion who confess that a burst of admiration suddenly provoked by them from individuals of the very lowest order in the open street, flatters them more than all the studied compliments paid to them by men of their own rank.'

Well! his 'genuine admiration' apparently touches so profoundly Madame d'Harnebey, that M. Emmanuel, aided by his uncle (who, he tells the reader, 'was beyond measure anxious' to secure to him 'an honourable attachment'), in a marvellously short time is what the world terms 'successful' with the lady of his love. Here is his first experience of female virtue! an experience *he could not find* so readily if marriages were differently made. His conduct with Madame d'Harnebey is what we in Britain should simply style *infamous*, but what is another of the inevitable results of the relative position of each to the other in these cases. There is a treachery whereof he chooses to suppose this woman capable, who in her turn receives insult meekly, *because she has no right to talk of sacrifice!* 'As the child in its cruelty catches a bird, in order to pick out its feathers, instead of listening to its song,' says the autobiographer, 'so did I torture her who had yielded to my desires. I tore from her, one after the other, all the illusions she chose to

cherish in her fancy about myself; and, meeting me with a smile upon her lips, I contrived that she should mostly leave me with tears in her eyes, and a blush upon her brow. . . . I took care to omit none of the small cowardly acts that are so characteristic of the generation to which I belong. . . . Amongst

other things I constantly took care to make her feel she had loved me too soon. "You are quite right," would she reply, "but *you only* have no right to reproach me with it!"

In all the race of French critics none ever asks why it is that this is the true picture of the conduct of a young Frenchman with his mistress—with the woman he believes to be his 'first love.' The 'why?' is nevertheless an easy one to reply to. It is simply because, in this disorderly half of his life, he instinctively revenges himself, by anticipation, upon the dreariness and vexations of the half that is commonly styled 'respectable.' In the husband of his mistress of to-day, he recognises his own image at a later epoch; and he cannot help forcing the 'Madame d'Harnebey' of the hour when he is 'Emmanuel,' to suffer for the sins that are to be committed against him, when he, in turn, shall be the 'M. d'Harnebey' of the drama. It is the phantom of what is one day to be his own outraged honour that rises up and tears the mask from the face of his illicit joys. And *this is inevitable*; and its inevitability is precisely what neither the actors in the play nor their critics *will* see; for if they did, they must condemn and repudiate the entire system of society as it is now constituted in France. Let us hear M. Dumas' description of what nine-tenths of all these guilty attachments are—of what they cannot fail to be, marriages being what *they* are: *apropos* to the monstrous absurdity of being jealous of the love of the moment, the young author exclaims:—

'Suddenly a woman is met with, who was unknown ten minutes before, and whom one never imagined one was to meet in all one's life; she is paid court to, from Heaven knows what cause; from caprice, vanity, opportunity, love perhaps, or what not? She resists. Desire grows stronger:

everything is forgotten for the sake of the happiness which is conceived to lie in store for him whom that identical woman shall love. She becomes the most beautiful, the cleverest, the most incomparable of created beings. *She yields.* From that moment there is a change, and the portion of her life over which we have no claim is resolutely explored and *mostly calumniated.* . . . To satisfy your self-love, she ought, forsooth! to have waited chastely and patiently until you should appear to subjugate her—*you only!* But, fool that you are! it is just because *she has loved others that she loves you; because her heart has contracted the habit of loving that she listens, in turn, to you, who, no matter what your worth, are not worth more than those to whom she listened before you spoke (!)* If she were what you upbraid her for *not* being, she would have turned a deaf ear to your suit; she would be virtuous, and you would be driven to despair by her indifference, instead of thus torturing yourself in the midst of her concessions and your success.

There is the whole creed. It requires no comment. Every word speaks for itself, and speaks volumes. The natural game pursued by the pleasure-hunters in France is the woman whose freedom is a crime. They run her down, and despise her; the object of the so-called 'graver' pursuit is a victim to whom they give their name, and whom they neglect in order to escape from the ridicule of attaching suspicion to her every step. 'True wisdom leads us,' says Alexandre Dumas, 'never to require from our mistresses what our wives should insure to us. Marriage is there to enable us to talk of *rights*! Out of this *legality of the affections*, love is a mere temporary link, a fortuitous convention, more or less durable, and during which there should be no memory of the past.'

Marriage the 'legality of the affections!!' there is one of the chief secrets of all the corruption. In the husband the law only is incarnate. The 'strong necessity of loving' being admitted, and the social edifice being so constructed that the husband shall neither choose his wife, nor his wife him, the lover becomes a necessary

and a tolerated evil; but justice is of so divine an essence that the unjust even themselves rarely renounce it altogether, and so the lover, involuntarily but inevitably, is the avenger of the husband, and the most active agent of punishment of all this wrong.

But to return to Emmanuel, the hero of M. Dumas' book, the type of what is 'life at twenty'; his attachment to Madame d'Harnebey, what, in later years, he will recur to as his '*first love*,' has a most miserable and shameful ending: he allows himself to be persuaded by some outlaw from all decency and good feeling, of his own age and standing, that the woman he has compromised is listening to another lover at the same time. He instantly writes her a letter such as only the veriest ruffian ever created would, one should imagine, be capable of inditing, and for which a sound horse-whipping is the only fitting guerdon; and when his mistress, cured by this infamous behaviour of her folly, has ceased altogether to care a straw about him, then M. Emmanuel falls for the first time madly in love with her, becomes all but insane, and finding her coldness towards him incurable, decides upon taking a journey to Italy, and, whilst at Naples, falls into the snares of a *danseuse* and of her mother, who run away with him, and bring him back, at the end of a certain time, to Paris. Emmanuel is never the least in the world in love with Antonia (the name of the dancer), but his vanity is gratified by her being known to 'belong to him,' as he phrases it, and little by little he falls into the *habit* of passing his life with her.

Meanwhile, this *liaison* has no end of ups and downs, and Antonia's constancy to her lover is intermittent, which the latter does not clearly see, because he cares so marvellously little for that circumstance. But during one of the periods of time when Emmanuel has rather less attention to pay to his *Diva* (on account of the deep study of a new part, in which she is supposed to be absorbed!) he comes athwart a sprightly little woman of the name of Augustine, who, in the most extraordinarily sudden and strange way, allows him to regard himself as her vanquisher. But after one single day's illusion on his part,

Mademoiselle Augustine makes him a curtsy, and putting her finger to her lips, in sign of discretion, vanishes from the scene of his existence! 'If I had believed for four-and-twenty hours longer that that creature loved me, I should have adored her, and been her slave!' cries Emmanuel; but the said 'four-and-twenty hours longer' are denied him, and he tumbles back heavily and dispiritedly into the business-like grip of la Signora Antonia. 'What became of Augustine, do you know?' asks one of his friends years after all this. (It must be premised that the above-mentioned damsel is a kind of nondescript, half-*grisette* and half-governess, an independent female in short, who misbehaves herself while single, yet wears a bonnet and *not* a cap.) 'What became of her?' is the reply, 'oh, she married Frederic!' (This is a painter with whom Augustine was living, when her acquaintance with Emmanuel commenced.) 'Well, what do you think of that?' asks the friend. 'Think? why, think that *he* is very happy,' answers Emmanuel with a sigh, and with the disgusted, worn-out, too-indifferent-to-be-bitter air of a man who is rapidly coming to the conclusion that life is a 'dead take-in!' (Emmanuel is on the right road towards that point at which Frenchmen think it is the proper thing to marry: his path leads *straight* to that goal!)

Antonia, then, as we have stated, sees her admirer return to her, and, her small adventure of the moment being over, or nearly so, she becomes tolerably gracious to him! (For Augustine, Emmanuel procures a rosary from Rome, blessed by the Pope, and in the future they will be good friends as two men may be.) But the worst sufferer by all this is the lover's purse, and next his good repute. He gets money from his mother under false pretences, until his mother refuses to give him another franc, or see him again; he mortgages two houses he has in Paris, borrows money on everything he can lay hands on, and at last borrows two or three hundred pounds from his *valet de chambre*, whom he is thus forced to keep, because he cannot pay him! He tries every means of procuring even comparatively small sums,

and succeeds too often; and all this for the sake of a woman he does not love, and whom he has never even once deluded himself into the belief of loving! He is nearing the necessary, the inevitable end every day. He will be ripe for marriage very soon now, and, after one 'hard pull' or two, will himself admit how reasonable it is that he should '*faire une fin*.' We will ask M. Dumas himself to tell us what he thinks of a life of this kind in the phase to which he brings his hero at the last:—

'There are things,' he says, 'that the world knows not, nor can know. It cannot know how—when by inclination and indolence a young man has unluckily slipped down into the life Emmanuel was leading,—there comes a certain hour at which a thousand imperceptibly small, nay apparently trifling obstacles, crowd so upon each other, are so firmly linked, and form so narrow a circle round the victim, that there is literally no space left him whence to take his spring and leap over and beyond them. We are no longer in those primitive ages when Abraham sends off Hagar with a pitcher of water and a sack of corn. Now-a-days, when a young man has been the lover of an actress, and has spent his money for her; when he has squandered his youth, and soiled his name and fame for her; when his freedom, his fortune, and his capacity of happiness have been put into the power of a corrupt and frivolous creature; when he has broken with his family and friends for her sake; when to cover her with diamonds he has covered himself with debts—you—the world—you fancy that she, being once duly aware that he can give her nothing more, he is, at all events, at liberty to leave her, and, in bidding her adieu, to say, "Now we are quits!" No such thing! She, whose victim he is, will be the worst of all his duns, the fiercest of all his foes; unloving, she will yet forge to herself a weapon out of her pretended love. She will pursue with him *scandales* and threats, and sow around him calumnies enough to darken his honour and endanger his life. He will have lawsuits and duels for this *liaison*; and he will, perhaps, never thoroughly wipe off the mud into which he chose to fall. His im-

placable enemy will find means to make people believe that the unhappy man owes her money! She will dishonour him, if possible, by the help of the very gifts he lavished on her, and which she will pass off as her possessions in her own right, and she will always find silly, sighing swains around her in plenty to spread her inventions abroad. She will say she "*sacrificed*" God knows what to him; that she could have "*established*" herself handsomely over and over again, but that she *loved him*! *Elle l'aimait, que voulez-vous?* and she will find on all sides those who will believe her, whilst the ruined and unconscious man is pointed at when he passes in the street!"

Now, all this is true. But at the term of all this there is marriage! and they who declaim against or deplore it the most, who affect the most to look upon it all as irreparable, know in their hearts that there is somewhere somebody's *dot* lying in readiness to repair it; that in some province or some backshop there is sitting the shy, ignorant, and, worse than ignorant, *falsely taught* girl, who is to make good all the losses of the bankrupt in fortune, reputation, health, and heart. The mother may weep, the friends preach, the ex-mistress rail, the world condemn, and the protagonist of the play rant about suicide, but they all of them know in their souls that the man will marry, and probably marry well.

As to describing the hideous intrigues that go on in a French family when it comes to the question of 'marrying and giving in marriage,' that is beyond what we can undertake in this present essay. A volume would not be more than the subject requires, and when written no one out of France would believe it. The social edifice being constituted as we have shown, and marriage, being nine times out of ten, nothing more than a last escape from the ruin brought on by such a youth of debauchery as we have attempted, by the help of M. Alexandre Dumas, to paint; a sort of refuge, failing which a man must shoot himself if he would elude disgrace, it becomes evident that to secure a '*good match*' for a more than half ruined bridegroom, will

often demand as much cleverness as it takes to undermine a ministry by 'backstairs influence.' Oh, the haggling that goes on! it would be of no use attempting to describe it. The vile and dirty means that are resorted to; the narrow crooked ways that are followed; the deceptions that are practised; the lies that are told; the calumnies that are invented! It stands to reason that the past existence of the snitor, lying more or less publicly open to blame, the chief object of his party, composed of all the relatives he has in the world, and, above all, of his female ones, is to bring down the bride's pretensions, and find some motive for which her friends shall consent to 'let her go' at a cheaper rate than they at first intended. It is easy to conceive in what way the bargain is managed. First, such publicity is given to the matrimonial project by the bridegroom's family, that no inconsiderable damage would ensue to the young lady if the marriage were ultimately broken off. A girl, of whom it is said that she has once or twice been on the point of marrying, but has not married, is, for that very reason, speedily placed in a false position, and her value 'in the market' decreases. Then, by dint of investigation carried on in town and province, with the sharpness of eye of a lynx, and the patience of a mole, some female ascendant, some grandmother or aunt of the '*future*' is raked up, and found to have been guilty in her time of some such terrible piece of misbehaviour, that the 'respectable' belongings of the would-be husband actually draw back dismayed, and murmur something about the propriety of 'breaking off' altogether. If, however, for some reasons (well known to themselves) they consent to pursue the original project, they do so with the determination to make the very utmost of the argument they have discovered. Father, mother, aunt, or cousin of the bride observes that 'Monsieur so and so has not a farthing of his original fortune left—that it has been utterly squandered on this or that *Dame aux Camélias*, &c., &c.—upon which the bridegroom reminds the aforesaid parties that they would 'do well to

moderate their ambition,' that although 'Mademoiselle this or that is a charming person,' they must not forget the 'terrible scandal' excited by her grandmother or grand-aunt forty years ago (which they had forgotten altogether) ! and must consider 'how difficult it is for girls to marry now-a-days,' how 'scarce husbands are,' and how 'easy it is for any man to find a wife with more money' than the proposed *jeune personne* ! This is only one detail out of a thousand ; the inventions are unnumbered by which 'fast' young gentlemen are enabled to espouse rich young ladies in France, and reduce the latter to be inevitably one of two things : either a thorough-going flirt, who revels in her liberty, when her liberty can no longer be innocent ; or a martyr, whose austere, sour virtue makes virtue disagreeable to everybody about her.

The inevitability of marriage as the end of all youth and all romance—its apparent incompatibility with either—are to be found in all works of fiction in France. Here is what lies at the root of both the philosophical and the sentimental creations of the French muse. Take, as a sample of either, the *Fils Naturel* of Alexandre Dumas, and the novel called *Francis*, first published, a few months back, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the case of Charles Sternay (Alexandre Dumas' hero), we have the man without any heart at all, who, from mere calculation and hard selfishness, is resolved to make a 'good match,' sacrificing thereto an unfortunate girl in an inferior position of life, whom he has seduced, and who is the mother of his son. This is the occurrence of every day, and one that, indeed, is to be seen in other and less corrupt countries than France. But what marks the proceeding as purely French, is the way in which the other personages of the piece—the lookers on—accept Charles Sternay's conduct. Were the story of the *Fils Naturel* to pass in England, or even in Germany or in Italy, the man who has seduced an innocent girl, and *promised to marry* her, and legitimize her son, and who, for money, marries somebody else, would be exposed to have his behaviour much discussed, and (even

though the bride should be a lady, and the victim nothing more than a mere sempstress), there would be more than one voice raised to call him a rascal. No such thing is likely in France. A girl who is not 'in society' is seduced; a child is born; a solemn word is given and broken; and a 'rising man' marries a woman of fortune, whose fortune is the means of making him 'rise.' All this is quite natural, and in the due course of events. It is what is 'done every day,' what 'everybody does,' has done for years and years past, and will do for years and years to come; consequently nobody is astonished or dreams of quarrelling with Charles Sternay for 'making his way in the world,' as it is termed.

Here we have the matter-of-fact, calculating hero; and, perhaps, after all, that heartless men should do heartless deeds, has nothing in it that proves aught save their own heartlessness; but in *Francis* we have a sentimental individual, a well-intentioned, soft-souled, unsophisticated youth, who takes his affections and their object *au sérieux*, who—for as much as there is of resolution in him—has willed to do the right and the romantic thing, yet who does exactly what the roué and the schemer do, neither more nor less. Now, why is this? Why is the schemer in his acts no worse than the sentimentalist? Why is the weakling no shade better than the downright rascal? Because *he cannot help himself*; because if an individual attempt to go in one direction when a dense crowd is coming in the opposite one, he will *either* be crushed or obliged to turn back; because there are institutions that are stronger than the strongest purpose; and that, from a Frenchman's cradle to his grave, he is enmeshed in a fatal net that is corded down and held fast somewhere to a marriage he divines, though he may not distinctly descry it at first. He plunges into the ocean of pleasure, swims about on all sides, and the net floats with him, but so loosely that he does not perceive it; then come his own faults and follies, and each one is a huge weight that is flung into the net, and that, instead of passing through its web, remains in it, and, rendering it heavier and

heavier, draws it round the swimmer, who then feels it and knows what his fate must be.

A Frenchman has every now and then a heart like other men, and fancies himself ready to commit a generously imprudent act, but, be it remarked, he *never does it*, only dreams about it. He *can't* do it. His family, his friends, society, the 'world,' every tradition of his whole race, nay his very best as well as his worst instincts, *all* rise up to force him back from that 'scandalous abomination' a *love-match*, and to force him on to the proper and reasonable termination of the 'first half' of life, a marriage with a woman for whom he does not, and probably never will, care one straw.

The story of *Francis* is a very simple one, and one that is for ever being enacted in the provinces of France. This too is one of the reasons for which we have selected it. In spite of the excess of centralization which every government since Louis XIV. has promoted in France, life morally and intellectually, is a very different matter in the provinces to what it is in Paris. In the provinces you may still find local traditions, and you still light upon traces of what the national character really was before the Revolution of 1789-93, since when centralization has been more and more extending its gigantic spider-web over the whole country. Besides this, too, the proportions and the facilities of provincial life are different from those of the metropolis, and what may be coloured by all sorts of varied shades and *nuances*, on the *Boulevard de Gand*, stands forth in all its bare miserable ugliness, when you see it disrobed before you in some dirty little county town. *Francis* has not a scene of action laid, either, in one of those châteaux which, after all, in the summer and autumn season, are inhabited chiefly by the identical individuals who in the winter are to be found in Parisian saloons. No! it represents the society of the easy middle-classes in a provincial town, surrounded by provincial people. *Francis*, the hero, is an only son. He is, of course, like all his fellow-countrymen, predestined to make a 'good match'; he was so, from the hour of his birth; and in the brain of his parents the notion has gone on

growing in size, weight, and reality, ever since. When very young (but quite old enough to know what he is about), he falls sentimentally in love with a young girl of the name of Louise, who, on his own showing, is as good, honest, and pure (save for one fault) as she is beautiful. 'Her large brown eyes,' writes Francis to a friend of his in Paris, 'are rare, heavenly—soft as blue ones; her complexion is transparent and blooming, her ripe lips tell of her kind disposition, her arms are adorable, her foot that of a duchess; she is all freshness, youth, and nobleness of soul; she has a *virginal splendour* about her I have seldom seen, an exquisite grace, an angelic smile; she is devoted to me with the purest, most disinterested love. . . .'

Besides this we must not imagine Louise to be one of those merely pretty village belles, whose education is so immeasurably below their looks that the 'red mouse,' as with Goethe's fair vision on the Brocken, is for ever springing forth from their mouths. Louise has, on the contrary, so laboured at her own instruction (probably for her lover's sake) that we find her reading to him and reciting André Chénier's Poems with the truest and most melodious inflections of voice. 'Her acquirements for a girl of her station,' exclaims her lover, are 'quite extraordinary. She speaks her language correctly, writes nicely and without any fault of spelling, and even knows something of history. Her talk is almost always serious, she reasons justly, and is singularly perspicacious; it would be but too easy perhaps to turn her into a *bas bleu* !'

The rustic love, therefore, is not a person of whom the lover would ever have to be ashamed; not a wife who, if she became such, would ever cause her husband's intimates or 'the world' to ask 'where she had been brought up,' or 'who she was.' As to birth, she is in fact the equal, in one sense, of her seducer; for the latter's parents can boast of no nobler blood save that of 'the people,' only they have risen to a highly respectable rank by their exertions, which have gained them wealth. 'I have no money,' says Francis on one occasion, 'but my father is a *millionnaire*.' And there is the explanation of the whole. The

millionnaire's son must marry some one who will bring him also plenty of money. Now, here is a case singularly 'in point,' and illustrative of the necessities of a young Frenchman's life. An only son, rich enough for all the future exigencies of a family, sincerely in love with a girl who has committed the one sole error of yielding to his love, with a girl who has nearly every other perfection, and who disinterestedly loves him,—this only son, why should he not marry this girl? why? if you were to ask the father and mother of Francis that question, they would be sorely puzzled to give you a reasonable answer, but would simply tell you the thing could not be, because it was an absolutely unheard of combination! a combination such as never had been dreamt of by any one in his sane mind! but further than this, they would probably not go.

We will now return to Francis himself: he is very quickly aware of what is lying in wait for him, and at a certain *soirée dansante* at the sous-préfecture, the indefinite abstract marriage to which every son of Gaul is fated, assumes a definite concrete form. The day after, the mother commences her attack, and having secured her unlucky son all to herself after breakfast, opens fire upon him with the remark that 'Mademoiselle D—— would be a capital match (*un excellent parti*) for him.' At this he takes umbrage, or tries to do so, and the maternal parent retreats. But very shortly after the father comes to the rescue, and does so in a very ingeniously pleasant fashion, laughingly telling his son not to be worried by what his mother had said; that they are in 'no hurry to marry him,' &c. *No hurry!* no! of course not; *patiens quia eternus*; the man being doomed, it is no matter whether the sentence be fulfilled, to-day rather than to-morrow; and mark the father's words: 'You are free, my dear boy; choose whom you like, and we will not stand upon a matter of *four thousand pounds* (100,000 francs) *more or less*.' This is the freedom! It is not a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; by no means: 'not a money-match' at all! Only it is taken for granted *there will be money*, and it is only 'the more or the less' that is left appreciable to this

model of liberal and indulgent sires ! 'I see the whole matter distinctly,' continues the parent jocularly. 'There is a little *sentiment* in the case. Let us say no more for the present. *You shall marry when the idea comes naturally to you ; it is an idea that sooner or later always comes !*'

There it is ! there starts up the inevitable. 'A little *sentiment* !' cries the moral citizen (who is a most moral personage, as times go in France).

'Well ! we will let it all go by' (just as though it were a question of hooping-cough or measles !) 'and then we shall come to marriage !' He speaks learnedly, this same father ; for he well knows that same 'end' of all sentiment or generous impulse will infallibly come to his son, and he does not pre-occupy himself any further about the business.

But to all this what says the son ? His impression of his father's discourse is worth quoting : 'What !' he writes to a friend of his in Paris, by name Léon, who is represented all along as a half poet, half cosmopolite, an eccentric individual, in short, who actually goes the length of admitting a marriage with Louise as possible !— 'What ! there will come a day when of my own accord, I shall follow the counsels my mother gave me ! there will come a day—yes ! I know it, there *will* come a day when I shall think of marrying ; when I shall look about to choose the companion of my life !' (and this '*young man*' is in the hey-day of his youth, and of his '*first love* !') 'when I shall seek for a modest and well-behaved young girl, who shall promise fairly as a prudent and sensible wife, as a mother of a family. I am to be the master of my choice : yes, forsooth, so long as the number of those from whom I am to choose remains limited to persons of a certain standing, occupying a certain position, with a certain reputation, and a certain fortune ! Those around me feel assured that in giving me my liberty I shall none the less remain the slave of the education I have received, and of the prejudices that have been imposed upon me from my birth. You Léon, you are dreaming of Louise all this while, I am convinced, and that in spite of yourself. Well, dream on ! yes, she is beautiful, gentle, clever,

distinguée, and she loves me. What other could ever unite so many advantages ? Yet *I should never think of marrying Louise*. I should not even have had my brains ever crossed by the bare idea of such a thing if, in the very middle of my love, they had not begun to talk to me of marrying. Louise herself will never advert to marriage. She knows well, poor girl, that she is of that class of women who serve our pleasures right well, whom we love dearly, but whom *we give up when the last hour of our youth has struck*. She does not as yet look forward to the day when I shall leave her perforce, *because she would die if she were to think of it*.'

Take notice, that this young gentleman is as *sincerely in love* as he can be, and that, far from being a *roué* or a debauchee, he is a proper, right-minded, honourable individual, possessing, as opines Launce in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 'more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian !' He is, therefore, a fair specimen of an ordinary Frenchman in his youthful years, and a good pattern for ninety-nine hundreds of his compatriots. Well, we see what his reasoning is in the way of sentiment and 'generous impulse.' He affirms, too, that his mistress has no foolish notions about the prolongation of their affection. 'She stuns her senses, as I do, to whatever may be in store,' he sagely observes ; 'and is resolved to be content with the fair years of the fugitive present, shutting her eyes to the future.'

Now, when M. Francis has poured these confidences into his friend's bosom, the author, piercing through his personage, and evidently putting his own reflections into his hero's mouth, makes the latter exclaim :— 'With what profound contempt, however, such notions, as all these are, inspire you for yourself ! What ! the woman so pure, so good, so charming, who so disinterestedly loves, who walked in the path of innocence, and who turned from it for your sake ; she by whom you exist, and who makes existence dear to you ; she *whom your heart has chosen*, is to be one day set aside, abandoned for the woman who is simply your reasons choice !' Surely, this ought to be impossible ! Surely,

I ought to say, "Louise shall be my wife, or none other!" To marry Louise! I cannot describe the strangeness of that idea to my mind. . . . Louise my wife! well and good; but would she be my mother's daughter? and how would she seem as my children's mother? Do not laugh at these contradictions. *Reflect upon the way in which I have been brought up!* I never left our little town; my thoughts have sometimes strayed from it, but only when following you. *A man who has travelled, and who has lived among foreigners*, that man may conceive the possibility of espousing the woman he loves; but he who is the intimate acquaintance of three or four thousand fools, and has lived with them for eighteen or twenty years, growing up amongst them from infancy, and never leaving them—that man is weaker, or it may be stronger, and cannot obey his inclinations.

All this is true. The 'travelled' Frenchman may sometimes commit an imprudent act, but this is because he has got into the habits of other countries than his own. He is only by so much more liable to be imprudent, that he is by so much less a Frenchman. Besides, there is a very decisive argument adduced by Francis in his disclosures to Leon: 'A man,' says he, 'rarely makes up his own mind to marry his mistress. The mistress must clearly discern her own interest in the matter, and then drag the lover to the conclusion desired by her; she must be sharp enough to force him into feeling the wish to keep her by him for life. On this point I am quite tranquil. Louise will never seek for any reparation. All she seeks is, that I should love her.'

Note what further mischief lurks in all this, and of what it is the avowal. A man loves, and seduces an innocent girl. If she sincerely love him, and be therefore worthy a sacrifice on his part, he will not make that sacrifice; but, if she be unworthy, if she know how to manœuvre, to play upon her lover, to excite his jealousy, to 'turn his head,' if she be just the reverse of what is truly loveable and good, there is some chance of the man whom she has ensnared giving her his name. The lover's sensual weakness, not his sense of justice, is what the

mistress has to count upon. This is another reason why 'sentiment' and duty are so often at war in France; for, if the man seeks to elude any spontaneous act of reparation towards the woman whose very disinterestedness makes her fit to enter his family, and if he only yields to 'pressure from without,' in such cases the natural result will be that women, whose introduction into a respectable family is a shame and a disgrace, are those who alone have any likelihood of being introduced into such. Here we come directly upon the subject of Emile Augier's famous piece, *Le Mariage d'Olympe*, in which one of those unfortunates, for whom there is no name in polite language, becomes the wife of a young man, the heir to an illustrious house, who has, against his better reason, given up everything to her; and who in the end sees her shot before his eyes, by his uncle, for having dishonoured the family name by her excesses. *These things do sometimes happen in France*, and it is easy to understand why they are the particular form exclusively affected by 'juvenile folly' in that country.

But to come to the illustration of French habits and manners, as afforded us by M. Serret in his tale of *Francis*; what is the end? The end is, that one fine day the lover of Louise finds his provision of enthusiasm and sentiment running out, and begins to turn complacently towards the image of domestic 'comfort,' that is presented to his mental vision by marriage. 'The young girl proposed to me,' he observes, 'is full of the freshness and calm of her virginal innocence. I, on my side, have *always longed* (!) for a quiet, regular, orderly life; love could not give me this; but marriage may. . . . I have told my mother to go and ask for the hand of Mademoiselle D— from her parents. . . . I dare not think of Louise; I do not like to think of myself. . . . Are grave resolutions taken then so lightly? . . . I have thrown my part of responsibility off upon my family; I have resigned myself completely, let them do with me what they choose. *After all, is this not the way in which most young men are married?*'

Yes! and here lies the harm. This is the way in which most young men in France are married; and what

happens? Louise disappears from the scene, and Francis marries Mademoiselle D—. One fine day the young wife's father having imparted to his son-in-law that he has to thank him for his daughter's happiness (for that she has assured him she is very happy), Francis is full of surprise, and writes to Léon, 'Good God! and she is "quite happy!" Does it then take so little to form a married woman's happiness? What constitutes it? of what is it then composed, this happiness that I *afford*, yet *partake not of*! (?) She thinks I am absorbed by business, and she expects nothing more from me than I give her; if she knew *why* I can give no more, would she forgive me? . . .'

A few years will probably show too clearly to Francis what 'constitutes,' or rather, what is wanting to this unshared happiness, the sole basis whereof is ignorance. Meanwhile, a daughter is born unto him, and he is delighted, for he finds an affection he can feel, nor be niggardly towards its object. "My child," he cries, "thou shalt be happy! I can neither be lover nor husband, but I am a father."

Louise still haunts the memory of the man who sacrificed her, and a long while elapses before he attains even to entire calm upon this subject. Louise, however, ends by marrying a man in her own station in life, and the last letter Francis writes to his friend contains the following:—

'As to me, now, I am perfectly calm, I am cold, and very strong. There is no danger for me, whether in the present or in the future. Only let me tell you one thing: *I feel worth less than I did before.* I could wager that in a couple of years, I shall be a model-banker, a pattern-head of a family. But it seems to me as though in *crushing the capacity of loving, I had crushed what was best in me, as though I had for ever put out that Divine spark that we bring with us into the world at our birth, that one atom of the Infinite that it is possible for man's heart to contain.* Now, Léon, you are warned of how it stands with me. Try to turn my energies towards some other aim; save me from the ice-cold wind that is setting in upon me from all sides. *My youth is past! Oh! my dear, beautiful youth!*'

There is the conclusion of the tale; these are its last words; and there, too, lies the moral of it. The '*first half*' of life is lived through, and then, we know what is likely to be the '*second half.*' The hero of M. Serret's story is but the type of the average youth of France, and that in all classes; for the differences of habits and manners between the '*fast*' men of the high aristocracy, and the would-be sentimental swains of the middle ranks, produce nothing beyond variations of detail. The main incidents are the same everywhere, and everywhere the end is identical.

Now, to obtain a good insight into the workings of the French domestic system, as applicable to what we have called the '*second half*' of existence, few things will help us more than Emile Augier's comedy of *La Jeunesse*. Here we may study the mechanism, piece by piece, of that dense crowd of human automatons, who, in France, *never were young*; of those unhealthy, unnatural products of fathers and mothers whom no strong sympathies drew together, but whose very existence is the mere result of a calculation. Of such, there are thousands. M. Augier knew this so well, and felt so thoroughly what might be the notion conveyed to the public by the title of *La Jeunesse*, that, on announcing his forthcoming play to a friend, who said to him: "Does not the title of it frighten you?" He remarked: "If I heard of a play coming out under the name I have chosen, and thought the author would draw a faithful picture of his subject, I should run away from fright, and go anywhere rather than to the theatre where the piece was performed."

Of course, M. Augier, having somewhat a turn for moralizing, has not taken the part of the prudent, hard-bargaining, money-worshipping youth of France, but has, on the contrary, seemed to point out to them the error of their ways, and has even ventured to make his hero, Philippe Huguet, commit the enormity of contracting a love-match at the end; but he has, in Philippe Huguet, painted so perfect a portrait of the '*sensible*' young Frenchman of the present day, that, from the first line to the last, you feel the love-match to be the one absolute

impossibility, the one thing incompatible with Philippe Huguet's character. It is a pure invention, and you do not take it into account. The man remains entire, complete in all his narrowness, in all the sordidness of his nature. Philippe Huguet *is true*; but you may safely defy him to marry any woman for love. You cannot breadth-en him out so far; or, if by any inconceivable aberration—if, under the influence of any momentarily irresistible passion, he should go literally *out of himself*, and expand unnaturally, you positively fall to pitying the being for whose sake he shall thus depart from his genuine self, and you think of how like a bird caught in a springe will be this portionless, *useless* wife, when once the wires and strings of this small griping nature shall settle back upon her, in their own old accustomed rigidity.

As a compensation, however, for the impossible act to which he obliges his hero, and for the abuse of fiction in which he indulges, M. Augier has put upon the stage a personage, we believe, to stand utterly alone, and unparalleled in the annals of the drama: a *mother*, who deliberately deafens her son to the instinctive promptings of whatever little in him is good; a *woman*, who, from sheer meanness and littleness of

soul, advocates what is base above what is generous. In the fourth act of *La Jeunesse* is placed a scene that would be odious and intolerable, were it, alas! not too true; but it *is* so true, that the French public listens to it, and though feeling, perhaps, that applause would be indecent, testifies by its silence that it cannot venture to disapprove. The scene is as follows:—Philippe Huguet has told his mother that decidedly he will marry his cousin Cyprienne, a girl without fortune. (Observe, if you please, that Monsieur Philippe himself has about £400—10,000 francs—per annum, and is a 'rising lawyer!') Madame Huguet, the mother, cries out violently at this notion, and begins to prove to her son how mad he must be to indulge in such dreams. 'But,' says Philippe, 'I thought my father and you made a "*mariage d'inclination*!"' 'So we did,' is the reply; 'and that is the very reason why you must not do so;' and then follows in detail Madame Huguet's motives for condemning all love marriages. She says that at first they got on tolerably, and, though not rich, contrived to allow themselves a certain '*élégance frugale*.' But a son was 'born, and the wife began to find the nursery obligations very heavy:—

' Que te dirai-je !
Les riches ont vraiment un noble privilège
Que leur doit envier tout être intelligent.
C'est de pouvoir exclure et tenir à distance
Les détails répugnants et bas de l'existence.'

Madame Huguet affirms that rich mothers without ceasing to be women! women only in France can become and of the rich woman she says:—

' Elle reste charmante, et de plaire jalouse.
L'office maternel qu'elle s'est réservé
C'est de gâter l'enfant . . . par d'autres mains lavé.
Chez nous, elle en devient l'esclave: elle abandonne
Les soins de son esprit et ceux de sa personne;
La grâce disparaît d'elle et de sa maison
Et l'amour suit la grace, et l'amour a raison.'

At this the son involuntarily exclaims: 'What! my father loved you less?' '*Our affection lost all its illusions!*' is the terrible answer; and the narration goes on. After the son, two years

later is born the daughter, and upon £250 a year those wondrous 'two ends' are to be forced to 'meet,' which just exactly never do so when their meeting is indispensable:—

' Pour nous commence alors la pauvreté de fer—
Non plus l'inélégance avec le nécessaire
Mais la misère.'

At this Philippe starts back aghast, and his mother continues to describe the gradual transformations of her

domestic existence. All that follows is worth quoting:—

¹ Les nobles élan, les sublimes chimères
 Qui nous ont amenés à ces heures amères
 Ne trouvent remplacés au cœur desenchanté
 Par un âpre regret de ce qu'ils ont coûté.

Ton père un jour rentra plus froid qu'à l'ordinaire,
 Et d'un air singulier regardant mes habits :

² Prends donc plus soin de toi, me dit-il, tu vieillis.³
 Il venait d'entrevoir, riche, heureuse, et soignée,
 La femme qu'autrefois il avait dédaignée !

PHILIPPE.

An nom du ciel, tais toi !

MADAME HUGUET.

Je ne l'accuse-pas.

Ce fut sa seule plainte en vingt ans de combats !
 Mais qu'importe la forme, hélas ! ce dur reproche
 De la désunion était le coup de cloche.

J'étais un ange aussi quand ton père m'aima
 Et je suis devenue au souffle des misères
 Un être positif comme un homme d'affaires !
 Ce que la pauvre enfant deviendrait, tu le vois !
 Il ne me reste rien de mon cœur d'autrefois.
 Hors l'amour maternel qu'aucun souffle n'effleure,
 Et c'est lui seul qui parle et t'exhorte à cette heure !
 Au nom de mes travaux, au nom de mes ennuis
 Par tout ce que j'étais et par ce que je suis,
 Ne t'aventure-pas dans cette rude vie
 Où mon âme a ce point s'est née et meurtrie !
 Enfin, songe à tes fils ! affranchis les crois moi,
 Du joug que notre erreur appesantit sur toi.⁴

Ne te sens-tu pas pris dans un cercle inflexible
 Quand ton amour te rend la fortune impossible,
 Et que, d'autre côté par un cruel retour
 Ta pauvreté te rend impossible l'amour !⁵

Now we come athwart the entire social system of France. It is *all* contained in two lines out of the above :

⁶ Ton amour te rend la fortune impossible.⁷

and

⁸ Ta pauvreté te rend impossible l'amour.⁹

'Why,' will the British reader ask, 'should "love" render "fortune" necessarily impossible?' Is not the proof that is given of strength, on any one particular point, an earnest of strength to be counted upon elsewhere? And is a greater proof of power to be found than a generous deed? The man who makes a sacrifice is a man to whom effort comes easy; consequently, the man who deliberately sacrifices interest to love, is, *primâ facie*, one who will more readily compel fortune, than he may be expected to do who weakly gives up love for the sake of interest. These words have, therefore, another sense to the French than to the British reader. They have so, and their sense in French is this:—'You must beware of love—that is, of the species of love

that is serious, and might lead to the commission of a folly—because you *must* secure fortune, and love of a serious kind would prevent you doing so; fortune being secured by just one small combination, yclept a *money match*.'

Let our readers reflect upon this: what a few frivolous mothers of the extreme 'cream of the cream' of fashionable life in London do to *their daughters* (and do, to the shame of their sex, and to the unsparingly expressed disgust of their fellow country-folk), that does *every* French mother to *her sons*. Openly, ostensibly, to the universal and undisguised edification of her wise and prudent compatriots, male and female, she teaches her son, from his childhood upwards, that

fortune lies, not in the exhibition of any merit or any virtue, not within the grasp of any strong and manly effort, but in the fact of '*catching*' a rich wife! This once admitted, you can easily see why 'love' has to be avoided, and why a serious attachment stands in the way of the achievement of position or wealth.

The second line we have quoted proves naturally the other half of the proposition: '*Your poverty makes it impossible you should love.*' Why? In our Anglo-Saxon civilisation we have known of such things as men who, prompted by an intense passion, conjoined with poverty, have resolutely set to work; and, precisely because they were too poor to aspire to the object of their devotion, have literally '*moved heaven and earth,*' until, by their determined energy, they have won those worldly goods that were necessary to put them in the way of winning that far more precious treasure, the woman of their choice. Why is this not so with our neighbours? It is easy to reply: 'Because the energy is wanting which drives men on to enterprise. But *why* is the energy wanting? We take this 'want of energy' in the French to be an effect and not a cause. Men—especially as far as the modifications produced upon them by the sentiment of love are regarded—are more or less alike in all countries. There is therefore probably some *reason* why, in this respect, the Frenchman is absolutely dissimilar from the countrymen of almost every other European nation; and why an Englishman, a German, a Swiss, a Pole, a Spaniard, or an Italian, being all but certain to behave in the same way under the influence of passion, the Gaul only, it may be wagered, will behave in an exactly contrary manner. The reason is to be found, we think, in a great measure in the extraordinarily absurd and oppressive regulations wherewith the transmission of property is fettered in France. Space will not allow of our entering into the many details connected with this most important subject; but we will, in a few words, give our readers a sketch of how the tenure of property in France (as it is organized since the Revolution) affects the constitution of society, the domestic habits and

manners of the country, the national character, and many qualities of the race, *as a race.*

A man, we will suppose, possesses an income of £1000 a year; not proceeding from any place or employment, but from his own *bona fide* property. He has four sons. At his death (all the large legal expenses paid) each son will possess between £200 and £250 per annum, representing a very different existence and mode of housekeeping from that to which the young gentlemen have been accustomed under the paternal roof. The consequence is, that to one of two degradations each of these individuals must submit: either he must go about place-hunting, eringing, bowing, begging, in a way whereof no free-born Briton has, to his eternal honour be it said, any notion; or he *must* inevitably '*catch*' a wife with an income that shall be *much* larger than his own. He *may* be obliged to do the two; one *or* other he *must* do, or else retire into the provinces, and live upon privations, whilst a female servant improves her hold upon him every day, and in the end reduces him to absolute servility. Men are at a premium in France, the number of female births being superior to that of male ones, so that the wife *much* richer than the husband is not so difficult to find as might be supposed. But, unless the bridegroom have name and rank, to obtain which the bride will pay a comparatively extravagant price, it frequently happens that the relations of the lady drive the suitor to obtain some small official position before agreeing to his suit: the love for public '*functionarism*' (forgive the term!) has risen to such an insane height amongst our neighbours! Be that as it may; it is a mere detail. The *principle* laid down as the very basis on which society is constituted, is the '*making up by the wife's dot for the deficiencies in the husband's fortune.*' It is this, that grave men, and men not more immoral than their fellows, actually set forth as the *remedy* for the mischief done by the laws touching the division of property! It is this they quietly present as the means of restoring a kind of equilibrium to the possession of the soil! 'What goes away by the boys

is brought back by the girls,' say they, as though they were talking of mathematical quantities, or of any other abstractions, instead of dealing with live beings of flesh and blood! nor have they as yet been able to discern, unless in a few exceptional cases, how the workings of this system affect harmfully every capacity of the country; how production is paralysed; agriculture rendered next to impossible, and, therefore, man and beast condemned to deteriorate; how all improvement is hemmed in, all incentive to action taken away, and the very root of what is best in man struck at, by a system, which for its avowed and inevitable consequence, has the practice of men bartering their very selves for coin! When once a man has committed a base act, he is *not* the man he was before he did so. Let him disguise it as he will, the achieved baseness commits him to further degradation; and when he has, for a few material comforts, either trampled upon an affection, or foregone affection altogether—when he has either abandoned a woman he loved, or, for money merely, espoused one he did *not* love—thereby, and in either case, *selling himself for gold*, his superiority is gone, he has no right to be called a 'superior being'; his pride, his dignity, his force, are laid level at the same blow, and, *with his capabilities for hard work, are lost his capabilities for freedom*.

But it may be said, that because French fathers are forced to divide their property equally between their children, that is no reason why French sons should not strive, by their own exertions, to make their own place in the world. Alas! the French race being granted, it is a reason no one attempts to overthrow. Our young men go to Australia—all men of Anglo-Saxon descent make ready joyfully for a struggle with Nature, and force her to vouchsafe to them what the necessary complications of over-civilized life deny; but where are the French wrestlers in the wide arena open to all? They are *nowhere*. France has no 'younger sons.' We believe it is Montesquieu who says, 'The existence of colonies and of younger sons is correlative,' and the fact is truer than a superficial

observer may perceive. The great colonizing nations of Europe have all been nations where the law of primogeniture forced the younger members of a family to ask fortune at the hands of their own individual energy and distinction. America is no proof to the contrary, because, as yet, the soil is comparatively a drug instead of being the most valuable of all possessions. Let it be remembered too that France *had colonies once*, but that *when she had them she had younger sons too*.

We do not wish to apply too arbitrarily what we have pointed out of the inconveniences of the French system of the division of property, but one thing *must* be granted by the holders of no matter what opinion, namely, that in the countries where a law of primogeniture exists, a very very large class of citizens are forced, with the defects, to have also the virtues of youth. Younger sons may be remarkable for any faults or vices you may please to name, but *young men* they must be, for the work of young men it is that lies before them. They must literally and inevitably either '*do*' or '*die*.' Youth is their only capital, and a great, a useful, an honest deed is its surest investment! Toil is youth's speculation, *par excellence*. Youth preserves itself by hard work; the harder the work the better. For this reason it is well that a society be so constituted as to render toil a necessity, and to force a very large portion of its members to cultivate the qualities that exclusively distinguish youth. We will not trench upon those arguments that belong purely to the domains of political economy; but we have thought the time was come when it might be useful to point out a few of the causes which help to bring about the degeneracy of youth in France; and to show to what a degree youth is degenerate in that country, and how manifestly advantageous (alas!) it is to a man's interests that he should have outlived his youth, that he should be no longer young, we will conclude these pages by a quotation from M. Emile Augier's play. The following is the apostrophe to youth the dramatist puts into the mouth of Philippe Huguet, the hero

of the play, the man in whom *La Jeunesse* is supposed to be embodied:--

'O jeunesse ! âge heureux, âge de la victoire,
Dont notre siècle a fait un cas redoutable !
Tes prénoms étaient force et domination ;
Aujourd'hui c'est faiblesse, obstacle, exclusion !
Je suis perdu '

It is not we who say that 'the age in France has made youth a case of nullity,'—not we who declare youth shorn of all its sovereign attributes, nor who deem him 'lost' who should have the misfortune to be young—it is a French writer of great popularity,

whose popularity has been far from decreasing because he has affirmed these things. As we said at the outset, 'Let us take them upon their own showing.' This is simply what we have attempted to do.

TWO CHRISTMAS TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

'My soul is weary of my life. Let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return.'

I let my Bible fall from my hand, and these words dwelt in my heart. I said them over and over, as a sick man will any verse or phrase that takes hold of his mind.

The couch I lay on was drawn near the fire ; but the fire had almost died out. I had no power to move to awaken it. The dismal dulness of a December afternoon was deepening into darkness, and the chillness seemed penetrating to my very heart.

Merry voices, ringing laughter, and snatches of song, reached me from the distant school-room, where Christmas games and Christmas mirth had taken the place of study and sobriety.

Three months before I had returned ruined in health, and almost a beggar, from a three years' search after fortune ; during these three months I had felt myself a constant burden—a source of anxiety, of discomfort to the household of an uncle, or rather of my aunt's husband, this aunt being my nearest relative.

I was in love when I left England—the three years I was away strengthened the passion, embittering every disappointment, which seemed to push me farther from my only hope of happiness ; now, the woman I loved had been three months under the same roof with me. I was helpless and hopeless ; she tended me, cared for me with a tenderness of pity which

sometimes awoke a strange rage in me ; then I was harsh to her, I did not want this pity, if I could not have her love.

Her love ! she had promised her hand to another. She was my eldest cousin's betrothed. 'Yes ! my soul is weary—is weary and sick of life—of life which has no good thing for me. Let me go hence, O God !' In my sudden passion of misery I turned hastily and unheedingly on my couch ; the pain the movement caused to my aching and fever-racked limbs wrung forth a groan ; then I was still as death, and a cold sweat gathered on my brow.

By and by the door opened gently. I heard the rustle of a dress, a faint light fell on my eyelids.

I knew that she stood beside me ; softly she set down the shaded lamp ; she bent over me ; I knew that she was so close, that my lips could almost have touched her cheek ; I stealthily inhaled the perfume of the violets she wore in her breast. I think she thought me in a swoon ; she uttered a slight exclamation, then laid her warm soft hand—by the touch of that hand alone I should have known her from a thousand others—on my brow, on my heart.

I opened my eyes at last.

'You were so cold, so white, Elwynn, you frightened me.' And as she drew back from me, she put her hand on her own heart, and her breath came quickly.

'The day is cold, isn't it ? and the fire is out.'

'Not quite,' she knelt by the hearth, and busied herself in putting together the smouldering coals.

'Call a servant; I do not like to see you there.'

'I can make the fire burn up more quickly, and more quietly. It is dismal out; I was very glad to come in; I meant to have come home earlier.'

'You have been out with Edgar' (my cousin, her betrothed).

'Yes; we have been a long way, or you would not have been all this time alone. I suppose they think you so much my patient, now aunt is away, that they do not like to interfere; but somebody should have come to you.'

'They have been merry in the school-room; I was forgotten, doubtless.'

She had coaxed the fire into prosperity; soon it threw a cheerful light over the room; she threw the warm sofa blanket over me, pushed the easy rolling couch nearer the hearth, then stood watching the flame, and meditating, rather sadly, to judge from the depressed lines about the mouth.

'You are too fine for a sick-nurse,' I said.

I had been watching the fire-light sparkle on the bright silk and the golden bracelets, on the ornaments in her hair; to watch this gave me child-like pleasure, till I thought, of course, she had dressed for Edgar.

'As you were down in the drawing-room to-day, instead of upstairs in the library, I thought I would make myself a little gay in your honour.' She turned towards me with a sweet smile.

I did not choose to believe her, and said: 'I don't like the rustle of silk.' Unless it were that my eyes often contradicted my rough tones, I don't know how she endured my rudeness, except from a sense of duty. My aunt had been called from home, and she had promised as much as possible to take her place as my nurse.

'Are you warmer?' she asked presently.

'I shall be soon.'

'Have you had much pain this afternoon?' And the tone was so infinitely gentle, that it roused my smouldering passion.

'Too much, and not enough. I wish this pain would kill me. God knows

I do not want life! what can it bring me!'

'Oh, hush!' My words seemed to pain her sharply.

Certainly she looked sad enough as she turned from me; her eyes quitting my face lingeringly. She left the room. I let her go, and did not expect her to return. When she was gone, I reproached myself bitterly.

She came back in a quarter of an hour. I heard no rustle of silk; she wore a soft-falling pearl-grey dress; in her hand she had my coffee and toast on a little tray.

'I wish you wouldn't mind my whims,' I said. 'I know I am very exacting—you humour me too much.'

'Invalids must be indulged,' she answered, smiling. 'If you were well, I would treat you differently, sir.'

'I know that, no need to remind me of it.'

Her eyes filled with tears, and I regretted the words as soon as they were spoken.

'Call me a brute; you know I am one; a thankless, worthless creature,' I growled out.

She said nothing; she knelt by me holding the cup for me. I drank the coffee.

'Be quiet now, or one of your headaches will come on,' she said. 'If you like, I will read to you.'

'Do; this.' I pointed to the seventh chapter of Job.

She obeyed me, and read with a steady voice, though I saw the tears fall on her lap.

'Now, let me choose,' she said, when she had done.

'First, the eighteenth Psalm,' I demanded.

'Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.' At that last verse she broke down; she wept, but very quietly. I kept my eyes closed, and paid no apparent heed.

'Those tears are not for me; perhaps she has quarrelled with her lover,' I said.

I heard her turn the leaves, then the clear mournful voice began: 'But I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more.'

Many like verses she repeated, from memory, I think, then closed the book, and laid it by me again.

'Can you sleep if I go away?' she said, her eyes, very heavens of gentleness, looking into mine as she bent over me.

'You are as tender to me as if you loved me. Yet you do not love me; you never did love me! This is more than I can bear, Althea! Althea! In my turn I wept; hiding my face, I wept as only such a weak, broken creature could weep.

'Elwynn! Elwynn, do not! it is so bad for you.' She clasped my hand in both her own. Be calm, for pity's sake; what harm I have done you! Why do you weep? O Elwynn!' She was wondrously distressed.

'I weep for shame, and misery, and despair,' I uttered, when I was calmer.

Again she was kneeling by me; I laid my cheek on the hands still clasping mine.

'If you could only see into all our hearts, how we love you! If you would but take courage, and hope,' she said in trembling tones.

'In what?' I know a gloomy fire burnt in my eyes, for she strove to disengage her hands, tenderly, but decidedly.

'Hope in God's goodness; take heart to bear your life bravely.'

'I am not brave, am I? You find me a coward! I am contemptible in your eyes! you despise me!'

'I think you are cowardly when you torture yourself and me thus,' she said in a changed tone. She drew farther from me, and sat down out of my sight.

There was silence in the room, save for my painful breathing, and the ticking of the clock.

Some one tapped at the door. 'May I come in and see your invalid, Althea?' It was my cousin Edgar.

'I suppose he must,' I said, as she looked at me questioningly.

He came; he gave my hand a shake, which made me groan; yet there was no warmth in the gripe, it was mere physical force, not strength of affection, which made his grasp so powerful; he spoke to me a little, as one would speak to a spoilt child or a miserable beggar.

I writhed beneath his glance; then he threw himself into a chair beside Althea, *his* Althea; each word

and gesture seemed to me meant ostentatiously to display his ownership. I thought him loud, coarse, insufferable—hell burned in my heart. In Althea's demeanour I found some comfort; her tone was colder, I ventured to believe, than it ever was to me; but then she pitied me; her manner was more reserved; but then he was, I supposed, an ardent lover, I hardly to be thought of as a man, so broken down, so powerless.

'Well, I must be off to dress for the Bardon's ball,' he said by and by. 'I have not forgiven you for refusing to go. By the bye, you had on a pretty dress at dinner; why do you wear that quakerish thing now?'

'A silk dress isn't fit for a sick room: your mother says so.'

'I don't half like your playing sick-nurse in this way. You are unnecessarily devoted: you are growing thin and pale, I fancy. However, my mother comes to-morrow, and you will be released.'

He kissed her, throwing his arm round her roughly and carelessly, as I thought. I saw it through my half-closed eyes: I set my teeth, and the rush of blood to my head almost blinded me; but I could have sworn that she shrank from his caress.

He was gone, for the door shut noisily. Was she gone, too? No: I heard a sigh, a long, slowly-breathed sigh, as of relief.

'Why did you not go to the ball, Althea?' I asked by and by. 'Come and sit where I can see you. No! not so close—there!'

'I have no heart for balls.'

'Are you not happy?'

'Happy!' she paused and remained thoughtful: 'very few people in this world are happy, Elwynn; only the very best, and I am not good,' she said sadly and simply.

'The best people often are the least happy. Pray, what sins have you?' I turned that I might look fully at her.

'We do not mean the same thing by happiness. The happiness I mean is only possible to those who have given up their wills, and recognise only God's. The few who can do this know such perfect peace, enjoy such rest—'

'Peace—rest,' I interrupted her, lingering longingly on the words :

“O selige Rast, wie verlang’ ich dein!
O herrliche Nacht, wie säumst du so lang,
Da ich schaue der Sterne lichter Schein
Und höre volleren Klang!”

'Hush !' she said, frightened at my sudden animation. 'It is not for you, Elwynn, to long for rest and night. You have life before you ; I know it must be so ; you shall be brave and patient, for my sake, your own sake, God's sake !'

'For your sake ; you speak without thinking, Althea. What are you to me ?'

'Not much ; but something, I hope.'
She tried to speak lightly.

'You must be all or nothing,' I had nearly said. I restrained myself in time; but I shook with suppressed agitation.

There was a very long silence.

'Do you believe in the possibility of doing what you said just now, of yielding up one's own will? Have you done so?'

'Oh, no!' she said; 'oh, no, or I should be happier. I am full of doubts and of restlessness; I am tossed from one wave to another; I see one light after another, and cannot tell which is the true one. Sometimes I think I should like to be a Catholic, that I might choose some holy man to be my conscience, and walk in obedience to his commands, step by step. Life then would be easy.'

'You, Althea! so serene, so self-possessed! always.'

'You men judge us always merely by externals; forgive me, how else should you judge?—you cannot see my heart.'

'Show it me, though I am no holy man; make me your confessor. I am a sick man, perhaps a dying man, and dead men tell no tales.'

'That may not be,' she answered quietly.

'It is true, Althea! you are paler and thinner! come closer.' I passed my hand down her cheek. 'Yes, it is thinner! and is this with tending me? Is your constant care wearying out your patient spirit too? You are

changed, but you will be *released* soon.

'Released ! how could Edgar speak so ! it was not kind ; I do not want to be released, if I could only make you happier !' Edgar spoke cruelly ! Her cheek had flushed.

'Althea! do you love Edgar?' I was impelled to ask: the question broke from me.

She rose, her eyes shone, and her cheek flushed more deeply. 'This is too much !' she exclaimed. 'Do you wish to insult me ?'

She had left the room before I could plead for pardon : I saw her no more that evening. I did not see her till the next afternoon, for I suffered very much all night, and did not leave my room till late in the day.

'If you forgive me, let me kiss your hand:' this was my salutation when I saw her next.

To my surprise she knelt and kissed mine passionately.

'Forgive me, it was my own heart that offended, and I was angry with you, and my violence made you worse. I can see how you have suffered: I not much less,' she said. 'I am not fit to be with you.'

Her beautiful head was close to my breast. I put my arm round her; I drew her down nearer yet: she suffered her cheek to rest upon my heart lightly: she feared to hurt me.

'God! let me die now!' I murmured.

She started, and lifted up her head. 'I am come to say good-bye,' she said. She held my hands close to her, and I could feel how strongly her heart beat.

'Aunt comes home to-morrow, you will not want me, and I *must* go. Grow strong fast, Elwynn; live because it is God's will; live bravely and purely—I shall die if you do not.'

Again she pressed her lips on my hand, and was gone. Gone! not to come back to-morrow, or the day after, or— What did it mean? And was this my calm, gentle, *pitying* Althea? 'Oh, Heaven! am I growing mad? what thoughts rush thick upon me!' I cried.

CHAPTER II.

Next day my unele and aunt came home from some week's compelled absence.

'Althea gone?' They expressed great surprise. She was to have stayed till the end of January, and to-morrow was Christmas-day!

'She told me to say she would write as soon as she got home, mamma,' Mary, my eldest girl-cousin, said; 'she told me to take great care of Cousin Elwynn, to read to him, and try all I could to keep him cheerful and make him strong. She said a great deal about Cousin Elwynn, and—'

'Run away, Mary; you must not chatter so much here. Do you know why Althea left so suddenly?' my aunt asked me.

I merely shook my head and closed my eyes, as if I cared nought about the matter. But I passed a strange Christmas eve; alone, for the house was full of young people, and I could not bear noise; alone, and yet neither desolate nor miserable. Surely Althea had left her spirit with me; my mood was so still and so full of holy thoughts, of penitence, and of hope; and all that evening it seemed to me as if her dear head were on my breast, and had a right to lie there.

My aunt sat in my room next morning—every one else was gone to church, but she would not leave me alone—when a letter was brought her.

'From Althea, and here is one for Edgar.' She was silent so long that I turned to look at her: her eyes, full of tears, met mine immediately.

'Poor girl!' she said; 'poor girl! I must say I expected it; I never thought her suited to Edgar; I often told your uncle so.'

I asked no questions.

'Shall I read you the letter your late nurse writes to me?'

'If you like, if you think she would not mind—'

'Mind *your* hearing it? oh, no!' The smile of wonder seemed to me one of scorn; it seemed to wither a lately-blown fair fancy.

'Aunt! I am a coward, my face burns while I write; I *ought* to have stayed to *say* it, perhaps, but I was

afraid of myself. I have long been afraid—I was afraid before I came to you three months ago—long before that—even before Elwynn came to England—that I did not love Edgar as a wife ought to love a husband; now, I am sure of it. Aunt! will you remember all you can to excuse me. I *do* love *you*, dearly. Remember that I engaged myself at my father's wish, when he was dying; he so longed to see me provided for before he died. I am very young now, and that was two years ago. My heart was sore and angry with another person who, I thought, had been cruel and faithless; and Edgar's love, and still more all his family's love, seemed like balm to my poor heart. I always knew that I loved you better than I loved Edgar; at first I thought this was natural in a motherless girl.

'I know I have been very wrong; but I should only be more wrong if I went on and married Edgar now. I know I don't love him; I am quite, quite sure.

'Will you say everything kindly and tenderly, as only you can, to Edgar, before you give him the note. My head is in a whirl; I cannot write what I want to write.

'I know, aunt, you must be angry with me at first; you cannot help being angry if I give your son pain; I have half a hope that he will not suffer long—that he does not care for me very much; but this is no excuse for me; let him be angry, it will pass off, and I will never marry any one else, till he has found some one to love him better than did your niece.

'ALTHEA.'

'I am afraid I send you a very unfit Christmas present, but I could not keep silent longer; I am very, very sad and sorry.'

My aunt's tears fell. 'The poor child!' she sighed. 'Really I am almost glad, though; she and Edgar would never have been happy together; I told your unele so long ago.'

'There is something you have not read; there is a paper on the floor.'

'So there is: 'Do not read my letter

to my patient—your patient now; you will nurse him better than I did, aunt; I have lost patience and temper lately; sometimes I agitated him when he ought to have been quiet. O aunt, he knows me so little; it was that tried me so!

'What does the child mean? You may as well hear all as you have heard so much, Elwynn,' my aunt said.

'He thinks me good, because I can say good thoughts when they come into my head, and because I tried to soothe him and myself by precious words from the Bible; and yet, sometimes, he seemed to think me ungenerous and selfish. Will you tell him, aunt, that I am not good; tell him of all my faults, but don't let him quite despise me; and tell him that I was never weary of nursing him. May I beg you to write? I hardly dare. I don't know what I have said. Good-bye.'

My aunt left me—she went to divide her intelligence with her husband. We had just heard merry voices announcing the return of the family party. She left that last bit of Althea's letter lying on the table beside me. I pressed it to my lips, and then I hid it next my heart; I lay quiet in a stupor of happiness.

Althea, then, had loved me when I went away! so I construed her letter. Joy! joy! joy! What had I done to deserve such joy?

God sometimes (often) chastens us by bestowing upon our unbelief and misery great despaired-of blessings; by fulfilling the most secret, sacred hope of a heart that believes it has forgotten how to hope. Human justice would heap misery on misery as chastisement of sinful repining; Divine mercy floods the soul with such joy as will swallow up all memory of pain.

I was sorry for Edgar; I reproached myself for having hated him; when he came into the room where I was in the evening I would willingly have said something sympathizing, consoling if I could, but I supposed his grief too great for words, beyond the reach of my sympathy.

He flung himself moodily into a chair.

'This is a pretty business, isn't it, Elwynn? Flung over by that child. I felt a difference; I thought something was up. I had a great mind to bring on an explanation, and let her release me if she liked.'

'Why didn't you?' I asked, vastly relieved, and yet angry at his coolness.

'Can't say. It was too much bore, I suppose. I thought it might be only a passing whim which made her ride the high horse, and be so mighty cool with me. I must say I liked her—she was very pretty and gentle, and I thought she would make the sort of wife a man might always trust.'

He got up and looked at his undoubtedly handsome person in the glass.

'I shall not wear the willow long,' he said. 'I am tired of living at home, and wish for my own house and a wife to take care of it. Althea's fortune would have been useful though. I didn't think of that when I chose her—if ever I did choose her; I'm not sure. I wonder who the gipsy has taken a fancy for—some young person, no doubt; she always had a serious turn. Well, it's dull here. I'm off to finish up the evening at the Bardans'. I am glad this engagement was quite a private one; it would have been a bore to have the thing discussed. Good-night!'

'Good-night!' 'Althea's fortune!' Was she an heiress, then? I had not thought of that. It was not exhilarating to find how completely jealousy and speculation passed by me as one unlikely to be any man's rival. I ought to have said that Althea was Edgar's cousin though not mine—the child of his father's brother; while I was his mother's sister's only son.

I had a hope now, and an aim. I was no longer the fractions invalid who believed that he desired death rather than life. My aunt said that I was now a patient patient—so grateful and docile that it was a pleasure to do anything for me! I made her give me this good character when she wrote to Althea. In her subsequent letters Althea did not mention my name. Early in spring we heard that she had settled to join some of her acquaintance on a tour through France and Italy, and that she did not

intend returning to England till late in the autumn : her companion, Mrs. Riskwood, was to accompany her.

In May—I was no longer an invalid then—we were all present at a very gay wedding at Deerpark. Edgar was the bridegroom, the eldest Miss Bardan, a handsome young lady of considerable fortune, was the bride. Edgar was no longer to have any connexion with his father's business—my uncle was a solicitor—he was to be an idler by profession now, an idler in practice he had always been.

'I am going to begin life again vigorously!' I said one morning. I had returned from a ramble on the downs behind the house, with the appetite of a hunter; I believed my health to be completely re-established. Long ago I had grown tired of idleness, and had been studying long-laid-aside law-books desperately.

'I will hear of no plans for leaving us,' said my aunt decidedly. 'Edgar is gone now, and a house full of women and girls without one young man I can't endure.'

'Why, aunt, you must be tired of me long ago; think of the trouble I've given you.'

'That's it! Indeed, Elwynn, you shall not go away from us. I must have some one to scold and look after. The children—some at school, some with the governess, some with the nurse, and all such quiet children—don't trouble me half enough. You are so untidy, so heedless, so careless about your health and your clothes, that you'll be a continual worry to me.'

'Queer reasons for wishing me about the house.'

'I'm a queer woman, your uncle says so; however, we have nearly settled what you are to do. I've been talking to your uncle about you.'

'But, aunt, it is a serious matter; I have an independent position to make. I may wish to marry some day, and shall want a home for my wife.'

'Marry? you! Well, why not? But it did not occur to me that you, too, would be thinking of that?'

My aunt's tone, rather '*et tu Brute*' in its expression, touched me: we were alone in the garden, pacing up and down the laurel walk.

'Aunt, you can keep a secret, I

know; I owe you my confidence. I love Althea. I loved her when I went away. I hoped to come home rich and to marry her. I came home a beggar and a sick one, and Althea was engaged to my cousin.'

My aunt stopped short, and looked at me fixedly, tears gathering in her eyes.

'My poor boy! how you must have suffered! how we must all have tortured you! Only to think of it! And Althea?'

'I have some hope that I may win her love,' I said, very quietly.

'Let me think; you have bewildered me!'

My aunt took two long turns in silence, then she spoke.

'I think you may hope,' she said. 'But two children like you and Althea! You were children then!'

'Do I look a child now?'

'Indeed, you don't; but still you always will be one for me. You must live near us. Althea shall let the great house. I am sure it is damp, and would not suit you. I know the place that *will* suit you, just half-way up the hill, with two Scotch firs by it. I have settled it all.'

'You will own that I am right in thinking seriously of how I can earn a living?'

'Quite right. Althea's fortune is about half what people talk of, and I should think meanly of you if you made her fortune a reason for idleness, almost as meanly as if, knowing she loved you, you were to let pride stand between you. Your uncle shall settle everything this evening.'

It was settled that I was to have the position in my uncle's business and in his family that would have been Edgar's.

'I can't make lawyers out of my little girls, you see, and I want a young head,' my uncle said.

A delightful life of earnest, hopeful work began for me.

We did not hear often from Althea. After a time, a tone of weariness and of depression, quite foreign to her nature, rang through her letters. She never mentioned my name; sometimes she would write a few enthusiastic sentences as if the natural or artificial beauty she described had roused her for a while; but then the

old minor tone returned. It was not everybody who noticed this. My uncle called them beautiful letters, and wondered that we were not quite satisfied. But my aunt said, 'I shall be glad when she comes home. I

think her friends are wearying her out; she never could bear much fatigue or excitement. I wonder if her companion, Mrs. Riskwood, is really a nice person? She has grown-up sons, it seems.'

CHAPTER III.

At the end of six months, I had rather over-worked myself. I was to have a week's holiday, and started on a short tour, though it was late autumn.

I went straight to Silversedge, Althea's native place. I arrived at the small inn late at night, and, rising at daylight next morning, took my way across the village green, yellow with fallen lime leaves; up the broad road, with houses here and there—low, grey-walled and grass-grown thatched—which was called the street, turned round by the group of giant walnuts, and found myself facing the grey, irregular pile, half farm, half manor-house, the place where Althea had been born. There were many trees about, their foliage lay deep all round the house, deep and damp, muffling every footfall, and giving the place a desolate, deserted look.

The morning was grey and wild. Opal reflects of the eastern sky gleamed here and there upon the dark lattices. An eerie feeling came over me as I gazed. The house was built on two sides of a paved court, which was walled in on the other side. Its eastern end was right upon the road, but to enter one must pass through a door in the wall, or through the heavy iron gates. I found the door locked. To my surprise the carriage-gates were unfastened; as I swung them open the old pillars on either side quaked visibly.

In this court the leaves lay deeper than elsewhere, as if, I thought to myself, they had been laid there designedly to muffle any sound. Just as I had thought this, I noticed that a carriage stood at the foot of the steps leading to the porch. I imagined that this carriage must betoken some early visit of curiosity. I wished to go over the old place too, but alone; so I went through an open, arched passage which ran through the house to the southern garden side.

Admiring gold, crimson, and white clustering chrysanthemums upon the wall beneath the windows, I noticed that one of the bay windows was unshuttered. Looking in, I saw breakfast laid, a fire blazing, and signs of habitation about.

What could this mean? Surely the house had not been let?

I heard the carriage roll out of the court, and I went back to the entrance. I pulled the bell; its sound agitated me—clang, clang, clang—I thought it never meant to stop ringing.

Before it had left off, a servant opened the door, looking at me with angry surprise, while I paused till the bell should allow my voice to be heard.

'Can I see the house?'

'No, surely; the lady is here, at point of death.'

'What lady?' I asked, while I despairingly noted the packages standing in the hall.

'Miss Woodruffe.'

I leant back against the balustrade. The servant was about to close the door. I gasped out:—

'I am a friend of Miss Woodruffe's. I came from her relatives in Yorkshire. We didn't know she had returned. Has she been ill long?'

I suppose I looked almost as sick at heart as I felt. The servant begged I would come in and sit down.

'The lady has been back a week; but she hasn't had her head since the first night. No creature, but the doctor, Mrs. Riskwood, and a hired nurse, sees her.'

'Can I speak to Mrs. Riskwood? Take her this card.'

The servant left me. The sun was shining in; the chrysanthemums were peeping in; sunlight and firelight contended which could do most to brighten the gay, friendly room; but what a quarter of an hour I passed!—cold anguish gripping my heart.

Mrs. Riskwood came. She treated

me with barest courtesy, and inspired me with dislike and distrust. Miss Woodruffe had been very ill, she admitted; but at no time had her life been in danger—or, of course, I should have communicated with her relatives. There is no cause for anxiety; absolute quiet is, however, necessary. I could have come to you sooner, had not Miss Woodruffe been painfully startled by the noise of the bell.

I apologized. Mrs. Riskwood had remained standing, so, of course, I had done the same. I had no excuse for remaining, having heard all she chose to tell me. I waylaid the doctor, however, on his evening visit, and heard a less encouraging account of Althea's state.

My week was spent in haunting the old house, in intercepting Dr. Wilson on his way from it. I had written home, begging my aunt to come. In answer I heard that she was seriously ill. I had a miserable time.

Dr. Wilson had at first appeared to look upon me with some suspicion. I had had to drag out his reports; but before long I gave him a full account of who I was, and how connected with Miss Woodruffe, and then his manner changed completely. It was not difficult to discover that he shared my feelings towards Mrs. Riskwood.

'If I could but see Miss Woodruffe,' I exclaimed one day, when Dr. Wilson had spoken of the great depression which hindered his patient from rallying as she would otherwise have done.

'Impossible—at present.'

This answer inspired me with hope. Next day I entered the house with the doctor. This move of mine annoyed Mrs. Riskwood. Dr. Wilson had told me of her excessive caution, that he should never be a moment alone with his patient. She could neither leave me nor the doctor; distrusting us both, as we both distrusted her.

There was a parley.

'Dr. Wilson,' I said, in Mrs. Riskwood's presence, 'will you mention my being at Silversedge to Miss Woodruffe, and beg that, when you consider her well enough, I may see her before returning to her Yorkshire friends? Will you also tell her that illness has alone prevented her aunt's being with her, and that all the family are deeply distressed and anxious about her?'

'I will certainly charge myself with so harmless a message,' Dr. Wilson said.

'I will remain here till your return.' Mrs. Riskwood smiled grimly as she led the way to the sick-room.

I trusted the old doctor. I even had a wild hope of being admitted to Althea that day.

They returned: the doctor looked discomfited, Mrs. Riskwood triumphant, as she said—

'Dr. Wilson has delivered your message. Miss Woodruffe has begged me to write to her friends in Yorkshire, to express her sorrow for her aunt's illness, and to give a report of her own amendment. Miss Woodruffe does not express the slightest wish to see you.'

It is true,' said the doctor, dolefully.

'There has been foul play!' I said, more to myself than to Mrs. Riskwood.

'Your language is ungentlemanly, sir.—Dr. Wilson, it will be at the peril of your professional reputation that you again allow that young man to enter the house.'

Natural violence of temper was very evidently betokened by Mrs. Riskwood's eyes as she spoke; yet she flinched from my steady scrutiny.

'Madam! my reputation has been fifty years establishing itself, and is not so easily imperilled,' was Dr. Wilson's answer to her threat.

'But it cannot be, my boy,' he said, when we were outside. 'I cannot again let you accompany me into the house. I have no excuse for doing so. The poor young lady evinced repugnance to the idea of seeing you.'

'There has been foul play!' I repeated. 'I was too earnest to be passionate. I must keep quiet and watch my time,' I said. 'Dr. Wilson, if I were to take some opportunity when Althea—Miss Woodruffe—is alone, to go to her and make my explanations, or hear hers rather—what do you think?—should I run any risk of harming her?'

'It must not be done yet; she is too weak. In a few days I shall insist upon her being down in that sunny breakfast-room. Meanwhile, I will slip in a word in your favour when I can. I mistrust that Mrs. Riskwood. I fancy she is a needy and unscrupulous

adventuress, with sons, too, I understand," and he looked hard at me.

Lurking one evening at twilight between a holly-hedge that bordered the south end of the garden, and a row of hines growing without its bounds, sometimes wrapped in my own anxious thoughts, sometimes occupied by watching lights flitting about the house, and speculating in which room Althea lay, I became conscious that a conversation was carried on in a low voice close to me.

"I'll put a bullet through him if he does not mind!" said a husky voice.

"Do, and much you'll gain," was the taunting answer. "It is well your mother has some brains. Beware! or you will soon follow your brother!"

"What am I to do? I am tired of lurking about here. When am I to come forward? I don't believe she'll ever have anything to say to me. You were a fool to let her come home."

"Should I have let her if I could have hindered her longer? If you show yourself before I bid you, you mar the whole affair. If she thought me anything but disinterested, wouldn't she immediately suspect the truth of what we have made her believe about that former lover of hers? I have hardly dared mention your name yet. Yesterday I told her that you could not leave the neighbourhood of Silversedge till she was well, and she fixed so queer a look on me, that I hastily added some stuff about your gratitude to your mother's benefactress. I watch that doctor closely; but he grows bolder, and sets me at defiance."

"What's the good of my staying? If I had money, I'd be off at once."

"Do as I bid you, and wait. I must go now. I dare not leave the house long, or he may get in. He was so quiet; if he had blustered, as you do sometimes, I shouldn't be afraid of him; but I'm not afraid of him. If only you were obedient and patient, you should win her."

There were a few more sentences, which I did not catch, for the speakers moved away. Soon after the man came leaping through the hedge, close to where I leaned; but it was dark now, and I was unobserved.

I had learnt that this meeting was a daily occurrence.

I threw my cap into the air, and had it in my heart to give a shout of victory as I stood there in the chill night mists. Nothing but an easily-laid phantom stood between me and Althea.

I saw Dr. Wilson next day, and told him what I had heard. He promised on his next visit to do all he could to pave the way for me, if possible, to drop a few words expressive of his great distrust of Mrs. Riskwood, and his conviction that anything Miss Woodruffe had heard through her, to my disadvantage, was untrue, or at least greatly exaggerated.

"If you believe she ever loved you, if you love her uprightly, if your conscience is free from sin against her, I say venture the meeting, and God prosper you! Be very quiet; do not agitate her more than is unavoidable. If she turns faint, give her wine; if she seems excited, pour out half the contents of a bottle you will find by her, and give it. There has been an improvement day by day this week; possibly you may prove the right doctor now. I sanction your using the first opportunity that offers."

CHAPTER IV.

I had taken care not to be seen for a day or two. I think the Riskwoods believed that I had left Silversedge, at least for a time. One evening Dr. Wilson had spoken of Althea as seeming much stronger, that day I lurked in a corner of the vaulted passage till I had seen Mrs. Riskwood's black figure glide down the garden. Then my time was come.

Althea was in the breakfast-room, I

knew. My acquaintance of langsyne with the house enabled me to reach that room without going through the doubtful ordeal of ringing for admission. The clang of the bell would have brought Mrs. Riskwood. I opened the door of the room noiselessly, and looked round. My heart stood still.

She lay on a couch by the fire, her head thrown far back, so that the fire

light played on her white throat. Her eyes were closed. On the crimson cushions her fair face looked spirit-pale, almost transparent; but not ghastly or haggard. It seemed to me that her lips smiled; that her whole expression was one of peace.

I paused, afraid to advance.

'Is it you, Mrs. Riskwood?' she asked, without unelosing her eyes.

'Althea!' was all I said, as I stole towards her. I knelt by her, trembling.

She opened her sweet eyes wide, and looked long into mine, laying a fair thin hand on each shoulder. I passed one arm under her pillow, and drew the dear head upon my breast. It rested there confidently.

'Elwynn!—such music! is there sweeter in heaven?—' why did not you come before?

'They would not let me. Why did you not send for me?'

'Once, when I thought I was dying, I wanted to; but they said you—I cannot quite remember what. I have been ill, and have had such bad dreams about you; but to-day I am well again. Dr. Wilson spoke of you, and'—she put her hand to her forehead, as if in pain.

'Do not talk, darling; you shall be my patient now, if you will!'

'Yes, yours. I know all is well when I look into your eyes. I have longed to look into them! I have longed so wearily! It was this longing stood between me and death.'

She closed her lids, and I drew her closer into my arms. She was neither faint nor excited. I laid my cheek softly against her hair; and so we remained, quite quiet, enjoying a fullness of content that comes but once in life.

'You have dared!' cried Mrs. Riskwood, her voice thick with passion, and her eyes a flame. 'See! you have killed her! She has fainted! I will call the servants, and have you turned out. Your impudence is beyond belief!'

I laid down my dear burden very tenderly and slowly, then turned to Mrs. Riskwood.

'This is no use, madam. Miss Woodruffe is my future wife. No human power can come between us. Be quiet, or you must leave the room.'

'Miss Woodruffe! you are disgrac-

ing yourself. Do you allow this—this young man to lord it in your house?'

'Mrs. Riskwood, I try to believe that you and your son spoke what was false without knowing it to be so. Help me to believe this, by rejoicing to see me happy!'

'My angel!' I bent over her again reverently. As yet I hardly dared believe her mine, and not only heaven's.

Mrs. Riskwood left us. Althea wished to see the old housekeeper. I rang. A few words from their mistress placed me on a right footing with the servants.

Althea was very weary when these words were spoken. She slept, her hand in mine. As I sat by her I experienced mingled emotions of wild joy, deep gratitude, trembling fear, which made that hour rich as years in experience of the deepest feelings of the heart.

'Things are strangely reversed,' she said, as I gave her the refreshment brought for her on her waking; 'strangely and sweetly!'

I carried her up the broad, dark stairs that night. I strictly charged the housekeeper not to leave her alone with the hired nurse whom Mrs. Riskwood had engaged, and not to admit Mrs. Riskwood into the room. Then I left the house; but, feeling uneasy, I returned, and gained admittance quietly.

The lamp had burnt out in the breakfast-room, and I sat over the dying fire. I think, perhaps, I had fallen asleep, when a faint knock at the window startled me. It was followed by a low whistle. A few moments after the door opened stealthily, and Mrs. Riskwood groped her way across the room. She undid the casement.

'He's gone at last; what's up?' the same voice I had heard in the garden asked.

'Everything is up with us! You must be off at once. Your chance is gone. He forced his way in while I was with you, and I found her in his arms!'

I heard a muttered imprecation; then there was a pause.

'Mother! I must have money; I must!'

'I have none. I gave you all I had.'

'If I hang for it, I must have money,

I'm desperate. You've kept me dangling on in hopes of this trumpery heir-ess. You must pay me for my disappointment, or let me pay myself. I must have money !

'I swear to you I have not five shillings.'

'Money I must have. There is money in the house. You must borrow some year's wages in advance,' he laughed.

'Impossible ! Her secretary is in her room. The old housekeeper is watching there. The servants all hate me. Impossible ! You can take my watch, but I have no money.'

'Pshaw ! I must have hard cash at once.'

There was farther discussion in a lower voice.

'There are none but women, and that old grey-beard in the house. I have a loaded pistol here. Money I must have. It is no affair of yours ; I am a common robber ; I'll take care she does not see my face ; you go to your room, and keep quiet.'

'You shall not come in. The fright would kill her ; she has been kind to me ; she's a credulous fool, but kind. You shall not, you must not ; I will give an alarm.'

Mother and son struggled,—it was time to interfere ; it was moonlight now without, and I could see them distinctly. I stole up behind Mrs. Riskwood ; I pushed her aside suddenly. 'Leave the miscreant to me,' I said. She screamed ; I grappled with the fellow, who had half effected his entrance ; he slipped through my arms, and was without in a moment, for Mrs. Riskwood clung to me, and hampered my movements. A shot came crashing through the side casement, it lifted my hair as it whistled by ; before another could follow, I had put up the strong oak-shutters.

'He shall be taken,' I cried, and determined to sally out and call up the gardener and grooms ; but Mrs. Riskwood clung round my knees, mingling entreaties and imprecations. A bell rung violently ; by a sudden bound I freed myself, and rushed to the door of Althea's room, taking the precaution of turning the key on Mrs. Riskwood.

The old housekeeper met me trembling with affright. 'Is she alarmed ?' I asked.

'Is it robbers and murderers ? O dear ! O dear ! Come in for God's sake, and let her see you safe !' I went to Althea's bedside.

The pistol-shot had roused her from her slumber. Though she did not know of my presence in the house, her first thought had been of some danger to me.

'Thank God ! thank God !' she cried, 'you are safe. It was a dreadful dream ; you will not leave the house to-night ; I cannot think of you out alone at this time, and—was it a shot I heard ?' She seemed bewildered. I made light of her alarm, and promised to remain in the house ; she was soon quieted, and turned her cheek on her pillow like a weary child, murmuring a blessing on me.

Some of the servants had been roused, and I heard steps and voices outside. I explained that there had been an attempt to break into the house. I did not name Mrs. Riskwood ; we made the tour of the place, examining the fastenings ; the old man would not be content to go to bed again, so he settled himself by the still warm kitchen hearth.

When the house was quiet, I returned to the room where I had left Mrs. Riskwood ; she was pacing up and down like a caged wild thing. I half expected she would spring on me, her eyes looked so wild and treacherous.

'I have spared your name till I know Miss Woodruffe's pleasure,' I said ; 'naturally, you cannot remain in this house ; to-morrow you must leave it.'

Suddenly she threw herself at my feet ; she passionately implored me to keep all that I had learnt that night secret. Gradually she disclosed great part of her history ; half in self-accusation, half in self-exculpation ; praying for pity for her son's sake—her son, whom she seemed to hate for his father's sake, and yet to love in savage fashion. In her abandonment she used a force of language—wild oaths, that startled me ; imprecations fearful in themselves, sounded doubly fearful in a woman's mouth. The fragments of this life-story seemed to me awfully suggestive. Mrs. Riskwood was an illegitimate child, she had received a foreign education, and begun life as a governess ; she became

the mistress of an officer, in time the mother of two sons; their father had promised to marry her, instead, he married a lady of title, a great heiress.

He offered to provide for his former mistress handsomely; she was a woman of no refinement; she hated the man who had been her lover, but did not hate his money; she demanded yet more than he offered, and obtained it, for he was now afraid of her.

During the youth of her sons she lived in a country-town, passing for a widow, leading a life of respectable selfishness and luxury, sending her boys to a public school at a distance.

Their vices grew with their growth; their passions strengthened with their strength; after a time their extravagance ruined her; but she had kept quiet concerning their career. When she stated that loss of fortune obliged her to leave Sandon and seek a situation, she had no difficulty in obtaining highly commendatory introductions; her referees were among the most respectable people in Sandon.

She had lived at Silversedge two years, during great part of the time Miss Woodruffe had been from home, and then she had been general superintendent.

Miss Woodruffe had been very liberal; her apparently soft, yielding character had led Mrs. Riskwood to imagine that it would be easy to do anything with her. About a year ago, when she returned to Silversedge suddenly from Yorkshire, she had ventured to ask permission for one of her sons to visit her; he had come; he was naturally clever, a good dissembler, could seem very dutiful and gentle, was very handsome, and had some showy accomplishments. Miss Woodruffe had been kind to him. Mrs. Riskwood began to entertain the hope of becoming Miss Woodruffe's mother-in-law. Before long, however, she found cause to suspect that Miss Woodruffe was not heart-whole, and my name, so often mentioned in the letters from Yorkshire, which Mrs. Riskwood generally contrived to read by stealth, fixed her suspicions.

Certainly the woman was clever; no doubt she schooled her son admirably; he was quite incidentally to mention having met me abroad: day

by day revelations to my disadvantage were made quite undesignedly, as it were. Miss Woodruffe accepted an invitation to join some acquaintance who were going abroad; Mrs. Riskwood accompanied her, and planned for her son to meet the party on their outward route. He was asked to join it—thanks to his mother's manoeuvring. Day by day she schooled him as to his behaviour; restraining a precipitation which would have spoilt all. Miss Woodruffe's failing health and spirits, and evident home-sickness, alone made her doubt of ultimate success.

'You would have delivered up Miss Woodruffe, who, by your own account, has been an angel to you, to this—I interrupted at this point.

'To my son; his disposition is not bad; I would have watched over her; he should not have ill-used her. She might have been happy enough, and he would have been saved from his brother's fate.'

When I said, 'May God forgive you, I cannot,' she answered gloomily: 'All hope of God's forgiveness I left behind long ago; all my struggle is to get what good I can out of this world, and to try not to believe in another.' She paused and shuddered; added with the inconsequence of misery: 'My son James is innocent compared to his father, his mother, or his brother; I might have saved him eternally; after all, I am a mother.'

'And you have foiled me!' she cried. After a pause she began to pace the room again, her eyes gleaming: 'You have foiled me, and you can ruin me. I am penniless, you can make it impossible for me to find food or shelter. I hate you, and I am in your power.'

'You will have a more merciful judge than I could be; you shall not see Miss Woodruffe again; but I will not prevent your receiving mercy and assistance from her. Go to your room now till morning; I will light you.'

I made her precede me up the creaking stairs. I locked her into her room; I kept vigil outside Althea's door till morning. The nurse stumbled over me as she came out at day-break.

I learnt that Althea had slept quietly, seemed stronger and better,

and meant to rise and go down stairs early.

I ordered the small music-room to be made ready; the broken lattice in the breakfast-room would suggest startling images, besides letting in the keen air.

'Love! I must tell you a miserable story before we can be at peace,' I said, when I had seen her rested from the fatigue of rising and being brought down stairs. 'There is a prisoner under this roof; I shall not breathe freely while she remains.'

'Mrs. Riskwood, or her son?' she asked quickly. 'Did he fire that shot last night? at you? then it was not a dream; Heaven have mercy upon him!' She was becoming excited.

Quickly and quietly I told her a little of Mrs. Riskwood's history. The treachery, falsehood, and callousness displayed towards herself, it took her some time to comprehend, none to forgive.

'Let me see her! Let me tell her I forgive her, and pray her to ask God to forgive her. Miserable woman to have such a son; miserable son to have such a mother. Elwynn, why should we be so happy when God lets some be so very miserable? Let me see Mrs. Riskwood, do!'

It was hard to resist, but a bright crimson burnt on Althea's cheek, and the thin hand I held was hot and tremulous.

'You must not see her; you may think that I am presumptuous'—she stopped me by a look of love and trust, by the words—

'Judge for me; do what is most wisely merciful; let her have money.' She told me where to find her keys, and I brought her her cheque-book; furnished with a cheque for £500, I went to request my prisoner to prepare for departure; my happy heart was

smitten by her haggard aspect. I tried to say what I thought Althea would have said of God's long-suffering mercy making it never too late for repentance. 'If a human being forgives you, and Miss Woodruffe does most fully and freely, how much more will one who is infinite love and mercy!' I spoke but a few sentences, but I endeavoured to speak as gently as Althea would have spoken.

The woman seemed moved; she was very docile; she promised to sail for America, taking her younger son with her; the other I found was a convict. I saw her to Liverpool.

When I returned to Silversedge, I heard merry voices, and familiar ones in the old house. My aunt and a few of my cousins had arrived; if they found Althea tolerably strong, my uncle and the others were to follow in a few days.

Althea had a short relapse; my aunt nursed her; afterwards she gained strength rapidly.

This Christmas Time at Silversedge was a very blessed time—a time that in all subsequent trials and griefs it did us good to look back upon.

Early in the new year there was a wedding at the old house; Dr. Wilson was the most honoured guest.

This Christmas time and this wedding were the farewell merry-makings in Silversedge Place; it remained uninhabited for years after that spring.

My week's holiday had extended into a long one, but it did not stretch over a lifetime.

Years increase the need for my working for wife and children; but the change of fortune which came so soon after our marriage, troubled neither me nor my wife; yet we hope that it may be God's will that we shall take our children to live at Silversedge some day.

THE GIFT.

I.

ON an April morn the hooded sky
 Dropp'd with a fringe of rain,
 O'er the trysting place of two, who met
 As never to meet again:
 She was calm with the strength of scorn,
 And he was flush'd with pain.

' You cannot restore my love, my troth,
 But if it must be so,
 I set you free from a bond to pay,
 Love you have ceased to owe ;
 I would only ask one smallest gift,
 I delay ere I go.'

Scarce could the mask of coldness hide
 Her bosom's tremulous swell,
 Yet in a voice like one who tolls
 Knells from a marriage bell :
 ' I have nothing to give !' her answer came ;
 ' Have we not said farewell !'

II.

April's violet, June's red rose,
 And the sheaf of August wane :
 Will the lapsing year for ever lack
 That record in his strain,
 Her violet eyes, her rosebud lips,
 And gold hair used to gain ?

Gain ! Ah ! Gain is an anchorite,
 And Loss an alchymist ;
 Love, you say, is common and cheap,
 You have it when you list :
 Ha ! you have dropt your dull blue stone !
 Great heaven ! my anethyst !

' Long he tarries, perchance in trust,
 His value grows with time ;
 Am I not glad to miss the round
 Of jewel, and flower, and rhyme ?
 Well, it is strange how memory harps
 On the oldest, weariest chime !'

The snow-drops come ere the winter dies,
 Her cheek is pale as they ;
 ' Fever'd nigh unto death,' she reads ;
 ' A month ago he lay ;
 Haply Scutari's cypress-boughs
 Shadow his grave to-day !'

And ever a bell, in her throbbing brain,
 Measures the rise and fall
 Of her musical, pitiless, parting words,
 Uttered beyond recall :
 ' Nothing to give ! O God !' she cries ;
 ' Would I not give him all !'

' Count me,' she writes ; ' unworthy grief !
 With all thy manhood strive
 To loathe me as I loathe myself,
 I dare not say forgive :
 I would yield my hope of Heaven's grace,
 To know that thou dost live !'

III.

Where they parted again they meet,
 With an April sun o'erhead ;

And she is flush'd, and he is calm,
 Though pain and scorn are fled :
 Calm, that the chalice of life is full ;
 Flush'd, that its wine is red.

Then, as the sound of her parting words,
 Season and scene recall,
 Soft on his ear, and deep in his heart,
 Her bell-like accents fall :
 ' Still I have nothing to give, dear love,
 Now I have given thee all !'

H. G. II.

A CHAPTER ON RECENT POETRY.

THERE is an evident untruth in the oft-repeated assertion that the poet is as much the creature as the creator of his age. If he were the one, it is impossible that he could also be the other. His heart, indeed, with its large receptiveness, lies open to the influences that are at work, moulding the characters, shaping the opinions, and directing the tendencies of men. But he can reject as well as receive, and preserve the upright heart and pure amid prevailing corruption and the debasements of society. The true poet ever comes unto his own. He is not the creature of chance, of circumstances, or of conventionalism. It was *after* the Restoration, when the wildest licentiousness prevailed, and when venal rhymers pandered to courtly vices, that Milton composed the greater part of *Paradise Lost*. The attractions, in fact, to which genius is most susceptible, the materials which it moulds into song, and the complex influences from which it derives its purest inspirations, are precisely those that are unchangeable in their essence, farthest removed from the conflict of opinions, and least liable to be disturbed by the predominant passions and tendencies of special periods. The poet deals not with the transient and adventitious. He lies close to the heart of Nature, and closer still to the heart of Man, extracting from both the spirit of wisdom, of beauty, and of love, enriching himself and ennobling the heart of the world. He is not so much the creature as the representative of his age,—the representative of its hidden

virtue and goodness—the 'bright consummate flower' of its nobler elements.

The genuine child of song can transform an iron into a golden age. No period is prosaic to him. He may appear at a time like the present when the practical activities of life seem utterly antagonistic to poetic repose—when material science has its legions of disciples—when mechanical inventions and appliances are multiplied with incredible rapidity—when labour 'smites on a thousand anvils,' and steam leviathans float many a rood on the surface of the waters ; nevertheless amid all this wild whirl and deafening turmoil of our modern civilisation, he can still hear the beating of human hearts and the voices of Nature that are never dumb,—he can still see visions of loveliness and pass through the Gate Beautiful into the holy land of song. Evermore for him the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice ; the sunlight ebbs and flows ; night in her solemn glory broods over cities vast and solitary shores ; the summer bird sings, and the winter-storm sweeps abroad on the wings of the wind. Before his visionary eye, and moving to the sound of music, martial, mirthful, and mournful by turns, pass on all the pageants of life, fast followed by the muffled form of death, crowned with a shadowy crown, and bearing the sceptre and the pall. The worlds of mind and of matter are his ; many spirits minister unto him ; many-mansioned is the home he inhabits. The tears shed by the sorrowful in secret feed the deep fountains of his song, and his heart leaps to the

stinet at the cost of the woman's ; and forgot that from perfect womanhood the perfect artist springs. With humbled hearts they confess their failure to each other. Leigh Hall had been burned to the ground by a village mob, the phalansterians had helped the burners, and Romney had been struck blind by a falling beam

amid the conflagration. When Aurora discovers his blindness, all the long-imprisoned love of her woman's heart breaks forth in tears and protestations and words of passionate endearment. They cling together, heart to heart—for ever reconciled—for ever one.

"And then calm, equal, smooth, with weights of joy,
His voice rose, as some chief musician's song
Amid the old Jewish temple's Selah—pause,
And bade me mark how we two met at last
Upon this moon-bathed promontory of earth
To give up much on each side, then take all.
"Beloved," it sang, "we must be here to work,
And men who work can only work for men,
And, not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity, and, so, work humanly.
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did, first."

"But stand upon the earth,"
I said, "to raise them—(this is human too :
There's nothing high which has not first been low,
Thy humbleness, said one, has made me great !)
As God did, last."

"And work all silently,
And simply," he returned, "as God does all ;
Distort our nature, never for our work,
Nor count our right hands stronger for being hoofs.
The man most man, with tenderest human hands,
Works best for men, as God in Nazareth."

Mrs. Browning, we presume, intends the blindness of Romney, and the marriage-union of the poet and philanthropist to have a moral significance. Each is necessary to the other, and they can only work together for good when they are one in heart, one in hope, one in faith, one in aim. We only wish that Aurora had been represented with a little more amiability and loveableness throughout this remarkable poem. It was quite possible to effect this, even while she elevated the artist above the woman, and held that love is much, but art is more. Until the conclusion of the poem, when the fountains of her heart's great deep break up, we are almost at times tempted to regard her as a female Diogenes, who has mistaken cynical philosophy for poetry.

Aurora Leigh abounds in strong and subtle thoughts expressed in vigorous language. It displays more

masculine energy than feminine delicacy, although many descriptive passages are distinguished for tender and luminous beauty. It is not, however, by any means an artistically perfect poem. There is more struggle and strain than melody in the verse. Mrs. Browning does not study simplicity of utterance, nor indite her thoughts in the 'polished form of well-refined pen.' She too frequently employs uncommon and unpoetical words that grate harsh discord, and destroy the beauty of a description. It is scarcely possible to tolerate such expressions as 'tolerant churning mouths,' 'infiltrated,' 'disutilized,' 'dynastic stars,' 'aspectable stars,' 'acquiescent shadow murmuringly,' 'inscient vision,' 'visceral heat,' and others equally absurd and discordant. There is unpardonable coarseness in the last line of the following quotation :—

"Earth, shut up

By Adam, like a fakir in a box
Left too long buried, remained stiff and dry,
A mere dumb corpse, till Christ the Lord came down,
Unlocked the doors, forced open the blank eyes,
And used his kingly ebriums to straighten out
The leathery tongue turned back into the throat."

Such defects and specimens of bad taste are all the more to be regretted, since Mrs. Browning can write purely when she chooses, as the best portions of this book and her earlier poems testify. *Aurora Leigh* has been written for the few, not for the many, and we do not expect that it will ever attain extensive popularity; but it will continue to receive its due meed of recognition and generous praise from those who are capable of appreciating the profound truths it contains, and who regard it as a noble protest against the materialistic tendencies and quack-reforms of the present age.

Normiton, by Miss Mary C. Hume, belongs to a different class of poetry. It is dramatic in form, with few characters, and little involution of plot. If it does not display much grasp of intellect, or richness of fancy, or creative power of imagination, it possesses, nevertheless, excellencies of its own, and is distinguished for quiet thoughtfulness, for fine poetic feeling, and simplicity of language. In this latter respect it presents a striking contrast to the poem of Mrs. Browning. Miss Hume is gifted with a large amount of common sense for a poet. She is no spasmodist. She shuns similes, and does not strain after startling originalities of expression. Lord Albert, one of the principal persons in *Normiton*, shares the same fate as Romney Leigh. His castle is accidentally burned to the ground, and a fever smites him with blindness. Miss Hume apologizes for this similarity of incident in the two poems, and explains that *Normiton* was completed previous to the publication of *Aurora Leigh*. The burning of Leigh Hall, and the loss of sight, made Romney a sadder and wiser man; and the blindness of Lord Albert opened the eye of his mind to that

celestial light which shone inward, and dispelled the brooding clouds of doubt, of disbelief, and spiritual discontent. The purpose and results of the blindness in the two poems are entirely different, and Miss Hume scarcely needed to apologize for the similarity of incident. Should any succeeding poet, however, dash a burning brand into his hero's eyes, or afflict him with fever that he may rise stone-blind, an explanation and apology will be absolutely necessary. Two blind heroes are quite enough in a decade at least. Maud (that name, by the way, is becoming too great a favourite with our modern minnie-singers; they are all half Maud-mad) is the finest character in *Normiton*, although the greatness of her apparent self-sacrifice in rejecting Lord Albert (what makes the daughter of Joseph Hume so fond of Lords and aristocratic names!) is considerably diminished when we discover her deep devotion to Hubert. Clifford is one of those pleasant, shallow-natured, matter-of-fact, self-satisfied personages who are certainly not so rare in this world as Mauds and Lord Alberts. The leading *dramatis personæ* pair off very agreeably at the close of the poem, leaving us pleased with the poet, and smiling approbation on the *dénouement*.

The miscellaneous poems in the volume breathe a fine Christian spirit. They are full of Cowper-like piety, patience, meekness, and truthfulness. The lines entitled 'Joseph Hume: a Portrait,' show how deeply the excellent daughter could sympathize with the labours of her honoured father—one of the most upright, honest, and consistent of public men. What pure filial love, blended with beautiful resignation to the will of the Infinite Father, speaks in the following lines:—

IN EXTREMIS.

'We thank thee, Father! as around
This couch we press, with death at hand,
For blessings all that still abound
On borders of the shadowy land.

'We thank thee for this Sabbath close
Of the unwearied work-day life;
The peace, whose oil of blessing flows,
Above the waves of Nature's strife.

'We thank thee for each sweet relief,
Bestowed to ease the parting breath;

For every bygone bitter grief,
Which takes away the sting of death.

* We thank Thee for the pang which speaks
So well the worth of that we lose,
That love which no vain solace seeks,
Yet would no milder anguish choose.

* We thank Thee, Lord ! that ours the pain,
That his, who parts, alone the peace :
That ours the grief and his the gain,
Thia to endure when that shall cease.

* And last, that though death's veil of awe,
Betwixt our earthly father's love
And our sad hearts, Thy hand doth draw
(The temper of their faith to prove)—

* No parting cloud, no veil can dim
The Heavenly Father—love, did lend
The promise thus redeemed to him :
“ Lo ! I am with you to the end.”

'Moonlight on the Dee' is another beautiful little piece, and so likewise is the second serenade in 'Norriton.' Miss Hume, with her pious pensive spirit, and calm, pure current of feeling, should cultivate lyrical poetry, and leave the dramatic form of composition to poets of wider capacity and higher creative powers. She is earnest and laborious, like her father, and she is capable of attaining still higher success in her own proper sphere.

We have, as in duty and in gallantry bound, given our first consideration to two female poets, and we now place beside them one of the other sex honourably distinguished for his feminine delicacy and purity of feeling. *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, is a mighty advance upon *Hawatha*—that Red-Indian absurdity—although it is inferior in interest and sustained beauty to *Evangeline*. It is a tale of primitive Puritan life, told in the somewhat monotonous measure of English hexameter verse ; a measure murdered by Southey in the *Vision of Judgment*, and which Longfellow and Kingsley alone have cultivated with success. Mr. Longfellow lives more in the Past than in the Present. His poetical sensibilities are most deeply stirred by visions of vanished years, and pictures of primitive life ; and hence his poetry partakes more of the nature of regretful remembrance than ardent aspiration. He is the Poet of Memory, not of Hope. There is a tender tone in the melody of his verse which awakes thoughts of other years, and dreams of the old time entombed, and

leads imagination away into the heart of the forest primeval, where withered leaves fall on faded flowers, like mournful memories on perished joys. There may be no profundities of thought, no startling originalities, no passionate energy, in the productions of this American minstrel ; but no unprejudiced mind can deny that they abound in meditative beauties and quiet depths of pathos, echo the still sad music of humanity, and beat with the blood-warmth of a genial spirit and a healthy heart. How much more human and natural is the poetry of Longfellow than that of Edgar Poe, his American detractor, or than the oracular mysticisms of some of his 'good-natured friends' in this country ! It resembles an Elm camping-ground, with its wells of water and its green palm-trees. *Miles Standish*—a strong, sturdy, Puritan name—contains graphic and pleasing pictures, passages of considerable vigour and terseness, touches of grace beyond the reach of art, and imagery sometimes as quaint as it is beautiful. The most vivid presentment is given to persons and scenes. How distinctly do we see the old sun-browned, russet-bearded Puritan Captain of Plymouth bending over the *Commentaries of Cæsar*, or 'marching steadily northward' with his small grim army to beard the Red Indians in their forest-lair ; John Alden looking out on the 'May Flower,' with one foot firm on the rock, and the other on the gunwale of the boat, while Priscilla gazes on him with sad, patient, imploring eyes ; and the primitive bridal procession passing on through

the Plymouth woods, and crossing the ford in the forest, where the pleasant murmur of the stream mingles with the odorous balm of the pine and the fir-tree ! Here is a graphic and vigorous description of the sailing of the 'May Flower' from New Plymouth to Old England :—

* Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong ; and the May Flower sailed from the harbour,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.
Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapped in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, " Let us pray ! " and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard ;
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping.
Lo ! as they turn to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill ; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying " Look ! " he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes ; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.'

The miscellaneous poems in this little collection—quaintly termed *Birds of Passage*—exhibit the well-known characteristics of Mr. Longfellow's previous lyrics. They embalm many fine thoughts, and much pure feeling ; they are set to a varied and exquisite music—a music sometimes strong and resonant, but more frequently soft as the melancholy murmur of evening waters ; and in point of artistic construction they are as nearly perfect as it seems possible to attain. Here is a beautiful poem, breathing the finest spirit of Christian trust and resignation :—

THE TWO ANGELS.

- ' Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.
- ' Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.
- ' I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
" Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest ! "
- ' And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.
- ' I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.
- ' The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

- * Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
 " My errand is not Death, but Life," he said ;
 And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
 On his celestial embassy he sped.
- * 'T was at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
 Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
 Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.
- * Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
 And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.
- * All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
 Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.
- * Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
 Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door ! *

Here is another piece equally tender, remembrance which is the prevailing and burdened with that mournful tone and sentiment of his song :—

MY LOST YOUTH.

- * Often I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea ;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me,
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- * I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch, in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams,
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still ;
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- * I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.
 And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- * I remember the hulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill ;
 The sun-rise gun, with its hollow roar,
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.
 And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- * I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide !
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
 Where they in battle died.

- And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- " I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods,
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- " I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain ;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain,
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- " There are things of which I may not speak ;
There are dreams that cannot die ;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye,
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- " Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town ;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that overshadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- " And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

None of the poems in this new collection may ever attain the popularity of the 'Psalm of Life' and 'Excelsior,' or add much to Longfellow's name and fame ; but as the genial outcomes of a true poet-heart, they cannot fail to be warmly welcomed and widely appreciated. In certain moods of the mind, and in the fall of the year when Nature sits sad and thoughtful, like Judæa under her palm-tree, brooding over the buried Past, there is no modern poet who suggests sentiments and awakens feelings more congenial and tender than the amiable author of *Evangeline*. He purifies the heart by

sorrow, if not by terror ; he elevates the soul by plaintive measures, if not by stirring heroic strains.

Turn we now from the Professor of Harvard to the Rector of Eversley, a name, by the way, which we always somehow absurdly associate with Elderslie and Thomas the Rhymer. Is Charles Kingsley also among the poets ? No doubt of it ; few among us have a better right. A wonderful, 'twy-formed, many-handed, 'versatile genius is this same English rector. With equal freshness and vigour he can indite a tragedy and a tract, a song and a sermon, a romance and an

Gilding the weeds at her feet, and the foam-laced teeth of the ledges,
Showing the maiden her home through the veil of her locks, as they floated
Glistening, damp with the spray, in a long black cloud to the landward.
High in the far-off gleams rose thin blue curls from the homesteads ;
Softly the low of the herds, and the pipe of the outgoing herdsman,
Slid to her ear on the water, and melted her heart into weeping.
Shudd'ring, she tried to forget them ; and straining her eyes to the seaward,
Watched for her doom, as she wailed, but in vain, to the terrible Sun-god.'

Some of the songs and ballads in the volume are distinguished for plaintive and melodious beauty. Mr. Kingsley, like all true poets, has a music of his own, very touching and tender in some of its tones. Here is a low sweet song, full of simplicity and natural pathos, and sad as the sound of music on the waters :—

THE SANDS OF DEE.

I.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee ;"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

II.

'The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see
The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
And never home came she.

III.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea !
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

IV.

'They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea :
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.'

The 'Three Fishers' is another mournfully melodious burden of the sea. The 'Ode to the North-east Wind' is bold, bracing, and vigorous. Mr. Kingsley is not a puling poet, who sighs for a soft zephyr to fan his effeminate cheek, and gently stir the curls on his alabaster brow. He has rather a strong relish for a stiff frosty breeze, and henceforth let the 'Wild North-easter' be known as Kingsley's wind. There is a smack of the old strong Norse fervour in the following lines :—

'What's the soft South-wester !
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.

'Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !'

The 'Poems connected with 1649-49' reveal much earnest sympathy for the suffering and oppressed, a hearty de-
testation of idlers, knaves, and tyrants, and an ardent longing for the speedy triumph of freedom, mercy, and truth.

The heart of this poet-rector is in the right place, and a large, loving, liberal heart it is. He thinks and feels with and for the people, and it may be said of him, as of his Master, that they 'hear him gladly.' If we had among us more clergymen of his class, embalming noble thoughts in living, poetic diction, and deeply sympathizing with the people in their struggles and their sorrows, it would help much to counteract that wide-spread aversion to churches, creeds, the institutes and ordinances of Christianity, which is one of the most unlovely characteristics of the present era. Charles Kingsley has evidently received a considerable intellectual impetus from Carlyle, but, unlike that great literary Ishmaelite, he has used his weapons to defend and not to deface the Christian faith.

The *Judgment of the Flood*, by John A. Heraud, first appeared in 1834; but in this second edition it has been so materially enlarged and essentially re-organized that the judicious reader is requested by the author to 'peruse the present re-issue thoroughly, just as if the production were now for the first time presented to his notice.' This premonition, in regard to the professional critic, is pronounced to be an obvious and absolute necessity; and, in obedience to the author's injunction, we have perused this new edition with commendable assiduity and patience. The poem is divided into four parts; each part consists of three books; each book is subdivided into four sections; and the composition and revision of the work represent, we are informed in the preface, some thirty years of continued intellectual exercise. The *Judgment of the Flood* is, therefore, no joke. It is a production of lofty pretensions, and the author does not scruple to call it an epopeia. The length and elaboration of an epic it certainly does possess; but we doubt considerably if it will be recognised as a genuine epos by the present generation, or by posterity. It is a strange poem; a magnificent medley of vigorous description and nervous nonsense, brief, beautiful touches and prolix passages of sounding bombast.

Speaking of the spirit and contents of his work, Mr. Heraud says that 'all is purposely gigantic—the plot, the persons, the crimes, the language, and the imagery.' The attempt to succeed in this design has led him into much exaggeration and extravagance. The subject certainly demanded that the persons and the crimes should be gigantic, since 'there were giants in the earth in those days,' and 'the wickedness of man was great in the earth;' and Mr. Heraud has, in accordance with his plan, given us some vigorous representations of the Cainites who were mighty in stature and in crime. But in endeavouring to make the plot correspondingly great he has fallen into perplexity, confusion, and long episodic interruptions. His purpose obviously was to contrast the God-fearing and faithful Noahidae with the fierce, daring, and idolatrous race of Cain who reared mighty cities and temples, and defied the Omnipotent. But he has failed in imparting unity to his design, and in imbuing his characters with human interest. John Foster, in one of his characteristic lectures, realizes more touchingly the sad thoughts of the hoary preacher of righteousness, when the ark was preparing, and when he felt that 'Heaven was arraying him to be the mournful high-priest at a stupendous sacrifice.' If the poet, in attempting to make the plot gigantic, has simply made it confused, he has attained no better success in the large utterance—the gigantic language which he deemed it necessary to employ. It was surely quite possible to enable our imaginations to conceive the magnitude and majesty of the subject, without marring the harmony of the verse by such long-winded words as 'rejuvenescent,' 'auriferous,' 'eleutherean essence,' 'paradisaical aspirings,' and many more of a similar description. No heaping up of gigantic phraseology can ever equal in grandeur the stern simplicity of the Mosaic record of the Deluge. When Mr. Heraud employs common Saxon words, and restrains his riotous imagination, his poetry blossoms into beauty, as the following quotation will show:—

'Fair is the morn on Armon: fair and bright
The woods in loveliest bloom, the ialet lakes

Or isleless, 'mid her mountains, sweetly clear
And beautiful the crests of hill and rock.
Eagle and vulture, with the hawk and kite,
There make their homes, sublimest eyries ;
And oft from cliff o'er chasm do shoot, and shriek,
Or, circling in the sky, with scornful soar,
Abysses spurn whence giddy fancy shrinks,
Exulting in the daylight as it grows :
While o'er the gentler uplands, flower-hestrewn,
The bee of blossoms fresh unfolded there,
With huzzing murmur, provident inquires
Where to alight, nor stir the tender bloom.
Grand is the noon on Armon ; passing grand,
And glorious, pride of day : there silence reigns
Profound, and solitude magnificent ;
Wherein the lapse of waters musical,
The fall of far-off rivers, solemn sound,
Heard by lone echo, hill and vale repeat.
Sweet is the tranquil eve on Armon's vale,
Sweet, lovely, tranquil ; sometimes, darkly throned,
And oft refulgent ; soft the western wind,
Floating white clouds through silent depths of blue,
O'er hills and haunts secluded ; where the voice
Of water murmurs, with the bleat of lambs,
And from the fungous hollow of old oak,
The lively squirrel starts, pleased with the songs
From thickets gushing of the pious birds :
Homage and pageant dueous to the hour
Of sunset. Well the shaphan loves the time,—
Out from the blooming furze she comes, and brings
Her red-eyed young, wont to go forth by bands,
Dwellers of rock and mountain : on the erag
They gambol, cropping else the herbage sweet,
Or ruminat a while, ere they retire
To shelter. . . . All things are now
Conscious of eve ; the circling clamorous rook,
Fresh from his favourite trees : the quiet deer
Leaving his lair, on open heath to tako
A lingering farewell of the parting light ;
And on the dizzy cliff of his repose
The osprey worships ere he sinks to sleep.*

The long elaborate description of the animal creation gathering around the ark of refuge, is the best in the poem. It displays an extensive and minute knowledge of natural history,

and abounds in touches of picturesque beauty. Herard is a poetical Selby or Audubon. The naturalist and the poet are equally apparent in the following lines :—

* The owl—the snowy owl—nocturnal bird,
Untufted, small of ear, and large of eye :
Hairy of leg, even to the very claw :
Of plumage soft, close, thick ; meet armour, warm
For artie region, hurrying even the beak
Within the feathery disks : the eagle-owl,
Plumed of head, with beak, and haek, and leg,
Covered with plumage, sable fawn of hue :
Singular bird, and lover of the dark,
By day in dusk and solitary place
Retires he, waiting twilight, silent perched
In all the unconscious gravity of sleep,
The type of wisdom. Him thus sadly set
The smaller birds attack, in hate or sport,
With wanton insult : teased but not awaked,
About his dusk retreat the dreaming owl
Shuffles from spot to spot, or standing fixed
His plumage ruffles, changes attitudes,
Grotesque display ; meanwhile his opening eyes
And shutting, mirth provoke : yet then his beak
Hissing, or clattering, would premonish well
Of wrath reserved for sunset, when, with eye
And ear capacious to detect slight sound

Of rustling leaf or herbage, he wings forth
On the poor bird retiring to its rest.
Or tiny creature to its burrow bound.'

So fond is Mr. Heraud of beasts and birds of every description, that he is not satisfied until he has stuffed into the already over-crowded ark, the Phoenix, bird of ages, and that poetic animal, the wondrous Hippogriff, preserved there, we presume, for the special use in after time of such excursive personages as the author of the 'Judgment of the Flood.' He has evidently no perception of the ridiculous, and, like the owl he so well de-

scribes, 'his opening eyes and shutting, mirth provoke.' We see nothing so very remarkable or so very sublime in the passages appropriated by the poet from the Ethiopian Book of Enoch. He would have written with more consecutiveness and clearness had he made less frequent use of that apocryphal production. Mr. Heraud never loses the comfortable assurance of faith in his own inspiration : and in the concluding palinode he says :—

'Cheer thee, heart. Keep merry chime :
Howe'er absurd, howe'er sublime,
The strife, the struggle may appear,
Let saints applaud or sinners jeer :
Something is done that had not been
But for thy action on the scene.'

We cannot, according to this verdict, be classed either among saints or sinners, since we have expressed both approbation and censure of this modern Epopeia. The age yet waits for its genuine epic : the gulf yawns too widely between Milton and Heraud.

The age waits for its epic, did we say ? Why, here is *The Last Judgment*, in Twelve Books ! Modern minstrels are audacious enough in their choice of subjects. The author of this extensive production wisely shrouds himself in the shadow of the anonymous. He is, like Heraud's hippogriff, an unknown 'poetic animal.' The poem is excellently printed on good stout paper, and published by

a very respectable London house ; but here must our commendation come to an abrupt close. The author is a humble follower in the wake of Robert Montgomery, treating sacred subjects in a shallow, presumptuous, self-satisfied strain. His rhymes jingle in tune so far as we have taken the trouble to examine, and his lines are divided into the proper number of syllables, by the beat of rosy fingertip. Our readers will remember the peerless passage in *Paradise Lost*, beginning 'Now came still evening on.' Let them judge, then, regarding the quality of this poem from the following inane imitation of Milton :—

'Now Night comes on with solemn step ; and throws
His gloomy mantle o'er the world, which shows
No sign of tremor ; but accepts his reign,
With Silence, joined to Darkness, in his train.
And now the Moon, refulgent Queen of Night,
Ascends her throne, in glowing beauty bright ;
Puts on her starry diadem ; and spreads
Her flowing robe of clouds ; o'er which she sheds
Reflected lustre ; and, decked like a bride
In richest jewellery, seeks to hide
Her radiance 'neath a silvery veil ; while Night,
Her sable spouse, beholds her with delight ;
Rejoicing as he views her beauty rare,
That one so dark should win a bride so fair.'

Othello and Desdemona ; Night and the Moon ! The last line is inimitable. There is nothing comparable to it in Milton. Towards the conclusion of the volume, where this sapient rhymist forestalls the judge, and sends various parties trooping off to eternal happiness or eternal woe, a righteous bard

is shown sublimely radiant among the spirits of the just ; and, from the description given, it can be no other than the author of *The Last Judgment*. This blessed bard was one who scorned worldly praise, while he toiled hard among his fellows, and received angel-visits neither few nor far be-

tween ; who chose an immortal theme, and rose to the grandeur of his subject, or 'sought to rise ;' who was tempted by the beauteous form of Pleasure (such, probably, as she appears in Noel Paton's picture), and had just escaped from her magic circle, when Virtuous Love appeared, and he soon became a married man, and the father of a small family ; who laid down his harp when

business pressed, and a number of little gaping mouths required to be filled—content with giving vent to his proud grief in such exclamations as : 'The bard and business !—unpoetic sound !—connexion strange !' ; who neglected the muse through long years, but at last returned with renewed zest to his first love, and continued the composition of *The Last Judgment*,

' Careless in fruitless rivalry to engage
" Spasmodic poets " in a lenient age—
His aim a place, though low, amongst the good,
Where Milton, Cowper, Young, and Pollok stood.'

A very landable ambition truly, but one somewhat difficult of attainment. When the righteous bard had finished his great work, he was uncertain whether to publish or to burn ; but unhappily he did rush into print, and then he wished to die, lest his life might dishonour his strain. However, he very sensibly resolved to live a little longer, 'that what he wrote he might, if worth it, mend.' We can honestly assure the author of *The Last Judgment*, that his poem, like an old pan, is not worth the mending ; that no amount of tinkering will make it passable, even in this 'lenient age ;' that he stands very little chance of getting even a cutty-stool beside Milton, Young, and Cowper ; and, finally, that the best thing he can do is to stick to his business like a man, behave well to his wife, and rear up none of his children to be rhymers.

Miching Mallecho and Other Poems is the title of a book very different in its contents and character from the above. Paul Richardson truly is no righteous bard. He hates with perfect hatred all cant, all creeds, and Christianity amongst the number, we are afraid. He is no namby-pamby rhymers ; no milk-and-water poetling ; but a bold, rattling, rollicking fellow ; dealing his blows right and left, swearing more frequently than 'bard be- seems,' and giving loose reins to a somewhat prurient fancy. It is rather dangerous to attack his productions, as he is a pugilistic poet, who sets the whole fraternity of critics at defiance, and clears a ring round him at the commencement of his book. He is a plucky Paul. *Miching Mallecho* is a strange fantastic medley—a little *Don Juan* in blank verse, free, fearless, and

somewhat strongly flesh-coloured. It is meant to be a slashing satire on modern life, and spares neither Church nor State, poets nor politicians, beauty in rouge, nor beggars in rags. Paul Richardson must have kept curious company in his days, and slept with strange bed-fellows. The world, according to him, is full of knaves and fools, libertines and liars, swindlers and sots, and he at least adds another to the blacklegs whose name is Legion. The eye, good Master Paul, only sees what it brings with it the faculty of seeing. To the pure all things are pure ; to the vicious all things are vile. Would that it might be said to thee now, as of old : 'Brother Paul, receive thy sight !' The Miscellaneous Poems are superior in every respect to *Miching Mallecho*. There is a sweet musical beauty in some of the lyrics, and the political strains possess much satiric vigour. Louis Napoleon is a special object of the author's invective and scorn. It would do Montalembert good to hear him. 'Flip-pant Pam' does not escape the scathe of his scorn. He is the hater of crafty premiers, kings, and kaisers, all over the world. Here is a specimen of the political lays :—

' Brianna was a fine old lass,
A queen where hearts were free ;
And never a tyrant of the earth
Could make her bend the knee.
Her banner waved in every air,
A star of hope for all ;
Her sword flash'd in the battle's van
That freedom's foes might fall.
O her wisdom and her valour then
Brought glorious things to pass ;
And kings and kaisers doff their caps
Before the brave old lass.

' Alas, what changes come to pass !
The queen of olden times

Has only might to wrong the right,
And craft to cover crime.
Now, tool of many a tyrant knave
And dupe of her own deceit ;
She bears a buffet like a slave,
And kisses her foeman's feet ;
She robs the poor to feast the rich,
And bids the wretch toil on ;
She laughs when her children cry for food :
Alas, her wits are gone !

There is martial force and fire in this
other chant :—

'Vive la république ! Strike the lyre,
O minstrel warned with heavenly fire !
Leave love awhile to the piping swain,
And sing us a loud and lusty strain ;
Thy soul has dallied with peace too long,
And freedom's foes have grown o'er strong.
Like a blast of war thy cry shall be :
Vive la république ! vive la vie !

'Vive la république ! When slaves fight,
O warrior, where's thy arm of might !
Come, flash thy sword before the sun !
Thy fame is drooping like a nun :
O bring her into the light and air !
Fresh gems shall shine in her golden hair ;
Her voice shall echo the cry of the free :
Vive la république ! vive la vie !

'Vive la république ! Hark, ye kings,
How far and free that echo rings !

Peal out your wrath, if your hearts are sore ;
That cry shall drown your cannon's roar ;
Shall thunder when your guns are dumb,
And fright you like a foeman's drum ;
Echoing in your halls so free :
Vive la république ! vive la vie !

'Vive la république ! Bold in deed ;
But all in vain your heroes bleed :
Till freedom's war-cry, like a dart,
Shall quiver in the tyrant's heart.
The distant lands have heard the roar ;
The slave starts from his dungeon floor ;
And shouts the freeman o'er the sea—
Vive la république ! vive la vie !

'Vive la république ! Kings may fight ;
But tyrants war not for the right :
My country still shall have my blood,
But only when her cause is good ;
For still by freedom's side I'll stand ;
She's dearer than my fatherland :
Hurra for the fight that shall make us free !
Vive la république ! vive la vie !'

From the specimens given, our readers will perceive that Paul Richardson is no common man. If he would only clear his book of oaths and wicked pruriences, and squeeze out much of its gall of bitterness, we might then safely recommend it as a racy and refreshing production.

HUMAN HAIR AND ITS RESTORATIVES.

In many ways does time keep note of the passing years. If, as has been beautifully said, the ticking of the clock is but the sound of the old fellow's chisel as he chips away bit after bit of our existence here, it may be said with equal truth, that our grey hairs are but the chalk-marks with which he keeps note of the years whose number he is ever reducing with that busy hammer. He is always at his work. Listen, reader, the first sleepless night it may be your lot to pass, and you will hear him at his task ; and more loudly than usual, as if earnestly bent on deeply impressing you with the fact that he never wearies, and never stops to rest. Listen, and learn as you listen ; and by familiarizing yourself with what his ceaseless labour obviously teaches, the last chip of his chisel will not take you by surprise. And still less shall the first white chalk-mark that he places on your brow occasion you any concern.

But despite of all this, it is to be feared the first grey hair is generally

an unwelcome visitor. To some how ominous it looks as it lies on the palm of the hand, an object of instructive but not of pleasing contemplation. Coming changes seem to be sending their grim messengers before. But be consoled, dear reader. One swallow does not make spring, neither do a few grey hairs bring old age. For many, who, as they stood before the dressing-glass just this morning, were startled at the first appearance of the dreaded apparition, may have a good score of vigorous years, and perhaps half as many more, before greyness sets in.

And what, after all, though it were to come to-morrow ? If your heart is still young, and your conscience calm, it should not render you one whit less happy. With the continued possession of freshness of heart, your friends would not love you one degree less ; while the juniors, unrepelled and un-repressed in their youthful buoyancy, would but love and respect you a great deal more.

We used, in bygone days, to wonder

what it was that rendered some old men such attractive and agreeable companions. For there seemed to be about their grey heads, if not a halo of glory such as Popish saints are fond of wearing, something at least incomparably more to the purpose. And truly there is no sweeter, no safer, no more mellow companion than he whose grey hairs and ripe wisdom are united to a heart still wet with the dew of youth. Charles Dickens concludes one of his unrivalled Christmas stories with a prayer that his memory may be kept ever green. If this means that his heart may be kept so, to the prayer we heartily say Amen. And you too, reader, under whose notice these pages may happen to fall, may worthily join in the response. The gloss and freshness of life wear off soon enough. Circumstances will become superior to you, and that is to become old; for to be young is to hold circumstances under our control by that elasticity of spirit and joyous energy, which converts into good even things adverse and evil, which, out of all lovely things we see, extracts emotions beautiful and new.

But we wish to make this paper, if possible, of some practical value. How far this may be accomplished, our reader must judge for himself. The immediate cause of its production is as follows:—

In turning over a comparatively recent number of the *Lancet*, the writer's attention was attracted by a communication entitled a lady's grievance; and which was further stated to be one in which hundreds of ladies in this country were interested. Wondering what new grievance the sex had to complain of, that one of their number should venture to plead the general cause in the scientific columns of that journal, we read the whole letter. The misfortune complained of, was that occasioned by the threatened loss of those flowing tresses which add so much to female grace and loveliness; and the assistance sought, was 'some light on the causes and treatment of this very vexatious malady.'

This lady, supposing the communication to have been a *bona fide* one—and this there is no reason to doubt—states that she is the wife of a

physician. But although thus daily vexed with this troublesome malady, and near, one would think, to the means of cure, she had in vain endeavoured to draw from her doating Æsculapius anything like substantial assistance. Hence the letter to the *Lancet*.

That communication, however, appeared to possess a general interest; and that for the following reasons. First, the question suggested itself, Will science stoop to notice and render assistance in treating this vexatious malady, or shall it be left to work its own cure, if a worse fate do not befall it by becoming a prey to quackery and pretension? And, second, if any advice is offered, shall it be worth the taking? Or, shall it be at best but the old story of oils and ointments, tinctures, and cold water? We ventured to hazard a prediction, and waited with some curiosity and impatience for the following number. Oils, and ointments, and cold water it turned out to be, although the distressed fair one had previously given prominence to the statement that all these remedies had been tried without effect.

Our subject in itself and in its circumstances, is confessedly a delicate one. It touches both on the vanity and misfortunes of mankind. And although the former is fair game for any shaft—vanity like folly deserving to be shot as it flies—the latter are ever to be tenderly dealt with. Tenderly and with scrupulous care, therefore, shall this delicate subject be handled, so that not even our most sensitive reader can possibly be offended. We make these remarks because we seek to meet a promiscuous audience. Lately we fell in with a book, treating of indigestion, that ill to which flesh in these days of excitement and sedentary application seems specially liable; and that small work was recommended 'to all who eat!' This we apprehend is a somewhat numerous class. And so in like manner would we recommend our subject to a class nearly though not quite so numerous. They are those who care about preserving the covering that nature meant to protect the head alike from accident, from violence, and from the effects of atmospheric

change. For all these purposes, and one more, that of ornament, was the hair of the head intended to serve, and does actually serve.

Now, although the loss of flowing tresses or crisp curly locks may not, after all, be one of the most serious ills to which flesh is heir, yet it is an ill worth attending to; and worth attempting to avert, partially at least, for that often is nearly all that can be accomplished. That it is worthy of attention seems to have been the universal opinion in all ages, judging from the number of remedies of endless variety that have been in vogue since the days of Cleopatra downwards. We might safely go much farther back than the days of the fair Egyptian, for human vanity is a deal older. But doubtless Cleopatra was great in perfumes, and in those winning ways that women, when they please, can so instinctively assume, which turned Antony's brain and produced that fit of delicious intoxication which cost him his share of the world, and something more.

But even granting that there are greater calamities than the loss of a few locks of hair, there are not many who do not regard the premature disappearance of this ornament as a disaster dire enough; and there are not many, who have not at some time or other made trial of those much vaunted popular remedies, to find them too often, though not in every case, popular impositions. Hence the common experience that oils and pomades, though well enough when used to give a temporary lustre to the hair, are powerless indeed to restore it. And hence also the impression that the subject deserves a more careful and comprehensive treatment.

We remember to have read, many years ago, a small work on the diseases of the human hair, written by a French physician. He had made the subject matter of special study, and treated it scientifically, not empirically according to the usual rule.*

That small work, though advocating an almost purely negative treatment, contained, so far as our recollection

serves us, more judicious advice on the causes and the treatment of the malady, and the difficulties with which it is beset, than may be found in a thousand lying advertisements of nostrums, every one of which is warranted to accomplish something little short of a miracle.

And the reason surely is obvious, since it is only when the subject is examined in a physiological point of view that anything like a sound rationale of treatment becomes possible. Alas, too, that the same investigation should disclose the grossness of public credulity, and the monstrous pretensions of those who practise upon it.

From our recollections of this little work, and from what we trust to nearly as much, the result of several years' personal observation, we shall lay before our readers a few hints on this difficult subject. Of one thing, however, let them be reassured, namely, that we shall not willingly mislead them.

When four or five decades of a man's life have slipped away, and if he has taken a somewhat active part in the play of life, he must not be surprised if his locks are neither so thick, nor of so raven a hue as they once were. For about the time we mention, there have usually fallen the first few flakes of the snows of that winter which none of us can survive. There will be whiteness where before there was only a glossy black. There will be thinness, perhaps even bareness; in plain words, there will be—baldness, where before there was rank luxuriance. This is the ordinary rule, and deviation from it is the exception; as every day's observation will but confirm.

If we are to enumerate the causes which bring about this result, it will be necessary for clearness' sake to distinguish between different kinds of baldness. And that form or kind that we have now described as accompanying to greater or less extent a certain period of life, is the first and most general. And as our author M. Cazenave remarks, it has this peculiarity which distinguishes it from all other forms, it is incurable. We here also may see the value of proceeding upon the examination of the structure and physiology of the hair. We are directed at once to the true cause of

* *Diseases of the Human Hair.* From the French of M. CAZENAVE, Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris. By F. H. BUNASS, M.D. London, 1851.

the mischief. We are saved from much useless trouble, and from the sickening vexation of hoping and looking for what can never come. And thus without spending our money and smearing our fingers to no purpose, we just take our share of the common fate with calmness, and cease to vex ourselves about what is, after all, at a certain stage of life, no great calamity. Rivers of Macassar irrigating those parts over which senile baldness has once spread, will never thereafter produce a single hair. And why? Because over them time has swept his ruthless scythe. Behind the mowers in our early summer-fields, a second growth soon springs up. Behind that Old Mower—we had almost said that grim and savage old Barber, who takes such malicious pleasure in so shaving our polls—nothing grows a second time. He makes all behind him bare places.

But perhaps our reader, with strong intellectual maw, would prefer science to metaphor. We shall be too happy to gratify him. If, however, our fair reader will not willingly tolerate a brief digression on the anatomy of a hair, she cannot but say that we give her courteous warning, as we politely ask her to pass over the next paragraph or two.

But if the true reason would be apprehended why the loss of hair in old age is beyond the art of medical skill, or wonder-working oil to remedy, we say read straight on. No one's attention shall be too grievously taxed.

Raise your hand, reader, among your crisp locks or soft tresses; lay hold of the first loose hair you can find, and place it on the page before you. That delicate filament, smooth and slender as it may appear, is not very smooth when viewed microscopically; and is anything but weak when its strength is fairly tested. On the contrary, it is almost incredibly strong. Some physiologists have asserted that there is no part even of the fibrous structure of the human body that is capable, in proportion to its volume, of supporting so enormous a strain.

But to pass from strength to structure proper. In whatever way, longitudinally or transversely, you may take that slender glossy thread, it may be resolved into three parts,—

either as forming part of the hair itself, or as connected with its insertion in the skin. When taken lengthways there is first a follicle or small tubular depression in the skin in which the hair is lodged: second, a bulb or root; and third, a shaft or filament forming the evident part of the hair. Taken transversely or across, it consists of a cortical portion, a fibrous portion, and a medulla or central portion, formed of minute globules resembling drops of oil. Let our reader, however, remember that this substance last mentioned is not the colouring matter of the hair, for that is contained in distinct receptacles, called pigment cells. A similar arrangement holds good with respect to the colouring matter of plants,—distinct cells being provided to contain the substance which gives hue to the plant or its flower.

It should be also stated, that according to some eminent physiologists the hair taken transversely consists of only two portions, an outer or cortical part, and an inner or medullary part.

The true *form* of the hair is that of a series of hollow cones slightly flattened on the top and placed one above another. If our reader were to take two or three coffee-cups of a conical shape, somewhat similar to those now coming into fashion, supposing the handles to have disappeared for the convenience of our illustration, and to place them one above another, but always adding from below, he will have a rough idea of the true form of a hair.

Now, the point to which we have come is this. The hair grows by additions at the root, and not by additions at the upper extremity. The bulb and follicle form the seat of growth. So long then as the bulb continues intact, hair will be reproduced even on a head of patriarchal age. But when this precious little organ is gone, as a rule, by no power on earth can hair be reproduced; and oils and ointments, dear reader, may be as efficaciously applied to the soles or upper leathers of your boots. If the grain side of the hide be outermost, there was once a luxurious growth of hair on *that surface* too. But we fancy that *there*, restoration is not often attempted—by sober men at least. As

little need it be attempted where the bulb has disappeared.

And it is further to be remarked that one effect of age is to produce the ejection or destruction of these bulbs. Consequently, instead of a soft, open scalp, the skin then assumes a close, shining, glassy appearance through which the young and tender hair may not penetrate. And so, the crown of Chaucer's friar as our readers will remember—

‘It shon like any glass.’

Such is a brief statement of the cause of the gradual baldness which occurs in old age; and which, while ‘passing onwards, gives the forehead an appearance of height, described by some as the symbol of wisdom and experience.’ Our reader will now be able to judge for himself how far in such a case remedies may be applied, with any chance of success.

It is pleasing, however, to turn from the consideration of the incurable form of this malady to another, for which remedies, though not solely of a local kind, may become efficacious. Under this new category must come all temporary loss of nature's ornament from any one of the multitude of causes which tend to produce that result. From all that has already been said, the hope in this case lies manifestly in the continued vitality of the bulb: and the object of any curative process, specially directed to the hair itself, must now be to stimulate its root into new life and activity.

In addition to this, however, attention must be directed to the more general cause of the deterioration of the hair, whether that be in quantity or quality. Without this, local remedies are worse than useless.

It would be impossible to barely mention the different causes which singly or together injuriously affect the growth of the hair. It is certain, however, that whatever produces constitutional derangement tends to manifest itself in this way. Fever; small-pox; indigestion when chronic, and severe enough to reduce the system; intense application to study; want of sleep; excesses of any kind; deep grief and sudden fear, with other mental and bodily ills which may severely shake the constitution, may be placed in one list. These frequently produce

mostly temporary, but in some rare cases complete and irrecoverable loss of hair.

Now as to popular remedies and wonder-working restoratives! As applied to the above class of causes of the malady in question, we shall not recommend any one of these panaceas. We shall push them all aside. And the first hint we shall give to our reader, instead of recommending a bottle of oil, shall be this; and it is a golden rule:—Nutrition is the true Macassar, and the only means that will reproduce a ‘fine head of hair,’ where the bulb remains intact.

We suppose that it is hardly necessary here to assure our reader that we wage no war with oil or oil-makers, except in so far as they raise human hopes only to dash them oftentimes most ruthlessly to the ground; and that too after no small expenditure of pence and patience on the part of the believer in the power of oil. It need hardly be said that it is to us a matter of the most absolute indifference whether the profits on hair-oils be two, or two hundred per cent., or any multiple of those numbers; and that we care not a straw whether balms from Spain outdo those from Columbia, or Macassar oil carry the day over both.

Therefore, before leaving this part of our subject we but repeat the rule, which cannot be too well understood, Nutrition is the true Macassar, and the only certain remedy for the malady when produced by any one of the last-mentioned list of causes. And the reason is not ill to find. Liniments and fomentations may be very good for a bruised toe, but are not likely to have much effect on a gouty one. The remedy must go deeper. And so in the present case. Perhaps from indigestion, both chronic and severe, the body is barely supplied with necessary nutrition. And the more you eat the worse you become. And the more oil you use the further off the expected result seems to be. Cease then to vex both yourself and the scalp of your head by plastering it with pomades, or irritating it with stimulating compounds. Direct your attention to the removal if possible, of that deeper ailment, bodily or mental, which may after all be the true cause of the mischief, and you will soon be able to use those subtle

and fragrant oils with pleasure, because you no longer trust to their unaided power of accomplishing an impossibility.

There is a dyspeptic friend of ours who judges of the state of his stomach as much by the state of his hair, as by the state of his tongue or any other organ. When the hair becomes harsh and dry, or from being lank, flat, and dead yields readily to the comb, he regards it, and correctly too, as an intimation of some renewed revolt on the part of his troublesome organ.

And the same holds good of other animals. A practised eye will often detect in the horse some lurking evil simply by the appearance of his coat. There can be no good reason also why the human animal should not take certain hints from his dressing-glass to similar effect. There are innumerable indicators of the state of the internal economy if we would but use them aright. They may be found in such slight indications as certain little, sometimes almost invisible black bars appearing at the roots of the fingernails, and gradually passing forwards till they disappear. This is one of the slightest and least perceptible intimations of some trivial mischief. A furred tongue and *frowzy hair*, are possibly intimations to you, that, not being accustomed to sup late, you ought to have avoided that hot and indigestible supper, of which you were induced to partake the other night. And so with other indications; they go on intimating always more plainly that you must take warning, till, if you continue heedless, they one day reach a climax in complete prostration of the system. And then you are ill, acutely ill; and your friends see that such is the case, and you *feel it* to be really so.

In a third class of causes which operate injuriously on the strength and beauty of the hair, may be placed all thick and heavy coverings of the head; or all coverings indeed which do not allow the air to pass freely through them. It is a well-known fact that soldiers in those regiments in which helmets are worn become soonest bald.

In certain districts of Bavaria it is the custom among the peasant women to wear, as a covering for the head, a thick red heavy cotton handkerchief.

This is constantly worn; and although they are not often seen uncovered, yet when they appear without this head-covering, worn almost from infancy, it is only to show its disastrous effects on the beauty of the hair. During one whole summer, with sufficient opportunities of observation, we failed to detect one good, much less a luxuriant head of hair.

All this points to the condemnation of that article of dress so singularly unique for its expensiveness, its uselessness, its ugliness, and its unmitigated badness—the modern hat. There can be little doubt of its injurious effects on both the hair and head. A writer, mentioned by M. Cazenave, shows that it interrupts by its pressure, the free circulation of the blood, and so, diminishing the nutrition necessary for the hair, causes it to fall. Of this, however, our writer makes a little too much, when he goes, for proof, to the contrast exhibited between helmeted soldiers and valets, footmen, and others who remain greater part of the day uncovered. The latter class, he maintains, preserve, from this cause, for a long time, a copious supply of luxurious hair.

As against the case of helmeted soldiers this doubtless holds good, but on the whole it is a somewhat fanciful conclusion. It is but a small, very small part of the truth. Who does not know that a far deeper cause than the one he has assigned, preserves for 'Jeames' or for 'John Thomas' a copious supply of luxurious hair? Who does not know that Jeames's nervous energy is never wasted by any process of thought requiring close or long-continued application? and that Jeames's labours make no great strain on the muscular power of a man six feet two inches high. And, in a word, who is not aware that, as a rule, neither Jeames nor John Thomas are tasked over hard in brain or body; and when that is not done, the length of time a man may wear his hat, so far as the health of the hair is concerned, is immaterial. We must assign to causes their due places if we would arrive at the truth.

Before passing to the subject of *washing*, it may be as well to draw together, in a few sentences, all that can be said in favour of oils or

pomades as remedies. It may be given as nearly as possible in the words of M. Cazenave himself. There has been, he says, in every age a variety of cosmetics claiming public attention, the promises of whose specific virtues were as lavish as the actual results were barren. Some of these agents, however, possessed the negative virtue of being harmless. But I am convinced, putting aside all illusion as to the reproduction of the hair, that we may legitimately hope, by the aid of certain cosmetics, to arrest the progress of alopecia (baldness) when the follicles or bulbs are not destroyed; and to carry out the object immediately under consideration, namely, to preserve as much as possible of the hair that remains. But there is equal hope and greater safety in the simple remedy of carefully and *moderately* cleansing the hair and scalp by the use of brushes and a fine comb, and by the removal of any influence which operates injuriously on the general health. *It may be said that this is negative hygiene, but it is not the less important on that account.*

The chief ingredients used in those pomades most recommended, if their use is desired, are beef marrow, balsam of Peru, and emulsion of bitter almonds. And for a stimulating wash, night and morning, lotions of aromatic arnica, or of tincture of the sulphate of quinine with the tincture of canella. Yet no one using these compositions may for a moment suppose that they are unerring in their operation. So far for the advice of one whose opinion is based on a somewhat extended experience.

On the beneficial results arising from the practice of washing the head in cold water every morning, considerable variety of opinion exists. We have been at some trouble to gather information on this point, and to estimate its value in each case. In one instance, where a fine head of hair, from the crown forwards, was lost twenty years before the time, the results of washing every morning during a whole summer were decidedly against the practice; and were thus expressed—'No, don't wash; I gave the practice a fair trial, and found it first discoloured and then loosened the hair.'

That our reader may hear both sides, we shall offer him another opinion. While submitting the other day to the usual tonsure which all male polls must undergo once in six weeks at least, we availed ourselves of the advice of one who for more than a quarter of a century has been cropping, trimming, combing, oiling, and brushing the heads of the people, or at least the hair growing upon them; and observe, our informant was a man, if not with a soul lifted high above his profession, with a brain at least capable of reflecting, and even perhaps of generalizing somewhat accurately. On the subject of immersion the following colloquy ensued:—

'May I ask if you hold any opinion on the practice of washing the head in the morning with cold water?'

'Yes, that I do, sir.'

'Then, do you consider the practice beneficial or not?'

'It has always appeared to me to be one of the best means for preserving the hair in a vigorous and healthy state.'

'There is some difference of opinion on that point. Do you speak from experience or observation, or from both?'

'I speak from both, sir; but chiefly from experience. I have washed regularly for more than twenty years, and I certainly have not lost my hair.'

At the risk of a wound in the neck from the point of the scissors, we could not forbear turning sharply round to look. And there assuredly was a good thick crop of black hair, with the slightest sprinkling of grey, covering a head, on which the weight of fifty years or more seemed to rest lightly. It had all the appearance too, of having been washed that very morning.

'But,' said we, as the dialogue and cropping were simultaneously resumed, 'you are aware that on dressing the hair after washing it, the comb is usually laden with loose hairs; and the practice seems to bring out much of what is already in, even if it be granted that it strengthens what remains.'

'No, sir. The comb only *appears* more filled, because the hairs, from being wet, remain in it, instead of partly falling out as in the usual process of dressing. And whatever may be the result for

the first few months, my experience and observation for four-and-twenty years go to favour regularly washing the hair in cold water.

So ended the colloquy. On the same subject the opinions of several medical authorities, both for and against the practice, might be readily quoted. But, from personal observation, the following modification of both views may be submitted as containing perhaps the greatest amount of truth. In a healthy state of the hair, rinsing the head in cold water is beneficial, and ultimately increases its vigour. When, however, the hair is in a feeble, relaxed state, and falling in handfuls before the comb, daily washing will only bring it out in greater abundance. Shaving the head, with the view of increasing the strength and thickness of the hair, has also had its advocates, even from very early times. It need hardly be said that it is not invariably successful. Many instances indeed occur in which it is afterwards seen to have been entirely useless; to say nothing of the vexation occasioned to a sensitive person by the sudden and complete denudation of his locks. Following a fever, it may or may not be necessary and beneficial; we speak only of instances where, without being connected with any acute disease, this remedy has been tried for falling hair.

There is nothing more common, among a certain class of hairdressers, than to recommend shaving the head as a kind of universal remedy for all weaknesses to which the hair is subject. Of course a wig must be provided. And for this you must pay your disinterested barber thirty shillings at least; with a shilling or two additional for making your pate as smooth as an ivory ball. Before you submit to all these indignities and imposts, take counsel in some other quarter. In almost every case the whole end may be gained by simply cropping, or, as it is called, refreshing the ends of the hairs. This may be done as often as once a fortnight, and will not cost more than a sixpence; or a shilling 'in a saloon fitted up in a style unequalled for business purposes!'

Although some have incorrectly maintained that women are entirely exempt from baldness, there is no

doubt that they are much less subject to it than those of the rougher sex. From that evil, women are freed by the greater softness of the scalp, which, containing more subcutaneous fat, preserves the bulb intact for a longer period.

To greyness both sexes are alike liable. This misfortune—if misfortune in old age it can be called—is caused by a cessation of the supply of colouring matter to the hair, and therefore happens indifferently to both. It makes its appearance with the advance of years; though there are numerous well-attested instances of the sudden and complete blanching of the hair through excessive grief or alarm. There is the well-known case of Marie Antoinette, whose hair turned grey shortly before her execution. And travellers who pass through the once free and imperial city, but now decayed town of Donauwörth, on the Upper Danube, are shown in the church attached to a suppressed monastery, the grave of the unfortunate Mary of Brabant. She was the wife of Louis the Severe, who, on ill-founded suspicions of her fidelity, ordered her to be beheaded. Shortly afterwards he became aware of her innocence, and perceived that his wife was but the slaughtered victim of his murderous jealousy. The effects of this discovery were such, that he is said to have become grey in a single night, though he was then not more than twenty-seven years of age.

To remedy greyness, a great variety of dyes have been introduced. Though these happy discoveries are mostly stated to be harmless as water, the reader will bear in mind, that, to produce a brown colour, carbonate of lime and acetate of lead are chiefly employed; and that, for a true black, nitrate of silver is the chief agent. The wished-for black may be gained; but it is well to remember that these dyes are often attended with disagreeable consequences, and are not always certain in their operation.

There is also the farce of the lead comb, the use of which has been asserted to be efficacious for the production of a dark colour among locks that are of grey or brown or reddish hue.

This part of the subject will probably call up to the recollection of

some of our readers a certain chapter (Number Twelve) in *Ten Thousand a Year*, where an account is given of the experiments of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse in hair-dyes. The Cyananthropoion, or that which makes the human hair black—for that is the meaning of this frightful conglomerate of altered Greek—wrought marvellous and unlooked-for changes on his personal appearance and attractions. Perhaps some remnants of pity still linger in the breasts of compassionate readers for the unutterable agony of the little would-be dandy on finding his fiery-red locks transmuted, in one short night, into an obstinate grassy green! But to pass from fiction to fact, whether red ever takes a fancy to become green or not we cannot say; but a common result of these vaunted dyes is to change the grey from its beautiful, because natural, and becoming silvery lustre into a dirty, dubious brown; sometimes alas! into something not so pleasing, a flaming red. And

‘Italy’s brown maids
Send the dark locks with which their brows are dressed,
And Gaseon lassies from their pretty braids
Crop half, to buy a ribbon for the rest.’

Crop half! The fact is they crop the whole, and the shear is as methodical as if the subject of it were a Leicester sheep. Hair farmers who traverse the country make their appearance at fairs, or wherever opportunity may offer, and shear the heads of those damsels who are willing to part with their tresses for a ribbon, a gaudily-coloured handkerchief, or a sum of money not exceeding twenty sous—almost tenpence. See an amusing account of this shearing in Mr. Francis Trollope’s *Summer in Brittany*.

The history of hair-dressing and hair-weaving is but the history of one phase of human vanity. Fortunately, for the comfort and convenience of the present generation, powder and perukes are numbered among the things that were.

If our readers’ patience were not already exhausted, something might be said about human hair as a feature in the physiognomy of the human form; about its language as it expresses the character and temperament of the individual. Colour, and the natural as well as its artificial arrangement, enter as elements into this expression of

the consummation of the evil results of this depraved taste is found in the destruction of the harmony previously existing in the physiognomy.

Commercially, human hair is of more importance than may probably be imagined. There is a good deal of hair worn in this country on heads on which it never grew. As regular merchandise, from four to six tons, or nearly, of human hair are imported annually. And the question arises, Where does it all come from? The greater part of it is brought from Southern France; chiefly from the shores of the Bay of Biscay.

Bryant, the American poet, in speaking of antiquated Broadway belles, seemed to have ‘guessed’ accurately that many of those locks and love-knots, ‘thick about lovely temples curled,’ were not—will our reader pardon the word?—*raised* on the western side of the Atlantic, when he says:—

character. There is the following well-known supposed connexion between the colour of the hair and the moral temperament:—Black hair is usually connected with a bilious temperament; fair and auburn with a sanguine and sanguine nervous; while very light hair and skin have been usually associated with a temperament mild and lymphatic. And as to the language of its natural arrangement, this has been generally well understood and expressed in art.

The interpretation of Nature, from the mute symbols she everywhere presents to our gaze, is older than the days of Lavater. It would have been surprising if the old Greeks in their art had missed the right interpretation of so important an element as the hair in the physiognomy of form. But they did not miss it; and, like true artists, they understood it and reproduced it. A recent quarterly reviewer, who wields a graphic pen, thus happily expresses this success of Greek as well as of later art:—‘Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts, as it were, from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls,

is like the mane of a lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules, again, remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own seaweed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a

divinity of Olympus. What gives the loose and wanton air to the portraits in Charles II.'s bed-chamber in Hampton Court? Duchess and countess sweep along the canvas with all the dignity that Lely could flatter them with; but on the disordered curls, and the forehead fringed with love-locks, Cyprian is plainly written. Too well woman knows the power Venus has endowed her with in this silken lasso:—

'Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

As a scientific principle in the classification of that sub-division of Cuvier's order of mammalia, of which you and I, reader, for the time may be taken as representatives—hair is not of much value. It is rather curious than useful, even though it be granted that certain large portions of the earth's surface are peopled almost exclusively by heads of a special colour. Northern Europe, for example, is chiefly the abode of light-haired races. On the other hand, again, the south and east, and indeed by far the greater portion of the habitable globe, is occupied by dark-haired tribes. Those who are

curious on this point will be gratified by examining Dr. Prichard's work on the races of mankind.

We have said enough to show how interesting a subject of contemplation a lock of hair may become; even though it be not a beautiful silken tress, or glossy ringlet fondly treasured and often looked at, for the sake of her who wore it. If from this time a hair shall be to our reader a more suggestive subject of thought, and if our hints on its mode of treatment shall be found, as they ought, of some value, we are satisfied. For the present, reader, adieu!

A 'VERY HIGH' CHURCHMAN:

A STORY OF LOVE AND THEOLOGY.*

THIS is a story of the PERVERSION school. We reproduce its salient points.

As we are about to describe the vagaries of a Tractarian clergyman, ecclesiastical and anti-connubial, ending, however, in his ceasing to be an ascetic, and becoming a respectable Benedict, we must ordain our hero: and this we shall call

FYTTE THE FIRST.

The ordination took place in the private chapel of the bishop of the diocese, and some twenty candidates were admitted into their sacred office at the same time. Owing to the somewhat limited accommodation afforded

by the edifice, the congregation assembled to witness this ceremony was comparatively small; yet it is to be questioned whether what was wanting in publicity was not more than compensated by the quietude and tranquillity which pervaded the whole scene. There was none of that rushing, and crowding, and gazing, and staring, which, though necessarily included in the programme of Romish ceremonial, is foreign to the chastened ritual of a Reformed Church. The building in question was indeed large for its original purpose, and was, in consequence, used twice on every Sunday for public service; nominally, it is true, for the convenience of the

* *Philip Paternoster: A Tractarian Love Story.* By an ex-Puseyite. Bentley, London, 1858.

bishop's household, but, owing to the commodious nature of the chapel, and also, in a great measure, on account of the very quietness and sobriety which was characteristic both of the place and the worship, a good many of the more important inhabitants of the episcopal city availed themselves of its Sunday—persons of a certain standing, and, if the expression may be allowed, of a certain solidity, for whom the cathedral service had no attractions, still less the several degrees of bad imitation thereof, which a pervading Puseyism had introduced into most of the churches in the neighbourhood.

The service advanced as far as the morning prayers for the day, and then the Archdeacon ascended the pulpit to deliver to the candidates those solemn words of exhortation and admonition which should be the last they would hear as laymen, the first that should welcome them on the very confines of their impending office. The preacher was an old grey-headed man, such as one loves to see in the pulpit, that place of all others where experience tells so much, and the hoary head is so truly a crown of glory. What if his voice did tremble, as he contrasted the dignity and the nothingness of the Christian minister—his dignity as servant of such a Master, his nothingness in his separate self; and thence asked the oft-reiterated question, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' What if that voice was faltering, and that frame bowed down with years? They were the voice and the mien that imagination would assign to one of the old prophets, who, filled with Divine inspiration and pregnant with the seer-like experience of a long life, boldly announced to a weak and wavering, yet withal a chosen race, that message with which he was commissioned from on high. Such was the tone of this aged minister; and so did his venerable appearance, and the known sanctity of his life, win him a devout and respectful hearing from all his auditory, but especially from those to whom he now more individually addressed himself.

And then the work of actual ordination commenced, and, habited in their reverent costume of gown and bands, each of those twenty young

men knelt separately before the bishop, and received the imposition of hands, so significant an imitation of Him, who, bidding his Twelve go forth, laid on their human heads His own blessed hands, which, whilst they bore upon them the scars emblematic of the Atonement in outward appearance, yet contained within them the Divine effluence that consecrated whilst He commissioned.

As one by one the candidates advanced and retired, you could see manifested in the congregation a pardonable anxiety to ascertain how they severally deported themselves. There were, of course, whispered observations, and not unkindly criticisms. The nervous man, who got his legs into a perfect Gordian knot in his own gown, excited a secret smile, as, bathed in blushes, he stumbled back to his seat, and buried his face in his trencher-cap. Others, and it must be confessed these had the majority on the present occasion, drew forth from match-making mammas or marriageable daughters, such exclamations as, —'What eyes!' 'Handsome fellow!' 'Duck!' and others, selected from the hymenæal vocabulary; for, you must know, no ceremony short of a review with lots of officers, has more attractions for speculative young ladies, in the least degree *passées*, than an ordination. Love-matters apart, however, the present batch of candidates was a very passable one. They were mostly young men, who bore written on their face, and stamped in every gesture and attitude of their body, some unconscious, because unstudied, evidence of that refining power which education, and especially, perhaps, a University education, manages to effect. And though this, or the absence of this, should never be brought into the balance as a qualification or a demerit in that office which the fishermen filled, yet this *personnel* of the young clergyman is not without its value, or at least where it is favourable, cannot fail to interest us, socially speaking, in the possessor.

But there was one in particular who excited a more than usual interest, first among the whole congregation, since he was the deacon selected to read the gospel for the day (a compliment paid to the candidate for the

day who passes the best examination); but, secondly, this young man was most anxiously regarded by certain occupants of a large pew near the communion-table, one of whom, a beautiful girl, dark as a starry night, leant across a portly old gentleman on her left, and whispered to her fair friend beyond, 'That's your new curate, Hebe.'

As the object of so much interest to our pewful of personages, as well as in his capacity of hero to our present story, Philip Paternoster deserves a special description. He emerged from the little knot of his compeers with a firm and manly step, and knelt gracefully before the bishop in his appointed turn; when, too, he rose from his knees, and returned to his place, with all the weighty responsibility of his new calling fresh upon him, he displayed to those many gazers a countenance still calm and collected, though the downcast eyes and clasped hands betokened anything rather than absence of appreciation of his then position. Without being, perhaps, strictly handsome, he was a man that in any case could not fail to interest a beholder. The face was decidedly intellectual, and not destitute of manly beauty, but there was just a tinge of affectation in the arrangement of those physical adornments that in the slightest degree detracted from the unquestionable advantages of the natural man. Nature had tinted his face with some of her most delicate colours. In an ordinary way, you could perceive he was singularly pale, and the flush that now tinged his cheek was perceptibly transient, and due to the excitement of the time and circumstance. His hair, which was very dark, almost black, was too long for a man, and parted quite in the middle, whilst it streamed down his back, like the portraits of Edward Irving. He wore large whiskers, such as one generally sees associated with that hybrid animal, termed by the young ladies aforesaid 'a duck,' but in more common parlance designated a fop. Altogether he had, naturally speaking, very many of the elements of the pet parson in him. A good deal of this, however, was taken off by his dress, which was singularly clerical. The coat-collar stood stiff and erect as a Quaker's;

the waistcoat was tightly buttoned up to his neck, and might, had he been so disposed, have saved the necessity of under-linen; the shirt, if indeed such existed, was devoid of collar, and just the smallest amount of very narrow white tie was visible above the vest; whilst the bands, of the minutest possible size, lent their still evidence, along with the more speaking emblems of the young clergyman's attire, that he who had so curtailed their dimensions leaned rather to Rome than Geneva. In a word, Mr. Paternoster was made up (by Cox & Co.) very ecclesiastically indeed; and though there was nothing positively *outré* in his exterior, yet, had you met him in the street, you might have told at a glance that he didn't take in the *Record*, or incline to the Bible Society. Add to these details that Philip was tall and slender, and looked somewhere about his real age—twenty-five—and you have as complete a picture of him as is necessary for the present.

And now the special ordination service being concluded, that congregation circled round the table of love, and, in partaking of the broken bread and the sacred cup, added the most appropriate sequel to a ceremony which had all along been imposing, thrilling, majestic; and mostly so from its very calmness and tranquillity.

The entire service was now concluded, and most of the people had left the chapel before Philip rose from his knees on the steps of the communion-table, or, as he would have said, the altar. He had studiously presented himself among the very last batch of communicants, though all the other newly ordained had, as was usual, been the first recipients. In fact, the general congregation waited some few minutes for Philip to go up in his turn; and more than one of his brother candidates, on observing the pause created by his hanging back, had nudged him, in the idea that he was labouring under nervousness or absence of mind. But he merely unfolded his hands and unclosed his eyes for an instant, as he said, 'I prefer to remain,' and then relapsed into that posture of utter vacuity and helplessness, which youthful Tractarians seem to think the index of true

humility on their part. Doubtless, with the same purpose in his mind, he waited, as we observed before, until the last half-dozen knelt at the rails, and then drew all eyes towards him by taking his place in the midst of the pew-openers, vergers, and servants of the bishop. Doubtless, we repeat, in all this, the idea most prominent in the young man's mind was humility, and the levelling of all human distinctions at such a time and circumstance; but the only perceptible result was, that the bishop looked infinitely pained at this violation of order; the other candidates felt, if they did not exhibit, great disgust at the assumption of such singular virtue on the part of one of their number; whilst of the congregation some thought Philip nervous, most of them set him down as eccentric, and even those who fathomed his motive, questioned within themselves whether he would not have been awfully irate had the bishop's groom, an hour afterwards, dared to address him as 'a man and a brother.' Philip, however, remained complacently on his knees during the entire post-communion, the officials of the chapel doing the same, for the simple reason that they dared not stir until a 'minister' set them the example; and thus they became most unconsciously and uncomfortably orthodox, their unusual position rendering them about as much at ease as those who lie on the proverbial bed of thorns. With an alacrity similar to that which would certainly render a man on such a bed an early riser, they elevated themselves almost before the service was over, and gladly subsided into their wonted obscurity. Philip, on the contrary, remained so long on his knees after the conclusion, that all the people had left the chapel before he showed any symptoms of locomotion, and even then he had to receive a gentle hint from the bishop's verger, that his lordship was anxious to leave the communion-table, but was unable to do so, owing to the intervention of his body at the little gate in the rails which served for the ingress and egress of the officiating clergy.

Now, in writing this, let it not be supposed for one instant, that true devotion is being turned into ridicule,

or evidences of genuine piety received with scorn. The question raised is this: are such outward manifestations really devotional when they are carried to an extent which renders them observable, and draws all eyes upon such as indulge them? Do they not rather themselves become, and do they not stamp the system which recognises them, as a religious eccentricity? However, all things have an end, Anglo-Catholic private devotion not excepted; and, when Philip at length rose from his knees, in obedience to the official poke, and stood on one side to allow the bishop and archdeacon to pass, he seemed for a moment to debate whether he should not bow to his ecclesiastical superiors. Whether he contemplated prostration we cannot say, but his head was certainly symptomatic of a reverential obeisance. But the slightest tinge of a smile on the face of the prelate, and a kindred curl of the archdiaconal lip, mirrored in a decided grin on the part of the officials, recalled the young man to his better judgment, so that he denied himself the genuflexion, and merely looked decently respectful. It may not be idle to follow the two dignitaries for an instant into the vestry, just so far as to quote their practical comment on the young clergyman's behaviour.

'Extraordinary young man that, my Lord,' observed the archdeacon.

'Eccentric,' replied his Lordship, but no doubt earnest. Not altogether extraordinary. The epidemic, after a temporary lull, is very prevalent again just now. He will grow out of it; at least I hope so. I trust, when I come to license him to-morrow, I shall find he is to be curate in some populous parish, where he will have plenty to do, and no time to dream. The Anglo-Catholic epidemic is the very reverse of its physical type. It is cured by a smoky atmosphere, and a densely-crowded population. It flourishes most, and spreads its *virus* best in West-end London districts, and picturesque London sinecures. Work is the thing to cure this young man. If he gets in some place where he can vapour and carry out his present notions, he may become a pest to my diocese; for I invariably find that

those clergymen who are most ready to bow to the abstract bishop (as you observed this young man was disposed to do, to the concrete, myself), are the least inclined to bow to my decisions, if they at all clash with their own preconceived ideas.' Alas! had his Lordship but known that the Rev. P. Paternoster, now the assistant-minister in a picturesque parish of scarce 300 inhabitants, he must have trembled as he prophesied.

Winding his solitary way from the chapel, Philip stopped at the doorway, turned on his heel, presented a full view of the back of his academicals to the group still lingering outside, and reverently— *bowed to the altar.*

True to the line of action chalked out for himself, our hero does not dine at the Mitre with his co-ordinates that day, but devotes it to worship, at two sundry churches, and to fasting. While the dinner party waited for his appearance—and they waited in vain—'I hope,' said Conolly, a fast importation from Trinity, Dublin, sauntering up to Herbert, one of the invited, 'I hope your friend is engaged in removing that tremendous rig-out he wore this morning. Faith, he'll take away my appetite if he doesn't, for I'll fancy I'm dining with the archdayeon.' Until twelve P.M., the period allotted for his voluntary maceration, Philip did not appear amongst his brother deacons, but then resumed without effort all his good fellowship again.

The little we have seen of Philip Paternoster can scarcely have failed to give us an interest in him. He had been a good fellow at College. Open-hearted, frank, and amiable, he had almost, up to the time of taking his degree, been characterized chiefly by his boyish and boisterous gaiety. So innocent was he that not one of what are vulgarly termed the 'manly' vices were ever, even by the faintest imputation, associated with his name. But at the same time, he was juvenile in his positive as well as his negative qualities. He would bask a whole day in sunshine, either in the gardens or the fields, insensible to the charms of cricketing, boating, or bathing. In less genial weather he could amuse himself quite well for a whole afternoon in a single stair-

case, shouting and singing on the stairs, paying a casual visit to some occupant of rooms thereon, and occasionally varying the amusement, by addressing innocuous remarks from the window to little boys and old ladies in the street, or hailing scouts unnecessarily, if his look-out commanded the 'Quad.' That was the kind of being Philip was up to a certain date; weak, no doubt, but very harmless, and in character certainly unblemished; idle, it is true, but still a very fair scholar; and, as the issue proved, he could set himself to work, and did do so, for he took a very tolerable degree as a pass-man; whilst, as we have seen, his theological attainments were judged on the present occasion to surpass those of any other of the candidates for holy orders.

And how, it may be asked, did such a man as this become inoculated with Tractarianism? His character, or rather his lack of any definite or deeply-impressed character, the whole bias of his previous tastes and habits seem such as must necessarily be the very opposite of any system of which formalism or rigidity, still more self-denial and asceticism, form ingredients. And yet, observant reader, look back over the previous history of such, if such there have been, whom you have yourself known, impregnated with this system. Especially, if thine experience hath been academical, turn thine eye to that period in particular, and see from what class of the nicely-graduated scale of college society the converts chiefly emanated. Was it not especially from men of the sort just described that the fuel came to feed the newly-kindled flame? To be more correct in our metaphor, was it not the *volatile element* in thy 'set,' whatever that 'set' might be, that went to light up the *ignis fatuus*, as it came dancing by? As far, indeed, as the writer has been able to trace a law in this erratic system (and it's no joke to chronicle the course of the Jack-o'-lantern; it beats comet-hunting), in so far as any one class of character in particular has seemed to him to display instinctive sympathies for, and spontaneous adaptations to, Tractarianism, it has been the class usually termed frivolous or volatile; the class in which pueri-

lity intrenches on mature years ; whose amiability has resulted very much from their indisposition to offend ; and whose innocence has rather depended on the absence of temptation from without, than on any inner power to resist it, if present.

Take a case, and for variety's sake, reverse the sex. There is Mary Jane, in whom the germ has developed almost into the full-blown flower. Mary Jane is now Sister Agnes in an Anglo-Catholic convent. How came she there ? What made Mary Jane forget all old home-loves, and prison her once ransifying affections within the narrow limits of a stone cell ? Once, and not so long ago, Mary Jane's hagiology comprised scarce more than a single Saint—Saint Valentine. Hymen—Pagan Hymen—was the presiding genius of her young life. What changed all this ? Why, Mary Jane was volatile. Mary Jane dwelt in a fashionable neighbourhood (say Tyburnia), where her innocent frivolities had full swing. An Anglo-Catholic church takes root in the genial soil of Tyburnia. Mary Jane goes ; for rumour speaks highly of the curate. She falls in love—nothing very unusual with Mary Jane—love, however, not spoken or confessed even to self, and the warmer for concealment. She attends the daily prayer,

Sings an earlier hymn
Than the birds' matins,

gains her first experiences of the metropolis at day-break, and learns the sensation of incipient rheumatism. In course of time she gets introduced to the reverend 'father,' and transfers her affection from him—or rather through him—to the system of which he is a part ; for she finds his idol, his mistress, to be no warm, living, earthly bride. No, he is a devoted celibate, and seeks only to win Mary Jane to a love for his own ideal fair one—the cold, dead, statuesque idea of an abstract church, which his imagination has conjured up from the relics of the dark ages, moulded to his own liking, and coloured highly, like the new terra-cottas. Then does Mary Jane eschew operatic music, and lean to plain song. Then is she detected surreptitiously working offertory-bags, or, more secretly still, emblazoning

medieval slippers. She readeth much in pretty devotional books, with crosses on the covers, and illuminated borders. And, in the end—for why multiply the ever-varying details ?—she too 'takes vows,' vows antagonistic to maiden love, destructive to those dreams of wedded life which once filled her young yearning heart, vows which put from her the manly arm that should have encircled, the rosy lips that might one day have clung to hers, and called her mother ; nay, vows which at last withdraw her fealty from those grey hairs, from that brotherly and sisterly love, from the family hearth, and all that breathes of home—and for what ? She leaves all this, persuaded that she is going about her Father's business, never dreaming that she may be acting a prodigal's part towards an earthly parent, until some new frivolity on the part of her proselytizers recalls her to the possibility of her being deceived ; and she hears, in her cheerless retirement, that the reverend father has married a rich widow and gone abroad, or fallen into a family living, or found it convenient to yield some points of his rigidity to a troublesome vestry, or an ultra-Protestant body of parishioners.

But to quit theorizing, and return to our narrative. Such, *mutatis mutandis*, was very much the case with Philip Paternoster. In the instance of a man where the moral sentiment had so long lain dormant, there was needed some strong excitement to rouse it into action. Such were to him the externals of Tractarianism : they came hand in hand with his college studies, and he imbibed the one with the other. The system, though it might seem formal, saved him a host of trouble in the way of introspection and independent judgment or action, therefore he blinded himself to its artificiality. The first pulsings of conscience told him of a business on earth for man, and whispered of undying ends for human life. Simultaneously came a theology which professed to map the path of the worldly wayfarer. Here was a chart for the world's most troubled waters, with plenty of good experienced pilots. 'Come to us,' said they, 'and we promise you the most comfortable state of spiritual dependence. Give us the

helm, young man, and go forward. We teach, and *you* obey. *You* sin; we absolve.' What could be more comfortable for an easy-going youth? The music and the picture-books paved the way: these were the *crusula* of those *blandi doctores*. More bland still was the promise of the spiritual leading-strings to a moral sense not absolutely dwarfed or puny, but childish in its freshness and guile-

lessness. What wonder then that the work was done? What marvel that the history of Philip is re-written, every academical term, in the fate of those who are in like manner sent over to swell the ranks of the Tractarian contingent?

We must now introduce our young Tractarian to his curacy, the haps and mishaps of which will constitute our

FYITE THE SECOND.

Flowerfield was a romantic village in the west of England—a region of our native isle into which, it has been said, the farther you go the more you are convinced that the legend is geographically correct, when it represents the wise men as having come from the East. Philip had selected the cure of Flowerfield as his title to orders for two especial reasons:—first, the ultra-simplicity of its rustic population; secondly, their freedom from dissent. In this paradise of pure church principles, a meeting-house was unknown, and no serpent of a schismatic had ever marred by his wiles its state of innocence.

It was evening in one of the most charming localities of that delicious country, that unsung land of the west, when Philip reached the end of his pilgrimage—not mediævally, with sandalled shoon, but in the style of this century, by rail and stage-coach. The setting sun was casting his farewell glance; and earth, like a beautiful penitent, bowed herself to receive his parting blessing. Philip had left his baggage to be sent after him from Hilscombe, the place where the stage-coach had set him down, determined to proceed the last two miles on foot, and so take time to look about. His castles in the air proved themselves no unsubstantial edifices, for there, in the distant landscape before him, in the picturesque village, nay, close around him in the green woods and fragrant fields, within his grasp in the hawthorn hedge, beneath his feet in the flowery road-side, with its velvet sward, was that mental structure, real, substantial, and present. He rested on the hill-top, and gazed long and intently at the scene. There, in the valley, lay clustered the cots of

the villagers, nestling round the church, as though that were the centre of their life. Close by he saw what he knew must be the Rectory, and two superior houses he rightly judged to be the residences of the only inhabitants of the village, constituting what is termed its 'society.' Deeply charmed with his inspection of the general panorama, and promising himself, in the ardour of youthful expectation, many years of quiet happiness here, he descended the hill, and proceeded to examine the village in detail. Perhaps to damp his too soaring expectations, the first reception that met him from an animated being, was afforded by a snarling dog, who rushed out from a group of men round the door of a public-house, and barked at our friend with a pertinacity that would almost seem to argue he read the mental disappointment Philip felt at seeing his paradise desecrated by a tavern; and that, therefore, the cur, appertaining as he did to the landlord, felt it his duty to expose the intruder. The animal retired, however, with the air of a dog who has conferred a boon on society, urged to his retreat by the strong voices, and stronger epithets of the men, one of whom, being the aforesaid landlord himself, hazarded an audible conjecture that '*thick* were the new pa'son.'

Registering a mental vow that he would teach his people to be more correct in their phraseology, and speak of him as the 'priest,' Philip strode on, and soon found himself at the entrance of the rectory.

The Sunday morning came, and came with all the summer sunshine which, in looking back adown the vista of past life, ever seems to circle as with a saintly halo, the dear old Sundays of our childhood and youth. With it

came, too, the knolling bells, like faint and far-off reverberations of those celestial strains which heralded earth's earliest Sabbath, when from his almighty work the Lord God rested, and, whilst the incense of prayer and praise ascended from Eden, the music of the morning stars thrilled in concert with those angelic songs which hailed the finished work of the Omnipotent. Sweet bells, that so recall a lost paradise ! Soft reminders of this world's happy birth, and man's forfeited innocence ! Woe, woe the day when our England shall ever hush your still small voice with the jarring music of unhallowed festivity, or the harsher din of worldly traffic ! Legislators may vent their swelling words about human civilisation ; working-men may be deluded into noisily demanding a spurious rest ; but ye, sweet bells, recall an era when more than civilisation reigned on earth ; when man had not obliterated the image of God from his heart ; when he was happy, because holy, when the overtaxed working-man was an impossibility, for sin had not brought wearisome toil, nor had it been ordained that in the sweat of his brow man should eat bread !

The rector read prayers that morning, and the new curate was to preach his inaugural sermon. The congregation was large, for such a thing was an event in the village. But O Tonsors and Barbers ! O Lovelocks and Whiskers ! with hair scarce an inch long, standing stiff and unkempt like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and with a visage begrimed by the stumps of that once fertile growth of whisker, Philip presented a sorry spectacle indeed. He had shaved or shorn off all on which he had prided himself in undergraduate days, a sacrifice to his ecclesiastical prepossessions, and presented an appearance something between that of an escaped convict and a second-rate actor. And then came the sermon ; like the writer, whose character it honestly reflected, it was, as a composition, elegant and refined. At times it drew tears even from that rough congregation, as the rod of the God-sent prophet smote wondrous drops from the flinty rock. This was when he briefly—but oh, so feelingly—alluded to the probable issues of his connexion with them. He drew a very

fairy picture of the future ; spoke of how, should God so will it, Sunday after Sunday, in the bright spring mornings, and when the snows of winter muffled their tread over the graves into a fit solemnity of silence, they come together to that house of prayer ; how their common supplications should ascend on angels' wings ; how their simple hymns pierce the mysterious seculsion of the great white throne. And then he alluded to his own more immediate association with the people ; how many little ones his arms might be the first to receive into their church ; betwixt how many dear devoted ones he should rivet the hallowing link of earth's holiest relationship ; how many loved and lost—even of those thou around him—he might commit to the dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection of life. So far, all hearts went with him, for Philip was human. But when he merged the man in the machine ; lost the minister and his people, forgot the pastor and his flock, and spoke of the 'system,' the 'institution ;' embodied his phantom church, and told of what 'she' would do ; how 'she' was the mother of martyrs and confessors ; 'she' their spiritual parent ; 'she' their guide from the font to heaven,—when master and man were thus set out of the question ; when he yielded up the character of God's labourer, and represented himself as a church's priest, forgetting the Supreme Master in the self-chosen mistress, then he lost the ground he had gained. Then Joan whispered to the equally unwitting Hodge beside her, at the fiftieth repetition of the personal pronoun feminine.

'Who is it he be a talkin' about ?'

'Dun-no,' was the reply ; 'but I do fancy 'tis the Virgin Mary.'

The cottage which Philip was to occupy was one of the snuggest of bachelor residences. If one ever wanted to do such a savage and idiotic thing as swing cats in one's rooms, there was just about space for such a diversion in most of the curate's apartments. The general sitting-room, which was to serve as dining, drawing, and reception room, was a miracle of 'Catholic' bijouterie. A *Mater Dolorosa* hung above the crucifix ;—the furniture being a fac-simile of a cer-

tain fellow's rooms in M—— College, Oxford. Communicating with it was another scarcely larger than a closet, which was dignified with the name of the study. This latter was filled with books, and furnished in the severest style possible. It was papered with an ecclesiastical design, composed of the fleur-de-lis and passion-flower, which had been hung by Philip's own hands, and the light from the window was toned down by the glass being subjected to the art of diaphanie. A cross—not a crucifix, and a skull on the mantel-piece, with a table and two chairs, completed the adornments of this little chamber. The sitting-room was more elaborate. On either side of the fireplace were two of the old ecclesiastical chairs, technically known as Glastonburie's; and the others in the apartment were of the sort termed devotional, no two being quite alike. The seats were all luxuriously stuffed, and covered with crimson velvet. Alongside of the monkish chairs were fastened against the wall two carved oaken brackets, copies of the most hideous attainable gargoyles in some cathedral. These were fixed so as to serve for supporting the wine-glasses of persons seated in the posts of honour. The paper of the room was deep crimson, of that kind termed flock; and the curtains, of a thick heavy material, were of a like colour; all was very downy and comfortable. Numerous pictures illuminated the walls; their plain gilt frames standing out in perfect relief from the dark background of the paper. The subjects were well chosen, and not too exclusive. There were, of course, many saints, selected from more than one martyrology; but they were the gems of their respective calendars. There was St. Agnes, sweet representative of womanly purity; and the rapt Cecilia, and beautiful dead Catherine, borne skyward by the angels. There were also the Marys at the sepulchre; and Christ walking the waves, and others well known to habitual lookers-in at Hering and Remington's. In fact there was nothing rare or extravagant about them; but their selection, both as to subject and execution, did credit to the taste of their possessor. Then there were two statuettes in plaster of Paris, painted to represent bronze.

Figures of the twelve apostles surrounded the room, each surmounting an appropriately carved pedestal of oak. The crowned Virgin was the only exceptional specimen, especially as it was thrown into great prominence by having one end of the room, that opposite the fireplace, devoted to it, and by being placed on an immense bracket richly carved, and representing angels in the act of adoration. The absence, too, of all reference to the King of Saints amid so many of His earthly followers, was remarkable, but perhaps designed to make more unique the one central figure of the crucifix, which occupied the chimney-piece. On either side of this were vases with the monogram of the Virgin, and bearing appropriate invocations inscribed on the rims. These were filled with artificial flowers, and completed such decorations as it is needful to specify. The small oaken book-case was placed under the statue of the Madonna, and included the works of Mrs. Jameson, Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, the *Catholic Florist*, and others bearing on legendary lore and Church adornment. There was also a folio edition of the *Jesuit Acts of the Saints*, and enough old vellum besides just to give a respectable tint of hoar antiquity. The lectern was a reading-desk spread with an embroidered cloth, whereon was deposited a copy of the Douay Bible, got up with extravagant binding and gilt clasps.

The oratory of the curate was a little chamber fitted with all the paraphernalia of prayer. The window had been bricked or boarded up, so as to form a lancet, wherein was inserted a transparency of St. Philip, who of course, by virtue of his name, was our hero's patron saint. A coloured sanctuary lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and was to burn continually; whilst the whole place was already fragrant with fumes of incense. There was a miniature altar raised on a foot-pace, and a little brazen desk thereon supported an illuminated manual of private devotions. The contents of the curate's pocket-communion, were also displayed to view there, and the whole surmounted by a large standard crucifix. The walls were hung with curtains of ecclesiastical drapery, and

had it not been for the anti-climax of a shower-bath in one corner, the whole thing would have been a gem in its way. This was Philip's place of prayer.

Alas ! for those who, in olden times, had prayed in the wild desert, or in the lion's den, or the fiery furnace, or the whale's belly, unsurrounded by such adjuncts of prayer. Why had cruel fate cast the lot of Elijah, of Daniel, of St. Peter, in such remote days, ere the decorative art of the nineteenth century supplied them with material to lift their souls to God ? O what a pretty poor burlesque was here on that communion of the creature with the Creator ! Who of the great and good ones of old ever needed these sensible stimuli for their burdened hearts ? Think of him whose life was a practical acted answer to the demand, 'Lord, teach us to pray.' Where did HE pray ? Often, we must believe, in the carpenter's shed in Nazareth ; often in the wild desert of Quarantaria ; often and often, as we know, upon the bleak and solitary mountain-top ; thrice, in the bitter blood-stained garden ; once upon the tree of shame itself. Thus our Master taught us to pray. How are we following in those footprints, when, to raise our spirit to heaven, we need the artistic influences of our perfumed oratory ? He bids us pray in our closet ; true. But He bids us pray, as He bids us worship and fast, 'in spirit,' and not as the hypocrites ; not with accessories that may be seen of men ; with the beauty of holiness within, rather than fantastic phylacteries without.

A brother clergyman visits Philip, and their conversation will show how matters got on in the parish after Philip was some time settled. Pater-noster takes his friend to see the old church. It was small, and not very remarkable in an antiquarian point of view ; but its ivied tower spoke of a ripe old age ; and the goodly array of grave-stones in the yard told that its labour had not been in vain.

'Heyday !' exclaimed his friend, catching his breath—'but we are correct ; a stalled choir, Philip !'

'My doing, sir. The service used to be desecrated by a dozen barbarians, with as many fiddles, flutes, and

cracked voices, in the gallery yonder. I expelled the fiddles—'

'And with them the fiddlers ?'

'And with them the fiddlers, I believe. The most unapostolic twelve have not been to church since, and fiddle defiance at me from the beer-shop every Sunday. However, church principles before all things ; that was my motto. A dozen old shirts soon made as many surplices for twelve small boys ; some unlicked cubs, of a larger growth, occupy the row here behind the trebles, and I hope in time will comprehend the distinction between alto, tenor, and bass. At present, I confess the chanting of the Psalms is rather gusty, and sometimes breaks down for a few verses ; but begin the correct thing, and progress will come with practice.'

'And do the people like it ? I see you've got the *Laudes Diurnæ*. The division of that Psalter is something savage. Does it take ?'

'The folks say it gives them the stomach-ache ; but everybody knows the Gregorian to be more simple, and at the same time more ecclesiastical, than the common florid melodies. One thing I can't introduce, that is, Helmore's Hymnal.'

'Egad, I should think not ! That gives me something worse than the stomach-ache. What ! an eagle, too ? Do you read your lessons from this ?'

'I don't. We have handed over the Scriptures to two lay readers—two young farmers—only I wish they could read. Do you see the vases of flowers on the altar ? That's something alarming, isn't it ? I'm keeping the octave of a black-letter day. Bless their innocent hearts ! they know nothing about it here. I'll give you odds, if you come to me next year this time, you find candles on the altar, and a whole set of different-coloured cloths, according to the season.'

'Always supposing the extinguisher is not put on such little vagaries.'

'Oh, but who'll know anything about such an out-of-the-way place as this ? As for the rector, I pull him as Matthews does the puppets in the Game of Speculation. The squire is a Gallio, and cares for none of these things, and the country folks here would be none the wiser.'

'Very edifying your correct Church principles would be then!'

Thus amid the continuous 'to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,' which so fitly describes the serenity, we will not say the monotony, of a curate's life in the country, did Philip Paternoster's existence progress. With it, too, progressed, or rather stagnated, for there was a good deal of still life in each—his ecclesiastical principles. His hair was still arranged in the stable-field style; his whiskers wore no outward visible sign save in their mortal remains which begrimed his visage; daily did his cassock-vest approach more nearly to a total eclipse of his cravat, and his coat-tails appear attracted earthwards in the direction of his boots. It seemed no unfit advertisement of the system he had embraced, for the outside trappings appeared to be overgrowing the living man. He still taught the school children those distressing Gregorian tones whereto he was wont to accompany them on the violin, when they practised, and had wellnigh succeeded in turning the infantile brains of two or three juvenile sinners, whom he removed from his Sunday class when catechism was going on, because they were unbaptized; whilst he talked all sorts of horrible things of the trembling archbishops to their more favoured class-fellows who had the fortune to be duly dipped.

But he had learned and done something more real than this. He had sat beside the sick man's pillow and soothed the weary hours, and might have done so more effectually had he not come enveloped in his surplice. But even as it was, his sympathy made him beloved; and he never quitted such a scene without leaving behind him some kind word treasured up, and some comforts more substantial still, to prove that, beneath all his unrealities, there was a strong vein of what was genuine, kindly, and good. He had seen the glazed eye closed in its last mysterious sleep; in the quiet graveyard had he sown those priceless seeds whose fruits await the last Great Day, when suddenly they shall start into their full maturity. Months had gone by, and his labours were becoming familiar, and he had made many friends;—amongst others the squire's

daughter, Hebe, a fair, rosy, unsophisticated, and sweet English maiden, whom he often met in their mutual labours among the poor. The beautiful picture of the high-born girl in such a situation, made a deep impression upon him, and they were often together in scenes of the kind. It used to be a joke to say, they ran in a couple like two curates. The natural consequence ensued—an engagement; how contrary to the Church principles of Mr. Paternoster, those will judge who hear him say, before the siren Hebe fell in his way, 'I think the one grand idea of all in the Catholic Church is the celibacy of the clergy. There I trace the secret of Rome's influence; for celibacy is a necessity in the Confessional; and if ever anything would attract me to cross the rubicon, it would be that.' It happened, however, somehow, that in summer, full, mature, and luxuriant as Rubens' beauty, that Philip and Hebe were sitting where Nature had spread a couch for them, on the flower-decked grass, by the giant bole of an ancestral oak, whose huge branches stretched out like arms shedding a blessing on the sweet compact then and there being entered into. Yes, it was the 'old, old story.' Once more that old question, so often asked, yet never perhaps asked twice in the same words—that question, old as Adam and Eve—had been asked and answered. How asked and how answered, I shall not seek to write; suffice it to say that all Nature seemed attuned into a harmony of happiness as the lady received from her lover the first kiss of their new lover-life. The beautiful one exerted her sex's privilege of breaking silence first, though, be it remembered, she had had the last word, no syllable having been spoken since she lisped a mere palpable *yes* to the curate's question, than he was often in the habit of receiving from sponsor, bride, or aught else, in his official capacity in church.

'Then we are engaged, Philip?'

This was all. But oh, those eyes! with what a profundity of meaning did they gaze up into the kindred eyes of their adorer! What were words in such a case? Worse than useless Philip evidently thought, for he only answered the question in

the same manner as he had a moment since sealed the compact.

'Strange,' at length he slowly and slumberously murmured, 'how, in one little moment, life has changed ; nay, to speak more truly, life has begun ! Dearest, until now I have not lived !'

The sealing process was repeated. The lady remained mute as the paper which receives the impression of the seal. He plucked the flowers mechanically ; the lady did likewise in her reverie. They might have been a pair of botanizers. And so the deed was done. There was a good deal more of setting of hands, *and seals*, which it is not necessary to recapitulate. There was a considerable time spent in silence too, when it would seem there was so much to be said. But if any of my readers look back to this scene in his or her history, supposing it to have occurred, doubtless he or she will remember what an amount of time was expended in doing a very little in point of matter, though a good deal in point of importance. Thus it was that Philip and his lady-love each fancied, on consulting those articles, that their watches must have got remarkably fast within the last hour or so. Unromantic notions, as to keeping dinner waiting, people wondering where she had been, &c., were started. And finally, in a phraseology strangely, but oh, how sweetly, new to her, she said—

'Let us go home, Philip !'

'One word more,' said he : 'consent for this day at least not to mention what has occurred at home. Nay, dearest, do not think that I am going to ask for lengthened concealment.

He to whom I know you long to unburthen yourself, is far too much my friend, for me to ask you to hide from him what so vitally concerns him. It's only to-day. To-morrow all shall be known.'

And so they wandered to the quiet village. Surely the sunset was more rosy than of yore ; at least so it seemed to those happy hearts newly linked in love's own floral bands. To outward seeming their parting salutations were only as aforetime. But, oh, what a world of hidden meaning was there in those seemingly meaningless words, in that simple enunciation of each other's ungarnished Christian names, as they separated at the entrance of her abode, with the brief parting words—

'Good-bye, Philip !'

'Good-bye, Hebe !'

In the very dead of the night, which ensued upon the day we have described, Philip Paternoster emerged from his house, took the road to Hilscombe, the post-town, thence hired a chaise to the rail, and the morning found him in London, repenting of his connubial weakness, so unbecoming in a Tractarian priest. To the squire he wrote a letter, wherein he said that he had proposed to and been accepted by Hebe, yesterday, but that reflection had induced him to re-consider the step, and that he had consequently gone to London, and written at the same time to resign his curacy at Flowerfield.

Leaving sweet confiding Hebe to bear this blow as best she may, let us follow the fortunes of the young Tractarian Lothario to London.

PYTHE THIRD.

Arrived in London, and having conquered in a measure the horrors which his sacrifice to his principles must have occasioned, Philip's resource was that more developed Tractarianism which the metropolis alone could afford to his enthusiastic soul. Having wandered in search of rest to St. Paulinus' (St Paul's, Knightsbridge), that bone of contention between a Belgravian incumbent, and a pestilent Saxon church-warden (Liddell and Westerton) ; to St. Barabbas (St. Barnabas), whose gloom at mid-day was

so veritable a satire on the system ; to St. Martha's (St. Matthias) with its surpliced choir, and storied windows, and frequent services, although it was hinted that incumbent and curate were both slippery Catholics, and not to be relied on, because they wrote the word Saint with a St., instead of with a S., an offence which stank in orthodox nostrils ; to All Souls [saints] that is to be—a monument of Hops—at present a beauteous heap of Byzantine bricks and marble ; and further still, to a sermon by Manning ; a pou-

tifical high-mass at St. George's cathedral, and a dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception by the Cardinal-Archbishop, Philip at last settles down as curate at St. Simon Stylites (Zelotes), a chapel whose mode of worship was to his very heart. Here he had full swing. There was an ample suit of rooms for the boys and lay brethren, for it was semi-monastic, a refectory where meals were taken in common: a dormitory, where all, save Philip, slept in little cells partitioned off by curtains; and above the whole were the resident priest's private rooms. Here did he rig up his oratory; over his pallet-bed did he suspend his crucifix. The utter ugliness of the chapel was quite compensated in his eyes by the gorgeous arrangements of the altar, which was elevated on a foot-pace of three steps, adorned with varying frontals, richly-wrought super-frontal, and majestic dorsal screen. On it too stood the correct super-altar, with heraldic-shielded *ciergo*, and a standard cross; while the credence close at hand, held the sacred vessels, and altar furniture of the richest lawn and Valenciennes.

These terms, O exoteric reader! may well sound strange to your uninitiated ears; but with hyper-Tractarians, they are the Alpha and Omega of worship, and from their very strangeness, it is fair to conclude that such hyper-Tractarianism is not Anglicanism, is not the native, maternal, intelligible aspect which the Church of England—the poor man's church—should have for the very humblest of her sons. Are we told that such terms and usages are not innovating but apostolic; are we bidden revert to 'primitive ages,'—we take our New Testament in hand, and vainly seek for illumined altar, or gorgeous sanctuary in that unadorned spot, where first we read of Christian prayer, or Christian sermon,—the open mountain-top where the great Founder of Christianity prayed and preached with apostles for his congregation, and whose temple was carpeted with the simple grass, and roofed but by the arch of heaven; while from the lilies which gemmed that spangled floor, and from the reckless birds who flew in the face of that blue firmament, the mighty Preacher drew lessons of life, and lifted men's eyes

directly to Heaven, independently of human instrumentality. We read, indeed, of the gorgeous temple-worship, but rather as of a thing gone by, when God thus at the last trod the earth in great simplicity, and taught, once and for all, that splendour and ceremonial were not the highest type of worship.

Philip, however, thought otherwise, and in order to show how entirely different his theory was, it will be well to view that theory evolved in practice. In a word, let us attend a morning-service at St. Simon's Puseyistic synagogue, at a period when the new rabbi, after months of study and arrangement, had elaborated his ideal of service, and embodied that notion with the assistance of Mr. Mole, his organist, and right hand man. Enter we then yonder pew, and behold our hero's church triumphant.

The chapel bell ceases, and Mr. Mole, who has been looking at the congregation through an orifice in the organ-screen ever since he arranged the choristers in the sacristy, now strikes up an exulting strain improvised for the occasion, abounding in demi-semiquavers on the upper notes, with puffy intervals on the great organ. This goes on for a few minutes, until Mr. Mole has allowed his fingers to express his anticipations of success; he then begins the definite programme laid down by Philip with Mendelssohn's march in *Athalie*, which glorious composition, rendered with all the force whereof the organ is capable, is the signal for the procession to enter from the sacristy. Enter procession accordingly. First comes with slow and stately march, a young man, who wears a surplice reaching to the knees, and a scarlet cassock trailing beneath to the ground, and carrying a large gilt cross. Then follow eight small boys, walking with folded hands, and countenances made up by Mr. Mole a quarter of an hour ago. Half a dozen singing men follow; some of them equally reverential in aspect, some very much the reverse. Then in ecclesiastical order come the clergy; first, Philip, with surplice very short, and cassock very long, with gigantic hood, arranged to look as much like a chasuble as possible, a stole with gilded cross on the neck, and not the

faintest suspicion of Puritan bands. Lastly, in rolls the incumbent of the place, who, clad in a very dirty surplice, and astonishing pair of bands (this is a portrait, not a caricature) mars the whole effect by looking down the chapel, as though to count the congregation, and picking his teeth as he passes to his stall. Their private devotions being finished, the clergy and choir sit waiting for the conclusion of the voluntary, and Mr. Mole has at length to be signalled into silence. This throws Mr. Mole out, and he omits to 'give the note' for Mr. Paternoster to commence. Philip not having a fork by him to get his pitch-note, has to send a boy to ask the organist for an F, which is given, in a sudden fit of recollection, on a pedal-pipe that startles the worshippers, and shakes the lamp-glasses all over the chapel. The exhortation is intoned on the long-sought F, with a queer twiddly kind of inflection at the end. The choir then sung a harmonized confession; the absolution is delivered in a stentorian voice by the senior minister; Tallis' sentences with organ accompaniment follow the Lord's Prayer, which is harmonized like the confession, and then the singers put forth all their powers—which are above par—in the Venite and Psalms. The lessons are read, or purported so to be, by the school-master, who had undergone a long drilling by Philip, and succeeded admirably in delivering them so fast that none understood them. The creed, again, is harmonized and sung by the choir. The suffrages are collated from as many different 'uses' as there are sentences; and then Philip and the principal tenor kneel at a faldstool, placed at the entrance of the sanctuary, and together chant Tallis' Festival Litany with full accompaniment.

The communion service is preceded by an introit: this is composed of suitable words set by Philip himself to the air of the Russian National Anthem. Philip has outgrown the incipient form of Tractarianism—rubrical strictness—and is eclectic enough to have old Rowland Hill's opinion about not giving the devil all the good tunes. Standing on the top steps of the altar, the head clergyman

shouted the commandments (on G) like a musical Moses; Philip kneels on the lowest step; and again the choir sing the *kyrie* to a harmonized adaptation of Anna's prayer in Freyschütz. This goes wonderfully. A Nicene creed sung grandly in unison, follows. Notices of saints' days for the week ensuing are given out as 'being commanded by the Church to be kept holy;' and then Philip mounts the pulpit, to soft music; without prayer or prelude he announces a text; preaches for a quarter of an hour—rather less; again descends, to musical strains; whilst the incumbent proceeds with the offertory. The sentence 'God is not unrighteous,' is turned into an anthem; the prayer for the Church Militant follows with a very long pause at the place where 'the faithful departed' are spoken of. The clergy and non-communicants then leave the chapel. Let us remain. The sacred vessels are reverentially arranged for communion. The organist is triumphant in 'He shall feed his flock;' and all proceeds as heretofore, until the consecration, in which the incumbent's voice is no longer stentorian, but entirely inaudible, while the curate is prostrate on his face, and from the body of the chapel looks like a bundle of clothes getting ready for the wash on a Monday morning. The paten and chalice are undisguisedly elevated and the consecrated elements diligently veiled. The clergy, choir, and remnants of the congregation communicate; the boys singing a translation of the *Tantum ergo* in the softest *pianissimo*. The chalice, it is observed, never quits the hand of the young ministrant. A jubilant burst of song from full choir signalizes the Gloria in Excelsis. The remaining elements are reverently consumed; the vessels cleansed at the altar; the little procession leaves the chapel as it entered, and with a reverent bow from each member to the sacred table. The organist works the bellows-blower well-nigh to distraction in his final Hallelujah Chorus; and the celebration is over.

'Well, Mr. Mole, how do you think it went?'—the invariable demand after a choral service—said Philip, as the organist came in rubbing his hands. 'La! I thought 'twas beautiful,' re-

plied the organist, ceasing to rub his hands that he might scratch his head; he as well as his reverend heads evidently looking at the whole affair as a performance, and the musician as one of the chiefs. Poor Mr. Mole! He had only one object and aim in existence—that was St. Simon Stylites his chapel. He was a perfect child; and had the habit of saying 'La!' more frequently than was necessary. He was awfully high church, and had stuck by St. Simon, giving his gratuitous services under a whole regiment of long-lost curates. It was a miracle he had never given himself. Day and night this simple soul worked for St. Simon. The curates laughed at him; the boys worried his life out. All that he wished was that the services might 'go well.' For this he droned his life away. Perhaps it would be well if more of us worked with a simple, single, unmercenary aim in life, though it were profitless as Mr. Mole's.

Meanwhile Mr. Paternoster takes up a more advanced position still as a Tractarian; becomes a member of Dawe's (Dodsworth's) Guild of the

Blessed Bones (the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre), joins the Brethren of SS. Boanerges, or the Society of the Sons of Thunder, and coquets with auricular confession—a direct and often immediate way to Rome. The instances are not few of boys one Sunday chanting Compline amongst the Boanerges brethren, and the next swinging a censor in the choral procession at the celebrated oratory Father Faber's, the open seceder and unwearied proselytizer in the next street.

And so very nearly fared it with Philip. Unsatisfied with his present position, he at last hurries off on his way to Italy, that he may see Romanism at home, and make up his mind as to his future course—Catholic or Anglo-Catholic—and stops half-way at Paris in order to examine the Romanism of the French type. This proves sufficient for his re-conversion to a better Protestantism than he ever knew before, and paves the way for a happier *dénouement* of the story than has happened to hundreds as worthy and more sincere and stable than himself—the which we shall describe in

FYTHE THE FOURTH.

After a few months' residence in the French capital, Philip writes his recantation in the following words to his clerical friend in England, who had not followed his vagaries:—

'I am no longer a Puseyite!

'Now don't put this letter aside, and exclaim—There goes flighty old Phil! or tell me I am everything by turns, and nothing long.

'For once in my mad-cap life I have acted—am acting—on very carefully elaborated principles; and I am going to devote the whole of what I hope you will not consider a very prosy letter to prove to you that my change is not one of impulse, but of conviction.

'The position behind which I used to entrench myself when you, and a good many like you, used to tell me that, in the Tractarian path, I was on the high-road to Rome, was, you will remember, this. I said that I could well understand your own, or their own personal, private, individual ob-

jections to a form of worship which appealed strongly to the senses. But, I argued, on the other hand, your objections are my predilections. That which impedes your devotion, assists mine—assists that of hundreds and thousands of people in the Church of England. The existence, then, of a school inside that church, which provides these sensible stimuli to devotion, far from driving men to Rome, is calculated to keep them in the Church of England. Why should they go to Rome, if they get what they want in England?

'This, as I have said, was my earliest theory of Tractarianism. At first, as you know, the thing came spontaneously. I was a Puseyite because some of my friends were; and also, I grieve to add, because some of my friends were *not*. In a word, it was 'the thing,' and I took it up. But presently this passed away, and I had to feel my ground. The above was, I fancied, a very solid standing-place. I was determined to

be quite orthodox ; made the Reformation my basis ; and claimed that as the Church of England's protest against Exclusiveness. From that time she was to be comprehensive—catholic, in that sense. The freedom of withdrawing from Rome, which was claimed on your side, I conceded ; but I claimed, as mine, the right indefinitely to approach her. Thus I read the injunction to be 'all things to all men,' so that by all means some may be saved.

'Of course, what applied to ritual, applied to doctrine also. If I took the Romish Gregorian, and adapted it to the English Psalter, I would also take her institution of confession—only Anglicizing it ; for instance, removing the compulsion, and making it not periodical, but purely voluntary and spontaneous.

'When you, as you said, "eustatized" me by showing that numbers *had* gone over from Anglo-Catholicism to Roman Catholicism, you know I used to answer you in two ways ; either to grow statistical, and say very few had gone ; or else to quote that exceedingly convenient adage, *exceptio probat regulam*.

'Such was my Anglo-Catholic theory. I sincerely believed it a true one, from the time I first took orders up to the close of my ministrations at St. Simon Stylites. I began to have my doubts just then ; and these doubts have been more than increased—they have passed into counter-conviction long since. That is, remember (for I wish to be careful not to jump at conclusions), I have become convinced that the doctrines of Tractarianism, being a safeguard for the Church of England, is false. Whether Rome or England be the true church must, *pro tem.*, be considered an open question.

'On looking back, I find my reasoning to have been something as follows : If a man becomes addicted to opium-eating (a fair instance of a sensible stimulus), and you put him in a position where he can command ten drops a day, he will be sure not to wish to change that position even though he discovers another where a hundred or a thousand drops per diem are guaranteed.

'Very well, then. That position has

to be given up. I assure you I was, and I believe those who argue thus are, thoroughly sincere. We do for a while on our ten drops ; but we are sure, sooner or later, to crave for the hundred. Since then I could no longer view the Tractarian party as the bulwark of the English Church. I would even see how it looked regarded as the transition-point to Rome.

'So earnest was I in pursuit of truth, that I was not in the least shocked at this alternative : "If England be the depositary of truth, England be it ;" I said : "If Rome, Rome."

'I then—this was close on the period of my quitting St. Simon's, and formed one of my many reasons for so doing—looked on Tractarianism rather as the germ of the truth than the truth itself. But still I would take nothing on trust. I would come out here, and see the truth, if such it should be, in full flower. Should the inspection warrant me, I would embrace it. In the other case, fruit, flower, and germ must go together ; for—this it is which I would now insist on—I feel that each, that is, Tractarianism and Catholicism, must stand or fall together.

'I can't help wishing people would more habitually feel their way as I have done, and argue as I am doing. Why in the world do folks lose temper about it ? I went on a very wrong tack ; but I honestly believe I was half put upon it by hearing people abuse the Oxford and Roman schools indiscriminately. I am sure I should never have made the dispassionate examination I have, if I had had a zealous friend at my elbow to point out all the defects my own examination has detected. Depend upon it, there's nothing so useful to a bad book or a bad school of morals as promiscuous abuse.

The two points, then, which I principally had to establish when I came out here were :—

1. Is the Romish Church the perfection of that system of sensible stimuli by which men are won ?

2. To *what* are they won ?

This latter being the grand question, of course.

In the former place, I must set down here what I am sure is the truth ; though I cannot remember ever to have seen

it stated, *Romanism as a fact is not pretty or attractive*. The full development of these sensible stimuli seems to me to prove that there may be too much of a pretty thing as well as of a good thing. The exquisite blending of red and white in the hawthorn-flower or peach-blossom is beautiful; but their undue development in the hollyhock, peony, or tulip, is not *more* beautiful. Far from it. Depend upon it, we concede a great deal too much when we grant that the Catholics—Roman Catholics, you know, I mean—absorb the beautiful in religion. Their mass is overdone. Their multiplied altars mar the separate effect of each. There is everywhere an *embarras de richesses*.

'Still, as a fact, there they are; and a mind which has once yielded itself to the sway of sense-blandishments is sure to be attracted by them. For myself, they palled upon my palate at once. This may be an idiosyncrasy. I cannot tell. But I have no reason to believe myself to be more sensitive than my neighbours; and I cannot imagine a mind of the least pretensions to refinement being dazzled by the palpably meretricious externals of Catholicism.

'This is opening up new ground, I know. But, upon my honour, it were better, for the mere sake of the "sense" part of the business, to rest in Tractarianism, if that be possible, than to journey on to the next stage—Rome.

'But then, to *what* is it that Rome would win men? I dare not go into this question. But now that I have been for many months, with eyes and ears open, in a Catholic metropolis, I can understand that solemn old tradition that has come down from our forefathers, that *Romanism is bad*. I will only say, that morality seems to have no place in the scheme. A formal system of aves, paternosters, prostrations, and masses, and life may go unregulated. This it is that has shocked and repelled me. My turn of mind is one that would never have turned away from Mariolatry, or a seven-fold sacramental system, or, in fact, any speculative doctrine. But it is all the more sensitive on the score of morality, and the secret of this absence of morality I trace but too clearly to the influence

of that which is the key to the whole system—the Confessional.

'Such being the secret of the Catholic doctrine of direction, I perceive at once that it never can be moulded into the English system. It must be this: either man must stand as a man, and strive and pray to become Godlike; or he must wear for ever the leading strings of a child, and so become, as he necessarily must, stunted and dwarf-like in the nobler portion of his nature, wherein he *ought* to be like God.

'It does, indeed, seem as though a special revelation had been granted to me by my being here on the spot during the course of the *Procès-verger*. It has opened sources of information which must have else been dark. And from all that it has brought to my knowledge, I feel firmly convinced of this, that, before a man joins the Church of Rome, he must be able to say (as we used to do at college) that he doesn't *go in for morals*.

'Such, then, though in very faint outline, is a sketch of the process I myself have gone through. I do seem, indeed, to have had a severe warning to take good heed how I swerve from that favourite path of yours, which I used to laugh at you so about, *la via media*.

'What I should like to do, if you will let me, is to come to England, and spend some time with you. I have much to talk over; and shall have to reckon upon you, to a very large extent, in certain provisions which I am about to make, both with a view to the future, and also, as far as may be, to remedy wrongs done in the past. All this, however, I will defer until we meet; and shall only be too glad if I have, without wearying, convinced you that I have some sort of principle in the position I laid down, as the text of this very sermon-like letter—I am no longer a Puseyite.'

This letter, and his Parisian experiences, prove the turning-point in the history of Philip. Acting thereon, his friend's mediation restores him to the curacy of Flowerfield, and the arms of his Hebe, who on the first interview, like a sweet forgiving English maiden that she was, breathed no reproach for the past, but simply said to the returning prodigal: 'Philip,

I knew that you would come,' and
unreluctantly submitted to the frequent sealings that attested the renewal of the contract.

'All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow ;
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing ;
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.'

Wedded in due time to Hebe, Philip got completely over the disease of Puseyism, and emerged by a rather painful process of Tractarian distemper from an Anglo-Catholic puppy into a respectable English dog.

General Recipe to cure young gentlemen of the Anglo-Catholic disease.

1. Send them to the Continent, and show them what Puseyism would be if it could.
2. Should this fail, procure a young

lady, as nearly as possible resembling Hebe Walford, and plenty are to be obtained in all parts of England. If the individual be worth having, this will remove the last symptom of Tractarianism.

Having brought Philip's personal experiences to a happy close, we may add that there is another story mixed up with his, of a tragic character, to which we have not thought it necessary to refer in our *résumé* of this entertaining fiction.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THIS day a year ago I strolled
With her beside the sea ;
The ground was white, the wind blew cold,
The waves were sporting free.
We heeded not the wintry storm,
But strolled with even pace ;
Around was gloom ; but, bright and warm,
Love's light shone from her face ;—
Her pale young face, with eyes so blue,
And wreathed with braids of gold ;
Its smile so tender, soft, and true ;
What though the day were cold ?

And now I wander by the main ;
The sun is blazing high,
The waves are laughing as they win
Its splendours from the sky ;
The hills are basking in the glow,
And from each cool green vale,
The myrtle and the orange throw
Their fragrance on the gale ;
And yet, methinks, yon bleak white shore,
Beside the angry sea,—
Yon sunless sky all clouded o'er,
Were brighter far to me.

R. H. S.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS.

A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—LOVE AND PITY *versus* DUTY.

THE dull hours crept slowly on to many in that prison, yet not to the three in the scene before us. One lay in fitful memories, unconscious of the present. Another, watching him, fought a great fight within her mind. The third, watching both, formed plans and settled their details.

The greatest struggle was already over in Madeleine's soul. The combatants had been Love and Duty, and the latter had gained the day. But another *casus belli* had arisen, and Love took to himself an ally named Pity—a woman's pity, too; and in time the two conquered. A voice—I believe it was an angel's—had whispered to Madeleine: 'If he recovers, will you leave him in this prison to rot? By a little sacrifice—little to you—you can effect his escape; and his crime, whatever it was, has been more than punished.' Then Duty gave in, but only conditionally. 'Try legitimate means first,' he insisted. Pity, the Amazon, consented. 'He is an Englishman. In Brittany, I have heard, he was hunted down, and had, perhaps, no opportunity, even if he had time, to appeal to the interference of the English Ambassador. I have heard that the Government of these Northern people saves its worst subjects from even just punishment abroad. Monsieur Palmerston is still the ruler in England. I will act on my own responsibility, and write to the Ambassador at Paris.'

Morning came, and grew apace. Weary at last of gazing at Madeleine's still face, Antoine went up to his room for a while.

Out of his huge wardrobe he took a desk; unlocked it, and pressed a secret spring, which opened a little drawer, where lay a few well-thumbed letters. He took one paper from among them—a little crumpled bit—opened it and read the words: 'I have spared your life; make a better use of it than you have done, and be grateful—PAUL MONTAGUE.'

Then this man, whom no one had

been able to melt from his stern selfish resolves, began to try to melt himself. Here was another struggle, but selfishness had the day. 'I must keep her here, whatever happens, even if I have to sham fever myself, which to me would be the acme of wretchedness, and probably a failure.'

The Doctor came at nine o'clock, and sent Madeleine away to get some breakfast.

'The fever,' he said, 'was not abated. All depended on the next night, and, if that passed well, all danger was over.'

Madeleine left willingly, not indeed to breakfast—for how could she eat?—but to carry out the resolve she had formed. In the sick-ward she found Sister Elizabeth, who had been attending her patients since six in the morning.

'Can you leave them for a little, dear?'

'I think so; I am scarcely wanted at present.'

The two went out and down the stony path to their little lodging.

'I have a case,' said Madeleine, 'which demands all my time and care for two or three days at least, a case of great danger, will you—'

'Yes, yes,' interpreting her meaning, 'gladly. I will take your patients in the sick-ward. It will be an excuse for me to see less of No. 17.'

'And why desire to see less of him?'

'I am really unfit for the task. He is not ill, exactly. He is only in a low state, brought on, I fancy, partly by insufficient food, partly by that horrid place—oh! is it not a horrible place?—but mostly by remorse and despondency.'

'Ah! he is some great criminal.'

'Yes, very great. But he is in prison for a political offence. His crime is of a private kind, a very deep one; oh, a terrible one!'

And the poor thing drooped her head upon her bosom.

'He has then talked to you about it?' asked Madeleine, drawn a little

from her own thoughts by her solicitude for her younger sister.

'Yes, indeed, though it was not right of him to do so to me, so young as I am. When I first went into the cell, he lay all huddled up in the corner. I asked him what I could do for him, but he only shuddered and said nothing. When at last I touched his shoulder and repeated my question, he trembled violently, and cried out. At last he looked at me. "Ah!" he said, "the demon comes in a new form, and he is right. It is as a woman that he ought to taunt me!" I told him that I did not come to taunt, but to take care of him, and be kind to him. This was what the priest told me to do. "Kind!" he said, laughing horribly; "that is mockery indeed." I said all the kind soothing things I could, and at last he melted a little, and said, "You would not offer to be kind to me, if you knew how I ruined one of your sex." I said that God was merciful, and, if he was truly penitent, would doubtless forgive him. "God!" said he; "if God is merciful, if there is a God at all, why does he send demons to torture me? why does he let one of his own creatures rot in this misery, as I am rotting? why does he send poor Marie, the singer—"

'Marie, the singer?' exclaimed Madeleine eagerly.

'Yes, that was the name. Is it not a strange one?'

'Are you sure of it?'

'Oh! that was the name he used.'

'How strange! Do you know, dear sister, I have heard of this story? There was a poor girl of that name in our village, who went astray, and was deserted. Stay, tell me what this man is like.'

Elizabeth described him.

'It is he, altered by illness and prison-life. Stay, you will see him again, I suppose?'

'Yes, I fear it.'

'Find out, if you can, if his name is Ludowsky. Be careful to say nothing about me.'

And so Madeleine discovered another old acquaintance.

She wrote two letters, one to her parents, to whom she wrote seldom, for, in devoting herself to God's work, she had sworn to forget the world;

the other to the British Ambassador, 39, Faubourg St. Honoré. This letter, of course, gave her endless trouble to compose, and demanded all her tact and discretion. Its main points were, that she had been called upon to attend an English prisoner, Mr. Paul Montague, &c., dangerously ill of typhus fever, &c., that he was imprisoned for such and such political offence, &c., and she had every reason to believe had never undergone a regular trial, &c. &c. She begged that the letter might be considered strictly confidential, as she was acting entirely on her own responsibility.

At the end of a week, she received the following reply, with, of course, the *et ceteras* properly filled up:—

'MADAME,—I am directed by his Excellency, the &c. &c. of Her Britannic &c., at the Court of his Imperial &c., to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., and to assure you that his Excellency has made the matter there referred to the subject of a special interview with the Minister for Foreign Affairs of his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency begs me to express his deep regret that it is not in his power to take any measures towards the release of Mr. Paul Montague. He finds that the case was investigated with all the justice that characterizes the proceedings of the Ministry of the Interior of this country, and that the nature of the prisoner's offence precludes any interference on the part of Her Britannic Majesty's Government.

'I beg to assure you of my most distinguished consideration, and have the honour to be, &c. &c.'

This was only reasonable, though in Naples it might have been otherwise; and, if Madeleine had known more of the world, perhaps she would never have written. But once the thought of his release fixed in her mind, and it could not be rooted out. She turned at once unflinchingly to other channels. By the same post, she received a long letter from home, enclosing what she had asked for, a bank-note for a thousand francs, and thus one difficulty was got over.

Meanwhile, the dreadful night had passed, and Paul Montague was still alive. To Madeleine it had been a

terrible night, and those which followed it, when she had to watch more carefully than ever, that the life, secured from the disease, might not fall a prey to the weakness that followed, were perhaps worse. For had this been any other sick man, for whom she had no especial interest, she would still have felt a terrible anxiety. She, who held that death had nothing so awful in it as men think, that it was only the leap from doubtful time to certain eternity, and believed so firmly in the overflowing mercy of the All-Merciful, that she could never contemplate that eternity as one of misery even for the worst, had yet gathered from the exercise of her duties, even as the physician does, a conviction of the value of life, and of her own great responsibility in sustaining it.

But though Madeleine believed that she had overcome her deep love of Paul Montague; though she had prayed against it and struggled to crush it out, that it might not clash with her devotion to God, yet it was still there to increase her fears.

Some people tell you that this love is always excusable under any circumstances, because—it is natural. As if the natural state of man after the fall were not one of sin, and everything that is natural about man more or less sinful. Others condemn all such love as romantic, sentimental—in short, bosh. These are your 'eminently practical' men; and they will be generally found to possess another love, far lower and more contemptible, viz., that of self, in a very high degree. These are the extremes. The mean conclusion is, that love, as we commonly use the word—the love of man and maid—should never be denied to either, because it is a law of God, as much as the love of parent and child; but I hold that it is raised too high in the scale of loves, and is unworthy of the sacrifices that are made to it.

All love in mankind is selfish, but the lowest of all, which shackles all save the perfect, is the love of self. This is common to all living creatures, and, as it would seem, even to angels, though in a very slight degree. Then comes the love of offspring, which is a part of self, common to all living creatures, but not found in angels. Then comes the love, *par excellence*,

of man and maid—passion—which mankind holds in a more refined manner than other animals, but which is stronger in the latter. The perfect love of husband and wife, which is only perfected when there is the child between them—for man is only perfectly man, when these three are united—is the next in order. It is the perfection of the last two, it is not held by other animals, nor indeed by all the human race, nor even by all civilized races, for it is not dependent on civilisation, nor indeed by all the good, for many of the saints have been bachelors and old maids, nor, though everybody tells you so, can you be certain it is the state of the angels. We know not by what law it is governed and distributed.

These are material loves. Then comes the love of kindred, less selfish than the rest, and utterly unknown to other animals: what puppy knows his brother? Higher still is the love of friends, but since this is still selfish, we come to that great love (in which the selfishness is at least invisible, though doubtless there) which is called by the righteous, brotherly love, and which is taught as the second commandment given to men. It is so far from being innate, that few attain to it, and those few are called saints. The love known only to the angels, a love of all that is created, of all things under God, is the next, excelled only by the love of all to God, and that highest love, of God to all.

Amen!

Why, then, is this love of man and maid, which ranks so low, held in such wonder by mankind, that he has sung of nothing else, in all ages, and that a thousand novels are yearly written about it? Because, from all time, it has been the second cause of sin and misery. Selfishness was and is the first. Selfishness prompted Eve to sin. Love bade her draw Adam into her confidence, and man fell. Is it not a truism? is it not known to you all? There is no need that I should cite instances of the calamity of this love in the world's history, or of the goodness of this love. Do you not all know that for one man whom it drags into sin, it rescues nine from it; that from it comes forth, like steam from boiling water, that brotherly love,

which we strive to attain to, otherwise, so long in vain ; nay, even that love of God, which we have never known ?

Therefore shall a man leave father and mother, and cling to his beloved. Therefore men sing, and tell, and write of it, till they are hoarse and sore-fingered ; and, therefore, those who interfere with this love, be they parents or guardians, or short-sighted ecclesiastics, who affirm that the services of celibates are more pleasing to God than of those who obey his great law of love, are sinners, and the causes of sin in others.

And as Madeleine sat day after day by the sick man, she began to think confusedly like this, and to doubt the virtue of her celibacy, and her stoning love with pebbles of conscience till it died. But then the Church had said so. Was the Church greater than God ? But, believe me, it was not all reason that ordered this battle. Madeleine was a woman, still a woman, though she thought she had conquered the woman's passion, and it was the woman's instinct that fought against the Church. And she knew it, and dreaded it.

The fever passed, slowly but surely. The delirium went too, and Madeleine had no excuse for sitting whole nights, where she loved to sit, but thought it wrong to do so. Still the sick man had not recognised her ; at least *she* thought so. But he had.

One morning, she said to Sister Elizabeth, ' I am going to-day to Avranches ; you will be alone in the sick-ward.'

Elizabeth, who leaned upon her older sister as the ivy does upon the oak, did not ask the reason of this departure.

' When will you be back, dear ?' was all she said.

' This evening ;' and she went, on foot, across the sands. Now, in her innocence, she asked Antoine Legrand the safest way to go. He took her to a window, and pointed out a white rock on the distant shore.

' Make straight for that, turning neither to right nor left, and you will escape the quicksands. There, you see a man coming across now with a donkey ? That is the path. There is a shorter way, to the left, but it is not safe without a guide.'

Antoine went to look for a turnkey, and told him to take his duty for him. He then sought out the deputy-governor.

' I have some business of importance to-day,' he said, ' and shall be away till this evening. You will apprise the governor of my absence, and see that my duties are attended to.'

' It is a pity you did not ask for leave last night,' said the systematic *locum tenens*.

' That is my affair, sir,' replied the head-jailer, and going up to his room, selected with some hesitation, a disguise from his wardrobe, wig, moustache and all complete, and putting them in a bundle under his arm, issued from the prison, and made his way to a small retired café, where he was well and privately known. Here he replaced the mud-coloured wig with one of plenteous black curls, the beard with a small black moustache. He soon issued forth as a countryman, with short blouse and large hat ; and away he went across the sands. All this had taken some time, and Madeleine was far on her road. He saw the large white cap flapping in the wind far away, and quietly took the short cut.

He arrived at Avranches before her in great expectation. ' What on earth is she going to do here ?'

His disappointment was considerable when he found that she only went into a haberdasher's shop, and filled her basket with articles of feminine attire, of a coarse and simple kind. She came out rather unexpectedly, while he was loitering before the window, smoking a short pipe, and looking like a labourer out of work. She came up to him and quietly asked him the way to a little village on the sea-shore. Antoine was rather taken by surprise, but his old habits stood him in stead, and he answered roughly in a moment, and in a well-feigned voice.

' I am going there myself, madame, directly. I don't mind going at once, and showing you the way.'

She accepted his offer, and they walked down the hill in silence. When they came in sight of the village, Antoine said—

' If madame will tell me whom she

is going to see there, perhaps I can direct her to the cottage.'

'I am going to a fisherman, who keeps boats for hire. I do not know his name.'

'Ah! It is Quillac, madame means.' And he directed her to the cottage, and left her.

Soon after she had done her business at the fisherman's, and was already mounting the hill to return to Avranches, Antoine managed adroitly to get into conversation with the fisherman's wife.

'Have you anybody ill at home, ma belle?'

'Not we. We don't know such a thing as sickness here.'

'I saw a sister go in here. She asked me the way, in fact.'

'Oh! she; yea. She came to hire a boat for next Saturday week.'

'A long time first.'

'Yes; she said she wouldn't be able to come over again, but one of the sisters was coming that day from Mont St. Michel, and was to go over to St. Héliers.'

'St. Héliers? Why, that's in Jersey. What could she want there?'

So this time M. Antoine thought he had got very little satisfaction by his espionage; but he loved a mystery. The unravelling of it stood him in stead of better or worse thoughts, when he was alone.

When Madeleine reached the prison gate, the porter, as usual, examined her basket, to see that there were no letters for the prisoners within, nor other suspicious articles. She drew out several yards of coarse grey cotton stuff.

'Ah, c'est bien; c'est bien!' smiled the porter, who dearly loved the pleasant faces of the two sisters, that came and went like sunbeams in that dismal hell. 'Ah! yes, madame is going to make herself a new gown. I am glad of it.'

Madeleine said nothing, but passed on to the sick-ward. Elizabeth was not there.

'She is sitting with No. 17,' said the old factotum. 'He's been very much worse to-day, and the doctor says he don't think he'll live. Well, I can't pity him dying in this place,' she added, lowering her voice. 'It's bad enough for me, who can go in and

out as I please. It must be awful for these fellows as is here for life. Your poor sister will have to sit up with No. 17 to-night, I fancy.'

'And the doctor says he cannot live?'

'So he thinks. The fever's been on him all this time, he says, and no one thought it. Saint Marie! it's terrible, terrible! Do you know, it's all over the village now, and at Avranches too. It's going round the country. And they've sent for two more Sisters from Coutances to attend the sick in the village. Ah! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! we shall all be dead soon!'

'Not at all, my good friend. The first rule is, not to be afraid. Think how le bon Dieu has preserved you already in the very midst of it all, and us too, and yet we are better than any one. Keep up your active habits, and your spirits, and le bon Dieu will take care of you.'

So the young girl cheered the poor old woman.

'How is No. 6? she asked presently, returning from a passing visit to the patients of the sick-ward.

'Oh! he's all right. He's quite sensible now, and takes notice, the doctor says.'

'I must go and see him.'

'Do. Sure your dear face will soon bring him up, if it's only the sight of you.'

Madeleine was tired with her long walk and scanty fare, but the joy of seeing him again, though she would not confess it, held her up. Antoine was already back, had changed his costume, and was there to take her to the cell. When she entered, she met Paul's eyes at once, but he instantly turned round towards the wall.

'So you are come back at last?' he said, quite in his own natural voice, although somewhat feebly.

Antoine was watching outside the door.

'Yes, and I am glad to hear you are better.'

He took no notice of this, and she sat down on the stool, almost glad that he did not yet recognise her. Presently he said—

'You know that I have recognised you a long time. You are Madeleine de Ronville.' His voice was perfectly calm.

She started a little, but checked herself.

'Yes, yes,' she said gently; 'but it is better for you not to talk just now. Let me feel your hand.'

But he turned sharply round on the bed.

'I must and will talk,' he said irritably; 'you cannot prevent me, mademoiselle; I am strong now and quite well again, and I have no relief but to talk. O God! how terrible it is to recover to such a life! Why did you nurse me through it? Why did you not let me die? The old terrible memories have all come back upon me,' and, as if that were not enough, you are here to confirm them. O God! why couldst thou not have let me die?'

Madeleine was hurt and chilled. This man was still ungrateful, still unworthy. She said very gently—

'You must not talk like this, sir. God has saved your life, that you may make a good use of it.'

'Ah! that is good! And what use can I make of my life, pray tell me, in this hole? Some men have done good, even in prisons. St. Paul converted his jailer. Would you have me attempt to work on that stiff, red-bearded brute, who used to kick poor Ludowsky about like a dog? You know Ludowsky is here too?'

'Yes, I heard it.' Then she bent low, and said, 'Do not reproach God with his mercy. He has sent me to save you from this wretched life. I have arranged everything for your escape.'

'Thank you, mademoiselle,' he answered in a loud defiant tone. 'I have had enough of your offers already. I know what they are worth. I would rather rot here till I die, than escape by your treacherous hand.'

Antoine heard him, and so solved his mystery.

Poor Madeleine felt the tears gush into her eyes. She did not reproach him with this rude heartlessness. She explained it in her own way. But she could not allow him to see her wretchedness, and rising she took up her work, and went towards the door. She knocked and was let out, and then hurried away, and when once in the open air, let free these showers from her eyes.

It relieved her. She went down to her lodging, and on her knees thanked God that he had removed all temptation; that this man loved her not, and she had almost ceased to love him. And yet, when she had done praying, the woman's pity overcame her, and she got up and worked away at the deceitful gown which was to save him from a miserable existence.

In the morning she rose calm and grateful. It was only five o'clock, but the summer sun was already up, and the fresh light breeze from the distant ocean cheered her. She looked out upon the quiet little street, and was trying to make up her mind how to act.

'I may not see him again yet. Indeed I dare not, but I must do so soon. If he is to escape—and he shall—I must make all the arrangements with him. He is certainly stronger. By Saturday week, he will be able to walk, even as far as Avranches. I know that often after a fever, when the patient gets out into fine fresh air, he gains strength rapidly.'

A sleepy soldier was coming down the street, rubbing his eyes, and looking uncomfortable. He saw her face at the window, and stopped in front of the house.

'Ah! c'est là,' and he held up a note. He knew Madeleine well by sight, for he had often been sentry in front of the prison.

'C'est pour vous, ma'mselle.'

She came down in a hurry, and tore open the note.

'MADAME,—No. 6 is much worse again this morning, and desires to see you immediately, or as soon as you can conveniently come. As the governor and deputy are not yet up, I have taken on myself the responsibility of preferring this request,

JAILER, ANTOINE.'

'So; his name is Antoine! Ah! how that face has haunted me!' So she thought, as she hurried up to the prison, with much fear at her heart.

Barberousse was waiting for her inside the gate. Madeleine looked into his face more narrowly than she had yet done. There might be some resemblance, but it was a great part of Antoine's plan to alter his manner with every new disguise. This stiff,

respectful, and respectable gait was so different to the impetuous action of Antoine Legrand.

'What is the matter with No. 6, Monsieur Antoine?'

She watched his face as she pronounced the name. Not a muscle moved.

'Madame, he has been groaning aloud all night. I sat outside in case of accident. He got up in the middle of the night, and insisted on sitting on the floor. I tried to persuade him to get into bed again, and he then asked if you were in the prison. So I promised to send for you as early as possible.'

They went first to the sick-ward, for she wished to fetch a bottle of wine. She found Elizabeth there, drinking a little coffee, and looking very much worn. The poor girl almost wept when she saw her sister.

'I have had such a night of it. He is dying, there is no doubt, and to-night will be his last. But he is perfectly conscious, which is the worst part of it. To-night he said to me, "I wish to make you my confessor. I know I shall die, and I do so, believing firmly in God. You have taught me to look for mercy from Him, and I do look for it. But I cannot bear the priest. He seems to look through and through me, and to be judging me severely all the time. You will judge me mercifully." He told me several horrible things about his early life. He told me all his political career, and then he came to tell me something very strange about you. I know, it is you he spoke of. His name is Ludowsky, and the name of the lady he mentioned was Madeleine de Ronville. Was not your name De Ronville, when you were in the world?'

Madeline trembled. 'Yes,' she answered.

'Do you wish me to tell you all he said? He commissioned me to do so, if ever I met you anywhere. Of course, I did not tell him that you were here.'

'Yes, yes, tell me all.'

'He said that he had first been introduced to you as an heiress. That

he found you so cold and haughty, that at first he never liked you, but he soon learned your real worth, poor dear sister,' and she took her hand lovingly. 'Who could help knowing your worth? Well, then he told me, that after a time he learned something about you and a game-keeper, who had saved your life. He said he never knew the whole story, but he was afraid that you secretly returned the love of this man, and that he began to love you himself, out of mere opposition as it were. I'm sure I don't know how that could be. As if he could not love you enough for yourself.'

'Go on, dear child.'

'He said he loved you as much as a man of the bad life he had led could love, but that you repulsed him with so much coldness, that at last he turned against you, and almost hated you. Now comes the important part of the story. He says that in this very prison there is another conspirator, an Englishman, whom one day he met under the crypt—oh! he told me horrible stories about that crypt, but I will tell you another time—and who, he discovered, from the way he spoke of you, was also in love with you. He said that he had always hated this Englishman, and that, in a wicked moment, he told him a terrible lie—'

'What, what?' betraying her agitation.

'Poor child. I have told you too much, too suddenly.'

'No, no; go on, dearest.'

'He told him,' said Elizabeth, growing very solemn, 'that you had once been guilty of a wicked connexion with this gamekeeper—'

Madeline passed her hand across her burning forehead. It seemed as if her troubles only thickened, as if the whole world were set against her.

'Poor, dear Madeleine,' said Elizabeth fondly, 'he confessed it was all a lie, invented at the time. And he wept, oh, it is horrible to see a man weep! so bitterly.'

'Tell him I forgive him,' said Madeleine softly. Then taking her bottle of wine, she went sadly to Paul's cell.

CHAPTER XXXV.—LOVE TRIUMPHS.

'Oh, forgive me, dear, dear Madeleine!' cried the sick man, the moment she entered.

'Forgive me, dear, good Madeleine, but I have no right to call you so.'

The tears welled up and choked the poor girl. She stammered out : ' Do not think of me. Tell me how you are. Are you worse ? '

'No, no, not in body, only in mind. Oh ! I have passed a wretched night ; a night of bitter self-reproach. Oh ! it is so kind, so good of you to come, after all my cruelty, my ingratitude, my wickedness.'

Madeleine sat down on the little stool.

'Do not excite yourself. Give me your hand. It is hot still. How foolish of you to get up in the night !'

'Oh! I could not help it. I thought I should never see you again, never be thought of by you but with horror. Do you, can you forgive me, Madeleine ?'

'I have nothing to forgive. I know all now. I understand and appreciate your conduct, for I have heard what Ludowsky told you.'

Paul's face fell, and for a moment he was silent.

'I ought to have known that you had repented of that, poor, dear girl ; I ought to have seen it in your garb even. But I was blinded by folly ; I was mad. Have I not sinned myself ten times more than you, for yours was a sin of too much love ?'

'Paul,' said Madeleine very solemnly, 'did you then believe this man?'

'I—I—not at first. He assured me, he swore to the truth of it. Oh! are you going to tell me it is false? Oh! prove it to be so, let me hear it from your lips; that is enough.'

Madeleine's head fell upon her hands. She could not weep, she was so steeped in misery.

'Madeleine, Madeleine,' said the sick man, rising in his bed, and trying to seize her hand. 'Is it false? Oh, say it is false! Say, I have wronged you, that I am a wretch, but do not keep me hanging thus between misery and happiness.'

Still Madeleine moved not. She

had endured all from this man she loved — scorn, reproach, insult ; but to be doubted was too horrible.

'O Madeleine!' he pleaded, 'have I then wronged you? Tell me, dear, good Madeleine; tell me that I am a worse wretch than I thought. You who have nursed me so fondly, you who have given me life again, you who yesterday offered me freedom. Oh! if I have wronged you, I can never, never forgive myself; speak to me, Madeleine, you are breaking my heart.'

Madeleine raised a face as pale as death.

'Paul, Paul, I have not deserved this,—indeed I have not.' Then came the grateful torrent—a wild, rushing flood of tears, and the old pride came back to her. The tendon had been stretched too far, and snapped. She rose slowly, and turned away, to hide tears of which she was now ashamed.

Paul lay in silence, covered with shame.

And Antoine, at his post, saw all this.

The morning was streaming in. Madeleine dashed her tears away, and looked up out of the little barred window at the blue sky. She seemed to be praying.

Presently she moved to the bed, and looked a moment at the writhing shame that lay there. She put out her hand nobly.

'Paul, give me your hand. I have forgiven you even this.' He groaned aloud.

'Paul,' she went on, 'once I offered you my love, and you rejected it. Last night I should have told you I had no love to give now. I thought I had conquered it. I have prayed hard to conquer it, for it is very wrong.'

She trembled violently. But now the true woman came out; the crushed, injured, trampled woman; how nobly she rose to forgive and love again! ay, and suffer again, if need were.

'Paul,' she said; 'I tell you now a second time, that I love you, that I always loved you. Do you reject me now?'

He groaned, he covered the hand he held with his hot lips. He murmured low—

'O Madeleine! this is too much. I—I have loved you and hated you too well.'

He could only gasp it out. The next moment he was lying quivering and gasping on the pillow. Madeleine turned hastily for the wine she had

brought, and Antoine saw the proud beam of happiness on her face. She poured a glassful down his throat, and soothed him. He held her hand that she had given him, but could not speak.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—ACHILLES WORE THE PETTICOAT, THEY SAY.

At the door as she went out, Madeleine overtook Elizabeth, who was hanging her head, and walking slowly away.

'He is dead,' she said sadly

'Dead! who?'

'The Count Ludowsky.'

'God have mercy on his soul!'

They walked on in silence and entered the little chapel of Notre Dame du bon Secours. The Chinese say: 'The prison is always shut, yet never empty. The temple is always open, yet never full.' They came from the crowded prison and found the chapel deserted.

Each followed her own instinct in the choice of the shrine before which to pray. Sister Elizabeth went to that of the Blessed Mother herself, and pleaded believingly for the soul that was just gone. Madeleine sought the shrine of St. Mary of Magdala.

'O thou whose sin was too much love, and yet with much pure love didst redeem thy sin, look down upon thy daughter, named unworthily by thy blessed name, and strengthen her, guide her, plead for her with the Father! If this be sin, enlighten me. I faint in this doubt. I will wash it out with many tears. But oh, have pity! and guide me rightly in the way that I should go, thou who through many tears hast reached unto glory.'

The days passed rapidly in the joy of much hope.

Madeleine ceased to doubt. She had given up the struggle. Love, a human love and yet a law of God, had completely overcome her respect for the decision of the Church.

She had not taken the perpetual vows of a nun.

The sisters of St. Vincent de Paule take their vows from year to year. She, or any, was at liberty to retire from it at the end of the year. She

had resolved to do so, and to marry this Englishman. As his wife, she could do as much good to all, nay, more perhaps, than as a Sister of Charity. The sphere of action would be broader. As a mother, she could one day train up young souls that should be stars upon the earth. As his wife, she could work with him in the cause of heaven.

And then she looked upon the other side of the medal. If she abjured this love that overwhelmed her, could she ever hope to battle it down and crush it out? In two long years when he was utterly lost to her, without a thought of meeting him again, she had failed to do so. She saw herself in the future still struggling between the memories of the world, and the exclusive claims of heaven. Surely it were better to make a treaty between them, and grant each its demands. Heaven would not suffer, but rather gain by her concession to nature.

She could reason thus, and she needed to reason, for her conscience pricked her a little,—a very little. It said to her that her resolve was selfish, and selfishness she hated. Conscience is the fountain of God's truth within us, but it comes to us filtered through the sands of education. Or, should we say that a false conscience is built up by education and the opinions of men around us, side by side with the true one? Was it a true or false conscience that even in St. Paul's day prompted one man to abstain from meats, another to replenish by them the strength that God had given him to use for good; one man to seek circumcision, another to eschew it? Was it the true or the false conscience which dragged the Sati woman to the pile of her husband, to commit an act from which we revolt as crime? Is it true or false conscience that the

polemical ecclesiasts of our Church boldly appeal to as the motive of their extravagances? The pious woman of Romanist faith feels a bitter sting of conscience if she refuses alms to a beggar, however professional, or eats meat on a fast-day. The most pious woman of our own Church feels no sting of conscience in doing these things. Is it the voice of God that speaks to the one and is deadened by the other? Or is it not rather a fictitious conscience, the offspring of education, that urges on the one and not the other? The voice of God must be alike in all. His truth is changeless. If we feel that it is wrong to steal, why did not the young Spartan feel the same? If we think it a crime to murder, and tremble at the murdered form in every dream, tortured by conscience, why does the Thug glory in his sly act, and take unction to himself for it? And so you may go on, and never solve the question, save by taking it for granted that a new and fictitious monitor is appointed by society in every soul, and one who so much resembles the monitor that God has placed there, that men gave him the name of conscience.

The conscience, then, that pricked Madeleine was this fictitious monitor, and she had no need to listen to his voice. Yet she did listen so far, that she resolved to go very seldom to Montague's cell, only often enough to make all the preparations for his escape. It was nothing that he reproached her with her absence, and complained bitterly of the long weary hours which she might have enlivened. She pitied him deeply, and loved him more and more; but she thought it right to combat love and pity still, and so she offered her services to the sisters from Coutances, and joined them in tending the sick in the village.

Meanwhile Antoine had settled his own plans of action. He would allow Paul to escape, and be heartily glad when he was out of France, never to return to it; but knowing everything as he did, he should hold Madeleine herself entirely in his own power. He would throw off his disguise, and say to her quietly:—‘On the one hand, if you hear me, you retire honourably and quietly from the Sisterhood, become my wife, live at Trénoce, or where

you will, under the name of Vicomtesse Delafosse, and learn at last to love a man who has loved you so long and so well. On the other, you meet with an immediate exposure. I have arranged to have Montague brought back at a moment's notice, and then follows your disgrace, ten times worse because you belong to a religious order; and instead of honourably retiring, you become a miserable outcast.’

He did not know Madeleine yet by half.

Meanwhile, she thought little of her own fate after the transaction. Her first object was Paul's freedom; but to secure this more thoroughly, and to induce Paul to agree to her plans, she determined that she would have recourse to Antoine, whom numerous little trifles now led her to be certain was no other than Legrand. She would throw herself upon his mercy at the last moment, and reveal all to him.

She did not know Antoine yet by half.

The death of Ludowsky made but a slight change in this man. His enmity had for some timesince passed from him to Paul, and he even regretted the Count, as an old plaything taken from his hands, and a safety-valve to let off his passion.

At last the long-appointed day arrived. Madeleine had braced up her powers for the struggle. The first act would be the worst. After that, it was merely an affair of skilful management.

As Antoine turned the key of the passage to let her through in the morning, she looked up into his face, forced a smile, and said quietly, ‘Antoine Legrand.’

He started. This was quite unexpected. But in a second he altered all his plans, and saw that the discovery might be turned in his favour.

‘Ah!’ he stammered; ‘you have recognised me, mademoiselle.’

‘Yes, I have long seen through your disguise, but not knowing why you had adopted it, I have hitherto refrained from showing you that I knew it. What can have induced you to disguise yourself in this way?’

‘I desired, mademoiselle, to forget that I had once been Antoine Legrand. My past has been bad, but it was only an entire change of character, that

could enable me to throw off all the old associations.'

And he hung his head in well-feigned penitence.

'I am sorry, then, that I must speak to you a little of the past, Antoine Legrand. I can do so calmly now, for I have, as you see, renounced the world. Antoine, it is a long time since, and I daresay—nay, I trust—that you are changed, but you once had a foolish attachment for me; you often declared it.'

'Ah! mademoiselle, why allude to this? I know that I was once bold and wrong enough to aspire to a heart of which I was utterly unworthy. That heart you gave to Heaven alone, and I have expiated my folly in this dismal den, serving the State as I served it before.'

'Yes, is it not dismal? is it not dreary? And if it be so to you, what must it be to the captive who is here for life, who has no hope? They say that the torture of hell will consist in its eternity, its absence of all hope of change; is not this prison its prototype? No hope save in the grave, and who knows how long death will tarry?'

He was silent, as if struck by something new in her argument.

'But I was saying, Antoine, that you once felt some interest in me. I know that your good sense now appreciates the course I took. You saved my life once, and you do not know that long ago I once pleaded for yours long and earnestly when it was in danger?'

'How could that be, mademoiselle? Who could threaten it?'

'A man, whose good heart melted when the moment came; who had reason to hate you, if any have reason to hate at all; and who, when you lay in his power, spared your life. That man, Antoine, and you know it well, lies in this prison for life.'

'Number six?' he asked, in a whisper.

'Yes.'

There was a pause, during which Antoine looked down, and appeared to be affected, and Madeleine was watching his face.

'Antoine, your old attachment has, I trust, become a new respect. You would, I think, do me a favour, which will cost you nothing, and for which

you will have my gratitude and prayers for ever; more, you know, I cannot give you.'

'Coming to the point at last,' thought the hypocrite; and replied, 'Anything within the scope of my duty, mademoiselle.'

Madeleine sighed.

'Your duty, you mean, to those you serve. But there is a duty higher than this, which may sometimes overrule it; I mean your duty to God. This will prompt you to be merciful to your fellow-man. By this you will be able to distinguish between those who are punished for real crimes, and of whose punishment you are one of the agents, and those whose lives are wasted in misery, only because they are objects of terror to an unsteady throne. Do you understand me, Antoine?'

He could not torment her by saying 'No,' so he answered—

'You wish me, then, to assist you in the escape of Paul Montague?'

'I do. I can speak it out to you, for I know you would never betray me.'

'Never, mademoiselle; but before I consent, I must, in justice to myself, know the details of your project. I must guard against any chance of failure which would involve all three in disgrace. Tell me your plan, if you have formed any yet.'

She told him all; all that she had pondered for many long days when sitting by the sick-bed; confided it all in this selfish, treacherous man.

It was about eight o'clock, when Madeleine re-entered the prison that evening. The porter looked as usual into her basket. There was nothing there but the gown she had been so long in making, and she passed on unsuspected.

She was more anxious than ever as the moment drew near, for now the slightest thing—a little extra suspicion in the porter, a rencontre with Elizabeth, from whom, acting on a right scruple, she had religiously kept the secret, or a turnkey with a lantern—might destroy all her schemes, and bring disgrace on all three. But her greatest cause of apprehension was Paul himself. Up to this last day he had resolutely, though delicately, refused her aid.

'Can I, dearest, accept freedom,

while there remains the slightest chance of annoyance to you? If we could leave this prison together, and together fly from France, I would consent at once; but—'

'That is impossible. Elizabeth is not, cannot be, in the secret. I would not involve her in such a plot for anything, and then leave her behind to bear the brunt of the Governor's fury. If we left together, the porter, however drowsy, would see two sisters go out. Chance might lead Elizabeth to follow shortly after, and we should not have time to get away before the discovery took place. No, you must go first and alone. I will remain here to give you time, and for the rest I feel certain of this jailer's aid.'

'But you have not sounded him, child?'

'No, but I will, this very day. If I win him over, all is well. He himself will let me out, and the porter will suspect nothing.'

Paul clung to the hope of liberty in spite of his scruples.

'Win the jailer first, dearest—and you cannot fail to do so—and then I consent.'

This she had now done, and she could now insist on his agreeing to her plans. She had, indeed, a fear that his strength would fail; but even against this she took precautions. She had brought him in the morning a bottle of the choicest brandy, which he was to take away with him. He had been sitting up for the last three days, and, at the doctor's request, had been allowed to walk up and down the passage. The sea-breeze, and the emergency itself, she thought, would give him strength. Then the hour she had chosen was the best in the day. It was too early for the lamps to be brought round, and yet dark enough to prevent the porter seeing more than the dress of a Sister of Charity.

She was full of hope as she entered the cell, and showed him the dress he was to wear.

'I shall go into the passage while you dress. Knock when you are ready; Barberousse is there. You must leave your prison clothes, you know, for fear of detection.'

He could almost laugh, as he put on the coarse grey gown she had made for him with such a wonderful guess at

the height and breadth of his figure; but it took him some time to arrange, and delay was serious.

'He must make haste,' whispered Antoine to Madeleine in the passage; 'the lamps will soon be round.'

She knocked impatiently.

'Come in,' he said, trembling, for every sound brought fear with it now.

She deliberately took off her own broad white cap, and adjusted it to his head. Then she unclasped the rosary from her white neck, the long chain and the crucifix, and hung them round his. Then she forced her purse, full of Napoleons, into the little pocket she had taken care to supply.

'But this?' he said.

'Yes, yes, you will need it all. I shall be with you before morning, and then it is for both, you know. There is no time to lose. You look perfect, my sister—sweet Sister Pauline!'

He pressed her lovingly to his breast—one moment, one long fond embrace—and then he was gone, following Antoine down the passage, while Madeleine was locked in the cell, quivering with anxiety, lest any little trifle should bring failure.

Antoine conducted him as far as the door.

Just before they reached it, they heard a turnkey's footsteps approaching.

'Hist!' whispered Antoine; 'walk slowly. Keep your head down, and say nothing.'

'Bon soir, madame!' said the turnkey, passing, and the danger was over.

Antoine went first, and engaged the porter in a trivial conversation, some silly joke that made the good-humoured Cerberus laugh merrily. It was the last sound Paul heard in that prison. He passed the sentry without, and was free. Free! O what of joy is there not in that little world!

'Thank God, he is gone before I murdered him!' growled Antoine to himself. 'Now for triumph. Now for the last throw; but if this fails, then let them suffer together. Disgrace is worse than death.'

He hurried back, to be beforehand with the turnkey who brought the lamps round. He overtook him just going towards No. 6.

'Give me the lamp,' he said, authoritatively. 'I'm going to No. 6.'

and will take it myself. I want you to clean out 35 to-night, as we must move 142 there to-morrow.'

He took the lamp, and hurried back.

Madeleine was standing impatiently at the door.

'Is he safe?' she asked eagerly.

'He is outside the prison,' answered Antoine, locking the door inside, and putting the key in his pocket.

'Thank God! thank God! O Heaven! I thank thee for this!'

'But he is not yet safe.'

'How so? how so? Has anything happened?'

'He is open to pursuit; that will depend on you, Madeleine.'

It was the first time in his life he had dared to call her by her sweet name.

'I know, I know,' she said, too agitated to perceive this; 'but you will stand by me. You have taken all the precautions we agreed on—have you not?'

'Yea.'

'And I will stay here till the last minute—till midnight even—to give him a chance of escape.'

Antoine set down the lamp, and leaning his back against the door, prepared to cast the fatal die.

'Madeleine,' he said firmly, but not unkindly, 'I have assisted you to procure this man's freedom, I am now come to claim my reward.'

'You shall have it; name it. You know I am an heiress. Half, nay, all my wealth—'

'Foolish girl! you know me better than to think I would ask money of you!'

'Forgive me! Ask anything, I will give it you.'

'I ask your love,' he said, calmly and softly.

Madeleine started back in horror, and then drew up with all her ancient pride.

'Sir,' she stammered out, 'you forget that I am vowed to God!'

'I do not forget it, for I know that it is not so. I know that you will follow this man. You will retire from the Sisterhood, and become his wife.'

'And if—if I intend this, why should you—'

'Because you shall not do so; because, instead of becoming his wife,

you shall become mine; because, Madeleine, I have loved you longer and more faithfully than this man, who has treated you like a brute; because I have devoted years, nay, the best portion of my life, to gain this object. I became a spy to ruin Ludowsky, and ruined him. Where is he now? I then claimed your love again, and you answered with one word, "No." I bore it, bore the insult, because I saw that though this man scorned and repulsed you, you madly, foolishly loved him. Yes, Madeleine, I was there when you confessed it to him yourself. Ay, you do well to shrink back. I saw you throw yourself upon his cold, brutal bosom. I heard you offer your hand to him. I saw him hurl you back. I saw you fall and faint, and he left you without a pang. I stood over you, Madeleine, hating you for all that, and drew my knife. I might have stabbed you then, and denounced him as the murderer. I spared you and him—you, to repent, to forget him, to hate him; him, to bring him here to rot in prison, and be forgotten;—and now, now, after all this toil and suffering, I will—I must have your love.'

He stopped, for he felt that he was losing himself in his emotion. Madeleine, horror-struck at all these revelations, had shrunk back, step by step, to the other wall, panting, trembling with the worst fears.

There was a terrible silence of a few seconds. He thought, vain fool! that she was melting. He waited.

'Madeleine,' he went on, more gently; 'I deserve your love, for all that I have given you these many years. Remember that I saved your life when you were a child. Remember that I spared it two years ago, when another man would have taken it. I give you a well, a terribly-tried affection, that has endured through insult, through rebuff, through the worst jealousy even. I offer you an honourable position. I, Madeleine, was that same Vicomte Delafosse on whom you looked with kind eyes. I can play the nobleman, you see. I am not so very low, so very despicable. I shall make you a Vicomtesse; the title has been granted me. It was my reward for the discovery of that conspiracy. I have wealth, too, and the Château de

Trénoc, which you loved in girlhood so much, shall be your residence.'

Madeleine could have levelled him with one thunderbolt of indignant words; but she had scarcely heard his last speech. She had been revolving how to act, and her object now was to gain time.

'Sir,' she said, as softly as she could, 'I must again remind you that I am a sister of St. Vincent de Paule.'

'And I again reply that you are about to retire from the Order, and that you shall do so, and become my wife.'

'You must be mad,' she answered. 'You come to me, and voluntarily confess a tissue of low villainies, of which I had never thought even you capable. You tell me openly that for years you laboured to ruin one man, who had done you not a tittle of harm, and who, as you well know, did not stand in your way, if it was I you sought. This man you have helped to kill with your cruelty and your deceptions. Then again you tell me that you stood over me when I was helpless, and drew your knife to take the life of one who had never injured you, and expect me to praise you because you refrained from a foul, cowardly deed, which would have brought you sooner or later to the scaffold! You confess that you intended to throw the guilt of this deed upon an innocent man—a man, who, but for you, would have never been within these walls; and then—then—after all this confession of treachery, cruelty, and blood-thirstiness, you ask me to—to—oh! the word is too sacred to be polluted by applying it to you.'

He did not wince. He was fit to receive contempt. How like extremes are! The impassibility of meanness looks often just the same as the endurance of a Christian spirit. But he had now to change his tactics. He turned to the door, and pointed to the holes he had bored in it.

'Madeleine,' he said quietly, 'do you see those holes? A month ago, when I first saw you in the ante-room—you remember—I came and bored these two little holes. My old habits hung about me. I came here day after day, and night after night, and through those holes saw and heard everything that took place in this cell.'

He looked at her, expecting that

she would faint at this revelation, but he did not know this brave girl, who knew that unless she held up all was lost.

'And what, sir, has taken place here, of which I should be ashamed?'

'You are a sister of St. Vincent de Paule. You belong to a sacred order, that abhors immodesty. Here you have pressed your lips to a man's forehead, here you have allowed him to clasp you to his breast. Is not that enough? And this I know, I, whom in your madness, you reject.'

'What I did, I should do again,' she said haughtily, 'whether there were a spy to see me or not.'

He was a little embarrassed. 'Perhaps,' he thought, 'she has some reason not to fear even disclosure and disgrace. What can it be?'

Then he went on aloud:

'You surely know that you are wholly in my power. A word from me will suffice to disgrace you, and to have your gown torn from your shoulders in disgust. The Sisterhood could not dare to keep you in their ranks, if all were known and published.'

'I know it,' she said calmly. 'I am prepared for the worst, sir.'

Once more he was baffled, and compelled to change his tone.

'Madeleine, listen to reason. You know there is a short cut across the sands to Avranches, and that Montague has taken the long road.' He drew out his gold watch. 'I have lost twenty minutes, but that is little. Montague is weak. He cannot walk fast, and must rest from time to time. I give the alarm. Two common soldiers start for the ferry, and will reach it before him. He is brought back, looking ridiculous in his woman's dress, is delivered up to closer confinement, and all hope gone for life.'

She was moved, she began to yield, but she could still gain time.

'Reason with yourself, Madeleine. I know you are unselfish. I know you have plotted this escape, with little hope of meeting this Englishman again—for his sake alone. Now, your last anchor is gone. I have but to give the word, and he is more a captive than ever. Now, Madeleine, I give you two minutes,' he held his watch up, 'to decide. Accept my proposals. Montague shall escape to St. Héliers,

and I will live only to make you happy, and try to make you love me. Reject them, and I will have him brought back here, and thrown for life into a dungeon.

She rushed forward, and clasped his knees.

'Oh, no, no! You could not; I know you could not do it. No, no! you make yourself worse than you are. You pretend to love me; I believe you do. You cannot—you cannot bring me to such ruin. For my sake, oh, for my sake! if you have any feeling, if there is any truth in the love you profess, give up this madness, and let me go. You could not, indeed, you could not bring me to such misery, to such disgrace. Kill me now, if you will, but spare me that.'

She pleaded for herself in words, but with a woman's cunning. In heart she was pleading for Paul.

'Stop!' he said, 'I have no time to lose. Refuse or accept.'

'I will, I will indeed choose. But you must give me longer. Remember it is a choice for life, once for ever. Give me a night to think of it; or at least a few hours.'

'Madeleine, this is folly. You know you cannot deceive me, an old detective. You only want to gain time for this man. I give two minutes, no more.'

'Give me at least an hour.'

'No, no! Not a minute more. Now, this instant, choose between misery and happiness, or I go.'

She clung to him faster.

'Give me half an hour,' she implored. 'Only half an hour.'

'A truce to foolery. I am losing precious time. Now, do you refuse or accept my offer? I am going. Speak!'

'Oh, how can I decide in this plight! Give me at least five minutes.'

He said nothing, but drew the key from his pocket.

'Oh, you shall, you must not go! I will keep you here, till he is safe. I will. I am strong, and I will do it.'

'Fool! I have only to call to the turnkey.'

'No, there is no turnkey there, I know it. Oh, I am as sly as you! You shall not go.'

She dragged herself along the floor, and drew him by the knees after her.

'Woman, let me loose,' he stammered out, furious at being thwarted.

'No, you shall not go.'

And she clung to him with all the strength of despair.

He was furious. He seized her arms, tore them violently from his knees, and bounding to the door, thrust the key into the lock. She was upon him in a moment, and struggled for the key. Then this brute lifted up his arm, and struck her violently in the breast. She reeled back with a groan, and he was gone. She raised herself with the last energy of despair, and staggered in agony to the door. She clung to it, and put her face to the bars of the lattice. She heard his steps along the passage rapidly retreating. She tried to cry after him, but her voice, poor thing, could not come. She heard him turn the key of the passage door. With one great effort she raised her voice, and cried—

'Stop, stop, I accept!'

The swinging of the door drowned her words. She heard the key turn on the other side. She shouted, she screamed feebly, all in vain.

Then she fell down flat in a dead swoon.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—ACROSS THE SANDS.

Antoine rushed into the governor's room, knocking over a stupid turnkey, and alarmed the mild deputy, who was writing, as usual, at the desk.

'What on earth—?'

'No. 6 has escaped. I have discovered it all. A plot between him and that Sister of Charity. He left in her dress. She is in his cell now.

I must have a sharp and trusty man, and will follow him myself.'

'Good heavens! Do you know where he is gone to?'

'Yes, yes. Not a minute to lose. Who is the best man to take?'

'Well, let me see. There is—'

'See! be damned! I'll take the first that comes. Here, you, Jean, Pierre,

what's your name?—the man I knocked over—where are you? A lantern, quick, and follow me out. Let's see. Are you young? Can you run? Good, that will do.'

As the man came up in a terrible fright, lantern in hand, 'But what in heaven—?' began the astonished deputy.

Antoine did not listen. He was off in a minute, and running or rather leaping down the shelving rocks of the little street, followed by the turnkey, who went more gingerly.

'Come on, you fool, or I shall break your head! We shall lose our game.'

The idle cottagers, who were sitting outside their doors, quietly gossiping, saw the running figures with alarm, and jumped from their seats. A stupid gendarme cried out, 'Halt!' and, as they paid him no attention, he began to shout, 'Stop them, they are fugitives—prisoners.'

The people went after them in a twinkling of the eye, and a little gaping crowd already stood at the bottom of the street to prevent their escape.

'Ten thousand devils!' panted Antoine. 'You fools, can't you see who it is! I am in pursuit of a prisoner who has escaped.'

Then they all began running along with him, but the two jailers soon outstript, them and got upon the sands, just as the huge bell in the spire began ringing furiously. They ran and leaped and ran on, and then came a great boom of thunder. It was the alarm-gun.

On they went at full pace across the smooth hard sand, the lamp jirking up and down in the turnkey's hand, and they panting hard, but still running. The crowd followed in the distance, a little way, but soon fell off. Only an active boy or two kept up the race, and came on behind the two pursuers for a time, and then dropped back.

At last they neared the short cut.

'We must go across here,' cried Antoine. 'Follow me! I know the way blindfold.'

'Oh, for heaven's sake, don't attempt it! The tide is coming in, and the sands are treacherous.'

'Tide and sands be cursed! We

shall all lose our places. It is a political prisoner.'

The turnkey almost dropped the lamp. A political prisoner! That was a terrible catastrophe. Still he hesitated.

'It is sure loss of life,' he shouted after Antoine.

'Come on, you fool! I will bring you safely across. Come along. There is no time to lose.'

'Suppose you go that way, and I'll run this way as hard as I can.'

Antoine veered round and came furiously upon him.

'Come on this moment,' he shouted savagely, 'or, by the Holy Virgin, I will shiver you to atoms!'

He raised his fist. The turnkey shrank back.

'Go on,' he said trembling; 'I'll follow.'

Antoine rushed forward, as if his life hung upon it, and the timid turnkey followed, picking his way by the light of the lantern. But the other soon left him far behind.

Antoine called at him again and again, but still rushed on. At last he came to one of those streams of quicksand, which run about all over this desert. He had leapt it scores of times, but he could not see in the dark that the returning tide had widened it. He ran boldly at it, sprang from the hard sand, and alighted four feet short of the other side.

The turnkey heard the splash, followed by a loud wild curse. Then a cry for help. He rushed on to the very brink of the stream.

Antoine was splashing and struggling in the midst of it, unable to get his legs up far enough to move forward.

'O God!' he cried, 'I am lost! Throw me your lantern, your hat, anything.'

The turnkey threw the lantern. It fell just out of the reach of the struggling man. Another terrible curse; and then the lantern sank rapidly in the soft mud. The terrified turnkey took off his stiff glazed cap and made a better aim. Antoine clutched it, and felt hope a moment. Oh! it was terrible to feel himself sinking, to know that the earth was swallowing him up, and there could be no help.

'Cursed fool!' he growled at the

wretched turnkey; 'have you no stick, nothing, to save a dying man? Fling me your coat, anything that I can lay out flat.'

He tore off his coat and flung it to him. Antoine spread it out over the soft mud, and for a little while it supported him; but still he sank, and the sand had now reached his waist. The turnkey, who could do no more, stood whining and puling on the brink.

'Shout to those boys!' said Antoine in despair. 'Perhaps one of them has a stick. I could reach the other side with it.'

The turnkey shouted, but the boys, who had equally feared the short cut, had returned, and were beyond call.

'They do not hear me,' sobbed the man.

'Shout louder. Shout, shout, for God's sake!'

He shouted at the utmost of his lungs. The boys heard a distant noise, and mistook it for the cry of the prisoner, whom they supposed to be calling for aid.

They went on, and Antoine sank more and more.

The weight with which he had fallen in his leap had made him sink rapidly at first, but the mass of the upper part of his body now resisted the sand a little, and he sank more slowly. Still the sand, or rather mud, had reached nearly to his arm-pits. He stretched out his arms across it, and so clung to life.

'You can do no good here,' he said in a subdued voice, for the fear of death was upon him. 'Run back and go after the prisoner. He is dressed as a Sister of St. Vincent de Paule. He is certain to cross the ferry. He must be caught. Run, run, and tell the governor, as my dying wish, that he must be put in dungeon No. 3—yes, No. 3, that is the foulest—remember, for the rest of his days.'

The turnkey heard it all, and hesitated.

'How can I leave you here to die, sir?'

'Can you help me, fool of fools?'

'I fear not.'

'Then why stay? Run at once. Even now it may be too late. Stop, tell me the time.'

'I have no watch.'

'Damn you for that; go!'

The turnkey ran back in terror. The idea of such a death made him quiver from head to foot. He stopped once in doubt. 'I must not leave him. I must report his death.'

But he heard the distant angry shout, 'Run, run!' and he fled on. But it was too late. When the turnkey, after running and walking for an hour, reached the ferry, the boat was on the other side, and the ferryman gone for the night. He was exhausted, and could not swim. He sat down on the sand, and cried like a child, because he would lose his place.

The night was clear and calm, and the air balmy. The last glimmer of day had passed away from the western sky, about the level of the ocean. The winking stars had dropped down one by one, and took possession of their blue lands. There was no murmur over the whole of that vast desert of sand, save a distant hissing sound that came from the rising tide, which at this season would not come up to cover the sands, but only to loosen them beneath.

On all that desert there was but one living man—Antoine. He hung in the soft mass by the cross-beam of his arms, and sank slowly, slowly into a natural grave.

He felt calmer when he had despatched the jailer. He who had been a schemer all his life, could not bear that his last scheme should fail, though he died in securing it. He might have sent this man back to the Mount for ropes and assistance; and it was just possible that they might have returned in time to drag him out before the last breath, but then his scheme would have failed.

The sand now closed in heavily upon his chest, and he felt at every breath that he was suffocating. His outstretched arms sank a little, but very slowly, and his agony became at last unbearable.

'Oh, what a death,' he thought, 'after what a life! To die by bits of inches. Would to God the sea would come up and finish me!'

The sea hissed back its answer in the far distance, and came no nearer.

Then came the terrible reproachful conscience within. All the evil of his life flashed back upon him. For the first time he saw that he had

lived without a God but himself. He thought of Madeleine's bitter words now. He felt how needless, how heartless, how unavailing had been his implacable persecution of Ladowsky. He now saw how cruelly he had treated poor Madeleine. He reflected what a terrible disgrace awaited her, and he almost thanked Heaven that he should not be there to increase it with his revelations.

'And all this for a woman! yet what a woman! But is a woman, any woman, worth this horrible death?'

And now the sand was close upon his throat. He felt it cold and slimy, pouring in to choke him tenderly. And his arms too were covered. His head alone remained above.

He threw it back, clinging, in spite of his agony, to the last breath of life, and saw the quiet stars look down upon him.

Then came the soft memories of his early days. He was following his father, the dear good old man, in the thick wood, tearing asunder the briars and brushwood, and bounding on full of life. He was a young man, tracking the boar at early morning, with the whelping curs round him, in and out among the black stems of larch and pine. He was rescuing Madeleine, a little lovely child, amid a shower of bullets, and heard the loud 'hurrahs' from the castle windows. He was

standing in the dewy grass, watching her shadow flit across the blind. He dared not think of more than this.

And now the sand had covered his chin. In another five minutes it would be round his mouth, and all would soon be over. His head lay back upon the mud and sank slowly with him. He saw the heaven with its million stars. It seemed to have no life, but looked like a dull picture.

Suddenly one star left its place, shot with a stream of life across the dark blue, and was lost.

'Is there a life beyond that heaven? and shall I reach it—I sinking here into the mouth of hell?'

The sand was on his lips, cold, moist, and slimy.

He tried to pray, but he knew not how—the name of God had been to him so long an angry curse, and nothing more.

The sand was in his mouth, wet, salt, and horrible. He tried to jerk up his head, to live a little longer, one minute more, to utter the prayer which was nearly ready. In vain. It closed upon his mouth and nostrils. It closed clammy upon his clammy forehead. He was dead. A little more, and the sand had shut him in, and left no trace to mark his grave.

The night was calm and clear, and the stars shone.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—MONSIEUR DE BEAUFORT SUCCEEDS AT LAST.

When the news of Paul's flight from the château, and his supposed attempt to murder Mademoiselle de Ronville, reached the De Beauforts, the little man collapsed and declined. He could not endure to look at the Chanoinesse, who taunted him openly at every meal.

'Did I not warn you against heretics? Did I not tell you that these English were barbarians? Ah! Monsieur de Beaufort, will you look out for another English husband for your niece?'

True, Monsieur de Beaufort ceased to call his servant *Thaemass*, displaying his inimitable skill in gasping out the soft *th*, and was heard more than once to say that he thought a

French horse would win that autumn at Lamarche—a victory hitherto reserved for the English breed; but this was not concession enough to the spiteful Chanoinesse, and Monsieur de Beaufort pined visibly beneath her triumphant blasts.

At last he could bear it no longer, and escaped to Paris, on the plea of business.

Riding in the Champs Elysees one day with an old friend, he noticed that a young man mounted on a very good animal bowed gracefully to his companion.

'Who is that?' he asked eagerly, for he now never saw a young man save with the optic of business.

'That? oh! young Eugène de Mer-

let—Eugène!" and the young man wheeled round at the call.

A few nothings passed between the acquaintance, while the little man took an inventory of the young one's attractions. It was true he had a face like a horse's. His nose was long, perfectly straight, and very broad all the way from the eyebrows to the tip. His nostrils dilated openly, like those of a young charger. His receding forehead was in a straight line with the nose, and the still more receding chin completed the equine character of the face. His grey eyes were small and weakly. His hair was crisp and curly, but above it was a faultless hat. For the rest, he was well dressed after the French style, riding in patent leather boots and delicate straw-coloured kids!

'Il est bête, mais distingué,' said De Beaufort, as the young man rode on. Now to be *distingué* was to M. de Beaufort the perfection of a *parti*, next, of course, to the fortune.

'Mon cher,' replied his companion, M. du Ménéil, 'c'est un jeune homme délicieux, délicieux, délicieux,' and he kissed the tips of his gloves enthusiastically.

'Ah! vraiment. Mais il a l'air bête.'

'Not at all. He speaks English, and plays the piano, like a second Kalkbrenner. His mother is an old friend of mine.'

'Ah, c'est différent. Has he any fortune?'

And he glanced anxiously at his companion.

'Ten thousand a year.' (N.B.—In francs, not in sovereigns.)

'C'est assez joli. With another five—'

'He might commence a *jeune ménage*. Precisely what he wants to do. He is looking out for a wife.'

M. de Beaufort heaved a sigh. How he coveted the young gentleman of the weak, equine cast of countenance! How he began to love him! But he knew his game, changed the conversation, and rode along for some time.

A barouche passed them, with a young lady on the back seat.

'Ah, mon Dieu!' exclaimed the little man, starting and breaking up the conversation. 'How like our Clothilde!'

There was no more resemblance between them than between Falstaff and H. M. the Queen of Great Britain, but it served the little man's purpose to say so.

'Ah!' said M. du Ménéil, 'a very charming young person.'

'Yes, but you have not seen her lately. She is now quite a young woman. She is grown *délicieuse, délicieuse*.'

And, unconsciously, he imitated the enthusiastic gesture of his companion. M. du Ménéil winked.

'What a capital wife she would make Eugène de Merlet!'

'Ah! a good idea.' As if he had never thought of it before.

'She is accomplished, of course. A member of your family—'

'Yes, she plays divinely. She is young—seventeen—fresh, only one season in Paris, and you know her fortune.'

'Hem—I—'

'Five thousand at present. Of course ours will come to her.'

'*Ei donc!* a young man like you.'

'Well, we must all die.'

The conversation changed again. At the end of the ride, M. du Ménéil said, with a knowing look: 'I am going to the Faubourg to-night. Madame de Merlet has asked me to look in. I shall—have I your leave to mention the name of your niece.'

'If you wish to—yes,' and he tried to seem as indifferent as possible. But he went home, and wrote for his family to come up immediately.

A few more conversations and the curtain rose on the first scene of '*Le Mariage de Convenance*.'

Scene I.

Scene, the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, preferred by the good families for this purpose, as being in the Faubourg St. Germain, and having convenient clusters of pillars. The Chanoinesse and Clothilde, who is very well got up for the occasion, are seen kneeling most devoutly on wooden prie-dieus; the former having taken the precaution to bring a little silk cushion for her own Catholic knees. Behind a neighbouring pillar are seen M. du Ménéil, and the young De Merlet, leaning with an air of per-

feet unconsciousness, but intent on business.

M. du M.—'Have you your opera-glass, Eugène ?'

Eugène.—'Oui, monsieur, le voici.'

M. du M.—'Look now a little to your right, and tell me what you think of that charming little creature kneeling there—'

Eugène (mistaking the person meant, and staring delightedly at a lovely girl close to Clothilde).—'Oh ! she is charming, delightful—a lovely creature.'

M. du M. (surprised agreeably).—'Well, we must allow something for youth. She is certainly a pretty little thing ; but I—No, well, yes, you are right.'

Chanoinesse (to Clothilde).—'Try and look interesting. I tell you, you are watched. Raise your head a little. Not too much. There.'

Clothilde (across her mass-book, simpering and assuming an angelic innocence of expression).—'Who is watching me, Aunt ?'

Chanoinesse.—'A young man who has heard of your accomplishments and graces.'

Clothilde.—'Where is he ? where is he ?'

Chanoinesse.—'Take care ! Do not let him see that you notice him. Behind that pillar to the left, next to *M. du Ménil*.'

(Clothilde throws as much soul as possible into her piggish eyes, and glances at the equine countenance).

Chanoinesse.—'Have you seen him ? Then let us go.'

Scene II.

(The street outside. *Chanoinesse* and *Clothilde* hurry away in one direction, while *Du Ménil* and *Eugène* saunter off in another).

Chanoinesse.—That is young *M. de Merlet*—*Eugène de Merlet*—a pretty name, is it not ?'

Clothilde (passively).—'Charmant.'

Chanoinesse.—'He will soon be introduced to the family.'

Clothilde.—'C'est bien, madame !'

M. du M.—'What do you think of her really, Eugène—candidly ?'

Eug.—'I am very much struck with her appearance, monsieur. I already feel a deep interest in her.'

M. du M.—'That is well. She may one day be your wife.'

Eug.—'Oh, it will be unspeakable happiness.'

M. du M. (aside).—'He overdoes it a little.'

Scene III.

(The drawing-room at *M. de Beaufort's*, just before dinner. Enter *Eugène* and *M. du Ménil*, the former in great agitation in the hope of seeing his beauty. General introductions all round. *Clothilde* gets up a great many blushes and simpers for the occasion. *Eugène* rather stupid).

M. du M. (whispering to *Eugène*).—'Talk to her. Make yourself agreeable.'

Eug.—'But she is not here.'

M. du M.—'Don't be stupid, Eugène. That is her on the sofa.'

Eug. (thunderstruck).—'I have been deceived.'

M. du M.—'What do you mean ?'

Eug.—'It was not she I saw at church.'

M. du M.—'It can't be helped. Too late now.'

(General conversation, followed by dinner, &c. &c.)

Scene IV.

(Is too long for insertion. It consists in a conclave between *Madame de Merlet*, *M. du Ménil*, and *Eugène*, during which the latter feebly protests against the match, till by various arguments and threats, he is induced to give in.)

Scene V.

(Also too long for insertion. Takes place at the lawyer's. *M. de Beaufort*, *Madame de Merlet*, *Mons. du Ménil* and the notaire, arrange, draw up, and sign the settlements.)

Scene VI.

(Too common place for insertion. A marriage de convenience at *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*. Present, all the *dramatis personæ*, and a good many more.) Curtain falls.

So *Clothilde* was 'polished off,' and *M. de Beaufort* made happy, and so pretty nearly are all French marriages de convenience—that is, nine out of every ten in the register books—made up and carried out. From these, and other like foreign delinquencies, good Lord, deliver us !

CHAPTER XXXIX.—SUSPENSE.

Paul had escaped indeed, but he found his freedom almost as irksome at first as his captivity had been weary. He had walked for the first two miles with wonderful elasticity, until he reached the white rock. There he sat down, feeling satisfied that his flight was not discovered, and drew out the brandy-flask which Madeleine had given him. He had scarcely raised it to his lips, when he heard the noisy bells ring out. He doubted if they were for joy or alarm, and quaffed down a mouthful of cognac. Then came the booming gun, and the doubt was solved. He leaped up and hurried on, thinking, as he went, of poor Madeleine.

'Oh! she must be safe by this time. It is much more than half an hour since I left. She has had time to get away, and the discovery of the empty cell has been made by the turnkey with the lamps. It is just the time that he goes round.'

He hurried on, scarcely daring to think about Madeleine, and soon a faint sound of voices shouting near the mount reached him. He trembled. 'They are pursuing either me or her, or both of us. O Heaven, preserve her!'

He now ran, and at last reached the ferry. He was just in time to catch the Charon as he started across the inlet.

He then ran, faint and panting, up the hill, and soon passed through a deserted part of the town, according to the directions Madeleine had given him, and found himself on the road to V—, as he knew from certain indications given. He pursued the road till he came just above V—, and here, where the low cliffs stood against the sea, determined to wait till Madeleine should arrive, however long it might be. He looked about for a convenient hiding-place, partly from his pursuers, if they came, and partly from the passers-by, as he felt not a little ashamed of himself in his strange costume.

'No matter. Achilles wore the petticoat with less excuse than I.'

Fortune smiled and pointed out a kind of small arbour, built up of turf

and furze by some lonely shepherd, who had to watch his flocks here in windy seasons. He found he could command a view of the road from this covered seat, and at the same time could only be seen himself from the sea.

An hour passed. He felt very feeble, and not a little hungry, but did not dare to sleep. Another hour of waiting. Not a being had passed along the road.

'At least, they are not pursuing me, and Madeleine may have been detained at her lodgings, waiting for a favourable opportunity to slip away unnoticed.'

But when he heard the cocks crow in the village below, he began to be anxious about the poor girl. He knew that the gates were shut at the mount at midnight, and that she must therefore have left before that time. He began to entertain the worst fears, and longed to go back towards the mount in the hope of meeting her.

But this would be an act of great rashness, for all might yet be right, and if he were discovered, all would go wrong. So he waited and waited in vain, till, unconsciously, he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke it was not only broad daylight, but the sun was half-way up the heavens. He felt feeble and stiff, but he could not afford to give way to these feelings. He hastened down to the village, summoned up his courage, and inquired for Quillac's.

'No; the good sister had not been there at all, they had expected her last night. She had ordered a boat to go to St. Héliers, but she had not come. It was a pity, for the weather was so fine, and the passage was never an easy one.'

Doubtful what to do, and filled with terrible fears, he returned towards his cot, somewhat comforted by finding that he could act his part sufficiently well to impose on these country-people.

As he mounted the hill, he caught sight of a flapping white cap. His heart leaped within him; he could scarcely keep himself from throwing up his arms and running to meet her.

She was coming in a little donkey-cart, driven by a country lad.

'Thank heaven, she is safe! It is her. Yes,—it is—but,—oh! it must be her—no—it cannot. What? No, it is not. Ah me!'

He would have fled, but it was too late. He had been seen, and the real sister in the cart eyed him suspiciously. It was a dreadful moment; he was obliged to go on, for fear of increasing any suspicion the other might have. He assumed the gait which he had studied in coming from Mont St. Michel, as the most appropriate to his costume and character, and walked on demurely, with head bent down, and hands folded before him.

He had time to see, however, that the sister in the cart was young and pretty, and had a pleasant reassuring face.

His heart beat violently, as they came nearer, but what was his alarm when he heard the sister tell the boy to draw up, heard her leap down and come towards him.

He put on a womanish smile, and prepared for the worst.

The sister came up to him without hesitation.

'Good morning, my dear sister,' she said in a sweet voice, in which he thought he recognised a little tone of merriment. 'Can you tell me the road to V——?'

'You are close to V——, my dear sister,' scarcely daring to look at her.

'Ah!' she answered at once, 'I thought I was right. You come from Mont St. Michel, do you not?'

'Yes, my dear sister,' he stammered out.

She lowered her voice, and said: 'Do not be afraid. I am a friend. Sister Madeleine has sent me to you; you are the prisoner that escaped last night?'

'Is she safe, is she safe?'

'Yes—safe, but—. But come down the road. I have all to tell you. We must be out of hearing of this lad.'

They walked down the road.

'She has spoken to you of Sister Elizabeth, I know. I am Sister Elizabeth. I know all. She has told me all. Oh, how could you? how could you, sir, ever consent to her mad proposal?'

'Oh, for heaven's sake! tell me, has she been discovered? Is she not safe?'

The tears came thick into poor Elizabeth's eyes, and for a moment she could not speak.

'Tell me, tell me! oh, I fear the worst.'

'It is the worst. Poor, dear Madeleine has loved you too well.'

Paul groaned aloud.

'Good heaven! then she has not escaped?'

'No, all is known, and she is to leave this morning for Paris.'

'Paris! why Paris?'

'Alas! I can scarcely tell you. I dare not. She will be accused before a Consistory of the Order.'

'Oh! my God, my God!'

'Poor thing. She bears it all. She says she cares for nothing, now that you are safe. It is a great sin that she has done, in loving you, sir, but I cannot reproach her, I love her too much. I know how good, how angelic she is.'

'I must return at once to Mont St. Michel, and deliver myself up.'

'Do not be so rash, so mad. You would only make it ten times worse. You can do nothing but harm, for if you were there, you would be compelled to give your testimony, and at present there is no evidence against her except that of the deputy, who reports the words of the jailer.'

'But the jailer himself?'

'Is dead.'

'Dead! how?'

'In pursuing you, he was lost in a quicksand.'

Paul was silent. It seemed as if his freedom cost much too high a price. Presently he said: 'Oh, I would rather have died in prison, than that all this should have happened. But she swore to me that she had the promise of the jailer, and that all was settled.'

'So she had. But this same jailer proved false. She says it is a man you know well. But wait, I can now give you her note.'

She drew out a little scrap of paper, on which a few words were written in pencil with a trembling hand.

He read them eagerly.

'Antoine Legrand, Antoine Lefebvre, Vicomte Delafosse, and your jailer, proved himself as great a traitor as he had ever been. He exposed our scheme, and pursued you. He is dead. I therefore know that you must have escaped. With a vague fear that you

have waited for me at V—, I write to implore you, *for my sake*, to escape at once to Jersey. Have no fear for me. That which awaits me is no disgrace in my eyes, in yours, nor, I trust, in the eyes of heaven. In a fortnight at most, I shall join you at Jersey. I shall be free. I have money. Wait for me at St. Héliers. Come down to the port every day, till I arrive. Elizabeth will tell you all.'

Paul could not speak. He hung his head in misery. Poor little Elizabeth looked at him with compassion, but kept silence. At last he said quietly, 'What will be the sentence?'

'I cannot tell. Perhaps only a penance; perhaps expulsion.'

He groaned: 'A penance! expulsion! O my God!'

Presently he asked: 'Where will she be taken to in Paris?'

'I suppose to the Central Hospice of the Sisterhood.'

'Where is that?'

She gave him the full address.

'Will it be public?'

'Oh, no! of course not. Only the sisters will know it.'

And she began sobbing again. After a short pause, Paul asked very gravely: 'Do I look like a sister?'

The young girl smiled through her tears, and looked blushing into his face.

'Yes,' she said; 'though you are too tall, your complexion is like a woman's, and your face being pale suits the profession.'

'Should I be found out among a number of sisters?'

'I fear you would. Besides, the moment you speak, suspicion is aroused.'

'Then it would be dangerous to go to Paris in this disguise?'

'Most dangerous; remember how much of Madeleine's peace depends on your safety. Remember too that even last night messengers were sent in every direction to give notice to the police, and in a day or two a reward will probably be offered for your capture. At present it is not known where you are gone to. The jailer, who told the deputy-governor by whose means you had escaped, forgot to tell him where you were gone to, and the turnkey, who went in pursuit of you, only knows that you were to cross the ferry. But of course they

will suspect that you came to Avranche, as the nearest spot on this side, and I am surprised they have not followed you here already.'

Paul reflected a while, but could see no chance of saving Madeleine from her fate, and his remaining where he was only added to the difficulties.

'I will go,' he said. 'First a thousand thanks for your kindness in coming all this way for me. Will you give me your hand?'

Elizabeth hesitated, and blushed very deeply. She thought it unbecoming in one of her order.

'I may not,' she answered; 'but now go.'

'Tell Madeleine—'

'I shall not see her. She was to leave soon after I did.'

'Adieu! then. Remember me sometimes in your prayers.'

Paul arrived in St. Héliers late that night. He had never been there before in his life; but, glorying in the freedom of English soil once more, he walked boldly up to the principal hotel, and asked to see the proprietor. The waiter stared not a little at such an unwonted stranger; and the proprietor, who was a rank Protestant, of the scarlet woman sect, frowned savagely at being disturbed from his evening glass by a foreign nun. A few words in his ear, and all was right. The next morning the nun was transformed, by the aid of mine host and a ready-made clothier, into a respectable Englishman.

For the first time for two years Paul looked at his face in a mirror. He could not recognise himself. The rich silky whiskers and flowing moustache, on which he had once prided himself, were gone. The face that was once round, handsome, and fresh, was now long, white, haggard, and wrinkled; and in the eyes, which once beamed with mirth and good spirits, was now a settled look of melancholy. This change, while it drew forth a little sigh of vanity, gave him a new confidence, upon which he acted.

He stayed two days more at St. Héliers, writing to friends in England the joyful news of his escape, and doing some now important business in connexion with £ s. d. He obtained a large sum of money through the bank, and the third day hired a

little yacht, took a single sailor into his confidence, and obtained a passport under a false name.

When everything was ready, he set sail for Cherbourg, arrived there at night in time to set out for Paris by the night train, leaving his yacht to wait his return.

Early in the morning he reached that metropolis, and put his head out of the window. The first thing he saw, by way of welcome, was a couple of *mouchards*, whom he had formerly known well by sight, and who must have known him in other days. He determined to put the effect of Time's changes to a severe test at once, and walking up to them, asked, in very bad French, where he should find a cab. The men took their inventory of him in a second, but showed no signs of recognition.

He took a lodging on the first floor, nearly opposite to the entrance of the Hospice of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paule, and gave his name as Mr. William Jones, of London, an address quite sufficient to satisfy the police. He had the sofa drawn to the window, and there lay, day after day, watching intently the door of the Hospice.

Now that the greatest excitement was over, he began to feel terribly the effects of his fever; but he turned even this to account. He sent for a doctor, whom he charmed with his subdued manner and his golden fees. The third day that the doctor came to see him, he said to him:—

'I am expecting my sister to arrive

daily from the south of France, and the moment she comes we shall leave for England. Can you do me a service?'

'I shall be charmed to be of use to you.'

'Will you let your servant go to the British Embassy for me, take out a passport for myself and sister, and get it viséd at the Police?'

'Of course. The simplest thing in the world.'

'They generally require a personal attendance at the Police, but if you could give me a certificate of inability to leave my room.'

'Leave it to me, the thing shall be done.'

The next day the passport for 'Mr. W. Jones et sa sœur,' arrived; and thus the government of France signed its permission for Paul Montague and Madeleine de Ronville—the one a political prisoner, the other the person who had arranged his escape—to slip through their fingers; a satisfactory proof of the perfect working of that splendid passport system, which our neighbours extol so highly!

Meanwhile the invalid, rapidly gaining strength, lies day after day upon his sofa, with the muslin curtain drawn across the window; and whenever the door of the Hospice opens, his heart beats violently, and at every figure that comes out he quickly raises a small opera-glass, and scans it from head to foot. Day after day he sits there, waiting for one who comes not.

CHAPTER XL.—PENANCE.

The large court of the Hospice is very quiet during the day. The good sisters are all out about their good works, and the sunlight lies calm and unchecked upon the round stones.

In one corner of the court is the small but lofty chapel, with its lancet windows and its sharp gable. The low door is ever open; and from time to time you may see a sister pass through it, seeking solace and strength in silent prayer.

Let us enter.

The east end is rounded into an apse, the altar stands on a dais, raised five steps above the rest of the floor. A

dark, solemn gloom is over all, broken only by the blue and red streams that the sunlight pours through the stained east window.

At noon—an hour before the sisters congregate for dinner, when the sun is hottest, and the round stones of the quadrangle almost shine in its glare—the court is very still. It is then that we enter the chapel, for we shall be sure to find it empty.

It is cool within, and silent as death; but it is not empty. On the hard floor, just where that blue robe of St. Vincent himself is lengthened out absurdly on the pavement, just beneath the

steps that lead up to the altar, is a woman kneeling. She wears the dress of the Sisterhood, the large white cap shades her face, and her feet are shod in that stout, strong, sensible manner which makes women forget their charms in their duties. Her hands are clasped near the ground, her head bent upon her bosom, the attitude of resignation and humble prayer. By her side—strange accompaniment! that savours of the prison—is a little can of water. But forsooth she needs it. She has been there since last midnight, upon her knees, in the same position, and has touched no food. Madeleine de Ronville—Sister Madeleine—is fulfilling the sentence of a three days' penance of prayer and fasting, and now she is so still, that, but for the slow heaving of the breast, you would say she was a sculptor's creature, not the work of the Immortal hand.

She is growing very weary—very, very weary; but she will not move. Conscience—a false conscience—keeps her still. She has prayed long, prayed simply, but earnestly, and she will pray yet more. She has prayed first for forgiveness, making a long confession to the one true Confessor; then she has been assured that it is granted, and already is thanking Him for this absolution, this washing out of all the past.

The hours pass on. At times a sister's step is heard behind her, but she cannot see the look of pity on that sister's face. At times the sunlight plays in coloured chequers round her, and makes glory round her head. Then again it slants down the little chapel, till day declines, and it is gone. Thrice a day the sisters come in procession, headed by the chaplain, to prayers. She hears it all, she joins; but she sees nothing, and does not move. They go, and again she is alone.

Then come the long, dull hours of the night. The city hum dies down without. Within, darkness closes with his brother, silence. Then the darkness grows most black, and the silence most still; but she fears nothing. She murmurs: 'I am not alone. Thou art here, Lord, as Thou art everywhere.'

At last her eyes grow very heavy; but she will not close them. She has forsworn sleep, and she will not faint.

She prays for strength to pray on, and it is given her.

With the grey of morning comes hunger knocking at her chest. She will not feel it. Timidly she raises the can to her lips, sips down a mouthful of water, and will be satisfied.

Another long day passes, and when evening comes, she has forgotten the world, forgotten almost that she ever lived in it. Her thoughts are all of heaven. She has been striving hard to reach that point of absorption at which she will understand all the perfect attributes of the One Highest. She has striven to feel that He is everywhere, as tender to each shell among a million on the sea-shore, as to the monarch and the statesman, who rule half the world. She knows now that He is there in that silent, deserted chapel, and listening to every thought within her mind—even hers, sinner, worm, nothing, as she is.

But her body is failing her, while the soul rises, and unconsciously—yet quite without knowing it—she has fallen forward with her brow resting on the lowest step that mounts to the altar, and her white thin hands are clasped in front of it. She has raised her soul now, she has brought it to the feet of God, and she hears the songs of eternal praise round that glorious Majesty. She sees justice not hard and stern, but smiling with all the tenderness of mercy.

The day pours in, but she knows it not. She is away from there, away from the little chapel, far away in heaven itself. The Sisters come and go. She hears them no longer. She lives, she thinks, but even the beating of her heart, which almost echoes in the silent place, is lost to her.

Night comes at last. She has taken no count of time, and knows not that her release is near. Nay, she is so happy now, she would not be released; but a strange sound rouses her a little, and she begins to remember where she is. A low solemn chant is coming up the chapel. Two boys are swinging censers before a priest, who walks slowly on towards the altar. The old Superior, bowed with years of much faithful labour, comes next, and two and two the sisters follow with their heads bent down, singing low and sadly.

The priest mounts the steps, and

kneels before the altar, while the censers are swung above him. The sisters range themselves around, and gaze sadly on the lost one. Then the priest comes forward, stoops, and, taking the white clasped hands, raises her to her knees. They see her beauty—the light of heaven playing on it, and grow sadder.

The priest speaks in a low tremulous voice. He tells her that her penance is over. She does not hear him. He tells her that her fault has been unpardonable in that Order. 'She has sinned,' he says, 'against God and against man. Against God, in using deceit and lies; against man, in breaking the most necessary laws of the State. It is ten years since a sister was expelled from this order, and that was for a sin too vile to be mentioned among these pious and modest women. The sin of this woman, if less, places her on a level with such sinners, and she can no longer be your sister. She may repent—nay, I trust she is even now repentant—and I pray God that He will make her penitence truly perfect, and that elsewhere she may bear its fruits; but here it would be dangerous that she should remain. She who has once fallen is never proof against another stumble, and for your sakes, for the sakes of all, it is right that she should leave us, and seek a sphere of good works elsewhere. I know what she would plead, I know she would say her sin was an act of mercy. But I will say to her: "Woman, the omnipotence of God needed not thy sin." Take warning, then, pious and excellent sisters, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world.'

The kneeling figure had not moved, the head was still bent, but when he said, 'the omnipotence of God needed not thy sin,' the clasped hands were raised a little and again fell. It seemed as if a new light had broken in on her mind.

The Superior came forward, and wiped the tears from her eyes. 'Sister Madeleine,' she said, in quivering tones, 'called in the world Baroness Madeleine de Ronville, I, by virtue of the authority given me, expel you from this Order. You are no longer one of our sisters. Rise.'

But she rose not. Only her head sank a little lower into her bosom.

The Superior motioned to two of the elder sisters. They came forward and raised her. They took the cap—the broad white flapping cap—from her head, and the long tresses fell, like a pent-up stream released, and covered her shoulders. Then gently, with trembling hands, they tore the grey dress from her body. They clad her with black, and led her gently forward, for she could scarcely walk.

And now the tears flowed fast from all eyes, but hers. The priest came forward, the censers swung, and the low chant, the sad chant, was murmured by tearful voices.

When they reached the court, she raised her head and gazed up to the blue heavens, in which the stars were dropping calmly down.

They led her to the great door, and stood around her.

'Adieu! adieu, Madeleine!' was murmured low by many voices, but no more, no kiss, no shaking of the hands, only the full swimming eyes told their grief.

She turned round and looked sadly on one and all. Her lips quivered, and those near her caught the word 'adieu!'

The door opened, and then closed behind her—homeless, friendless, disgraced, outcast!

Paul at his window saw her come out. He doubted a moment if it were she. He could not doubt long. He leaped up with joy and bounded down to her side. 'Madeleine, Madeleine,' he said, 'do you not know me?'

She smiled softly upon him, but did not speak. He thought her mind was gone. He took her gently by the hand, and led her across to his room in silence.

There she gazed at him, as one asleep.

'Paul,' she whispered, 'is it you?'

'Yes, yes, love, I am near you. Tell me what has happened.'

'Paul,' she said, 'give me some human love. I am fainting for friendship, for kindness.'

He pressed her to his breast. She laid her head upon his shoulder, and then the kind tears came—came gushing as a mountain torrent—and this woman was happy.

So wavers woman's love 'twixt God and man.

THE END.

The New Books.

A Debate on India in the English Parliament. By M. LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. Translated by permission of M. de Montalembert from the *Correspondant* of October 29, 1858. London: Office of the Continental Review, and W. Jeffs. 1858.

ASPIRATIONS FOR FREEDOM.

There are some unhappily constituted minds for which repose and silence are not the supreme good.

'Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.
Suave etiam bellî certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa, tuâ sine parte pericli.'

No, it is a purer and a higher motive. It is the effort of the disarmed gladiator, who, looking with emotion on the arena whither he will no more descend, claps his hands at the exploits of his more fortunate rivals, and sends forth to the combatants a cry of sympathy, which is drowned, though not wholly extinguished, in the midst of the generous shouts of the attentive crowd.

I honestly confess that I am one of those persons; and I add that for this evil—from which it is so little the fashion to suffer now-a-days—I have found a remedy. When I feel that the stifling malady is gaining on me, when my ears ring, now with the buzz of the gossips of the antechamber, now with the din of the fanatics who think themselves our masters, and of the hypocrites who think us their dupes; when I choke with the weight of an atmosphere charged with the

There are persons who feel, from time to time, a longing to depart from the tranquil uniformity of their ordinary life. There are soldiers who, conquered, wounded, in chains, condemned to deadly inaction, gain consolation and a new life from seeing the struggles and dangers of others. That which attracts them is not the sad and paltry feeling of secure selfishness which Lueretius has depicted in his famous lines—

pestilential vapours of servility and corruption, I hurry to breathe a purer air, and take a bath of life in free England.

The last time that I gave myself this relief chance served me well. I came exactly in the midst of one of those great and glorious struggles where play is given to all the resources of the intelligence, and all the movements of the conscience, of a great people; where there are started, to find solution in the open day and by the intervention of noble minds, the greatest problems that can agitate a nation whose days of tutelage are past; where men and things, parties and individuals, orators and writers, the depositaries of power and the organs of opinion, are called to reproduce in the heart of a new Rome the picture painted long ago by a Roman fresh from the emotions of the forum:—

'Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore,
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.'

At these words I see some brows grow dark, and express the repugnance inspired in the followers of the fashions of the day by all that seems a remembrance of, or a regret for, political life. If among those who have opened these pages there are any who are governed by these fashions, I say to them plainly,—'Pause, and go no further. There is nothing in what I am going to write which can possibly please or interest you. Go and rumi-

nate peacefully in the fat pasturages of your happy tranquillity, and do not grudge to those, who do not grudge you anything, the right to remain faithful to their past, to the disquiets of mental life, and to the aspirations of liberty.' Every one takes his pleasure where he finds it; and we are in a fair way, not, indeed, to understand one another, but to come to an end of dispute, when we have no ambition or affection in common, and

when our notions of happiness and honour are perfectly different.

POLITICAL SYMPATHY.

Besides, I readily grant that nothing, absolutely nothing, in the institutions or the political personages of France in the present day has any resemblance to the things of which, and the men of whom, I wish here to give a rapid sketch. Certainly I make no pretension to convert those disciples of progress, who regard Parliamentary Government as advantageously replaced by Universal Suffrage, or those political optimists who maintain that the final triumph of democracy consists in abdicating into the hands of a Sovereign the exclusive direction of the external and internal affairs of a country. I write for my own satisfaction, and that of a small number of invalids, of triflers, of madmen, perhaps, like myself. I study contemporary institutions which are no longer ours, but which have been ours, and which seem still to a person so behindhand as I am, to be worthy of admiration and envy. The eager sympathy which men of high ability have awakened for the fair ladies of the Fronde, for the equivocal personages of the great English Rebellion, or for the obscure and barren struggles of our old Communes,—may we not ask that it shall once in a way be bestowed on the acts and deeds of a nation which is living and moving in its strength and its greatness at seven leagues' distance from our northern shores? I think we may; and, moreover, I fancy that this study of foreign statistics, or rather, of contemporary archaeology, may beguile our idle hours as well as a commentary on the Comedies of Plautus, or a narrative of an exploring expedition to the sources of the Nile.

THE REVOLT.

At the end of last spring the state of Hindustan and the issue of the revolt, which during a whole year had been raging in the northern provinces of that immense region, were still the topics that most pre-occupied the attention of England. How could it be otherwise? I myself was astonished and alarmed at seeing the English people, after the consternation and

anger of the first few months, so soon abandon itself, not certainly to a criminal indifference, but to a premature security as to the issue of the struggle. I wished to learn from really competent judges what were the true causes of the insurrection, and at the same time what were the means, on the employment of which reliance was placed, in order to triumph definitively over a danger so formidable, so little foreseen, and so aggravated by the threatening complication which from day to day might rise from the politics of Europe. I carried with me into this inquiry a deep sympathy for the great nation, at once Christian and free, on which God had imposed this terrible trial; and I felt this sympathy redoubled in presence of the inhuman animosity of so many organs of the continental press, and, alas! of the press that calls itself conservative and religious, against the victims of the Bengal massacres. I should have liked to tell every Englishman I met that I did not belong in any way to the parties whose organs had applauded and justified the cut-throats, and who daily pour forth solemn vows for the triumph of Mussulman and Pagan hordes over the heroic soldiers of a Christian people, and a people allied to France.*

I felt, also, what every intelligent liberal feels and knows, that from the attitude of the continental press there results one more proof of a great fact, which is the immortal honour of England in the present day. All the apologists of absolutism, ancient or modern, monarchical or democratic, are against England; for her, on the other hand, are all those who still remain faithful to that tempered liberty of which she has been the cradle, and of which she remains to this day the invincible bulwark. That is natural and just. It is sufficient to make us forget certain sympathies shown in

* I am aware that praise has little worth or dignity when free criticism is not permitted. But I feel protected from every suspicion of servility when I pay a just homage to the courageous perseverance with which the Government of the Emperor maintains an alliance, the rupture of which would certainly increase his popularity, but would carry with it a fatal blow to the independence of Europe, and the true interests of France.

the present policy of England, sympathies more easy to explain than justify, and to make us pardon her for wrongs which, in a different state of the world, would deserve the severest reprobation.

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH POLICY.

I venture to say that no one knows better, and no one has pointed out more plainly than I, the many instances in which, in the course of the last few years, the policy of England has been thoroughly wrong and mistaken. I think I was the first to denounce, even before 1848, the policy of Lord Palmerston, too often overbearing to the weak and truckling to the strong, and signally imprudent, inconsistent, and faithless to all the great traditions of his country. But, in truth, when one reads the pitiable invectives of the Anglophobes of our days, when one compares with their complaints against England the ideas they trumpet forth, and the systems which they praise, one feels involuntarily led to an indulgence for all against which they fight—even for Lord Palmerston. It would be, besides, the height of unreasonableness and of unfairness to look on England as alone guilty, or as the most guilty, among the nations of the earth. Her policy is neither more selfish nor more immoral than that of the other great States of ancient or modern history. I even think that it would be quite possible to prove that a judgment exactly opposite to this was the true one. It is not charity, but strict justice that begins at home, and in speaking of national shortcomings, no French writer has a right to denounce the policy of England before he has passed judgment on the crimes of the policy of France during the Revolution and the Empire, looking at this policy, not as it is represented by its adversaries, but as it is revealed by its apologists, for example, by M. Thiers. It is in vain to search the darkest corners of English diplomacy to find even a distant parallel to the destruction of the Venetian Republic, or the treacherous plot of Bayonne.

Besides, we are not now speaking of the general policy of England, but of her Colonial policy. And it is precisely here that all the brightness of

the English genius shines forth. Not certainly that the English have been always and everywhere irreproachable; but everywhere and always they have equalled, if not surpassed, in wisdom, justice, and humanity, the other European races who have engaged in similar undertakings. It is not, we must own, a very noble page of history that records the relations of Christian Europe with the rest of the world since the Crusades. It is not, unfortunately, Christian virtue or Christian truth that has presided over the successive conquests of the powerful nations of the West in Asia and in America. After the first burst, so full of nobleness and piety, in the fifteenth century—which gave birth to the great, the saintly Christopher Columbus, and all the heroes of the maritime and colonial history of Portugal, who were worthy to rank in the ungrateful memory of mankind with the heroes of ancient Greece—we see all the vices of modern civilisation take the place of the spirit of faith and self-sacrifice, here exterminating the native races, there yielding to the enervating influence of the corrupting civilisation of the East, instead of regenerating and replacing it. It is impossible not to own that England, especially since she has gloriously expiated her participation in the negro slave-trade and in Colonial slavery, may pride herself on having for the most part escaped those lamentable errors. To the historian, who asks her to give account of all her commercial and maritime efforts for the last two centuries, she may justly answer, *Si queris monumentum, circumspice*. Are there in history many spectacles greater, more wonderful, more honourable to modern civilisation than that of this company of English merchants, which has lasted two centuries and a half, and which but yesterday governed, at a distance of 2000 leagues from home, nearly 200,000,000 souls by means of 800 civil officers and of 15,000 to 20,000 soldiers? But England has done something better even than this. She has formed not only colonies but peoples. She has created the United States. She has made them one of the great Powers of the world, by endowing them with those provincial and personal liberties which

have enabled them to free themselves triumphantly from the yoke itself, always so light and easy, of the mother country. 'Our free institutions,' it was said, in 1852, in the annual Message of the President of this great Republic, 'are not the fruit of the Revolution; they existed before; they had their roots in the free charters under which the English colonies had grown up.'

In the present day England is in process of creating in Australia new United States, which will soon detach themselves from the parent stem to become a great nation, imbued from the cradle with the manly virtues and the glorious liberties which are everywhere the heritage of the Anglo-Celtic race; and which, let me once more assert, are more favourable to the propagation of Catholic truth, and to the dignity of the priesthood, than any other political system under the sun.*

In Canada, a noble race of French Catholics, torn unhappily from our own country, but still French in feelings and manners, owes to England the preservation or acquisition not only of religious liberty, but of all the political and municipal liberties which France has rejected. Canada has seen her population increased tenfold† in less than a century, and will serve as the basis of the new federation which, from the mouths of the Oregon to those of the St. Lawrence, will be one day the rival or the companion of the great American federation.

All this is forgotten, misunderstood, or evil spoken of by certain royalist and Catholic writers, who pour daily the flood of their venom on the greatness and freedom of England. They must be strange royalists, and very ungrateful, who forget that England is the only country in Europe where the prestige of royalty has remained unimpaired for nearly two centuries; that it is also the only country that has given an inviolable shelter to the

august exiles of France, and has lavished with unheard-of munificence its succour on the French nobility of the Emigration, and on the French clergy prosecuted for not having been willing to make a bargain with schism.‡ Still more strange are the Catholics who do not fear to compromise not only all the rights of justice and truth, but even the interests of the Church, by obstinately insisting on establishing a radical hostility between Catholicism and the free prosperity of the vastest empire now existing in the world, whose every victory over barbarism opens an immense field for the preaching of the gospel and the extension of the Roman hierarchy. One of the darkest pages of the history, already so little edifying, of our religious press, will be the cruel joy with which the disasters, true or false, of the English in India, have been hailed; those strange sympathies for the butchers of Delhi and Cawnpore; those daily invectives against a handful of brave men battling against innumerable enemies and a murderous climate, in order to avenge their brothers, their wives, and their infants, and to re-establish the legitimate and necessary ascendancy of the Christian West over the Indian peninsula. One is revolted by such sanguinary declamations, accompanied by constant attempts to provoke to war two nations bound together by a happy and glorious alliance, while the pious promoters of this war know that they would be the last to undergo its dangers and sustain its sacrifices. And when these declamations inundate the columns of certain journals specially devoted to the clergy, and encouraged by it; when they show themselves between the narrative of an apparition of the Holy Virgin, and the picture of the consecration of a church to the God of pity and love, the result

* See, in No. 179 of the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi* (July 1858), the interesting letter of the Rev. Father Poupinel to Cardinal de Bonald on the progress of the Church, and the freedom it enjoys in these vast countries.

† It was less than 65,000 at the date of the Treaty of Paris in 1761. It was 695,945 in 1851. CHARLES DUPIN. *Force Productive des Nations*.

‡ Eight thousand priests, two thousand laymen, and six hundred French nuns, sought in 1793 a refuge in England. In 1806, they had received from the English, by private subscriptions and Parliamentary grants, the sum of forty-six million francs. A Catholic Journal of London, the *Rambler*, of August 1858, borrows these figures from the book of the Abbé Margotti, called *Rome and London*, of which it publishes in the same number an amusing and complete refutation.

is that every Christian soul, untainted by the passions and hatreds of a retrograde fanaticism, feels a painful repugnance which may be reckoned among the rudest trials of the life of an honest man. It is as if one heard in an Eastern night the cry of the jackal between the cooing of doves and the freshening murmurs of running water.

Besides, this evil breath is familiar to me. I have breathed and detested it in the days of my childhood, when a considerable portion of those who styled themselves the defenders of the altar and the throne were loud in their disapproval of the generous sons of Greece in arms against the Ottoman rule, and triumphed over the disasters of Ipsara and Missolonghi as at so many blows inflicted on schismatics and revolutionists. Happily, nobler inspirations carried the day in the councils of the Restoration, as in the naturally generous hearts of the royalists. The genius of M. de Chateaubriand ground to dust the unfortunate preferences of his old party for the butchers of the Peloponnese. And now there is no legitimist who does not consider it as a title to glory for Charles x. to have taken a principal part in the enfranchisement of Greece, and who does not repudiate with horror the opinions professed five-and-thirty years ago by the chief members of the Royalist party. Let us hope that a day will come when there will be no Catholic who does not repudiate with equal horror the hateful tokens of encouragement lavished at the present time by the religious press on the cut-throats of India. Happily, no voice that is authorized to speak in the company of the faithful, no pontiff, no prince of the Church, has joined in this cry. On the contrary, it is pleasant to see that throughout the numerous pastoral letters published on the subject by the Catholic bishops of the British Islands, there is shown a patriotic sympathy for the affliction of their countrymen. The letter of M. Gillis, vicar-apostolic at Edinburgh, deserves to be quoted as the most eloquent lamentation inspired by this national catastrophe. And it is especially delightful here to recall the liberal and paternal subscription of Pius IX. on behalf of the English

sufferers in India. It was at once a touching gauge of the unconquerable gentleness of his pontifical soul, and the most conclusive refutation of those prophets of hate, who preach an irreconcilable enmity between the Church and the greatness of Britain.

For my part, I say plainly, I feel a horror for the orthodoxy which takes no count of justice and truth, of humanity and honour, and I never weary of repeating the forcible words lately uttered by the Bishop of Rochelle :— 'Would it not be well to give instruction to many Catholics on the virtues of natural law, on the respect due to a neighbour, on loyalty due even towards adversaries—on the spirit of equity and charity? The virtues of natural law are essential, and the Church herself does not dispense with them.' *

A WAIL FOR FRANCE.

How, again, can any one fail to understand that by these blind denunciations against a nation which is reproached at once with the crime of its fathers and the virtue of its children, with the Protestantism of the sixteenth century and the liberty of the nineteenth, we expose ourselves to a most cruel and dangerous retort? Ah! if it had been given to France to accomplish the great colonial destinies which were opening before her in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we should doubtless have a great and consolatory example for all Catholic nations to be proud of. If we had remained with our missionaries and our bold but humane adventurers on the banks of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, where the genius of France would have found such a vast career to unfold itself in at ease; if we had but been able to keep the empire of the East Indies, which seemed at one time assured to us, and had caused to reign there the social and Christian virtues which are the heritage of our race, we could brave all criticism and all comparison. But we have lost all these noble possessions, and lost them in the good time to which people wish to bring us back, when the monarchy was subject to no

* Letter to the Editor of the *Univers*, 10th August 1858.

Parliamentary control, and when error had not the same privilege as truth. This being so, ought we not, when brought face to face with history, to own that all the Catholic nations except France have miserably failed in the great task imposed on them by Providence on behalf of the races they have conquered? Does not history, with appealing voice, cry out to Spain, 'Cain, what hast thou done to thy brother?' What has Spain done with the millions of Indians that peopled the isles and the continent of the New World? How many years did it take the unworthy successors of Columbus and Cortes to annihilate them, in spite of the official protection of the Spanish crown, and in spite of the heroic efforts, the fervent and indefatigable charity of the religious orders? * Have the Spaniards shown themselves less pitiless than the Anglo-Americans of the North? Can it be that the lamentable pages, written by Bartholomew de Las Cases, are effaced from the memory of men? The English clergy are reproached with not having protested against the exactions of Clive and of Warren Hastings. We admit it is not given to Protestantism to give birth to such men as Las Cases and Peter Claver; that is the exclusive and immortal privilege of the Catholic Church. But what are we to think, when those orthodox nations, with the advantages of such apostles and of such teaching, have depopulated half the globe? And what was the society which the Spanish conquest substituted for the races which had been exterminated instead of having been civilized? Must we not turn away our eyes in sadness, so entirely are the first elements of order, energy, discipline, and legality wanting everywhere, except, perhaps, in

Chili, to Spanish enterprise; so wholly has it been stript of the strong virtues of the ancient Castilian society, without having been able to acquire any of the qualities which characterize modern progress? In Hindustan itself what remains of Portuguese conquest? What remains of the numberless conversions achieved by St. Francis Xavier? What remains of the vast organization of that Church which was placed under the protection of the Crown of Portugal? Go, ask that question at Goa; measure there the depths of the moral and material decrepitude into which has fallen an empire immortalized by Albuquerque, by John de Castro, and by so many others worthy to be reckoned among the most valiant Christians who have ever existed. You will there see to what the mortal influence of absolute power can bring Catholic colonies as well as their mother countries.

What must be concluded from this? That Catholicism renders a people incapable of colonizing? God forbid! Canada, the example which we have quoted above, is there to give the lie to any such blasphemous assertion. But we are bound to conclude this much—that it is well when people constitute themselves the champions of Catholic interests, to look behind and around before heaping up invective on invective, calumny on calumny, in order to throw discredit on those nations which are unfortunately foreign or hostile to the Church. When people have for ever in their mouths the dictum of M. de Maistre, 'History has been for three centuries a great conspiracy against truth,' they should not begin afresh, when history is written for the use of Catholics, a great conspiracy against truth, as well as against justice and liberty. On the contrary, there is another dictum of M. de Maistre which should be called to mind, 'The Church is in need of truth, and is in need but of that.' Falsehood, under either of the two forms which law and theology recognise, namely, the *suggestio falsi* and the *suppressio veri*, is the saddest homage which can be rendered to the Church. She cannot be served well by borrowing the method and adopting the proceedings of her worst enemies. No; to renew for her profit the

* It is said of a governor of Mexico, that he caused the destruction of two million Indians during the seventeen years of his administration. If there yet remain some relics of the aborigines of Mexico, and if a sort of fusion has been effected between them and their conquerors, this is due to the Dominicans and Franciscans, whose marvellous exploits should be read in the new *History of the Spanish Conquest in America*, by Mr. ARTHUR HELPS (London, 1856-7), a book in which an impartial Protestant renders the most striking justice to the devotion and the intelligence of the Catholic clergy.

tricks and the violences of error, is not to defend the truth. The spirit of modern times has begun to perceive that a great deal of falsehood has been in circulation during three centuries against God and His Church; it has begun to shake off the yoke of that falsehood. Do people, then, wish to plunge it back again into the hatred of good? Do they wish to repel it towards the intellectual excesses of the eighteenth century? For that end one infallible means is at hand—to practice or pardon falsehood, even involuntary falsehood, for the greater glory of God.

HOW FAR IS ENGLAND BLAMABLE.

But has England herself been irreproachable in the foundation and administration of the immense empire which she possesses in the East Indies? Certainly not; and, if we were tempted to attribute to her a degree of innocence or of virtue to which she has never pretended, we might be easily undeceived by looking through the numberless works which have appeared on the government of British India, not only since the breaking out of the insurrection, but previously to that event. In all this mountain of publications, panegyric and apology are exceedingly rare; the most vehement philippics and accusations abound; but what is of far more consequence than systematic praise or blame, is the profound and supremely sincere investigation of the faults, dangers, difficulties, and infirmities of British rule in India.

I shall not cease to repeat that it is in this extensive, and, indeed, unlimited publicity, that the principal strength of English society consists; that this is the essential condition of its vitality, and the sovereign guarantee of its liberty. The English press, at first sight, seems to be nothing but a universal and permanent indictment against every person and every thing; but, upon a closer inspection, we perceive that discussion, rectification, or reparation, follow closely on denunciation and abuse.

Mistakes and injustice are no doubt frequent and flagrant; but they are almost always amended immediately, or excused in consideration of the salutary truths or indispensable lights

which reach the public mind by the same road. Not a general, an admiral, a diplomatist, a statesman, is spared. They are all treated in the same manner as the Duke of Wellington, when, at the outset of his victories in the Peninsula, he was preparing the emancipation of Europe and the preponderance of his country, in the midst of the clamours of the Opposition, both in the press and in Parliament. And all, like him, resign themselves to this, confiding in the final justice of the country and of opinion, which has hardly ever disappointed them. The public, accustomed to the din and to the apparent confusion which arises from this permanent conflict of contradictory opinions and testimonies, ends, after the lapse of a certain time, by coming to recognise the truth. It possesses, above all, a wonderful tact for unravelling the true nature of certain purely individual manifestations, however noisy they may be, and for attributing to them that degree of importance which they really merit, while respecting and maintaining the right which every Englishman asserts for himself to judge and criticise everything, and even to deceive himself at his own proper risk.

Those who feel themselves offended—not without reason—by the coarse form, or by the evident falsity of certain opinions expressed by some English orators or writers with respect to foreign affairs, should never forget two things—first, that this species of cutting and unbridled criticism is poured forth more coarsely, more freely, and more habitually on English men and things; secondly, that it is always the act, as well as the opinion, of an individual member of a society, in which the progress of civilisation has consisted up to the present hour in the unrestrained development of individual power and liberty. This is what is continually forgotten; and the result is that so many opinions, either absurdly false or exaggerated, appear in the continental press respecting the true bearing of certain speeches or writings, which are quoted and commented on as possessing a *quasi* official value. Notwithstanding our numerous and long-continued relations with that country—notwithstanding

the slight distance which separates France from England, and the brief interval that separates us from our own past, we have lost the art of understanding the position of a great free nation, where each individual is free, and gives free scope to all his fancies. We possess not only the habits but even the instincts of those sober and orderly peoples, doomed to an eternal minority, who sometimes indulge in frightful outbreaks, but who speedily fall back into that state of civil impotence, where no one dares to speak except by order, or by permission, with the salutary terror of a warning from authority hanging over his head, if he should be so rash as to oppose ever so little the ideas of Government or the ideas of the mob.

In England, and throughout its vast colonial Empire,* it is quite the reverse; every one in the world of politics says what he thinks, and does what may please him, without permission from any one, and without subjecting himself to any other repression than that imposed by general opinion and by the public conscience, when these may have been braved with too great a degree of boldness. Under the impulse of the moment, in a fit of spite, ill-humour, or vanity, any English subject, any isolated individual, without a mission from others, without authority, influence, or responsibility to any one, but seldom without sympathy, expresses, by word of mouth or in writing, whatever may pass through his mind. Sometimes it is the triumphant accent of justice and truth which thus makes itself heard, universally understood, speedily accepted, and everywhere repeated by the thousand echoes of an unrestrained publicity; and it is in order not to destroy this chance, which may be the only one in favour of right and of national interest, that the English are unani-

* The press is absolutely free in all the English colonies, even in Hindustan; and this liberty is perhaps one of the most serious embarrassments of the English Government in India. Nevertheless, the measure adopted in the first moments of the insurrection, by which a partial censure was established for one year, has not been renewed after the expiration of this first year; and it is in the journals which appear in Calcutta and Bombay that are found the most hostile criticisms on the conduct of the civil and military affairs of the English.

mous in resigning themselves to the serious inconveniences attaching to liberty of speech.

At other times we encounter ridiculous or offensive exaggerations, gratuitous insults to foreigners, or, again, in a contrary direction, a direct appeal to their interference in the internal affairs of the United Kingdom. Oftener still, there is a pleasantry, a sally, a puerile boast, a platitude; and on the morrow it is contradicted, refuted, abused, and forgotten. But if by chance it has been taken hold of by one of those translators, authorized by the censorship, who feed in so strange a manner the continental press, instantly all the privileged detractors of liberty transcribe it, take note of it, get furious over it, and cry aloud, 'See how England thinks, and what she says;' and they proceed to deduce consequences of an absurdly alarming cast, now for the peace of the world, now for the security of British institutions, although they are sure to be promptly and shamefully exposed in their falsehood by reflection and facts.

Let us hazard the passing remark that the great evil of absolute Governments is that their faults are kept secret. Like a sore that is never opened, never dressed, never reduced, these faults spread, and little by little corrupt the entire body of society. On the contrary, as has been observed with reason, an evil is never irreparable in a country where people know how to preach themselves a stern lesson without fearing to wound national pride or to humiliate the Government. Publicity in England, rash, imprudent, coarse, often apparently compromising the dignity of the country, and sometimes capable of endangering international relations, constitutes at once the daily bread of the majority, the last refuge of the minority, the pivot of universal existence.

Publicity is the remedy for all the evils inseparable from a civilisation so far advanced, a remedy hard to bear, but salutary and infallible, and which, above all, proves better than any other argument the strong constitution of the patient. This remedy has never yet failed; witness what came to pass during the Russian war, and the comparative state of the two allied armies

in the course of their second winter in the Crimea. Happy the nations who can so undergo the fire and the sword. They may be truly called manly, for they find nothing to envy in any one, and have to fear only an excess of confidence in their own strength.

The preceding observations serve to explain the fact that there exists no kind of reproach or of abuse which the English and the Anglo-Indians have not addressed to their Government, to their generals, above all, to the East India Company, that great corporation, which, after a hundred years of success and of increasing prosperity, beholds itself attacked at the close of its glorious career by that cowardly complicity of human nature all the world over with fortune when she abandons those whom she has long loaded with her favours. But if we duly weigh the worth of all these accusations, if we hear the evidence on the other side, if we consult the past state of things as compared with existing facts, we cannot feel inclined to ratify in every point the sentence pronounced against the Company. The future will tell whether it was right to profit by the present crisis to suppress the 'Double Government,' and to displace the multitude of wheels which ever since Pitt's famous Bill of 1784 have never ceased to render more complicated the action in India of the Home Government, by restraining more and more the independence of the Company. Meanwhile, it would be the height of injustice to pass a condemnation on its whole history.

Certainly it has committed more than one fault, perhaps more than one crime. It has not done all the good it might have done. But I assert, without hesitation, that the East India Company, now defunct by virtue of the Act of the 2d of August 1858, is, of all powers known in the colonial history of the ancient or modern world, that which has done the greatest things with the humblest means, and that which, in any equal space of time, has conferred the greatest amount of good, and inflicted the least of evil, on the peoples subject to its rule. I assert that it delivered the different populations of India from a yoke, which, in general, was atrocious, in

order to subject them to a regime incomparably milder and more equitable, although still imperfect. It employed for the improvement of the conquered race, not certainly all the efforts which it ought and might have made, and which the English themselves unceasingly called for, but a hundred-fold more solicitude and devotion than any of the native Powers whose place it took upon itself to fill, or than any of the European nations invested by conquest with a similar mission.

Admitting, even, that the immoral selfishness of a corporation of merchants has but too often signalized its *débuts* in the peninsula of Hindustan, still, for more than fifty years its generals and principal agents, the Wellesleys, the Malcolms, the Munros, the Bentincks, fully displayed all the zeal and all the activity becoming their high functions, to expiate the evil deeds of their predecessors, and to lead every impartial observer to avow that, in the present state of things, British domination is at once a benefit and a necessity for the inhabitants of India.

The Company has not known how to correct or repress everywhere the *hauteur*, the reserve, the insolence which is natural to Englishmen, but it has constantly fought against the lamentable results of that mixture of selfishness and energy which, in the Anglo-Saxon race, degenerates too often into ferocity, and of which one sees in the United States too numerous examples.

In the countries where it has been invested with territorial sovereignty, it has everywhere done away with slavery and forced labour: in most cases it has respected all vested rights, and even too often the abuses established before its advent. It is thus that the European agents, incessantly deceived by the native *employés* who necessarily act for them as subordinate agents with the people, have been regarded as accomplices in the cruelties and tortures made use of by the collectors of taxes; but this is to ignore the fact that it is the Indians who were the torturers, whilst it is the English who have discovered, denounced, and punished the native oppressors.*

* See the Parliamentary Inquiry in 1855

With regard to the question so much discussed, and yet understood so imperfectly, of the territorial constitution of Hindustan, the Company has always prevented the dispossession of landed proprietors by English colonists or speculators—either confirming, according to the policy of Lord Cornwallis, the feudal tenure of the great Mussulman and Hindu proprietors in Bengal, or recognising and regulating the vested rights of the peasantry, as in the presidencies of Bombay and Madras, or those of the rural communities, as in the provinces of the North-West.

Especial fault has been found with the Company for the haste with which it annexed to its immediate sway, states, the suzerainty of which it had accepted or conquered, according as these states were its allies or vassals.* But we do not sufficiently inquire whether it was not led necessarily and against its will, in most cases, to absorb these independent states. Judging from what we ourselves have experienced in Algeria, and from what has occurred in China up to the present time, it is clear that nothing is more difficult than to hold relations with Eastern races, either as allies or auxiliaries; and that their good faith, and even their understanding, apprehends no other condition than either war or complete subjection. Every one seems to agree to regard the recent annexation of Oude, under the government of Lord Dalhousie, as an unjustifiable act, which has furnished a legitimate pretext for the revolt of the Sepoys. One might still more justly blame the English Government for having too long thrown the shadow of its protection over the crimes and excesses of the court of Lucknow, and of the great feudal aristocracy which crushed the country to pieces with its civil wars and its exactions. One ought to read in the work entitled *Private Life of an Eastern King*, published in 1855, the picture of the

and 1856 on the Employment of Torture in India. One plainly sees from it that not one Englishman has been shown to have had any share whatever in these atrocities.

* This grievance was set forth with great clearness and power in a speech made in Parliament, on the 18th of April 1856, by Sir Erskine Perry, one year previous to the outbreak which has verified his predictions.

conduct of one of these monsters who reigned at Lucknow before the annexation, and one ought to read in Colonel Sleeman's book, who was himself a resident at this Court, the account of the outrages and daily spoliation which the population of the open country had to submit to in consequence of the feuds carried on between one stronghold and another. The English have not sufficiently taken to heart the responsibility which their protectoral authority has imposed on them, the nature of the suzerainty which they have exercised since 1801, the date of their military occupation of this state, but likewise the date of their committing the mistake of re-establishing the native dynasty under the patronage of an English resident. They ought either not to have meddled at all with the affairs of these too-near neighbours, or else not to have allowed the excesses and abuses of former times to be continued under the English rule. What appears certain is, that the population is really less ill-treated in the countries completely united to the English empire than in those where there still exists the nominal authority of rajahs and nabobs tributary to England. Nevertheless, the efforts of the Company to introduce the regularity and completeness of European systems, so little in accordance with the habits of the East, as regards the administration of justice and the assessment and levying of taxes, have led to the breaking up of a multitude of private interests, and have created a feeling of hostility amongst the masses. Although far less burdened than under the native princes, the people are none the less led to fear lest the interest of proprietorship, as they understand and practise it, may be sacrificed and made subordinate to the interest of the revenue. Furthermore, the Governors-General, sometimes in spite of the Company itself, appear to have deeply wounded the national feeling of the Indian races, by disowning, in the order of succession to the thrones of the rajahs and nabobs, the titles of adopted heirs to whom the laws and immemorial customs assign the same rights as to heirs by blood.

It is especially on the head of religion that the accusations made against

the Company seem unjust and contradictory. One party bitterly reproaches it with having done nothing to propagate Christianity in India; others attribute, on the contrary, the recent outburst to the system of proselytism which it had encouraged or tolerated amongst the missionaries and certain officers of too evangelical a zeal. These accusations fall equally to the ground. Originated for a purpose exclusively commercial, the East India Company has never pretended, as the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors did, to labour for the increase of the glory of God; but, on the other hand, it has never attempted to force the truth upon nations fanatically attached to their errors, and it has not seen any of the races in subjection to its laws disappear or become extinct. It has made war slowly and prudently against certain social crimes which are identified with the Hindu religion, such as the sacrifice of widows, infanticide, and thuggism; but, in the main, it has scrupulously respected the religion of its subjects. By its example, still more than by its direct measures, it has repressed the spirit of blind and rash proselytism, which would only have served to increase the natural antipathy between the two races, and which might have led to the horrors too justly imputed to the Spaniards of Mexico and Peru. But, far from presenting any obstacle to the preaching of the gospel, it has, from the very first, organized the national system of religion for the English *employés*; and, moreover, in opening the gates of the immense regions of India on both sides of the Ganges to Christians of all creeds, it has guaranteed to all efforts of individual zeal, that liberty which is the first and only need of true missionaries. Those who, amongst ourselves, make a periodical apology for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who praise Charlemagne for having condemned to death the Saxons who were audacious enough to steal away in flight in order to avoid baptism, would find, without doubt, that it would be the better plan to slaughter people whilst baptizing them, as the Spaniards did in America. But the immense majority of the Christians of our day will be of another opinion,

and no man of sense will attribute it as a crime to the East India Company, that it has followed in Hindustan the same system which we ourselves pursue in Algeria, and the introduction of which into the Ottoman Empire and into China we claim as our own work.

Those who reproach England with not having been able to make Protestants in Hindustan, had perhaps better get some information as to the number of Catholics that we make in Algeria. I go too far in instancing Algeria, for, if I am well informed, the preaching of the Catholic religion to the natives and the efforts made to convert them meet there with very serious impediments on the part of the civil and military authorities. We have never yet heard, as far as I know, of Catholic missions being encouraged, or even tolerated, by the French Government, amongst the Arabian, Moorish, and Kabylie subjects of France. People have imputed it as a crime to the English magistrates, that they have preserved the properties which were set apart to maintain the absurd and often obscene rites of Brahminical idolatry, and that they have sent guards of police to preserve order during the celebration of these ceremonies. This has not taken place in India since the Act of 1840; but it is precisely what the French Administration believes itself bound to do in Africa; and, in truth, one would not find in the works of any English functionary so complete a declaration of sympathy and protection on behalf of Mohammedan worship, as the speech of M. Lantour Mézeray, Prefect of Algiers, in 1857, to the muftis and nlemas, where he quotes the Koran profusely, in order to exalt the imperial munificence towards Islamism. I do not remember having read a single word of criticism on this speech in the French papers, which are most profuse in invectives against the pretended complicity of the English in India with the worship of Jugger-naut.*

* A very curious proclamation, published at Bareilly on the 17th of February 1858, by one of the principal insurgent chiefs, gives, in order to encourage the natives to resistance, a detailed enumeration of all that the English should have done, had they wished to prevent any possibility of revolt. They

THE CHARACTER OF HAVELOCK.

A Christian people ought to know that it is at once forbidden and impossible to contend by means of retribution with unbelieving races. It behoves the English *gentlemen* who direct the military and political operations between the Indus and the Ganges to resist the hateful promptings of the Anglo-Indian press. They have before them the example of the noble Havelock, who, in the proclamation which he addressed to the soldiers whom he was leading against the murderers of Cawnpore, declares, that it becomes not Christian soldiers to take heathen butchers for their pattern.

This name of Havelock recalls and sums up all the virtues which the English have exercised in this gigantic strife, and on which there would be cast a stigma for ever by an obstinate perseverance in too cruel a measure of chastisement. Havelock, a personage of an antique grandeur, resembling in their most beautiful and irreproachable aspects the great Puritans of the seventeenth century, who had arrived at the portals of old age before he shone out to view, and was thrown suddenly into a struggle with a great peril before him and insignificant means wherewith to overcome it, surmounted everything by his religious courage, and attained by a single stroke to glory and that immense popularity which resounds everywhere where the English tongue is spoken; then died before he had enjoyed it, occupied, especially in his last moments, as he had been all his life, with the interests of his soul and the propagation of Christianity in India, and saying to his son, who ran to receive his last sigh, 'I have been forty years preparing for this day. Death is to me a gain.' He figures worthily

should, according to this document, have annihilated the races of the ancient kings and nobles, burnt all religious books, robbed the ancient princes of the last *biswa* of land, not have allowed arms to the Indians, not have taught them the use of cannon, *should have thrown down all the mosques and Hindu temples, have forbidden the Brahmins, the Mussulmans, and the Hindu fakirs to preach, should have compelled the natives to be married by English clergymen, to be treated by English doctors, and, lastly, allowed no midwives but*

at the head of a group of heroes who have shown themselves equal to all difficulties, all dangers, and all sacrifices. Amongst them, grateful England loves especially to mention the names of Nicholson, Barnard, and Neil, likewise taken away in the midst of their victories of vengeance; of Sir Henry Lawrence, the first of the heroes of Lucknow, and the man whose energy has preserved the recent conquests of the North-west; finally, to confine myself to speaking of the dead, of Captain Peel, that young and noble son of the great Sir Robert, equally valiant on land as on sea, whose premature loss has been a sort of national calamity. Victims of a strife waged between civilisation and barbarism, they are not foreigners to any Christian people: all can admire them without restriction and without reserve. They do honour to the human race.

And it is not only these extraordinary names which we must admire; it is the whole conduct of this handful of Englishmen, surprised in the midst of peace and prosperity by the most frightful and unforeseen of catastrophes. Not one was prostrated or trembled before the butchers; all, civilians as well as military, young and old, chiefs and soldiers, resisted, fought, and perished, with a coolness and intrepidity which never failed. It is there that the immense value of a public education shines forth, such as we have represented it in the pages of our Review, which calls the young Englishman from his youth to make use of his strength and his liberty, to form associations, to make resistance, to fear nothing, to be astonished at nothing, and to extricate himself by his own efforts from all the misadventures of life. But, above all, the English women, condemned to share the sufferings, the anguish, and, so

Englishwomen. If the English had taken these steps, said the proclamation, the natives would have remained subject for ten thousand years. But it goes on to say this is what they reckon on doing for the future, and this is why we must extirpate them for ever from our land.

In the *Times*, of the 17th May, may be seen this code of persecution—a unique manifesto of its kind, which only enumerates against foreign tyrants the grievances they have never committed.

many of them, the cruel death of their fathers and their husbands, have shown the same Christian heroism. The massacre of Cawnpore, where, before being slaughtered, men and women bound with cords, obtained as a solitary favour permission to hear on their knees the prayers of their Liturgy read by the chaplain who was about to perish with them, seems like a page torn from the acts of the first martyrs. One loves to place this scene beside the day of *fast and national humiliation* appointed by the Queen, and everywhere observed on the 7th October 1857, when was presented the noble spectacle of a whole people prostrate before God, to ask of Him pardon and mercy. It is from such examples and from such memories, and not from the revolting and puerile excesses of a bloody system of repression, that England ought to derive the strength to resist its enemies, and the certainty of conquering them.

THE STYLE AND TEMPER OF ENGLISH DEBATE.

However, in these preliminary agitations, as in the official deliberations, everything is done with an openness and freedom that nothing alters, and it is obviously not a question of plots and intrigues, but of loyal and legitimate struggles, in which the whole public is bound to aid and to participate. It is not alone a knot of politicians, it is the nation whom these struggles divide and arouse. Parliament and the press, the aristocracy and the public, the spectators and the actors, are equally interested and led away. Political vitality circulates in every part; in every part glows the feeling of a great community of free and enlightened men, who deliberate directly or indirectly upon interests the most worthy to occupy them, who do not imagine that any one can regulate their affairs better than they can themselves, and who do not in any way understand how any one could charge himself to govern for them, amidst them, and without them. But if these questions passionately animate everybody, they

embitter no one. In this case, as in others, I found it proved even to satiety, how the reciprocal courtesy of parties and individuals overcomes and outlives the asperity of politics. In the first place, intentions and plans of attack are frankly communicated, down to the documents which are to form the basis or the pretext of the discussion. All tactics which turn upon a stealthy *coup-de-main*, or upon masked batteries, would be defeated by the universal rising of public opinion. Moreover, the most openly-declared adversaries, the most exasperated rivals, make it a point of honour not to prolong and to carry into private and social life the hostilities of public life. Things the most disagreeable and the most personal are exchanged across the floor of the House of Lords or Commons—exaggerated accusations, banterings *à outrance*—but in the evening the combatants dine with each other and meet in the same drawing-room. Above all things, they hold to being gentlemen and men of the world, and of the same world, and to the principle of not envenoming the whole of existence with the animosity of an unpleasant conflict. It was not so in France, as we may remember, when a public life existed and agitated our minds. From what does this difference arise? Without doubt from this, that the whole world of England is of one mind, not only upon fundamental questions of the constitution and social organization, but also upon the condition and the result of the contest of the day. People combat with ardour and passion; but the prize and the issue of the combat never change the ground on which they combat, nor affect the conquests happily and definitively achieved for all. Politicians dispute the temporary possession of power, and they hotly pursue the triumph of a debate or of an opinion; but no one thinks of imposing his opinion upon his opponents, or even on his neighbours, whether they will or not, on pain of exiling them from public life, and driving them back into nothingness if they have the temerity to be neither convinced nor cowed.

Journal of the Statistical Society of London. Dec. 1858. The Sewing-machine in Glasgow, and its Effects on Production, Prices, and Wages. By JOHN STRANG, LL.D.*

THE SEWING-MACHINE IN GLASGOW.

The use of Sewing-machines throughout Europe and America, during the last few years, has increased to such an extent as not only to attract the attention of the mechanist towards their improvement, but likewise that of the economist as to their results. Whilst the imperfections of these novel instruments for curtailing labour and lessening expense are gradually being removed, we find the usual cry of their interference with the ill-paid sempstresses being at the same time raised.

The first Sewing-machines publicly exhibited in Great Britain, were one by Mr. Blodget of America, and another by Mr. Judkin, an Englishman, who, however, had imported his from the United States. Both were shown in action in the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851, and were regarded as objects of great curiosity. During the short interval which took place between the close of the Crystal Palace and the opening of the Paris Exhibition, a great advance had taken place towards the improvement and variety of Sewing-machines; for we find that, in the Industrial Palace of the Champs Elysées, no fewer than fourteen different persons exhibited Sewing-machines, which were not there shown as novelties, but as articles in common use, and for sale. In short, to use the words of the Rev. A. Willis, in his able Report on Machinery for Woven Fabrics, 'it appeared as if this implement had sprung into industrial life, and taken its place as an established and universally recognised member of the series of manufacturing machines.' The machines exhibited in Paris consisted of four classes:—1st, Embroidering-machines; 2d, Chain-stitch machines; 3d, Shuttle-stitch Sewing-machines; and 4th, Compound Chain-stitch Sewing-ma-

chines. Patents for all those different kinds, and several more, have been from time to time taken in Great Britain, France, and the United States of America.

The fact is, since the period of the first introduction till the present time, many changes have been made, and many new appliances have been added to these implements, both for improving the quality and adding to the quantity of the work done by them; and even at this hour there are mechanicians busying themselves with new improvements.

The cost of the various machines now in use varies greatly, the best ranging from £25 to £30 each; and some being produced, of an inferior kind, in America, so low as ten dollars each. The better class of machines at present used are calculated to make almost everything formerly executed by the needle, or even awl, viz., upper and under male and female clothing, caps, boot and shoe closing, saddlery, harness, carriage furniture, hats, trunks, carpet-bags, sacks, sails, mitts, and gloves. In short, an ordinary Shuttle-machine will stitch equally well either a shirt-collar or a leather-trace for harness, and can be applied to every sort of tailoring or shoe-work.

The advantages derived from using a Sewing-machine in comparison to hand labour, depends much on the quality of the work to be done; but it is affirmed, that the finer and more difficult the work the more benefit from the machine. In the least advantageous work the machine is equal to six persons, and in many kinds of work it is equal to ten or twelve. One of the latest improved machines will complete a thousand stitches in a minute. The stitch, too, can be altered from four to forty in an inch in a moment, while seams of every desired curve or angle can be sewed with perfect facility. In a word, the instrument has of late been so greatly improved, that its adoption is becoming more and more general throughout the great manufacturing marts of the world.

The important question then arises, Has the introduction of Sewing-machines interfered with hand-labour, and if so, to what extent? Limiting

* Read before Section (F), Economic Science and Statistics, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Leeds, the 25th September 1858.

our inquiries in the meantime to Glasgow, where the introduction of Sewing-machines has been recent and their adoption rapid, it may be stated that, looking to all the sources likely to furnish correct information on the subject, the following results have been obtained, and may be relied on :

1st, The number of machines at work in Glasgow at present is about 900.

2d, Each machine on an average does the work of six or eight women, but it requires one to work it, and from three to four to prepare the work for it, and to fasten the ends. They are chiefly wrought by the foot, but a few are driven by the steam-engine. The latter power does not diminish the cost, but it leaves the attendant at greater liberty to use her hands, while it lessens her physical labour.

3d, These 900 machines are chiefly employed on portions of shirts, chemises, stays, and other underclothing ; on caps, on shoes and boots, and on portions of men and women's outer garments ; but no article of dress of any kind is wholly executed by the machine, the remainder being done by the hand needle, or other hand-labour ; this remainder being generally the largest portion.

4th, The superior style or character of the work, combined with the lessened cost of the production, has greatly increased the demand for these articles for home consumption, but more particularly for shipment to all parts of the world. The machine has also increased the ornamental work put upon articles of dress, such as double instead of single stitching upon chemises and shirts, and extra-ornamental stitching on the breast of coats and other upper-clothing.

5th, The wages of a handy female attending each machine are from 7s. to 10s. per week, whereas a mere sempstress can scarcely earn half this sum, and that, too, through long protracted labour. Those, however, who are employed in boot and shoe closing with the machine, of whom there are a considerable number in Glasgow, gain even higher wages, and work only nine hours a day. This work has lately been done to such an extent, and the saving thereon has been so

considerable, as to make it probable that ere long no other method will be pursued. There is a saving on this labour of nearly fifty per cent., and from ten to fifteen per cent. on the finished article.

6th, On the introduction of the Sewing-machine into certain of the tailoring establishments, considerable hostility to their use was manifested by the journeymen, and as yet the generality of the tailors working for first-class or fashionable parties do not patronise them, but they are being used by those making clothes for exportation and coarser garments for the labouring classes. The chief difficulty, in fact, arises from the labour being of two kinds—the machine attendant and the journeyman tailor—the latter objecting to finish any work which the other partly executes. It may be remarked, however, that the only parts of a coat which cannot yet be sewed by the machine are the button holes and sewing on the buttons.

From the foregoing statement it is pretty plain that the introduction of the Sewing-machine, while it has increased the power and facility of production, and consequently lowered the price of the manufactured article, has at the same time been rather beneficial than hurtful to those dependent on their needle.

No doubt, like all new inventions for the saving of manual labour, the introduction of the Sewing-machine has produced several isolated cases of difficulty, but this soon clears away, and, in the long run, tends rather to raise than to lower the status of those connected with such labour. One thing, however, is certain—that those working or connected with Sewing-machines are making higher wages than they did by their former labour, and also, that while the machine may tend to displace a portion of male labour, it at the same time calls into existence female labour, and that, too, at an enhanced value.

The introduction of the power-loom, it may be remembered, at once removed persons from the hand-loom to the factory, and ere long raised the income and diminished the labour of those working in the latter, and the present indications tend to show that the same result will attend the meta-

morphosis of the ill-paid and hard-worked sempstress into that of the Sewing-machine attendant. Scarcely anything can aggravate the condition of her who depends on *plain* sewing for her support; and if machinery could only absorb the labour of those now wholly dependent on their needle, it might perhaps render the 'Song of the Shirt' a picture only of the past, and confer a blessing on thousands of the worst required daughters of labour in our country.

In conclusion, we need scarcely recall the fact that, when the railway system was inaugurated, it was feared

that horses would in a great measure be thrown out of employment, but the event has long since shown that more horses are required, and that their money value has much increased since that great era in locomotion; and it may be truly said that, as the railways did, so have the Sewing-machines *created a trade for themselves*; that they have only displaced the most unprofitable portion of hand needlework, and have, indeed, tended rather to increase than to diminish the wages of those engaged in this species of labour.

NOTE BY EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

[In the course of the discussion which ensued on Dr. Strang's Paper at Leeds, Mr. Webster (of Great George Street, Westminster) mentioned that facts had come recently before him, proving that the Sewing-machine was in course of very rapid extension in London and all seats of large trade. Mr. Webster has been good enough to give me an introduction to Mr. W. Thomas, of St. Martin-le-Grand, London, one of the original patentees of the Sewing-machine, and probably in this country the largest maker of the machines. Mr. Thomas entirely confirms the statement of Mr. Webster as to the rapid extensions which are taking place in the use of the machine; and he also fully confirms the statement of Dr. Strang as regards the economy, expedition, and enlarged employment arising from the use of the machines. In one establishment in London, more than 90 machines are employed chiefly in stitching men's linen collars. In a similar establishment in Ireland there are about 140 machines. Mr. Thomas thinks that on an average each machine is equal to the labour of about 15

persons. An enormous extension of employment too arises from the demand for hands to prepare and finish the work. The machine is in course of extensive application to boot and shoe making; but at Northampton the workmen in these trades resist its employment, and it is said that the boot and shoe trade is consequently removing to other towns. The machine is largely used by the slop tailors and army contractors. Under efficient management the cheapening effected by the machine in the cost of producing articles to which it is applied may be taken at 20 to 25 per cent. Hitherto, however, the benefit of this cheapening has only partially reached the actual consumer, and the full value and importance of the invention will not be witnessed until the reduction of cost has begun to operate fully on the general body of consumers. It is quite clear, however, that before long the greatest part of the stitching work of the country will be done by machinery, thereby leaving at the disposal of the female members of each family a large part of the time now occupied in mere sempstress's labour.

The Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps; A tour through all the romantic and less-frequented 'vals' of Northern Piedmont, from the Tarentaise to the Gries. By Rev. S. W. KING, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1858.

LIFE ON THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

Before it became dusk we sallied out and faced the Spitzbergen-like weather, for a scramble among the rocks, and to the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter, which was buried in snow on our previous visit. For some little distance from the Convent a sheltered terrace, scarped on the face of the rock, or piled on stones, and catching what sun there is when it shines,

forms the only level bit of promenade the monks have outside their own walls. The further part of this, however, was now buried under a steeply-sloping bed of deep snow, left from last winter, and almost touching the 'Convent garden'; two little terraced patches within low walls, four or five yards square, in which grew a few tiny lettuces almost microscopic, and two or three equally diminutive representatives of the cabbage tribe, name unknown. De Saussure's description in 1778—'Ils ont peine à produire à la fin d'Août quelques laitues et quelques choux de la plus petite espèce, pour le plaisir de voir croître quelque chose'—might have been written that week. Perhaps this forlorn attempt at a garden, with the thought that it

was the height of their few weeks of summer, dark clouds of sleet sweeping over us and whitening the little lettuces, while we had left all bright and glowing in the valley below, gave us a more forcible impression than anything else, of the dreary life of self-sacrifice to which these worthy men devote the best years of their existence.

Crossing the steep bed of snow with a sensation of delight, as we crunched its crisp surface, at feeling ourselves once more within the regions of snow and glacier, we climbed the rocks to a high point, below which, on the edge of a bluff rock, stands a large stone cross, simple and massive, mounted on a plain square base. It is inscribed 'Deo Optimo Maximo,' and is visible in clear weather far down the southern descent of the pass, the appropriate emblem of that true charity, of the very essence of Christianity, which is here so nobly exemplified.

To the southward bleak and jagged pyramids stretched across the horizon in successive ridges, the deepening gloom increasing their savage wildness. Conspicuous among those in the foreground was the singular insulated mass quaintly called the Tour des Fous, a fantastic pile of upreared tables of quartz, of which these ranges in great part consist. They all run in a direction from N.E. to S.W., parallel to and inclined against the great primitive chain; and through the long trough-like gorge thus formed, the cutting 'bise' pours with relentless keenness intensified by the snows and glaciers over which it sweeps. Rifts in the whirling cloud-masses between us and these distant peaks revealed occasional glimpses into a profound treeless valley, far below our feet, where we could distinguish the Convent herds grazing. In the narrow rock-bound gorge in which we seemed hemmed in by the lofty snow dome of Mont Velan, the Pic de Dronaz, Mont Mort, and Mont Chenellette, stood the Convent itself, grey and sad-looking as the waters of the gloomy little lake on which it abuts. This lake, which is amongst the highest in the Alps, and has frequently never thawed during the summer, appeared, as we looked down on its ruffled surface, of the inkiest black hue, the more intense

from the contrast with the snow-patches which fringed its desolate basin. The Stygian waters fed by the melting snow are tenantless (as no fish can live in them, though the experiment has been tried more than once), unless the ghostly white trout appears here as at the old Abbey of St. Maurice in the Valais, where, as the legend tells, it is always seen in the convent ponds on the death of each monk. Amidst all this desolation and savage gloom, brilliant little patches of the exquisite blue gentian, the white *ranunculus glacialis* and *dryas octopetala*, bright forget-me-nots, the crimson stars of the *saxifraga oppositifolia*, and other Alpine plants, flourished with a cheery brightness which gave a life even to the sombre mosses and grey lichen-covered rocks.

Descending these rocks to the lakelet, we came on the shaft of a column, and the ancient stone, covering a limpid little spring, which marks the often contested boundary dividing the Val d'Entremont on the N. from the Val d'Aosta on the S. A line is drawn across its rounded surface, and on their respective sides it bears the weather-worn escutcheons of the cross argent of Savoy, the six estoiles of the Valais, and the sword and pastoral staff crossed in saltire, the insignia of the Prince Bishops of Sion, who were anciently the feudal counts of the Valais. The spot however of the greatest interest is the narrow plain, where ages past were reared the Celtic altars of Pen, and after them the famous Roman temple of Jupiter. But scanty records are left us, beyond their bare names, of the hardy primitive tribes of Ligurian Celts who first penetrated into and peopled these mountain fastnesses. Scarce half a dozen words of their language are recoverable, and as Niebuhr says, 'the narrow limits of history embrace only the period of their decline as a nation.' Here however we know from concurrent testimony that they erected an altar to, and worshipped, their god 'Pen,' the divinity of the mountains, one of whose symbols was the cairn or the large monolith placed on the loftiest points. On this spot the half-savage Veragri and Salassi invoked his aid in their fierce border feuds, and celebrated their rude rites—probably akin to those of the northern Celts

who peopled our own island, and have left in the ancient British word 'Pen,' and the Gaelic 'Beinn' or 'Ben,' as applied to our highest mountains, the memorial of the same worship.

The conquering legions of Rome were the first pioneers of civilisation across this Alpine crest, after the victories of Augustus over the Salassi of Val d'Aosta; and as the bronze image of Jupiter Capitolinus has in latter days, with equally facile adaptation, become the St. Peter of the great temple of modern Rome, so the altar and worship of the Celtic Pen were metamorphosed into that of Jupiter Penninus. A temple was erected, and the shrine increased in fame as the Roman Legions established this as one of their chief highways to the conquest of the countries beyond the great barrier of the Alps. The extraordinary number of coins, relics in bronze, &c., and votive tablets, discovered on and about the site of the ancient temple, and now preserved in the Convent museum, attest its importance as a well-frequented pass at that early date.

A part of the Roman road may be seen to this day on the rocks of the southern side of the plain. We looked on the rude but solid track left by these ambitious warriors, with admiration at their universal enterprise, and the thought too how their greatness had vanished and what different feet had trodden the same road since theirs who made it. Amongst the recorded passages during their era was that of Cæcina, one of the generals of the rebel German Legions which declared for Vitellius. With his army of 30,000 men (among whom were the cohorts recalled from Britain, and the squadron of horse called 'Ala Petrina,' which had been stationed in Cumberland) he marched over the Pennine Pass in Feb. A.D. 59, through a waste of snow, and amidst all the rigours of midwinter.*

Rome and her power waned and fell, and the barbarian hordes swept over Italy. No coins have, I believe, been found later than Theodosius II., and the Mons Jovis was probably abandoned by the Romans in the fifth century, at the time of the irruption of the Goths with Alaric, the Huns

under Attila, or the Vandals under Genseric. During the long and dark period that followed, Ostrogoths, Franks, Burgundians, and Lombards crossed and recrossed the Pennine pass in their incessant wars and invasions of each other's domains. In the year 774 the plain of Jupiter saw the armies of the great Charlemagne under his uncle Bernard, who probably gave his name to the pass, which it has ever since retained; and after conquering Didier, the last king of the Lombards, Charlemagne himself recrossed it at the head of his victorious troops.

But the brightest epoch in the history of the Mons Jovis was the year 692, after the re-establishment of the empire in Italy by Otho of Saxony, when Bernard de Menthon, Archdeacon of Aosta, founded the Conventual Hospice, and reared the first Christian altar to the worship of the true God. As tradition asserts, and not improbably, he abolished the last remains of pagan worship, said to have lingered until as late as the twelfth century in the even now semibarbarous Val d'Anniviers. It is more than probable, that, in the Roman era, a refuge or 'hospitium' of some kind was established for the convenience of those who crossed the pass, especially in winter, as well as for the accommodation of the custodes of the shrine of Jupiter Penninus. This would become an obvious necessity as the pass became more important, and we have records of an hospice existing there two centuries before Bernard's time. In the treaty made by Lothaire II. of Lorraine with his brother the Emperor Louis II., A.D. 859, as stated by Sausurre, it is called the 'Hospital of St. Bernard.' But it was the Apostle of the Alps who conceived and carried out the noble design of establishing permanently a house of refuge, founded on the basis of Christianity, and which has justly rendered his name immortal.

In the troublous times which subsequently followed, a new race appeared on the Mons Jovis. The Saracens ravaged the Convent, and were in turn attacked by the Normans in this wild region. The records of the convent were then destroyed by fire, a catastrophe which has happened

* Taciti Hist. lib. i. 70.

since; but history recounts many interesting events which had the great St. Bernard for their scene. Pilgrims bound to Rome frequented it, travelling in large caravans for mutual protection from the brigands who infested it after the Saracen invasion; and we find our own king Canute, himself a pilgrim to the tomb of the apostles, by his representations to the Pope and the Emperor Adolphus on behalf of his English pilgrim subjects, obtaining the extirpation of those lawless bands and the free and safe use of the pass.

Its snowy heights were once more scaled by an army in 1034, when the standards of Herbert of Milan and Boniface of Tuscany were led by Humbert 'the white-handed,' Lord of the Val d'Aosta, over the Pennine Alps, to join Conrad in the conquest of Burgundy. Humbert was the first founder of a dynasty which, under wise and moderate princes, has come down to our own days (the present heir to the throne of Piedmont bearing his name), and has recently played so gallant a part in the affairs of Europe; apparently destined to become the rallying point for the regeneration of fallen Italy.

Not to enumerate the many other events of note in its history, the resolute genius of Napoleon accomplished the passage of the St. Bernard in the spring of 1800, with an army of 60,000 men and 58 field-pieces, on his march to the field of Marengo, on which followed the utter prostration of Piedmont, and its annexation to France.

The day before our arrival a large troop of transport mules had crossed on their way to join the gallant little army of the now restored and flourishing kingdom of Sardinia, doing battle in the distant Crimea on the side of England, and allied with France, the former common enemy of both, against the crafty encroachments of Russia; who, be it remembered, in those same eventful times was the ally of England and Austria, as the champions of Italy and Piedmont against Napoleon, and in 1799 proclaimed the brief restoration of Charles Emanuel IV. to the throne of Sardinia.

What mighty changes has the history of the human race to record, since the days when the wild abori-

gines of the great European family first migrated hitherward, and found these mountains and valleys silent and tenantless; while the realm of nature, of perpetual snow, ice, and adamant mountain, has continued unchanged and unmoved; the history of its revolutions reaching back to millions of ages beyond our ken, and read only by the great Creator himself!

It was a grand idea of the sturdy Highland Celts to select such a scene of Alpine grandeur, on the crest of the noblest chain in Europe, for the temple where they rendered homage to their conception of the Divinity as shadowed forth in the sublimity of mountain vastness. That stupendous range, which bears to this day the appropriate title of the Pennine Alps, proudly boasts of being flanked by the two loftiest mountains in our quarter of the globe, Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. Between them is the third in height, the giant obelisk of Mont Cervin, while along the glittering range the scarcely inferior peaks of the Breithorn, Michabel, and Alphabel, the Dent Blanche, Mont Gelée, Mont Combin, Mont Velan, the Alguille Verte, Grande Jorasse, and the Géant, — most of them above 13,000 feet in height, — tower into the heavens above a host of other summits, like motionless sentinels on the ice wall which shuts in the sunny plains of Italy from the grey north.

From the dazzling snow-fields and glaciers which seem to overhang the heads of the valleys on the southern side, framed in forests of dark pine, stream down torrents innumerable, rushing with augmenting volumes through these romantic glens or 'Vals,' deep rifts from the main chain often thirty miles in length, with scarcely a passage, but for the chamois or shepherd, over into the adjacent one. At length—in rich vine-clad valleys, among fields of maize, rice, and trailing gourds, deep groves of chestnut and walnut, fig, mulberry, and almond trees, orchards, trellised vines terraced up the mountain-sides, and meadows of the fairest green irrigated by refreshing streamlets—they converge and form the Dora Baltea, the Sesia, the Tosa, and finally the Po itself; which may not inaptly be termed the

Gihon, Pison, Hiddekel, and Euphrates of this Paradise of Europe. These romantic Vals, from that of the Allée Blanche under Mont Blanc, to the Gries Glacier at the head of the Val Formazza, were to be the scenes of our future adventures, with what fortune remains to be told.

Night and the piercing cold at length drove us back into the Convent, and after vespers and the evening meal, at which the Clavandier presided, we were joined by the Chanoine l'Eglise, who brought me some promised notes, subsequently of great service to us. As we sat round the blazing wood-fire on the hearth, which threw a ruddy glow on the pine wainscot, we enjoyed their agreeable conversation, which, meeting as they do, day after day, with every variety of character and shade of opinion, manifested a breadth of views, a liberality of spirit and intelligence, as agreeable as it was in strong contrast to the ordinary narrowing tendency of a monastic life. Strange as it may seem, in this sunless and icy spot, they spoke of their years as passing swiftly and pleasantly between religious duties, studies, the exercise of hospitality, and other occupations. Nine monks were then in residence, our friend the Chanoine l'Eglise being the Superior, and M. Meillant the Chanoine Clavandier, whose onerous duty is to attend to the entertaining of visitors, feeding of peasants, and purveying for the Convent—a serious affair from the great numbers that frequent it, and the St. Bernard itself produces nothing but water, which is, however, good. In the autumn 40 cows and a proportionate number of sheep are killed from their herds which pasture in the lower valleys, and are salted down for winter consumption, and during that long season they have no fresh meat. As might naturally be supposed, such a regimen, combined with the intensity of the climate, and the evils of exposure at so great an altitude, tell rapidly on the strongest constitutions, producing headaches, pains in the chest, liver, &c., and they told us few could bear it long. The Chanoine l'Eglise had been there, however, for the very unusual length of 22 years, but, though only 40, we were afterwards told he was 'très souffrant,' being constantly ill, and must soon retire,

though no complaint ever passed his lips. Before he became Superior he was Professor of Theology, and still superintended the instruction of the younger monks with great ability. The servants spoke most affectionately and enthusiastically of him and of his interest in their welfare, collecting them together at every opportunity, especially in the winter, for religious instruction. We were sorry to learn on inquiring for him, that the very agreeable young monk who entertained us on our last visit had had his then expressed prognostications fulfilled, and was since dead. When they are no longer able to bear the severities of the Hospice life they are sent down to a subsidiary establishment at Martigny, or to the different cures in the valleys belonging to the Convent, as Orsières, Liddes, and others, as parish priests; a time they seem to look forward to with dread, as an existence almost out of the world, the change being so great after the bustle of the Convent and the constant association with each other and travellers from all parts of the world. The more one learns of their life and history, the more admiration and respect one feels for the worthy successors of the charitable founder of the Hospice.

The history of St. Bernard himself as told by the chroniclers was a remarkable one, and even romantic in the earlier part of it, though the fair sex will hardly look upon his conduct at that period in as favourable a light as his biographers have done. We learn from them* that his father Richard de Menthon, and his mother Bernoline de Doingt, having no other child but Bernard to inherit the family estates and the Château de Menthon on the Lake of Annecy, where Bernard was born in 923, were naturally anxious that he should marry, and had planned a match with an heiress of the neighbourhood, of considerable accomplishments, with which object Bernard was recalled from his studies in Paris. Unhappily the charms and the fortune of the fair Marguerite de Miolans were lost on him, as well as all the appeals of his parents to the sole prop of their house, for, unknown to them, he had formed the resolution of entering the church,

* *Iberis, Essai Historique, &c., chap. iv.*

in which his preceptor Germain had greatly aided. Suspicions were entertained of his tutor, who was dismissed; Bernard was carried to the Château de Miolans; and all parties but one were in joyful anticipation of the happy event, which was to unite the two houses.

The night before the wedding Bernard retired to his chamber, prayed for the intercession of his patron, St. Nicolas de Myra, who enlightened him by the apparition of a supernatural illumination, and thus encouraged he left a note on the table addressed to his parents, and escaped through the window. Putting the Graian Alps between himself and the Château de Miolans, he fled to Aosta, where he was received by the venerable Archdeacon Pierre de la Val d'Isère, became in due time a priest, and at length on the death of his patron worthily succeeded to the archdeaconry. His career was one of distinguished zeal, piety, and usefulness; the Bishop of Aosta associated him with himself in the labours of the diocese, and his efforts were especially successful in the new field of establishing schools and colleges. Aosta lying at the foot of the two passes of the Pennine and Graian Alps—now the Great and Little St. Bernard—he became at an early period cognizant of the dangers and loss of life to which travellers were exposed, as well from natural perils as from the swarms of banditti who infested them, the Great St. Bernard especially; and the great object to which he directed his energies was to tame these wild savages, convert them by his preaching, and establish by the site of the old Pagan temple a Christian church and a house of refuge for travellers. His labours were eminently successful; he founded the Convent over which he presided for forty years, and the fame of the Apostle of the Alps spread far and wide.

Amongst others who were drawn there by the reputation of his sanctity and wisdom, there one day arrived two venerable strangers, to entreat his assistance and advice, in their search for a long-lost son. They told him with much emotion, how he had been loved and cherished, how he had grown up all their hearts had desired, and how brightly the future seemed to

smile on all their hopes for him. An alliance with a maiden, as good as she was fair, was their crowning wish. The bride waited at the altar, but the bridegroom had fled; a few lines only were found which he had left, but giving no clue to his place of flight. Since that day they had mourned him for many long years, and all their efforts to discover him had been fruitless; now they were on the verge of the grave, and their only hope and prayer was, that God would once more permit them to see their son before they died. The Archdeacon, without betraying his emotion, consoled them with the hope that, as God had doubtless inspired so extraordinary a resolution in their son, so he might see good to bring him to them again, at a moment when they least expected, and then, leaving them, withdrew to calm his own beating heart in private devotion. Some mysterious resemblance to their lost son had been traced by them in the features of the Archdeacon, but the idea as they discussed it was rejected as impossible, when their chamber was once more entered, and this time with the consolation not of hope but of reality: the Apostle of the Alps threw himself on the neck of his bewildered parents, with the words, 'I am your son! Bernard!' After some days of interchange of affection, they bade him farewell, and returned to the Château de Menthon, to spend the few remaining days of their life, blessing God, like Simeon of old, that they had seen the object of their long desires; and, concludes the chronicler, 'Happy parents! doubtless in the homes of immortality you now possess that son whom you so long mourned in this land of exile, restored to you in an eternity of happiness, where separations and afflictions are no more.'

Bernard's last journey was to Rome, to obtain the Papal sanction to his foundation of regular canons; and returning he died at Novara, in June 1008. The skull and an arm of the canonized saint are deposited as relics, under an altar of the Convent chapel.

The arms of the Convent, as carved in the refectory, are a burning heart on the point of a mountain rock, a star in chief, and on either side the

columns of the Great and Little Mons Jovis.

We heard that the late earthquake of July 25th, which had caused so great destruction in the valley of the Rhone, had been felt here very severely. At length we retired, and among the many marks of hospitable attention shown us, not the least welcome was the unexpected luxury of a blazing fire, and a bountiful supply of wood, lighted for 'Madame,' in our simple but scrupulously clean dormitory. This attention was the more appreciated, as we knew the whole of the wood for the convent fuel was brought over the Col de Fenêtre, an elevation of 9000 feet.

By five o'clock we were roused in the grey dawn by the bell for matins, and shortly after the distant tones of the organ pealed along the vaulted corridor, communicating with the church by a grated door. We took our seats in a quiet corner of the church, where we were gratified to see some fifty peasants already collected at that early hour to perform their devotions before descending the pass. The Superior performed mass at the high altar, robed in crimson satin and gold cope, and on either side two monks in crimson tippets and a short surplice, fringed with lace, over the black cassock. The solemn melodies of a Gregorian mass were accompanied on an organ of fine and full tone remarkably preserved at so high an altitude. There was an expression in the exquisite symphonies extemporized by the young monk who played, which was very touching, the more so as we knew, poor fellow! that he was doomed, being reduced to such a state that he was shortly to be sent down to Martigny, probably to die. The service over, the Superior unrobed, and retired to his seat in the carved oak stalls, when another priest in white and gold cope administered the sacrament to the peasants, who knelt at the altar rails.

The church is adorned with five altars, gilt and decorated in the usual manner; besides frescoes, paintings, and other enrichments, which contrast with the wild region and the naked simplicity of all else in the Hospice. Beside the relics of St. Bernard already mentioned, are those of St.

Hyrenæus and St. Maurice, martyrs of the celebrated Theban legion of Christians, once 6600 strong, who were finally destroyed by Maximian at Agaune in the Valais, which now bears the name of their leader St. Maurice. The tomb of Desaix, who fell at Marengo, has a simple inscription.

Service over at seven, we went, by a previous appointment with the Clavandier, to see the peasants, who had been lodged for the night, at their breakfast before they started to descend the pass. The first of four rooms at the end of the lowest corridor, contained a motley wild-looking group of the lowest class of poor, clothed in rags, some covered with festering sores, and all more or less with vermin, the inmates of the Convent owing their safety from them to the severity of the climate alone, but for which the Chanoins told us, in spite of all their precautions, they would be *perdus*. A separate building, formerly used for the accommodation of female travellers, is wisely set apart for the sleeping quarters of this class. It was strange to see what wretched creatures were congregated together; crétins grinning at one with their hideous vacant stare; half-clad children, who had trudged up with bleeding feet; and miserable infants, clinging to their mothers, who were disfigured by blue-veined bloated goitres. We were attracted by one most picturesque-looking ruffian, with long grey beard, enormous moustache, and brigand hat, with a reckless cock on one side, and found on inquiry he was an old soldier of Napoleon, who had crossed the St. Bernard with him more than half a century ago. A good quag, or wooden bowl of 'potage,' with black rye-bread shred into it, was handed round to every one alike, after that a ration of bread and cheese, and then to each a couple of glasses of red wine.

The adjoining room contained poor but decent-looking peasants, who had the same fare; in the kitchen were mulcteers, guides, &c.; and in a third the better class, such as farmers, students, and travelling merchants; the only difference in these rooms being, that food and flasks of wine were placed on their tables for them to help themselves, which those in the

first room were not permitted to do, as it was found they infallibly fought and struggled savagely, the strongest seizing everything.

In the kitchen, where the muleteers were breakfasting, several large coppers or 'marmites' were at work concocting the 'potage,' and near them great heaps of hard rye-bread cut into lumps like sugar, which though it is black-looking and hard enough, is most sweet and nutritious. I struck a bargain with a muleteer, who had slept at the Convent, engaging him, conditionally on the weather, to convey our baggage over the Col de Fenêtre; and after a hearty breakfast of coffee, and bread and honey, while waiting for the expected clearing of the clouds, which began to show breaks in the dense volume enveloping the Convent, we went to see the dogs which had been out the day before. In consequence of a fatal malady which had prevailed generally, there were but two of them remaining, Mars and Juno, two noble creatures, who were delighted to be caressed, thrusting their cold noses alternately into our hands and then into the snow, in which they snuffed and burrowed with evident pleasure. Juno was suffering from a serious pulmonary pleuritic attack, and considerable apprehensions were felt for the preservation of the pure breed, as they had sent this year to Martigny, the Little St. Bernard, and the Simplon, and found that in each place the puppies had all died.

A former visit to the Morgue had left such vivid impressions, that we did not care to alter them by revisiting it, and happily, thanks to the exertions of the monks, no life had been lost for several winters. We shall long remember the painful spectacle on that occasion—black and shrivelled bodies almost nude, in every hideous form of contortion, ghastly as the dried corpses preserved in the catacombs of Palermo; some recent, others mouldering into the thick bed of bones and human dust forming the floor, on which were grouped in varied attitudes the mummy-like spectres of once warm flesh and blood. I can still see a gaunt figure reared upright in a corner, the withered arms outstretched in the agony of death, while the wide sockets of the eyes, filled with white mould, literally glared from the blackened face in the misty light from the grated window.

We would willingly have accepted the kind and pressing invitation of the Fathers, to spend some days with them and attempt the ascent of Mont Velan, but the weather gave no encouragement for such an undertaking: our plans too were formed, and the baggage, ready packed on the mule, was waiting for us. Sincerely thanking them for their unfeigned kindness and hospitality, we returned their cordial farewells, and took our way down the Italian side of the pass.

Aquarelles; or, Summer Sketches. By SAMUEL SOMBRE. New York: Stanford and Delisser. 1858.

NEWPORT: LA MASCARADE.

TOWARDS the decline of the long Summer's day,
Along the shore far skirted by the rocks,
With Jones I walked, familiar mine, and friend:
Along the shore, where Ocean's restless flood
Threw, moodily, its billows on the land,
In melancholy requiem tone,—
Deep bass of Nature's wild diapason!

The great red god was dying in the West:
All spent his lusty strength and fervent light—
And now as o'er expiring royalty,
From far and near, his ministers, the clouds,
Gathered about their fast departing lord,
And caught his radiance that among them all
He threw—and robed them in a beauty once his own.
With crimson glowing, and with fiery gold,
And purple, gorgeous as a fairy dream,
They shone, refulgent, on the waning sky;

And gemmed with light each tree, and mount, and rock,
And threw a roseate beauty o'er the sea.

The various crowd, the idle and the gay,
Who, as the custom, had been joying there
The ocean sight, and, not the least, the view
Of all each other's varied show and pride,
Now, to the town, were wending back their way,
In a long line, that lessened as it went,

Till solitude and silence, all supreme,
Save the low, restless dashing of the wave,
Reigned—as we there, in silence, walked and drank,
Deep to the soul, the beauty of the scene.

Then Jones—a melancholy Jaques, he,
Whose ever wont and love it was to view
All things of earth as in a darksome light,
And tincture all reflection with a shade
Of rueful, sombre thought—
A philosophic habit once, but now become
A second nature, parcel of the man—
Result, perhaps, of lone celibate state,
Wherein the feelings, hardened by disuse,
No counterpoise for human error find :
But selfishness, with morbid, critic eye,
Finds, ever, subject-matter to condemn,
Evil in all, and what is good in none,
—Thus Jones :—

'This place, and all the world's a *Masquerade* !
Where you, and I, and all the rest, arrayed
In borrowed guise, perform a motley part—
Our mission cheating ! and our life an art !
—We all wear masks—and no one dare displace
This vile disguise, now common to the race :
The age requires it—and the age, we know,
Is *always* right—at least, we think it so.
So, on life's stage, in terror and in doubt,
Deceiving and deceived we move about :
Each one, in turn, the comedy recites,
A world of actors, and of hypocrites !—
In greater things or less, 'tis all the same,
Deception is the rule—the chiefest aim—
Each one, deceived, seeks others to misguide,
And masks are changed, but never laid aside.

'Strange ! that the more in knowledge we progress,
In candour and sincerity the less !—
Strange ! that none dare with Truth and Virtue deal,
Unless they be too shallow to conceal—
Strange ! that while Wisdom over Error rules,
Veracity's the privilege of fools !

'In barbarous people, vice and wrong we find,
More palpable, because the less refined—
There, each shows bluntly what he hates or likes,
And each, by instinct, rattles ere he strikes.
Besides those common with a simple age,
Refinement brings new vices on the stage ;
And with Hypocrisy and Guile, her kin,
Reduplicates the catalogue of sin.

For, those not plainly to the sense exposed,
 By them that fear them are the less opposed ;
 So, work their evil surely at their ease,
 And, never checked, by multiples increase ;
 Besides, like beasts, as showmen all remark,
 Become more fierce by keeping in the dark !
 Thus, double evils in the world we see,
 Those born of nature and hypocrisy—
 And yet, to simple unobserving mind,
 There almost seems no trouble of the kind :
 Each vicious passion, though it wanders free,
 Is robed in garments of *gentility* ;
 Each, in disguise, pursues its baneful task,
 Each glares upon us, 'neath a silken mask !
 Soft siren music stills the adder hiss,
 As gently each betrays us with a kiss !

' Behold ! among us, at this festive place,
 Personified all passions of our race :
 In this retreat a *microcosm* we find—
 A place to study and to fear mankind !
 Yes, Sombre—many a tragedy unseen,
 Is here performed poor human hearts between :
 Dumb orators—whose play, to man unknown,
 Is watched by eye of Deity alone !—
 All that to man is ever giv'n to see
 Is the sad issue and catastrophe !
 Here, all the passions, in disguise, convene,
 The revel join, and mingle in the scene.
 Masked and mysterious they glide among
 Their fellow-actors in the various throng ;
 Insidiously their noxious bane instil,
 And move the human puppets at their will.

' There Envy, skilled her rankling wounds to hide,
 Moves calmly by her statelier sister, Pride.
 Here, fiery Hate, with manner kindly bland,
 Takes unsuspecting Friendship by the hand—
 His scowling features veiled with skilful care,
 Rage hisses out his simulation there—
 Here, wan Despair, in liveliest robe arrayed,
 Walks in the glare, though pining for the shade—
 Revenge there tracks the unsuspecting foe,
 And smiles upon him as he strikes the blow.
 Here, too, Remorse so ably fills her part,
 One cannot see the dagger at her heart.
 Pale Grief, reclaiming the fast swelling tear,
 Sits smiling through her hidden anguish there—
 Ambition, here, its purpose to obtain,
 Cringes to power o'er which it hopes to reign—
 Voluptuous Vice there veils its scowl obscene,
 And bears of Innocence the look serene.
 There Malice shields its venom with a smile—
 Here flatters Hope, the better to beguile—
 There fervent Love subdues the rising sigh,
 The smile of pleasure, or the beaming eye ;
 Brings all its fury to a staid control,
 And checks with Pride the ardour of the soul.

' Whether from habit, instinct, or design,
 To *simulate* all more or less incline.

No maxim is more general than this—
Each one objects to seem just what he is.
 He, often, that's devout and good at heart,
 Plays to the world a flippant, careless part ;
 Ashamed, it seems, to practise or to own
 What's not the fashion with the sneering town—
 While they, that evil to their aid invoke,
 Borrow of Piety her sable cloak.
 Young SAVOR, when he's travelling abroad,
 Denies his counter, and affects the lord :
 In garb and vices all that's foreign apes,
 His tongue forgotten, and hirsute his chaps.
 By painful show, and ostentatious glare,
 All strive to seem more prosp'rous than they are.
 Ashamed to own a simple, honest state,
 And be in mind and manly action great,
 Before all else a name for wealth they hold,
 And must be gilded if they can't be gold.
 In a great house PARVENIO meanly dwells,
 With seeming wealth and mock profusion swells
 To outward view, his state a Nabob's seems,
 In fact a beggar's—full of shifts and schemes.
 The rich, the rich alone, he entertains,
 And puffs among them with fictitious gains :
 The whiles, Madame and he, behind the scene,
 For very life the bones and platter glean ;
 Content, if millionnaires their bounty taste,
 To live on rotten remnants of the feast.
 Thus, with enough for comfort to provide,
 Their life itself's a beggar to their pride !

'Miss, by long study and the toilette's aid,
 Appears another thing than Nature made.
 By false contour, and heels, and paint's device,
 She seems a blooming, well-sized, healthy piece.
 SIMPLEX, when wearied of a single life,
 Pleased with th' effect, selects her for his wife.
 The parson, now, has said that they are one,
 The feast is over, and the friends are gone :
 Lo ! when he flies to claim her buxom charms,
 A mannikin ! falls, sighing, in his arms.

'Young PETER PIDGEON, too, desires a bride,
 One in whose innocence he may confide.
 "No girl," he cries, "for me, who's ever known
 "The love of any creature but mine own.
 "Give me some being, to the world a nun,
 "Fresh as the dew, yet ardent as the sun.
 "A heart, d'ye see, with once its virgin crop off,
 "Is like champagne with all the sparkling pop off !"
 Thus Peter—and to carry out his views,
 With vows and sighs sweet PULSATILLE pursues.
 So shy, reserved, and delicate her air,
 Poor Peter fears his passion to declare ;
 Lest he should shock the gentle, timid thing,
 And roughly strike some tender female spring.
 And yet, it all is but a mask to cozen,
 For, lovers she has harboured by the dozen ;
 And, when her victim's in the nuptial noose,
 Will keep a dozen dangling 'round the house.

' See SABADILLA, in her well-stuffed pew,
 A saint and vestal to the outward view,
 Perform with ready zeal each sacred rite—
 How sweetly good ! how gracefully contrite !
 Lo ! when she opes her mouth, and rolls her eyes,
 Sweet incense seems ascending to the skies ;
 She heeds her book, and never looks around,
 And when at prayer, quite grovels on the ground.
 Who'd ever think, her saint-like face to scan,
 She came to church to meet a fav'rite man ?
 That, all the "forms" with decency observed,
 She thinks her soul is safe, and Heaven served ?
 That being good, at stated time and place,
 Will bring for every dereliction, grace ?
 In church and converse, she seems passing good,
 The devil vanquished, and the world withstood ;
 Pride, worldly thought, and Vanity above,
 And all her soul confirmed to heavenly love.
 Who'd think her piety a selfish pride,
 Herself t' exalt, and fav'rite faults to hide ?
 Pervading not each daily thought and deed,
 And nothing deeper than a standard creed ?
 A mere assumption of superior good—
 The mind's pretence, and not its habitude ?
 Of holiness she loves to preach the beauty,
 Yet violates, in turn, each social duty ;
 A wondrous license to herself extends,
 Yet looks with horror on her erring friends ;
 Her faults, she thinks, are means sweet heav'n to win
 And Scripture finds a plea for ev'ry sin.

' Politeness, if it was, has ceased to be
 Benevolence and Christian courtesy,
 And is, at best, genteel hypocrisy !
 Its highest mission now seems to conceal
 Th' antipathies that each for each may feel ;
 To varnish over every social lie,
 To give a cheap and hollow sympathy ;
 To vap'ring words the force of deeds impart,
 To give in flourish what we lack in heart !
 To make us babble when we've nought to say,
 When gay be stolid, and in grief be gay ;
 To bear with creatures that we should despise,
 Look grave with fools, and trifle with the wise.
 The social simper has usurped the place
 Of a frank, open natural face ;
 And lest Society for truth proscribe,
 We grin and chatter, like the Simian tribe !

' Yes !—as the various ranks of life we scan,
 Deception marks the character of man :
 And Truth—an outcast—ridiculed, suppressed,
 Our life, travestied, is by art expressed.
 The sly coquette seems simple Nature's child,
 The termagant a creature soft and mild !
 My *loving* mistress will her faith uphold,
 By jilting me to marry aged gold !
 This *honest* man, so high in name and place,
 Betrays my trust, and cheats me to my face ;
 Making his glaring virtue a device
 To keep from view a profitable vice.

My friend, with kindly protestations rife,
 Will shoot me cold, or steal away my wife !
 This sleek, *kind* man 's a devil in disguise,
 That one a fool, though ranking with the wise—
 This wretch, that looks so poor, and begs so hard,
 Is but a miser, adding to his hoard.
 By scaling brains, the Grub Street man exists,
 And dunces walk with owls upon their fists !
 The demagogue, to gain his proper ends,
 A patriot's fire and interest pretends.
 Reformers always have an end in view,
 Quite other than the good of me and you.
 Corrupted Justice to the world seems blind,
 But keeps an eye for subsidies behind.
 Vain upstarts, taught their blunders to conceal,
 Usurp a dignity they do not feel.
 In skin of lion figures many an ass,
 And wolves, as lambs, among the lambkins pass !
 'Mid such disguises and deceitful show,
 In such a world ! what can plaindealers do ?
 In vain, would they 'gainst all the world protest,
 In vain, would seek the current to arrest,
 So—learn a part, and juggle with the rest.

'Hypocrisy, essential to our lives,
 E'en after life triumphantly survives.
 Her services are sought for dying bed,
 Her eulogies delivered o'er the dead.
 Lo ! where MEPHISTON, gasping for a breath,
 Reluctant yields his battered hulk to death ;
 A lengthened life of wickedness achieves,
 To offer Heaven what the Devil leaves :
 Assumes the saint, and says, " In this, in this,
 " My friends, you'll find the only happiness."
 His friends around him admire his happy state,
 His life so gay, his death so fortunate.
 Yet should grim Death, like tiger at his play,
 Seem, for a moment, to have crept away,
 Let Hope but put her prism to his eyes,
 To trick his soul with coloured futilities ;
 No more he calls on bounteous Heav'n to save,
 But stops to sport with bubbles o'er his grave,
 And all forgot the joys of Paradise,
 Between his spasms lays new plans for vice.
 At length, when cheating Hope no longer lies,
 He sails away, triumphant to the skies—
 " He dies," they say, "*by all respected*"—which
 In plainer language, means that he died "*rich* !"

'But hark ! what dreadful sounds are those that rise,
 To wound the ear and wake the sleeping skies ?
 Is Pandemonium of its dæmons purged,
 And all their fury on the earth enlarged ?
 That here, in horrid discord they unite,
 To peal their orgies to offended night !—
 Alas ! my nerves !—ah ! ah !—yes, yes—I see—
 This is our " House," and that *the gong for tea* !'

TITAN.

GETTING ON.

CHAPTER I.—ENGLAND MINIMUS.

MARRY, I'll begin, like G. P. R. J., with two cavaliers. Why shouldn't I! Shall that worthy romancist and romancer, who took so low a view of literature, that he blushed not to write three novels per annum, and would have written more, but that the market would have been overstocked—shall he, who has done more to make chivalry ridiculous without intending it, than Cervantes did with the will; and that other flat-crowned giant, dilettante novel-monger, Dumas, write and *be read*—ah, me! there's the rub, I feel it like a

prickly heat or hay-fever all over me—and I not scribble, lest haply the *Athenæum* should lay me on 'Our Library Table,' and damn me even there—damn me in such few lines, too, that even Mudie would give me cold shoulder, and refuse to lend me in more than one copy?

I am content to follow James, then, and may I march in equal pace behind him, and come out with but a tenth of his popularity. Should I be content? ay, and too much, for like the proud actress in Horace, I can say—

* *Nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere, contemptis aliis.*

which I interpret—

'Let the pit hiss me, drive me from the boards,
What care I, so one private box applauds!'

My publishers may care, forsooth, but I only for the censure of the people, and the applause of the man of taste. Now, if I writ for immortality, I would not even sneer at James or any cotemporary. How pitiful is morbid Mr. Benjamin Jonson, when he snivels at Mr. William Shakspeare's success, and jeers at

* *'Some mouldy tale like Pericles.'*

He never dreamed that Pericles and The New Inn would both be read three centuries later, and the palm freely tossed to the 'mouldy tale.' He wrote for the moment, for the audience that had hissed him. He snarled at their retreating backs, and had no thought that he, even he, was destined to live further ages, and be known to them as 'Rare Ben Jonson.'

But immortality now-a-days, immor-

talitiy to a novel! feugh, the thought is enough to make even a Saturday Reviewer laugh, though he were late for press, and had a dozen lines to add to make his hebdomadal satire fit, and had said all his say! Yet, prithee, good laughter, what shall a man write but a novel now, if he have anything to write about, and would word it freely? 'O that mine enemy would write it in a book!' cried Job, in his bitterest moment. Surely he must have had some Sabeian *Athenæum* before his eyes. Where, indeed, shall we write all we want to say, if not in a novel? Shall we write it in an essay? Grant we are admitted to the senate of a quarterly. Grant that we brave the togas in their gravity. Is there not a president there to curb or curtail us, nay, to kick us from the curia, because we talk less demurely than

befits the dignity of a three-monthly nightmare, that its founder, jovial Sydney Smith would not even recognise now. There was a day, indeed, of pamphlets, but that day is past. None now will thank you for the 'Sick Man's Salve,' or the 'Groat's worth of Wit,' any more than for a tract on the momentous question, 'Do you bruise your oats?' The pamphlet now is only political, and it is too small for Mudie, and Mudie is the modern censor of the writers. A low salaam, indeed, to this literary and intellectual age, which will not buy a book that costs more than a shilling. Let the critics shut up shop. Mudie has quietly stepped into their place, and so it must be a novel, if it would be read at all.

So, then, à la James.

Two cavaliers are coming down a hill. They are, we believe, everything that can be desired, by the most inveterate novel-reader, who subscribes his guinea to a book-club, in the most retired country town. They are both well-born, without belonging actually to the nobility. They are Rohans of the 'proud, untitled aristocracy.' One is named Trevelyan, the other Lorimer. Of course, their cattle—this is, I believe, the accepted term—are superb. Lorimer rides a fine black *entero*, Trevelyan a whole-blood, bay gelding. They—the men, as well as the horses—are very handsome, and awfully interesting.

Now for a minuter description.

Imprimis, they are boys, that is, Caroline Mortimer, daughter of Lady Augusta Mortimer, and the flirt of the county, calls them so; for she does not disguise the fact, that her own leaning is to the morose, whiskered, and well-*blasé* poser of six-and-thirty, who speaks little, but looks the more; and you should see Lorimer's blush, half-indignant, half of gratification, when the handsome Carry taps his arm with her fan, at the race-ball, and says, she doesn't mind a boy, when he waltzes so well. Lorry knows what that means, young and unworldly as he is, for he is heir to—well, never mind the figure. Sir Tattenham Lorimer is not a millionaire, but Painswick Court has rich lands round it; and Caroline, who is verging on five-and-twenty, though her mother protests she is only just nineteen, and

who has been four times engaged, and jilted three out of the four (the fourth, *she* says, was killed at Sebastopol, but others say he jilted her, no matter), would not object very much to the vineries and bright terraces of Painswick Court.

But, of course, they don't think themselves boys. Lorimer can put B.A. after his name, for he has passed his time at that grand imposition, Oxford; unlearned the little he knew, and learned no truth (save the bitter truths of dons and duns) to replace it; and Trevelyan is of age, though, as yet, he is doing nothing in life, but learning it.

But these two boys have not much of the coxcombry of young men. They are not curling incipient whiskers with much self-complacency, nor have spent false guineas on gold charms, nor talk large as if the world were too poor for their high achievements; for if we have no Quixotes or Palmerins among our modern youth, we have braggarts and carpet-knights of lower aims in plenty; and to swear in lisp, play hazard, drink a little, and talk of one's cruel conquests with a superb indifference, is the fault of the gallant of white waistcoat and blue frock, as much as it was of him of the velvet cloak and Spanish doublet. Ah, youth! happy, dreaming, life-drunken youth! let *blasé* five-and-thirty, and all the heroes of modern novelism, sneer at thee and spurn thee; let yellow-checked Quakers and selfish utilitarians purse their lips at thee; let old Wisdom upbraid thee; old maids, to say nothing of old flirts, snub thee; but verily, youth, thou ridest over them all on the pride of life—that glorious sin of Nature which thou sharest with the young race-horse, the glittering dragon-fly, the full-throated bird, and with all Nature uncaged and untamed by man. The world will tame thee fast enough, youth, so take the advice of an octogenarian, and enjoy life while thou mayest, nor strive to be man before thy day. Oh! if youth would but carry a looking-glass about with it, and see how foolish it looks when it apes manhood, when it aspires to the calm *nil-admirari*, and the passionless vice of pure worldlings; sure Narcissus' self would break the bauble

and be content to enjoy, instead of checking, his purer impulses. If youth would feel how enjoyable is life itself at his age, he would abjure the vile alterations which so soon remove the power of enjoying it all, and revel in the fulness of unfettered buoyancy.

But why talk of youth to youth, when youth's chief attribute is the hatred of its youth? The young cock will strut across the dunghill with all the composure and dignity of the Sultan of many broods. Why should his elder relative hut-tut-tut at him, and peek him off the ground? How far better to flap his aged wings, look on, and hoit-te-toit a gallow's laugh at the young impudence! So let us do. Let us remember that youth has what we never can have again—nature; and, remembering this, let us admire where it is a weakness to envy.

Daisy Lorimer—his real name is Mark, but he has been called Daisy ever since, as a freshman, he sat in a field near Hedington making daisy-chains, while his companions leapt the fences—and Phil Trevelyan are free of heart; and when men are this, they will be in love either with themselves or their ambitions. Now, it is fair to Phil and Daisy to say that they were not quite in love with themselves. To judge them by their looks, you would never have told their real characters.

Neither of these boys would satisfy that Christian of the sinews—Kingsley. Indeed, who would satisfy him short of the Windsor Pet or Tipton Slasher? For the good rector of Eversley taketh his sole delight, in spite of the Psalms, in the strength of a man's legs. I don't quarrel with the creed. Man is undoubtedly a fine animal, though physically he can never come up to the standard of some lower animals. If Mr. Kingsley himself were to take Cimon—Bob Withers we should call him now-a-days, but Kingsley, if not Utopian, is antiquarian; if he cut and weighed his beef-steaks himself, giving him half-a-pound, well-cooked, the first day, a whole pound, under-done, the tenth, and so on in gradation; if he smashed his nose upon the door-stone, hammered his teeth in, gouged his eyes,

mauled his lips, and feathered his knuckles, he would never get even Lord Chesterfield to back him for a pony against a Bengal tiger, Morocco lion, or prairie bull-buffalo, be his strength a Goliath's. No; man must glory that his animal weakness is his human strength; that his limbs are gifted with the creative power, but not the brute's.

Howsoever this may be, our two heroes are not mighty men. Philip is indeed a weakly, shrinking creature. His shoulders are narrow, but his brow wide. His figure leans; his mind stands up in yonder grey eyes. He is somewhat of a fop withal. Never having had a sister at home, he is eccentric, extravagant. He wears a velvet coat, ample and loose; a waistcoat held by just one button, and no more; a large run-riot scarf fastened by a pin of Hebrew richness. Daisy is manlier: broad shoulders, a simple dress, short legs, and the look of a Luther in his eyes; and you see a bold young athlete, ready to wage the mental war with legions of comers.

But you would never have guessed that Philip Trevelyan worshipped success, and strove after it, and that Daisy Lorimer was a shy longer after *meliora*. Hear them talk, and that will do more for their portraits than any photograph in any stereoscope.

'I appreciate your aspiration, my dear fellow,' says Phil, bending weakly over the silky mane, and staring into space with large eyes that look the altar-candles of genius—Rotten-Row would say affectation—but I do not see its drift. You want something tangible.'

Daisy reined in the arched neck of his stallion, who was getting a little ahead, and answered:—

'Haven't we a hundred tangible points? Look at London, to begin with. Why should the fire burst into a hell-rain over the city of the plain, and not over our city of the river? Did Gomorrah hate God? Did it not rather ignore—forget Him? Devils hate; men forget. Men are not devils. Demons are few on earth; Antichrists fewer. I don't want to war against the enemies of Heaven, but to awaken the forgetters.'

'Then you should be a Jonah, and go and cry in the streets of our

modern Nineveh,' said Trevelyan, with a good sneer.

'I confess I have often had the thirst of Jonah on me. But what good to cry aloud in an age like this? Who would listen? Then, too, I have the cowardice of the bellied prophet. I feel and know the overwhelming power of the world, and I want faith perhaps. Besides, the ages alter. What Jonah, what Peter the Hermit could do in an unlicensed age, the free preacher of this day cannot do. Like Moses, I know that I have not gift enough to speak to a drunken, heedless, labour-worn people, who think of nothing but whence to get the straw to make their bricks. Can I convince them with my single voice that the bricks should not be made, are not worth so much as the straw, and that there is a promised land elsewhere, for which this Egypt, with its flesh-pots, must be left?'

'But again, I say, you have no definite object. Admit the world is wicked. It has always been so; it will always be so. Its vices are those of nature. Can you root nature out of our bosoms?'

'But there are definite objects in plenty,' answered Daisy, somewhat fiercely. 'The centralization of a huge city is one. From this results all the vice, all the forgetfulness of heaven, all the confidence in man and his power, that I deplore.'

'And what else not?' said Trevelyan, still staring. 'Is there not in this centralization of man the rubbing of mind against mind, the exaltation of science, the unveiling of truth?'

'Ah, there I have you. Two truths ignored by men. First, the poverty of science; next, the impossibility of truth. To what can science arrive, going slowly, steadily on from age to age? Do we not lose her constantly? What science could hew out and raise up Stonehenge now? Yet the science of an age we despise did it, and we have lost the secret. Or to what truth do we come with long night-watchings, with ponderings of books, and tracings of weary figures and brain-breaking arguments. Can we, with all our thought, encompass what we know to exist—eternity and infinity? These are among the riddles which prove what a sphinx is nature—

that is, the work of God—and how far we are for ever from the part of *Œdipus*. Not only we cannot solve, but we cannot even compass existence.'

'Yet science has results, great ones, and successful.'

'Granted,' answered Lorimer, who generally grew warm in his arguments. 'God makes our very progress His instrument. Civilisation is not really a better, but only a somewhat higher, state of mankind than another. We have no reason to suppose that Adam and Eve were owners of what we now call the wealth of ages; yet even supposing Eden a mere Hebraistic myth, it at least enables us to conceive a state wanting civilisation, but vastly superior to it.'

'Talking of Sodom and Gomorrah,' put in Trevelyan, who had lost the thread of the wandering argument.

'But I wasn't.'

'Have you read Victor Hugo's *Feu du Ciel*? The idea of the storm-cloud, guided direct by God's hand on and on, till, as if impatient of withholding its lightnings, it cries, "Lord, whither then drivest thou me?" is very grand—a personification of natural phenomena equal to any in or out of Homer.'

'What has all that to do with our discussion?'

'I might almost put the same question to you as the cloud did; but I won't be blasphemous. Where were we?'

'You say that science has made grand results. I answer, then, that these results have not the value that they seem to have—are not really so successful as they appear to be. For instance, take unapplied science. It may aid one's conception of the greatness of God to know that a certain comet has so many millions of miles of tail. But even granting that this information would so affect a hearer as to send him to the nearest priest forthwith to be shrived, would not the collateral discoveries of science do as much harm for him in removing superstition? The excess of light blinds a great deal sooner than mere darkness. If science raises doubts, and has not power to dispel them, as in the case of Moses' cosmogony, then I maintain that science is no real gain. My ignorance was better, because

faith went with it. If science tells me that Genesis is a tissue of fabrication, or at least allegory, then I must disbelieve our Saviour who quotes, and Paul who supports it. What do I gain by science? I become a sceptic; I die lost; and have not been dead a fortnight before some newer theorist comes and disproves the supposed scientific truth for which I gave up eternity.'

'Yet, though science stumbles, she does get nearer the truth by degrees.'

'Of what good is it to get nearer that which is never to be reached? If we sought infinity, would it be of any use to go swelling ourselves out till we burst like froggy in the fable, only because by that means we certainly should get nearer infinity, if there is any relation between infinity and size at all, or between eternity and time; or, again, between truth and our knowledge, which we may call science.'

'But you seem to forget that science is applicable to the wants—nay, I will even say, to the improvement, moral improvement even, of mankind.'

'I confess I cannot see it. The first effect of science, when not applied to manufactures, useful arts, &c., which make men comfortable, but certainly do *not* improve their morals, is the preservation of life, which I admit a very great object, because I prize life as the greatest privilege—greater in one sense than eternity—because here we are *free* agents, there all will act under the impulse of an overpowering love. But if applied science does give this, it is proved that the very application, on the other hand, shortens life, and destroys it. If, to take a very rough instance, the use of needles, by enabling people in cold climates to wear gloves, &c. (which, for argument's sake, we'll admit could not be made without them), helps to prolong life, and keeps our fingers from falling in the snow, &c.; still the manufacture of needles shortens and destroys the lives of the workmen employed.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Phil.

'I confess the instance is terribly lame; but having always so despised science, I know nothing of it, and so can't find another. However, you'll admit that the application of preser-

vative science is itself often, if not always destructive, as even the search after science sometimes is—take Sir John Franklin as an instance better than the needles; and then as a set-off to preservative science, you have downright destructive science, and if this really makes war rarer and more difficult, it also makes it more destructive when it does occur.'

'But you don't mention the grandest achievements of science—the railways, steam-ships, and electric telegraphs.'

'I come to them next. I say that the second effect of science, and the only other important one, is to bring men nearer to one another, to kill time and space, and thus to get farther from, instead of nearer to, infinity and eternity. Now, it is the fashion to say that this bringing men nearer to one another tends to better them.'

'Ah! here we come round again to your theory of centralization; to your future destruction of London and Paris. You will really set the Thames on fire if you carry it out.'

'As Bedamar & Co. wanted to do with the Adriatic in *Venice Preserved*. Well, never mind your scoffs; I protest that centralization or collection of men and material, or whatever you like to call the bringing men nearer to one another, is a very bad thing for them, and that the farther they are from one another the better.'

'Oh, most benighted of Conservatives!' cried Trevelyan.

'Conservative! nonsense; I am a thoroughbred radical, little better than a socialist. But, my dear fellow, does not the experience, do not the acts of every nation at every age prove it? Wherever and whenever there has been a powerful reaction from common vice and irreligion, men have sought solitude, and become ascetics from the earliest Sannyasin in India to the Hermit of—well of—Cremorne, if you like it.'

'But man is a social animal, you bungler.'

'Yes, yes, *quâ* animal, but *quâ* man he is solitary. The solitary man is the companion of God.'

'Oh! but you grow worse and worse. You abhor cities—'

'Yes, for in spite of statistics—nothing so blinding—cities are worse than the country. That is, that

though there may be more crime in the fields and villages, there is more vice, and what is worse, more godlessness, more worship of man, more dependence on man, more confidence in man, where men are in numbers together—in cities—just as sheep feel more confidence in herding, weak, useless, as it is. Tell me! man of the age as you are, if all the fields and villages can produce a spectacle equal to the vanity of a fashionable chapel in London, and the bluish vice of the Haymarket or the Boulevards?’

‘And science, the humble, the patient, the beautiful, you despise.’

‘Only as weak; only as useless. I hate her when she is no longer humble, but presumptuous; when she builds Babels that fail, Great Easterns that fail, Atlantic cables that fail, in their presumption. Oh! that maiden science is very wary. The place of God, that wealth has seized with brazen impudence, she now steals into slowly, slyly, with mock humility, with apparent excellence, throwing dust in the eyes of her worshippers; ay, and gold-dust too.’

‘I had not imagined you such a benighted heathen. Why, you would prefer fifty years of Cathay to a cycle of Europe, reversing the Laureate’s line.’

‘Not so, if science would be content to be the handmaiden of revelation, content with humble honest gains, and shrink from presumption. But what does not science owe to revelation? Take that away, and then compare the results of science with the results of contemplation. How far short of Greek science were the Yogins and contemplators of ancient India? Have we anything in European civilisation, before revelation, equal to their majestic pantheism, which disdained the *à posteriori* as childish, and built itself up from the *à priori* of conscience?’

Phil sat up again in his saddle.

‘I know nothing, and wish to know nothing of Hindu pantheism, and you are far too wild, far too loose for argument. But to return once more to our starting-point, against which of all these errors of the age, as you suppose them, do you propose to levy your crusade?’

‘Against none; I must strike at the root, if anywhere. If men could be brought nearer to God; if contemplation, which humbles, were supplied for study which puffs up; if communion with heaven took the place of communion with the world in books and newspapers, men would lop off one by one these dead branches of science-worship and wealth-worship, recognising the infinity of truth and the supremeness of power. I do not hate science and wealth,—both are great gifts, if humbly and rightly used; but I hold that contemplation is worth more than the one, and the power of poverty greater than the power of wealth. A man who has nothing uses himself, and *himself* is worth all the gold in British Columbia.’

‘And what, then, is your distinct ambition?’

‘To bring man nearer to God.’

‘Good enough, but vague enough. And how do you propose to do it?’

‘You may well ask, lighting as we do in such an age. I do not complain “that every door is barred with gold.” The doors of men’s minds are barred with a worse enemy, similarity of opinion. The greatest weapon of any foe, which must in this age be also my weapon—when I can convert a publisher, a hard task—is the art of printing.’

Phil smiled. Here was another of his friend’s crotchets.

‘Newspapers and books have gradually destroyed individuality,’ continued Daisy. ‘Formerly, men thought, and by thinking arrived at their own conclusions. Now, a very few think, and guide all the rest; and even those who think are guided by those who thought before them, yield their independence, abandon their originality, and cling in parties at the cost of individuality. Little by little the animosity of opinion dies down. I regret it, for the gain is not to love, not to peace, only to indifference. Even parties coalesce in time, giving up theory after theory. Look at the political state of England. Where have we any parties now? All have converged gradually to Liberalism, which they call the common sense of most. But I maintain that the independent wisdom of one individual is worth more than the common sense of many. No-

thing is more tyrannical or less respectable than a majority, because numbers cannot be ruled by opinions, but only by interests. Numbers do not reflect, crowds do not deliberate; they feel. Thus wisdom is ousted by sentiment, and sentiment is the child of selfishness. We are no longer ruled by judgment, the result of deliberation, but by interest, the result of monopoly. Thus a representative government becomes the most immoral you can have, by pandering to selfishness of the masses, rather than obeying the wisdom of the few.

'Then in your model Republic, the minority will carry the debate?'

'Certainly; and so we should utilize the Irish contingent. In fact, majority seems to be another word for blackguardism. I remember, for instance, that at C—— they wanted to establish a public library some years back. The utility of such an institution, the gain to morality from it, have been proved again and again in all the large towns; but let it suffice to instance Manchester. Well, the cry of "Education" had been vigorously vociferated in C—— at the last election, and the publicans, who gain so much and do so much in these affairs, had covered their walls with placards, bearing the grand-sounding, hopeful word. The sensible and sincere of the townspeople thought justly that a public library would aid the great work of education; but, faithful to the representative system, they determined to put it to the vote of the citizens. What was the consequence? A very few were interested in the morality of the question, but a great number were selfishly interested in opposing a measure which would deprive the publicans of half their drunken loungers, and the booksellers of a third of their customers. These publicans and booksellers, who had so lately made a profitable cry for education, now packed the room, and by a large majority the proposal was rejected; and thus the city of C—— declared its opinion that it was far better that its operatives should continue to spend their gains in a low brutalizing pot-house—should return thence to a neglected wife and family, to beat the one and starve the other—should continue to incur the temptation to crime

and disorder which drink leads on, than that their minds, and characters, and moral bearing should be raised by the quiet perusal in the evening of books which have elevated our minds already.'

'But, my dear fellow, the true principle of representation was here carried out. Its first object is to protect the interests of all classes.'

'In other words, to sacrifice souls; nay, if you don't care for souls, say to sacrifice all that makes a state or a city great, and flourishing, and strong—order, morality, the respect for laws which we pay taxes to have made and kept, to sacrifice these to the interests, not of the community, but of two classes of short-sighted tradesmen. I daresay the same story might be told of a similar attempt to encourage education in half the towns in England. I merely quote C—— as an instance of the short-sightedness and immorality of decision by majority. Until you can raise the mean and narrow-minded, you sacrifice the state itself, that is, the interests of all, by this false principle of liberty—a liberty which becomes the despotism of selfishness, where each man wars against the public weal, because he is too short-sighted to see how in the long-run the good of the whole must prove the good of the part. These very booksellers who opposed this measure, because they thought it would ruin them, would really have gained by it. They ought to have known that it is the educated who buy books, and that the more the number of educated people increases, the better the trade will thrive. The money saved from the gin-palace might have been spent by the operative who had acquired a taste for reading, and would buy books and newspapers for his children or himself. The circulating libraries have not diminished the sale of books, but increased it enormously; and public libraries would do the same.'

'But the publicans must have suffered.'

'And why not? Are they not our greatest bane? Are not two-thirds of our police-force continually occupied by drunkenness, and the crimes that it induces? And are the publicans, with their enormous returns, a class to be pitied or considered? But I

will give you a less common instance of the gross folly, inconsistency, and immorality of the representative system.'

'Bravo! out with it.'

'A little while ago there was a sketch in the *Times* of the new Constitution of New South Wales. "Our own Correspondent" seemed to glory that the representative system was firmly established in the young colony. The suffrage had been made universal, subject only to a freehold and leasehold qualification. Grand triumph for liberty! Now, at any rate, "the common sense of most should hold a fretful realm in awe." And what was the first thing that the common sense of most effected? At the very moment that we were bombarding Canton, and spending millions in order to force an entrance into China, to quash forever the principle of national exclusiveness—we, the English aided by the French, who conveniently forgot their own exclusive passport system for the moment;—at this very time this free constitution of an English colony was passing a bill to exclude the Chinese from Australia, a bill by which a tax of £10 was imposed on every Chinaman entering the colony. What was the reason for this? The colonists were confessedly *jealous* of the hard-working, self-denying celestials. We never inquired if the celestials in China were jealous of the enterprising British merchant who had forced himself upon them. And then we were told that the members of the Australian Government were well aware of the absurdity of such a measure, but that with a general election pending, they were forced to humour the prejudices of those working-classes, who could return or reject them. Here is consistency, here morality, here justice; and all the result of

our representative system. O most glorious institutions of a glorious country, what a grand cheat and humbug, what a splendid delusion you are!'

'A pity we have not an audience for you,' laughed Phil. 'But why don't you raise a crusade against this iniquity.'

'Ay! with a newspaper oligarchy siding with and aiding them! And when Jonah girds himself to the work, he is crushed by numbers.'

At this point something happened, and as we have now heard our cavaliers talk—whether nonsense or not I leave you to judge—we will now see them do.

As they rode—it was harvest-time—past a field full of reapers and gleaners, Trevelyan thought—'He dreams of regenerating the world. Well, it is a grand dream, but boyish. He wishes to climb, and there is a ladder before him, wealth, fame, position, power, in its rounds; and this ladder he spurns, because he would be at the top before he has left the bottom.'

Trevelyan had some affection for his friend—but he saw the world before him, Lorimer saw only heaven. Well, there is enough in the world to make us remember it. It is quite as well that we aim high, yet they tell you that inexperienced gunners always fire above the mark. So it is with young spirits. They start for heaven, and are left at the last just a foot or two above hell. If they had started only for the world, they might have climbed above it, but also they might have been left a foot or two in hell, and many—God forgive me for judging!—many are this.

Well, they rode by the corn-field, and then—look to the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.—A KISS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It is more than probable, reader mine, whoever you may be, whether a simple child, or some grey parched philosopher, that you will have found the last chapter very dull. If so, do not, as you might do, blow up Mudie for sending you so stupid a book, nor scold Adelaide, to whose keen foresight the choosing of 'the box' was

left. Nay, if you have foolishly expended coin of the realm on these volumes, do not regret the lighter purse, nor let your heart be the heavier for it. I promise you *meliora* speedily. I have only set out my side-dishes first; there is a rare *olla podrida* of adventure to be put in the middle directly.

Following James in the choice of two interesting horsemen, it becomes my duty to make knights-errant of them, and give them something to do. But alas for the degeneracy of these modern days! How often, in the absence of a dragon, is the novelist driven to make a terror of a harmless bull; how often, for want of a grim baron, must he put up with some insolent pretender of a low description.

Well, the two boys came upon a corn-field. It is the custom in some parts of England—for aught I know, in all—for a bell to be rung in the morning for the gleaners to go out, and another in the evening for the laden to come in. As they came upon the field the evening-bell began to toll from a neighbouring church-tower.

The sight was a pretty one. It is true that the English peasantry, as French writers tell you, seem to be dressed in the cast-off finery of their betters. It is true that they are a slovenly, even a dirty lot in general; but where can you find the stalwart stoutness of our men, the tender beauty or brave comeliness of our women,—and this redeems them.

The corn-field was a large one, and very full of gleaners. There were old half-bent women, who had picked up the stray straws, beloved of Ruth, for full some forty years; there were bright-faced, yellow-haired children, half-smothered by the large light burdens that they bore; and there were maidens of the ruddy cheek, who laughed and talked, and made a holiday of the gathering of God's good gift, which man—praise him a little for it, for his good deeds are rare—has by common consent left to them from the fulness of His mercies. Cursed be the stingy landlord who shuts the poor from the well-reaped field! May he never know the soft heart of modest Ruth to cheer him in his coming years! May the arms of his reapers wax weary, and rats devour his stored-up grain!

The sun was setting over the plain. Even the stubble caught its soft pink light, and the red handkerchiefs and mottled cheeks of the gleaning maidens glowed bright in the long slant rays. The great church-bell sent out its note over all, and the scene was one of peace and beauty. O man, man,

man! when will you learn to be thankful? How long will you mar the full mercies of your God with your ceaseless bickering?

The scene, indeed, was peaceful, but the hearts were at war. Who so jealous, and envious, and quarrelsome as the poor? Who, as if Heaven had forsaken them for ever, grumble, growl, snarl, and snifle so much as the poor? Shall we blame them? What, blame those who are down, those who know their inferiority, as a dog does, and are constantly reminded of it by careful us; those whose life is a struggle, a battle from first to last, and to whom we, who have it to give, still refuse that one solace which we enjoy—education, the refinement of the *mind*. Diogenes taught a truth in his squalid tub-life. He knew and showed that where the mind works vigorously, the body takes less heed. Give me books, pens, ink, and paper, and I will live the rest of my life in a pig-stye, if you will, and snore against the grunts of curly-tail. Give the poor the power of reading, good books to read withal—teach them the flute or the fiddle—teach them to enjoy nature—teach them to think, and you have educated them and given them what God gave you most precious. Think you this would not kill crime sooner than all the model-prisons, from Parkhurst upwards? It is because their lives are so uninteresting, because having nothing pleasanter to think of, they think about themselves, and grow selfish and peevish, that the poor take to crimes and vices by way of diversion. Educate them—not with isms and graphies and ologies, which they can never use—but by elevating their tastes; teach them the beauty and value of life; make it instant death for man, woman, or child to cry out, 'I wish I had never been born' (if they mean it, they will welcome the punishment); teach them to look on the beauty of God's work, and, sir, you will bring them nearer heaven than by all the catechisms and sermonizing of all the curates in England, Scotland, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

But I am not going to stand for a vacant borough, and will not, therefore, enlarge on this fertile theme. It is enough to say, that if our poor are

not pleasant to us, if we Divites cannot bear the sight and smell of their running sores, and even forbid our pet Skyes to join in the solace of poor Lazarus, it is our own fault. The moral leprosy is far more easily cured than the physical one, and there are philanthropists in plenty to offer their patent medicines for social distempers. With a little trouble, a little expense, a little united action (for that is the secret), we might cure Master Lazarus, see the shiny scales fall from his wretched limbs, and no longer be forced to step to windward of him as we passed out of our park-gates. Nay, we might even, at last, bid him go to the kitchen—not the drawing-room, oh, no! brother of mine, not there—for a meal of something more substantial than bread-crumbs from the table, and so when the time came we might not, perhaps, have to ask so whiningly for a mere pin's headful of cold water.

When knights-errant want a field, they are sure to find one in some rank or other. As the two boys rode along the hedge side, they suddenly heard loud and angry words. Many voices, some male and strong, some female and shrill, were venting loud cruel jeers, and among them, but above them all, was a high clear note of indignation—

'Let me go! leave me alone!' it cried, and true enough it was the voice of a girl, and a pleasant voice, too, though so angry and loud.

'Oh! the fine little lady; where's her silk stockings?' cried a taunting feminine tongue.

'Why doant thee bring a parasol, Miss?' said some lubberly wag.

'At her, Bill, and kuss her.'

'Kuss her thyself. Thee was always a good un under the mistletoe.'

'She's too mash for me,' was the answer.

'Come, lass, thee shall be kussed.'

Then there were sounds of a struggle, coarse laughter, and again the high clear voice—

'Keep off; let me go!'

A break in the hedge disclosed the whole scene. There was a knot of gleaners, and a few young men, who had come there somehow or other, but not to pick up stray ears of wheat, for they were stout young labourers, and in the midst of them a young maid,

struggling from the rough embrace of a great mannerless ploughboy. Her pretty face was all a-fire with rage and shame, her fair hair dishevelled, her bundle of wheat, with its red poppies and blue corn-flowers peeping among it, was falling from her apron, which she held with one hand, while she pushed the amorous rascal back with the other, and her tall lithe figure writhed under his strong arm.

But the swain was too much for her indignant strength. Now he has got both arms round her slim waist, and the rude boys beside him cheer him on, and laugh and jeer at the girl's confusion. Then, as if it was too much for her, she fairly drops the bundle of wheat, and bursts into tears.

'Oh! my little lady,' cries one woman; 'why do you come a leasing, then?'

'Leasing girls must be kussed,' says another.

'Go home to thee mother,' says the ungrateful swain, who is wiping his lips after his exploit.

'What are you doing to the girl?' cries Daisy across the hedge, all a-gog, for woman's tears are goads in a young heart.

The clodhoppers looked up in astonishment. They had not seen the two riders before.

'What's that to you?' cries the adventurous hero of the scene, rudely.

'I'll show you,' answers Master Daisy, pushing his horse through the hedge, and followed by Phil. Then riding right at the offender, he gave him a crack on the head with the end of his crop, which sent the embracer whining and grumbling away. The others moved rapidly off, holding their jeers from fear, for the sight of two young squires on horseback rather took their pluck away.

'It's young Muster Lorimer,' says one.

'Ay, and in a bate, too,' says another.

'Now, girl,' says Daisy, wheeling round, 'what have they been doing to you? kissing you? you don't cry for that, surely, though they are a bit rough?'

The girl stood up, and wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, but said nothing. Then she looked down for her bundle, but it was gone. Some

low-hearted brute had taken it. Then to sob again at once; but the same minute she checked the tears, and looked up shyly at Lorimer. The young man saw it all.

'You brutes!' said he furiously; 'where are the girl's gleanings? She has been working like you. This is not fair. Give it back this instant, or—'

'Old mother Jones run away with it,' cried a child who was standing near.

'Then old mother Jones shall pay for it. Which is mother Jones?'

'There she goes,' said several cowardly voices, whose owners hoped to escape the breaking wrath of the young squire, by turning Queen's evidence.

Daisy was after the old female in a minute. Her apron was certainly too full for her own labour, so, without questioning, he drove her back before him to where the girl stood, now deserted.

'I was only a-keeping it for her,' whined the old woman.

'Good, then give it back now.'

The old female emptied her apron on the ground, and proceeded to make the lawful division. Daisy filled up the interval by looking at the young maid, while the clodhoppers came round and stared, and the women whispered and laughed.

He was surprised at the appearance of the girl. Her figure was tall, but delicately made, though very coarsely dressed in the commonest clothes. But her face was not only very pretty and very sweet, but had features rarely found among our lower orders, who are rather comely than beautiful. They were delicate and fine. The complexion was fair, and little freckled; the nose what the *Court Journal* would call 'aristocratic'; the upper lip short; the mouth half open; the eyes large and somewhat plaintive. And yet the hands were red and showed marks of labour. He noticed this as she wiped the back of her hand across her eyes, and he could see the strong contrast between it and the face.

'I don't wonder the boys wanted to kiss her,' said Trevelyan.

The girl blushed deeply, and gathering her apron up began to move away.

'Why, lads,' cried the young squire

cheerily, 'it's all very well to be kissing the girls, but if you want 'em to love you, you shouldn't be so rough with 'em. As for you, my boy,' to the lad whose cockcomb he had cracked, and who stood rubbing his head and looking rather sheepish the while, 'I punished you for impudence. Give us your hand, man, and there's something to buy plaister with.'

There was a laugh and a grin; and what hurt will not sixpence cure? So the fellow lumped up to the young squire, and touched his forelock respectfully.

Oh! when will our poor learn to be independent? How long shall we, because we stand well in the world, be allowed to ride it saucily over our humbler brothers? And yet Daisy had done it well, in his way, and as long as might sticks to the right right, and never usurps the wrong right, there will be little harm done by such summary justice, while, for the poor, they understand it and appreciate it better than sermons.

The whole field full of leasers had now come round the little party, and were staring with open mouths at the young squires.

'Shy us a copper,' cried the children, even at their tender ages knowing the value of the metal, and not ashamed to ask for it.

'Come, my Amadis,' said Trevelyan, who hated notoriety of any kind. 'We have done our deed of prowess. Let's push along.'

'And now, my good girl,' said Don Quixote, junior, preparing to be off, you can go on gleaning. These fellows won't annoy you again, and if they do, come to me at the house, and he who kisses you against your will, shall smart in the lips for a month after.

Here was another laugh. But the pretty maid muttered something and moved on.

'What is it?' said Daisy gently, and stooping in his saddle towards her. 'You need not be afraid.'

'The bell is ringing, sir,' she answered, very softly.

'The bell! oh, I remember. It's time to stop, then!'

Then turning to Trevelyan, he added in a low tone: 'These fellows will perhaps set upon the girl when we are gone. Just keep them there

a bit. Give them a scramble of small coin—we'll settle afterwards—while I get the poor girl well on her way.'

'Aha!' replied Phil with a knowing smile; 'you give me the dirty work to do, and run off with the heroine yourself.'

However, he turned his horse round, and kept fumbling in his pockets, with a 'now for a scramble, boys,' while Amadis rode up to the rescued maid.

'Do you think these fellows will annoy you again?' said he, coming to her side.

She turned her eyes to his for the first time, blushing very prettily, and making Daisy think he had punished the offender too severely, for the temptation was very great.

'It's not the men I'm afraid of,' she answered a little more confidently.

'Who then? not of me, I hope?'

'Oh, no!' and she hung her head, and gathered her sheaf closer up in her apron, while the red poppies and the dark blue corn-flowers bobbed and nodded about among the great spiky brown ears.

'Come, my child,' said this boy as tenderly as a father; 'speak out, tell me all about it.'

She looked round to see if they were alone, and they now got clear of the field and into the lane.

'You see, sir,' she replied, still looking down, 'my mother had the misfortune to be a lady.'

Daisy smiled. How even the poor eling to the tradition of ennobling birth. Here, perhaps, was the daughter of some tradesman who had sunk in the world's scale of caste, and the child called her a 'lady.'

'The misfortune?' said he. 'Why a misfortune?'

'Because, sir, she tells me it is always a misfortune to be bred up with habits above your class, and so she has brought me up as—as you see me.'

Daisy was amazed. Then, whatever the mother's origin, she was at least a woman of sense if she spoke thus to her daughter.

'But you do not seem quite to belong to the class among which I found you,' said Lorimer; for besides the words themselves, there was that in the tone of the voice that distin-

guished the girl at once from the rest. A powerful test that of language in England. The Hindu must chalk the white or red tilaka on his forehead, if he would be known as a Brahmin or a Kshattriya; in this country the vulgar peacock with all his feathers can never take precedence of the nightingale if the two do but open their beaks. The girl appeared to take no notice of this remark, but really it went to her heart. Women are more ambitious of position than men, for they rise in it with more difficulty.

'The women, sir, and the girls about here have found this out, and so they tease me all day long about being a fine lady, as they call it, and set the young men on to annoy me. I should not mind it so much, if they were not so rude. I do not want to be fine, sir; for we are poor enough to forget it, if my mother was better born.'

Lorimer was silent for a little; he would willingly have offered her money, but he felt almost ashamed to do so. Presently he said, 'May I ask what your father is?'

The girl's head sunk a little lower on her bosom. She did not reply for some time, and then she said in a low voice: 'He was a gardener once. I have heard that he worked in my grandfather's garden, and that my mother for some strange reason, asked him to marry her privately, and so they ran away without my grandfather knowing it.'

'Is he alive now?' asked Daisy doubtfully.

'Yes.'

'And what does he do, then?'

The poor girl raised her head, and turned her eyes piteously to the young man's. On the ledges of those large blue windows of the soul he saw that two quiet tears had gathered.

'Please do not ask me about my father,' she said very softly.

Lorimer touched to the quick leaped from his horse. 'Oh, forgive me!' he cried, putting out his hand. But she held back hers, as if ashamed to lay the honest red labourer on his idle white lounge.

'Won't you give me your hand?' he asked gently. She gave it shyly.

It never occurred to Lorimer then that he was taking an unfair advantage of the poor girl in showing this

interest in her. He did not know then what he afterwards learned to his cost, how easily young fresh hearts can be caught by a handsome face, a generous open address, and a little particularity of manner. Few young men guess that they walk about the world as dangerous as ever a mad bull, or a mediæval dragon, and perhaps it is as well they do not know it, for they are conceited enough as a rule already. But let me warn you, my handsome boy, as you read this novel with your feet on the mantelpiece, and your back in a rocking-chair in those dingy College rooms, with your tankard of 'proof' at your elbow, that the young trout which has never seen a feather-fly before, rises much more nimbly to the bait than the old stager who has flirted for seasons with the red and black traitors; and if you would be honourable, you must take care what you say to young maids, and unless you love them honourably, beware of showing however slight a leaning, or you may hook them, poor things, when you least want it, and don't care for such tender fry.

Fortunately at this moment up rode Trevelyan, who had done his duty.

'Why, Daisy, Daisy!' said he, seeing the state of affairs. 'Come, we had better get on now. Remember there's a party to dinner at Painswick and'—pulling out a handsome watch held by a massive chain—it's close to seven now.'

Truth was that Trevelyan had ever so slight a fancy for Harriet Lorimer, the sister of Mark, and he would not miss taking her down to dinner, if he could help it, without trouble to himself.

'Are you near home, now?' asked Daisy of the girl, 'or shall I take care of you all the way?'

'Oh, no, sir! Thank you, sir; I am close by.'

'Where do you live?'

'At Deadman's Cottage,' replied the girl artlessly.

'What! the haunted house, where the Chinaman, as they used to call him, hanged himself? I wonder you have the pluck to live there.'

'One of your governor's houses, ain't it?' asked Phil.

'Mr. Williams lets us have it cheaper than any other we could get. We only pay two pounds a year.'

Now Mr. Williams was Sir Tattenham Lorimer's steward.

Lorimer was satisfied with so much information for the present, swung himself into the saddle, and with a look back at the pretty peasant, rode off after Phil.

'*Corpo di Bacco!*' cried Trevelyan as they trotted on; 'for a Red Republican and Chartist Radical, you ride it pretty insolently over the "people," my Amadis de Gaule.'

Mark laughed.

'A pretty face sends politics to Jericho,' said he.

'And an uncommonly pretty face she has too. But take care it don't send somebody with the politics in the same direction.'

'No fear. She interests me, and I must find out something about her mother. They are new comers, evidently, for Deadman's cottage was empty a month ago.'

'Bah! my dear fellow; you're not smitten, are you?' asked Phil. 'Oh! commend me to your populace. Blows and silver are the royal road to government. If ever I mount the hustings, I'll scatter cash visibly, openly from them. They couldn't unseat me for it, because there could be no proof of individual corruption. I believe a man, with ten pounds' worth of shillings in his pocket, could sway the largest and most violent mob in London.'

'Ah! the poor populace! How like cowards we despise them!—rate them on their mutability, their venality, their fickleness—when we ourselves keep them under, keep them mean, and sordid, and hungry. Whose fault is it? Ours,' clenching his fist fiercely; 'ours, man, ours, and we are well punished when the mob turns and rends us.'

'Don't be violent, dear Quixote,' says Phil, smiling. 'As long as you don't pander to the people, that's all I ask. But you don't take the way to cure them by riding them down as you did this morning.'

'Here were an ambition indeed,' said Daisy, thinking aloud; 'to raise the character of the people till the man of education should bow to the cobbler, and hang on the opinion of the chimney-sweep. Here were a better aim than the bloodshed of revolutions; for of what use to destroy aristocracy, if

you have none fit to take its place? Why raise the people in power and position, when you leave them as low as ever in moral and mental character?"

"And how do it?" asked Phil.

"Taste, taste, my dear fellow; give them taste, that refines of itself."

"But that is not enough."

"True, true. Do you think if your jaws were stiff for want of use, and your stomach clung all shrivelled to your ribs, that you or I, or any man of the best taste in the world, would not

sell the kingdom for a shilling's worth of sandwiches?"

Phil put his horse on at a canter.

"You are getting too wild, Amadis. Tame your Pegasus a bit; send him to Rarey, and then we will listen to your aspirations. But now for dinner."

So the young men rode on, and in the fulness of youth there is always some fresh interest to oust the old. So we dream on, and theorize and swear to be prophets and regenerators, and where are we when the scene closes?

CHAPTER III.—INTRODUCES THE KNAVE OF CLUBS.

Sir Tattenham Lorimer had the misfortune to be a clergyman. It was a misfortune not only to himself, but also to the village and district of Painswick, which for thirty years had known no other rector. The story is an old one; but the worthy wine-bibbing baronet told it at least forty times per annum at his own table, and now and then elsewhere. "You know why I'm a parson, Lady Augusta," he would say, loud enough to attract the attention of the rest of the company. "They say if you've got a son who's a fool, put him into orders, and our good old forefathers stuck pretty close to the rule. Well, they sent me to Oxford, and I was rusticated in my first term for riding over Proctor, bull-dogs and all, one November day, coming back from a first-rate run with the Heythrop. I went up again, and could not pass my little-go. "He's a fool," said my father complacently; "we'll put him into the living." I bought my title from the old bishop's barber, who used to sell them to the highest bidder, came down here, and verily believe I preached my elder brother into his grave. Ha, ha! Poor John always said so. He could not stand my long-winded discourses, and as he was forced to come to church while he lived, I fancy he went out of the world to avoid them." And Sir Tattenham would fill up his glass, laugh heartily, and then whisper to her ladyship: "The best of it was, I never preached a sermon of my own in my life. I killed him with the old divines."

Sir Tatty had everybody's good will, but nobody's respect. Having become a clergyman, no matter how, he ought

at least to have given up the outward show of fastness. It was certainly more honest in Sir Tatty to avow his open love of unclerical habits; but the world judges by what it sees, and outward respectability becomes a necessity, if not a virtue, when glaring impropriety would bring contempt on the Church and the sacred office. This contempt Sir Tattenham, with few real vices, but many bad habits, had, in fact, brought upon his calling in his own parish and neighbourhood. The first of these bad habits was a passion for hunting. I shall not here enter into a discussion on the subject of an institution which our nation holds as only second to their constitution, their *habeas corpus* act, and their trial by jury. I only need to say, that a clergyman is less blamable if he goes three nights in the week to a ball, than if he hunts three days out of the seven. He might by some chance do his duty well in spite of the dancing; but it is impossible for him to do it if he hunts, while the society it leads him into, the language it forces him to countenance, the drinking it tempts him to indulge in, must of necessity degrade his clerical character. Thank heaven! hunting parsons are few now-a-days. Young Tattenham had been renowned for his riding at Oxford, and he could not give up this joyous glory.

As a bachelor, therefore, though the living was worth £600 a year, he had left the work of the parish to his valet. "I pay him," said the young parson, with laudable openness, "much better than I should ever pay a curate, and he has little to do for it. He likes the importance of ruling the parish; he

dispenses the established charities very sensibly, scolds the miscreants, hears the complaints and prayers of the sick and needy, gives orders to the clerk, chooses the psalm-tunes, and tyrannizes over everybody. What more could a curate do? And so the parish went on in its godlessness. The Rev. Tattenham Lorimer compiled his sermons on the Saturday, and read them to listless sleepy congregations on the Sunday. The Methodists and the Baptists grew numerous enough to build two hideous structures, with Ebenezer on one and Bethel on the other; and parson Lorimer was still winning brushes to range round his study-walls.

One long hard frost made a fool of the young Nimrod. Miss Elizabeth Paget was of excellent family, and had £10,000 of her own. The then baronet had given out that he would never marry, and so Miss Paget's friends did not object to the proposals of the half-enslaved younger brother. Mrs. Lorimer was not the person to take any interest in parochial matters. She had married a future baronet, not a present clergyman, and so the parish passed for a while to the care of the butler, who pursued the traditional policy of the valet, his predecessor, with the sole exception that he bullied more pompously, and chose more inappropriate psalms for the children to scream out.

At last, one fine day, it was found that the butler had managed the established charities so economically, that he had left a balance of £100, which had somehow found its way to his own pocket. The matter was hushed up, the butler discharged, but forgiven, and the Rev. Tatty forced to hire a curate at £60 a year. From this moment he became miserable. One after another the curates were turned away. One did too much, another too little; and Sir Tatty sighed over the faithlessness of Plush.

At last gout and the old divines carried off the baronet, and Sir Tattenham yielded to the advance of the age, left the sermons as well as the parish to his curate, became nominally high-church, and virtually no-church, and at last suited himself exactly with the right style of young man, and at the time when our story opens had resigned

all connexion with the Church, taken to the *quasi* respectable habits of an elderly gentleman, given up the field, and espoused the bottle, and consented with little persuasion to sit in his high parlour-pew and snore, while his servant, at the increased salary of £100 per annum, took the *onus* of his duties off his shoulders and his mind.

Add to all this that the reverend baronet had a jovial temper, very violent when roused, a strong will, and a long-engrained respect for the world, only outweighed by love of his own comforts and pursuits, and you have the father of our hero, Mark Lorimer.

There is generally a strong reaction in the characters of our children. Mark had learned to despise the world as much as his father respected it, and falling into the opposite extreme, had become what the governor called a low-minded radical; but what I should call a man of independent opinions. His particular hatred—for he was a healthy hater, though he struggled against it—was directed against prejudice. He would not be guided by anything but his own well-matured opinion, which was often erroneous, but always independent. His principles were good; he had, one might almost say, a natural leaning to right, and yet a certain weakness which seduced him from it. At least, he had what constitutes a fine moral perception, the power of distinguishing, in the nicest matters, between what is right and what wrong; and if he did err even here, it was better to go wrong from private judgment, than from a slavish acknowledgment of the public judgment of the world.

It was not a large dinner-party at Painswick, or rather it was not a party at all in society's sense of that word. They sat down twelve, with, of course, the usual preponderance of ladies.

As I don't know enough of the culinary art to give you the bill of fare, and you are not a Justice Greedy, you will be content with a list of the guests, &c.

Les voici! Lady Lorimer *cum* Mr. Eden; Sir T. Lorimer *cum* Lady Augusta Mortimer; the Rev. Mr. Crispin and Mrs. Pullen; Philip and one Miss Pullen; Daisy and Carry Mortimer; Pullen No. 2, and Harriet

arm-in-arm, and very stately, mimicking their elders (query, betters?), in front, and followed by the butler—not the one above-mentioned.

These individuals will introduce themselves all in good time, but that you may be satisfied that you are to move throughout this chapter, at least, in good society, I will just mention that the Mortimers were near neighbours, and, though new-comers, were looked upon as county-people; that the Pullens were of very old family, an older branch they told you of Anne Boleyn's race, but painfully uninteresting; and the Rev. Mr. Crispin was that satisfactory young curate, who managed to play so nicely with Sir Tattenham's peculiarities, and yet took his own way so cleverly, that you could only liken him to an adept seat humouring a spirited and difficult hunter.

Phil was a good deal bored at having the tall, scraggy, and taciturn Miss Pullen to his lot, and looked the very picture of resignation. He was consoled a little, however, by Harriet taking the place next to him on the left.

'*Le côté du cœur*,' said Phil, with a large smile and sparkling eyes.

Harriet was a beauty; but cold, calm, and classic. Trevelyan, who idealized everything and everybody that interested him, thought he saw deep waters beneath this smooth surface; and began, but only began to admire, if not to warm towards his friend's sister. But nature often seems to be inconsistent. She had given the main beauty to the daughter, but the main genius to the son. Harriet's mind was decaying with the dry-rot of pride, and there was little room for anything better.

Phil had all the outside, all the affectation of genius, but none of its independence. He read much poetry, and remembered most of it. He had a quotation from Shelley, Tennyson, or Owen Meredith, for ever on his lips; and there was a certain sparkle in his conversation, a certain charm in the apparent absence of his manner, in that reflectiveness which paid no attention to what you said; but burst out from time to time in a pleasant sparkling humour.

Harriet did not care for him; but

liked the attention of the son of so great a man as Sir Howard Leslie Howard Trevelyan, an author of celebrity, and a pseudo-philosopher.

Trevelyan, of course, ate little, but stared and talked immensely.

'Where have you been riding this afternoon?' asked Harriet.

'My dear *girl*!' (Phil had a kind of licensed familiarity about him), 'do not ask me. We have been wandering like mad Sarpedons up and down the waste ways of life, snatching the breezes scented with the harvest, and seeking adventures with the thirst of Ulysses himself. Ah! if we had but had some sad Penelope to welcome our return.'

And his arched lips parted, the white teeth gleamed, and the eyes glistened as they turned on the perfect features of his friend's one sister.

'Of course, you met with no adventure?' asked Harriet coldly.

'*Doch*, as your stolid Teuton says. Imagine me in the centre of a group of stalwart Britons, sons of the soil, and soily as their mother. Fancy me dispensing largesse to keep impudence a-trim, haw, haw! The "gingling of the guinea, you know, helps the hurt that honour feels"—how that fellow does alliterate—but in this case the hurt was a cracked coxcomb, and the gold was replaced with ignominious copper.'

'What have you been about, then?'

'Eh? the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha himself, worthy of Palmerin of Portugal, rescuing a damsel from too forward lovers—a sad error that same forwardness. How true that woman loves most when man is cold, and yet we cannot, indeed we cannot deceive, we have none of your delicate veils. You hide your faces and your hearts together; but where we love it will out, roughly the trooper, tenderly the carpet-knight, passionately the son of fire, the scion of a race of bards. Eh? you must ask that mad brother of yours. Eh? he dragged me into it. What right had I to meddle with the loves of the rustics? but woman's tears!'

'Then you have really had some fracas with the villagers?' said Harriet, looking annoyed.

'A mere nothing; a damsel roughly handled, one bold whirl of the riding-

whip in lieu of a falchion, and then to fill the greedy palms of the beggarly crew'—

'Really Mark is very absurd,' interrupted the sister; 'of course we shall hear of this, and have fresh charges laid at our door, as if the lower orders were not republican enough already.'

'My dear gurl, you do Daisy injustice; you underrate his impetuous Nemesis, his arcadian justice. He has the vehemence of a Nestor, without his age; the germ from which grow Solomons and not Jeffreyes—a just judge self-appointed. It is the hatred of evil, the disgust of wrong, that bids him rush into a most unenviable notoriety. Indeed, the quality is admirable, and I should praise him even more, but that I think he really enjoys it.'

'Please do not turn your back upon your neighbour, Mr. Trevelyan,' said Harriet calmly; for she saw that, little by little, Philip, in his absence of mind, had edged round on his chair till he no longer sat straight to the table, in the manner approved of in the laws of etiquette at the end of our spelling-books. Trevelyan started as if he had been pricked with a goad.

'A thousand pardons,' he whispered, bending towards her till his face was nearly in her plate; 'but really do not ask me to *faire la cour* to such a damsel. Has she ever committed herself to an opinion however innocent? Have you ever heard her say more than yes or no? has she ever managed to turn up her nose? What a nose! haw, haw!' And he fell to laughing most immoderately, till all the table turned round amazed, and he was brought to his senses. Harriet, who disliked the Pullens, had joined the laugh; but she did not know that it was mere fun in Trevelyan, that he was incapable of bitterness against any one.

Meanwhile, Carry Mortimer was flirting desperately with Daisy. Now, Carry more than any one else I ever knew can be described as 'a jolly girl.' When I remember her *quasi* fastness, her thorough good-nature, her lively jabber, her perpetual good-temper, with its occasional bursts of sham wrath, I am almost sorry I—well, no more on that point.

Carry Mortimer was so thoroughly genuine, that I cannot say in fairness that she imitated—as I daresay hundreds of young ladies in this country do—that lively, yet scarcely loveable heroine of a hard yet pleasant writer, Kate Coventry. As a general rule, I fancy that girls whom one meets about, and who are not characters apart, adopt some style that they have found suited to their dispositions in the first novels they read, when at years of supposed discretion. One 'goes in' for beauty, another for intellect, another for fastness, another for interesting calm, another for simplicity, and so on. I know this is a vile view to take of human nature feminine, and I can fancy I hear Carry say, 'I'll be hanged if you're not the most disagreeable person I ever met,' when I assert this opinion; but in 'society,' as in war and love, these deceptions are fair till a girl's married, and by that time the adopted character has grown into a second nature.

If Caroline Mortimer had been a man, she would have been expelled from Oxford, cashiered from the army, and broken half-a-dozen hearts in as many months. Being of the gentler sex, and having been well brought up on thoroughly good principles, she was only a very *jolly* girl, and an unpardonable flirt.

In figure she was stout, in face handsome, but not refined; in age about twenty-two, though she looked more. She was naturally sharp and clever, but had never had diligence enough to acquire a single feminine accomplishment, while she knew something or other of every masculine one. She rode like a centaur's bride, and, though her mother would not allow her to hunt, she was regular in seeing the throw-off when in the neighbourhood. She neither played the piano, nor sang, nor worked, and only read about one novel a week. She abhorred Berlin wool, and pished at politics, philosophy, or polite prattle. She spent her mornings half in the stable, and half with her dog, a wiry Scotch terrier of the name of Jinks, to whom she sometimes administered a rat or two by way of an innocent pastime before breakfast. Her afternoons passed either in riding or shooting at a target, at which she was a great adept. When she could

not flirt in the evening, for want of a man, boy, or child to flirt with—she flirted she would with anybody, whether they would or no—she passed the hours in keeping a pictorial journal. She drew cleverly enough, and had a capital eye for likeness and figure. Every little event was taken off with just a spice of caricature, to make it amusing. Here you saw how clumsily young Hepworth went over some bullfinch or other, which she herself took flying; there was a vivid historical picture representing the hunt-ball, where every youth's and maiden's style of polka was depicted most ludicrously; there was the furious, the languid, the spoony, the namby-pamby, the delicate, the interesting, the affectionate, and even the intellectual polka, all from the life; and when she sat down, opened her pictures, and explained them to you in her own peculiar manner, she kept you amused for hours. When it is added that she waltzed like Rosati, talked as fast as Charles Matthews, and was as conceited as Toots, you need no further introduction.

'What a charmer your friend is!' she was saying, when Trevelyan burst into his laugh. 'I like people who laugh and are not ashamed of it. Is he an old College elum of yours? A poet, I suppose, because his hair curls. But I hope not; I hate clever people; I can't understand them. What's his name?'

'Trevelyan.'

'Don't be a simpleton; of course I know that. I mean his other name, what they give you in church—M or N, as the case may be; it's something romantic, of course; men who wear their waistcoats like that are sure to be romantic; I hate romantic people, they bore one so; is it Adolphus, Augustus, Frederick, Ernest, Jephthah, Mephibosheth, or what?'

Carry never had more than one full stop in her speeches, and that was always at the end.

'Philip,' answered Lorimer. 'Do you like it?'

'Yes; I suppose you call him Phil. Tell me all about him; will he flirt? Oh! there's that horrid man filling my glass again; I'm sure he wants to make a fearful example of me; I shall write to Father Mathew; oh, he's

dead, by the bye! but there's that man who used to spout at Leamington; you know whom I mean; what have you been doing to-day? Smoking, I suppose; I had such a glorious scamper on Molly Bawn; I went to Staplehurst, and came back across country, all by myself; don't tell mamma; she would be furious if she knew it. Molly, the dear thing, took the fences like a greyhound, but I was obliged to open one gate; I wouldn't mind riding you from Staplehurst to Deerhurst, only I won't bet about it, because I paid my last sixpence for turnpikes; who's that long person at the end?'

'Mr. Eden. Rather in your style, I think. Six-and-thirty, and a member of the Atticeum.'

'Yes, I can't bear boys. The dear pet, I knew he was a club-man by the shape of his whiskers; don't you know what I mean? They always wear them under the eyes at the Atticeum, not like your horsey-men, who have them off the cheek; what club do you belong to?'

'I am not sufficiently interested in births, deaths, and marriages, to care to belong to any,' said Master Daisy, with a very strong sneer.

'Don't be a gaby. You know they talk about other things at clubs.'

'O yes! the weather and the peerage.'

'And politics, of course.'

'Yes; that is political gossip. That individual, for instance, can tell you whether Lord Palmerston blew his nose, shut his eyes, or chewed the stalk of a flower, when Disraeli made his last onslaught; and he can prophesy to a day the duration of the Ministry, from signs no less remarkable than these. But you are mistaken: Club-men never talk about things at all, but only about people. *Who's* who is their alphabet; what who did, does, or is going to do, their history; how much who has, and how he or she spends it, their arithmetic; and why who did, does, or wants to do what, is the enigma which they employ their reflective moments in solving. If you are well up in these particulars, society gives you its diploma, and you may write G.C., i.e., good company, after your surname.'

'Nonsense!' said Carry. 'I am

sure you boys talk just as stupidly at Oxford.'

'Rather more so. At our age, conversation means brag. If we are fast, we describe how we climbed the stone-walls near Burford on Tollit's mare; if slow, how we shnt up an examiner in Juvenal.'

'Tell me some more about that long man,' said Carry impatiently.'

'Well, he is a very nice man—a great deal too nice. He is such a thorough gentleman, that he can scarcely move a finger without some rule laid down by society. He brushes his teeth and pomatums his hair only with approved dentifrice and licensed bear's grease. He sleeps in a garret in Little Ryder Street, and lives in his club. He has £400 a year, and his profession is to talk. He spends his income as follows: £50 a year in dress, which comes from the recognised tailor, hatter, bootmaker, and hosier. None but Truett ever cut his hair, none but Lincoln and Bennett could aspire to cover it. Then he spends £100 per annum in travelling, chiefly to country houses, where he lives all the autumn and winter. But of course he has been abroad, as it is his duty to know and see everything that could be discussed in a drawing-room. He has, therefore, done the high-roads of France, Germany, and Italy, and knows the proper thing to say about each sight in each town. He has also done the galleries, and knows where each Raphael, Da Vinci, Teniers, or Rubens is to be found. If you mention a picture he does not know, he smiles and throws doubts on its genuineness; and so you think you have made a fool of yourself.'

'What a horrid creature you are! I had no idea you were so spiteful; but go on.'

'Well, then, another £150 keeps him alive; and the rest goes in sundries, of which I fancy cab-hire forms a large item. Then he reads four newspapers quite through every day. He glances at all the new books, and learns what they are about, from the *Athenæum*, *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, and so on, where, by a careful comparison of the praises of the one with the abuse of the other, he is enabled to form a judgment which can at least give no offence. But his chief characteristic

is prudence. For instance, we were talking yesterday about a man who had just got an appointment of £1000 per annum, and married on it. He shook his head. "Very rash!" said he. "How on earth will he buy *trousseaux* for his daughters?" This was looking forward rather far.'

Carry turned her head away. She thought Master Daisy was becoming a little too *lete*.

'I have told you his employments; his amusements are equally remarkable. In the season he dines out five days in the week, simply because he is G. C. In the evenings he is at the opera when he can afford it, or the Institute, because the lectures are sometimes talked about, or even at a ball, where he stands close to the doorway, never dancing. He thinks it vulgar to enjoy one's-self innocently, and to say the truth he is past all simple enjoyment. I doubt if he ever did enjoy himself. Probably he was bullied at Eton, and played toady at Oxford, till he settled down to a man of the world—'

'Stop, I won't hear any more; you are horrid; I never thought you were so ill-natured.'

'Nor am I. I have no antipathy to that individual; I merely speak of him as the representative of a class, which, I confess, I despise,—the *nil admirari* men of good society. Give me the city snob who drops his h's, and is not ashamed of being nat'ral and 'appy. Give me a chimney-sweep, a pot-boy, rather than your creature of fictitious life, whose every thought is obedient to some law of convention.'

'There, that will do. I like the long man, and shall flirt with him this evening.'

'Of that I have no doubt.'

Carry pursed up her lips with sham contempt, and they went on to new topics.

One of the most awful formalities of English life is the 'drawing-round' of the gentlemen when the ladies are gone. You are expected to be at your ease, and on comfortable terms with everybody; but just because this is expected of you, you always feel most stiff and most unfriendly. Happy the man who, following the traditional policy of past ages, has drained many

a glass before the women retire. To him the drawing-round is a real introduction of comfort.

Sir Tattenham was this happy man.

'Eden, bring your chair round. Crispin, draw in. Mark, my boy, ring the bell for some more claret. How do you like this claret, Eden? I wish you would taste that port; I had it from the cellar of an Oxford don, who kicked. They swore it had been five-and-twenty in bottle, and though I know they lied, I do think it is rising fifteen.'

The gentlemen drew in, and by degrees settled themselves, Daisy making some wicked pun to Phil about the Pullens' noses.

'Well, Eden,' said the reverend baronet in the loud tone of a jovial host, 'what's the Indian news? how about those confounded Sepoys?'

'Things are going on pretty well,' replied the refined club-man. 'Stanley said the other day that we had no enemy to fight now but caste.'

Daisy caught the word.

'What humbug it is,' he cried, 'to try to put down in India what we countenance and cherish so reverently at home! I can't see that because caste is reduced to a system, and definite rules laid down for its observance, it is a bit more to be blamed than that which exists in feeling and exacts observance with no less severity. We laugh at the Brahmin because he will not eat his dinner with a pariah; but should we laugh at my lord because he declined to sit down to table with a crossing-sweeper? For my part, I see no difference between caste in India and caste in Europe, except that the former satisfies the consciences of those who adhere to it, while any one who is really a Christian must feel that a system of society which severs him from others of his kind by imaginary limitations, is directly opposed to the teaching of the Founder of his religion.'

Sir Tattenham, though accustomed to what he called the eccentricities of his son, looked annoyed at this exhibition of them before strangers, but said nothing.

Mr. Eden smiled condescendingly. He had what 'good society' generally gives—a habit of readily turning off

the disagreeable remarks which more honest but less well-bred mortals might be clumsy enough to make. In 'good society,' people ought to think as much alike as possible, and leave to society to decide the tone of her votaries' opinions. Probably this is why our copy-books tell us that it is rude to contradict. In other words, to be honest, and a lover of truth, to hold an opinion, and have the courage to say it out, is to be a bore and a bear, unconscious of the delicate sensibilities of people in good society.

'You are not alone in that opinion,' said Mr. Eden; 'you remind me of what G—— said the other day after the debate. The best of it is, that G—— is, as you know, a very wealthy manufacturer, and, what you are less likely to have heard, his father was nothing but a common workman, who worked his way up, and G—— now belongs to a class which marks more distinctly than any other its superiority to that beneath it, from which it is almost always sprung.'

'Ay,' said Trevelyan, 'it is always your mounted beggar who sits the palfrey most disdainfully; it is always those whose right is gained by the lowest means, who insist most on the exercise of that right. The *Empercur de fraiche date* never waives a privilege which your genuine Bourbon can gracefully dispense with.'

'I maintain,' said Lorimer, with his usual vehemence, 'that the man who raises himself from one caste to another, has, as long as caste exists, more right to its privileges than the man born into it. Its position is the reward of honest—if selfish—struggles. The townsman who climbs the Alpine height has more right to exult in the glorious view and fresh light air, than the cowherd who has slept in yonder chalet since the summer began.'

'I hear,' said Eden, too wellbred to change the subject suddenly, yet willing to give it a new turn, 'that in India it is impossible to rise from one caste to another, but quite possible to sink.'

'A deuced good rule, too,' said Sir Tattenham, stirring the fire savagely. 'If we had something of the kind in England, we should never be bothered with those confounded vulgar

upstarts that disgrace society now-a-days.'

'And woman is the cynosure that leads them down. What are the Brahmin's honours to a pair of beaming eyes?' said Phil, mouthing a little.

'On the contrary, my dear fellow,' said Daisy, who was particular about truth, 'the men lose caste by eating flesh, touching the dead, and so forth. The women sink as the penalty for a demeaning love.'

The satisfactory curate saw an opportunity for putting in his word.

'Do you know, Sir Tattenham,' said he, 'to whom you have let Dead-man's cottage?'

Phil and Daisy exchanged a look.

'Not I, by Jove,' said the reverend baronet; 'Williams was glad to get it let at a low rent, since that fool of a fellow cut his throat there.'

'Mrs. Morgan,' said the curate in a suave meek voice, 'turns out to be the daughter of a country gentleman of property. She ran away, it appears, with her father's gardener.'

A careful observer could have seen that Mr. Eden's long fallow face grew sallow still as this was said, but there was not any other sign of emotion about him. Daisy had much less command over his feelings. One of the most useful lessons of 'good society' is to conceal one's thoughts, which, after all, is only another way of telling a lie.

'A country gentleman!' cried Lorimer; 'and what has become of the gardener himself?'

'I have no idea,' replied the curate; 'all I know is, that he is alive, though not living with his wife and daughter, and all I can guess—though unwilling to surmise it—is, that he has been transported for some crime or other.'

Mr. Eden winced a little visibly. No one noticed it but Daisy, and when the club-man saw that he was observed, he adroitly concealed his feeling.

'That would appear to be quite a case in point, quite a Hindu breach of caste,' he said, with a grim smile; 'but these matches are, I fear, much more frequent in England than we imagine.'

'Fools of girls!' cried Sir Tattenham; 'who at eighteen imagine that their parents are going to make them miserable, and prefer making them-

selves so by their own stupid acts. I'd have 'em all locked up, and forbidden to speak to a man till they came to their senses.'

'Of what age do you suppose this person to be, of whom you speak?' said Mr. Eden, politely, to the curate.

'Mrs. Morgan? Oh! perhaps forty, perhaps rather less. The daughter is, I fancy, about eighteen.'

'Ah!' and Mr. Eden thought it wiser to ask no more questions.

'Do you know Charlton, the master of our pack?' asked Sir Tatty, who did not see the fun of talking about his tenants; 'he's got into a very bad row lately.'

Mr. Eden did not hunt; his equestrian powers never served him beyond the quiet ride on a well-broken hack in the Row, where he leaned forward, over his horse's neck, and held up his reins as he would a cup of tea offered to a dowager, with the polite smile of good society on his lips; but Mr. Eden knew the names of the masters of every pack of hounds in every county in England, and could tell you their history. He was therefore enabled to discourse volubly on this entertaining topic with the reverend baronet, and thus the odious subject was lost sight of, till one by one, Sir Tatty being the last, strolled up to the ladies. When Mr. Eden came in, he found Phil in a very lively conversation with Harriet. Carry had her arm in her friend's. Now, Phil, among other eccentricities, had the peculiar habit of taking your hand, and holding it while he talked, and Harriet, who knew him intimately, permitted this somewhat tender mode of expression. On this occasion, Trevelyan, in his absent manner, had clutched Carry's hand instead of Harriet's. The flirt thought it strange, but said nothing, till Phil growing warm over his topic, whatever it was, suddenly pinched and pressed this hand in a most unwarrantable manner. Carry withdrew it indignantly.

'Do you know, Mr. Trevelyan, that it is my hand that you are—' she was going to say 'squeezing.'

'Oh! a thousand pardons. Eh, you don't say so; it's only the Italian fashion, you know.'

He laughed and turned red, shook his curly hair off his forehead, and looked very much confused, till Mr.

Eden, with his useful good breeding came to his rescue.

'Talking of the Italian fashion' (he never began anything without a semblance of being *à-propos*, though sometimes only *des bottes*), 'did you notice in that scene of the *Traviata*, how—'

'I have not been to London since I was a child,' replied Caroline, to whom the question was put. 'I'm sure it's a horrid place, and I don't want to go. What should I do without hedges and ditches to leap?'

'Happy creature!' said Phil, with a side glance at the hand released.

'But mamma's going to take a house in town next season, and I shall console myself with dancing.'

'What part of the town does Lady Augusta think of selecting?' asked Mr. Eden.

And as the ice was thus broken, Carry entered upon her flirtation with gusto. But she did not know Mr. Eden. Flirting was to him bad taste, or at least an amusement fit only for young cornets and girls in their first season. Carry's broad truths at first disgusted him, and he thought her openness vulgarity. But when a young lady makes up her mind to conquer, she will do it come what may; and Caroline Mortimer, with her usual quickness, caught the real character of the man, and saw that he required to be flattered into a friendship. She took the woman's true way to flatter, abused him for imaginary faults, disputed everything he advanced, pretended to lose her temper with him, opened and shut her fan, till it was nearly worn out, and finally offered to ride him over any given country, for

any number of dozens of Jouvin's gloves, an offer which it is needless to say the quiet *habitué* of the Row declined with thanks.

The end of it was, that Eden was fascinated and pleased, and for once in a way, thought it possible for a young lady to be agreeable without having gone through a London season.

'If that girl,' said he, 'could be a little toned down by a little good society, she would pass muster.' But then, it must be remembered, that her mother was LADY Augusta Mortimer. Had she lacked the pretty handle—for the word 'Lady' is pretty, soft, and elegant—the member of the Atticæum would probably never have spoken to her at all.

As it was, Eden handed Lady Augusta to her carriage, and that dear old peer's sister—as simple-minded, affectionate, and kindly a heart as could be—knowing nothing of the gentleman, but seeing that her daughter had appeared to take to him, spoke him very fair, asked him how long he thought of staying in their neighbourhood, and hinted that she would not be offended if he took it into his head to call on her.

'A horrid, smoke-dried, gas-withered, blasé old scaramouch,' said that young lady, when her mother told her what she had done, as they drove home, 'I don't want to see him, I'm sure.'

'My dear Caroline,' rebuked the elder lady, very gently, 'you are really growing a little too vehement in your expressions.'

'Dear creature, don't be alarmed,' said Carry, warmly.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LUDWIG TIECK.*

AMONG the narrow and noisy streets forming one of the busiest parts of Berlin, there is one still known by the name of the Ross-strasse. At the end of it stands a gloomy little house which evidently has seen better days. Beneath its roof a certain rope-maker, Johann Ludwig Tieck by name, found

rest after the due performance of his apprentice-peregrinations in Germany and Hungary. One fine morning he started for the village of Iserig, near Brandenburg, and returned home in undisputed possession of the daughter of a great man of the place—the village blacksmith, Schale. Johann Tieck had

* LUDWIG TIECK. *Erinnerungen aus dem Leben der Dichters nach dessen mündlichen und schriftlichen Mittheilungen*, von RUDOLF KÖPKE. F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig.

already seen life under many forms, and knew well what hard work meant. He seems to have embodied one's idea of a shrewd, upright, thoroughgoing mechanic, dogged in his defence of right, and impatient enough of wrong to speak out boldly at whatever cost. His popularity was great among the trades'-unions : and Meister Tieck was always summoned to speak for them or to advise them in any perplexity. He was a man of reserved temperament, leading a quiet inner life behind his hempen coils, meditating much on the policy of the church and of King Frederick, in whom he implicitly believed, and moreover a hearty disciple of the popular theory of 'Illumination.' His wife had been educated in the family of the pastor of her village, where she had learned not only to venerate every external form of religion, but to cherish its spirit in her heart, and practise it in her daily life. One great object of her veneration was the old Lutheran hymn-book, for which Meister Tieck, in his enlightenment, had a manly and practical contempt : and assailed it with stern sarcasm, or clumsy jokes. The disputes between the worthy couple on this matter were not unfrequent, and invariably ended in the quiet meditative wife being silenced but never convinced. A few historical works and a Bible completed their library, until the appearance of *Götz von Berlichingen*, which was most cordially welcomed by Meister Tieck as a sign of a new era in the poetic world. As a true disciple of the 'Illumination,' he was of course grossly inconsistent in his rapturous approval and defence of it. All the old pedants raised their voices to cry down this new poetry ; but when the contest was at its height, Meister Tieck would exclaim in testy indignation, 'What is all this talk about ! the people don't understand the book in the least.'

In the course of time a change came over the internal aspect of this dull little house. Three children were growing up, with their different and strongly marked characters to be watched and moulded. The eldest of these was Ludwig, born on the 31st of May 1773, who grew up to be ranked among the first poets of Germany, and who is the hero of Professor Köpke's pleasant volumes. This is

the first complete account of the poet which has appeared since his death in 1853. It has been compiled, with considerable care and skill, from letters and from conversations held by the author with Tieck during his latest years. They appear to have been in almost daily intercourse : and shortly before his death Tieck sanctioned, as authentic, the main facts which Professor Köpke had already gathered together. This we learn from the Preface, as the author has wisely and modestly abstained from putting himself forward in any scenes or conversations.

Our little hero manifested very early two peculiarities of disposition ; an extreme sensitiveness to outward impressions, and an extraordinary power of representation. In his old age he vividly described the first impression of sorrow ever made upon his mind. A friend one day brought to the house a small box with a crystal top. The child became lost in the fascinations of this magic world of colour—his first impression of the beautiful. The box was taken away, and he felt for the first time that darkening of the soul which he knew so often in after years as human grief. At four years old he would sit upon his little footstool reading Bible stories with the greatest eagerness. They touched his lively fancy, and he never seemed to weary of them ; meantime, all the old ladies shook their wise heads, and said the precocious child would not live. In the great family-question of the hymn-book, he was his mother's enthusiastic partisan, and made many laudable efforts for his father's conversion. The book had a grand gilt binding and was ornamented at the sides with carved ivory, which possibly may have influenced his young judgment. *Götz von Berlichingen* was now a household book, and often read aloud in the evening. Ludwig's admiration for this masterpiece knew no bounds ; he gave to it the same unhesitating credence which English children yield to *Robinson Crusoe*. The characters were to him living beings, whom he talked with and thought of all day long. It was therefore a positive grief to him to be told they were only imaginary. He would have said, with Dr. Livingstone's tawny friend, Seke-

letu, that 'it is pleasanter not to be undeceived.' He was for a time inconsolable, and only his mother's stories seemed to divert his mind. These were stories told in the dusky twilight, when every old woman is a witch, and every shadow a ghost; and therefore they had peculiar fascinations for the infant poet.

Then came Ludwig's school-days, when he walked to and fro with the little dog, in whose shaggy hair he used to bury his frozen fingers; and at nine years old, his entrance into the gymnasium, or public school. Here he was first petted as a beautiful child, but his fists proved precociously hard, so that he soon took another position among the boys, and joined heartily in the frequent 'rows' which took place in school or street. On one occasion a written notice was circulated during school hours, summoning all the 'quintaner' (gymnasium boys) at four o'clock, to a pitched battle with the despised members of the neighbouring French college. The appointed battle-field was a mason's ground, amid huge blocks of unhewn stone. The strife had no sooner commenced than the gods themselves seemed to descend, as in the Homeric age, but with greater partiality, for the luckless collegians were seized with giant grasp by their pigtails, and remorselessly prostrated. But Ludwig's honest heart could not share the jubilations of his comrades, for he made the mortifying discovery that one of their number had bribed the stone-masons, and thus sullied for ever the honour of the quintaner.

In our own decorous country and century the children of 'respectable' parents do not play in the streets as a habit. In some aristocratic squares they may occasionally venture on a solemn game. But in social Germany, until within these very few years, it was a matter of course for children of all classes to gather after school hours on spacious doorsteps, in unfrequented streets or retired squares, and plunge headlong into the wildest fun. Such an evening rendezvous was always a great enjoyment to Ludwig, and Christmas, fair time, or any public holiday, a perfect carnival of delight. One of his earliest Christmas treasures was a box of tin soldiers, a

predilection for which he retained all his days; and in one of his stories he represents a king as invariably engaged in manœuvring with these obedient favourites, who of course always proved victorious. By means of these heroes the children also acted plays until Ludwig happily invented paper figures, which were much more variable, and so effective. With these *Götz von Berlichingen* was repeatedly performed in remote passages or lumber-rooms, Ludwig declaiming the various speeches. The young enthusiasts soon found this too tame for their aspiring genius, and they at last agreed to perform in person. But such exhibitions would require privacy, and nowhere in the house could they find undisturbed accommodation. One day Ludwig being sent by his father to the service in the Peter's Church, must needs, boy-like, prowl all round and over the building. This peregrination led him at last to a remote corner in the gallery behind the organ, where, as it was impossible to hear the preacher, nobody ever sat but a heathen colony of spiders. Here was the very spot where the embryo Schröder could spout the masterpieces of the German drama, undisturbed by the paternal frown. Next Sunday morning the irreverent little triad migrated to the church. It was not deemed advisable to remove any of their theatrical accessories; they took, therefore, only the indispensable family umbrella—doubtless one of the picturesque ones still popular in Prussia—of a rich brick-red! Schiller's 'Robbers' was the piece modestly selected for the occasion. In the character of Karl Moor, Ludwig began to pour forth from under the umbrella certain execrations in the first act, with a voice of tragic wrath. The words, 'O mankind, mankind, traitorous crocodile brood!' thundered echoing through the lofty church. The actors, seized with a sudden panic, struck their dramatic tent and fled. The congregation shuddered, the preacher stopped, and the appalled beadles set out on tours of investigation round the church. The children had not long breathed freely in the darkest corner of the family sitting-room when an old friend of their father's came in. He soon spoke of

the mysterious unintelligible sounds which had interrupted the morning's discourse, talked of signs in the heavens, earthquakes, and other uncomfortable things with a dejected air; the children, meanwhile, fully enjoying the humour of the scene in spite of their fears, and the consciences which ought to have remonstrated.

Before very long, however, that happy age arrived when the fairy-world of the real stage was opened to Ludwig. By some felicitous chance his ticket, at his first visit, was not required of him. He went again, but (oh, miracle of men!) the ticket-taker allowed him to enter unquestioned night after night. Ludwig clung to the belief that some marvellous influence was thus exerted on his behalf, and enjoyed the delusion almost as much as the play. One night a rough, ill-mannered boy tried the same plan of entrance, and was indignantly rejected. Ludwig listened trembling; but the man turned to him and said, 'You may go in, my little fellow, because you are a well-behaved boy, and evidently enjoy the pieces.' The poor lad, bitterly disenchanted, felt he had no right to his seat; this ticket was no longer a talisman, so he forced it back on the benevolent man, and thenceforth took his chance of being able to pay for himself like any ordinary mortal. His faculty for verse-making began first to develop itself about this time; and, on the occasion of the marriage of the school-director, he perpetrated a poem which won him substantial applause in the shape of bride's-cake and kisses. He also made two translations of his favourite poem, the *Odyssey*; one in prose, the other in hexameters. Meister Tieck noted all these things in silence; and, when the boy brought him any production of which he was especially vain, he did not deem it discreet to give expression to his paternal pride, but would say gruffly, 'Well, that will do,' and, at the same time, made the most of every discernible defect. This was his general principle of education; he never praised or encouraged, but blamed, or, at best, tolerated. He believed it the spoiling of children to show them any affection, so he locked it up in his

heart; and much amazed Ludwig, in after life, by telling him he had been his favourite child. This theory of frigid severity which we can recall in our stately, straight-backed grandparents, or 'awesome' grand-aunts, is now giving place to the opposite and more fatal extreme, making veneration, and other juvenile virtues, almost as mythical as pinafores.

One dark, wet evening Tieck borrowed a book from one of his school-fellows, and on his way home stopped under a dismal oil-lamp to examine its title. It was a play, opening with a night scene, guards at watch on castle ramparts, then a ghost; and the entranced youth had read a great part of Hamlet before he returned to consciousness as a drenched school-boy. At length he reached home, indifferent alike to his saturated condition, and the greeting which inevitably awaited him. A new era had dawned upon his mind, and from this time every accessible page of the Eschenburg Shakspeare was eagerly devoured by him. About the same time he also became first acquainted with Don Quixote, and was guilty of divers feigned headaches, in order to laugh in peace at Sancho Panza from beneath his coverlids. He subsequently learned Spanish, in order fully to enjoy it in the original. School-books troubled him very little; he learned quickly, and was gifted with a most retentive memory. The themes given, as they usually are, upon the most abstract and uninteresting subjects, were his greatest trials. What could a lad of fourteen write about Solitude? He was in absolute despair, and, with the certainty of disgrace before him, penned a short description of a nobleman alone on a newly-purchased estate, where his only occupation is to watch the solemn silence of winter snows melting into the mirth of spring, the fervid summer waning into purple autumn. The theme was pronounced most peculiar, but was, upon the whole, approved. Often, however, he wrote for companions who were less gifted than himself. On one such occasion a piece was read aloud, in which Tieck pointed out to the master an anachronism. The master acknowledged it; but sharply reproved Tieck

for picking holes in a production so much superior to any of his own, in which Tieck acquiesced with a quiet smile. His generosity in this respect went so far, that some years later he allowed his brother-in-law, Bernhardt, to publish, under his own name, several of his pieces.

When about fifteen years of age a serious disappointment befel our young quintaner. He became a victim to the fascinations, not of a blonde fräulein of his own age, or even of a raven-tressed Juno numbering twice his summers, after the example of many a sprouting genius. That least romantic of all unromantic things, a school-boy, became his idol. He was a clever lad, well-versed in antiquities and classics, also of considerable culture, but cold, ungenial, and, on all occasions, averse to the proffered worship of our ardent young friend. He repelled every advance on the part of his admirer with imperturbable frigidity. Tieck's friendship, or rather passion, only increased, and when the brotherly 'thou' was rejected, and he was told his company was not desired, he fell into the gloomy misanthropic mood of a disappointed lover. His father reasoned with him, showing more of tenderness than was his wont, but all in vain. One morning they set out together on a short pedestrian tour. They had not walked far when Bothe informed Tieck that he would rather be without him. Tieck burst into tears and entreaties, but his idol remained inflexible. In an instant a sudden change came over him from love to hatred, he uttered a passionate school-boy execration, and stood motionless, gazing after Bothe, who coolly held on his way. From this time the young enthusiast returned to his right mind, and was able to appreciate the friendship of other lads, to which, in his blind idolatry, he had hitherto been indifferent. His closest intimacy was with Wackenroder, a name which has always been associated with Tieck's earliest literary labours. Burgsdorff, Hensler, Bernhardt, and others, formed with them a pleasant brotherhood, whose favourite recreation was acting plays.

Every German is supposed by his friends, or by himself, to possess a

certain amount of musical taste and genius; the very tailors provide themselves with violins and canaries, as well as thimbles. Tieck was, therefore, condemned to lessons on the violin. He practised assiduously, but with an unscrupulous disregard to time or tune, ultimately achieving little beyond a variety of grimaces which any baboon might have envied, and which he maintained to be indispensable. His appreciation of music was, however, more creditable than his performance. One evening, being, as usual, first in the pit of the theatre, a small active man in a grey coat appeared in the orchestra, and began looking through the music-books. Tieck opened a conversation, and in the course of it gave expression to his strong opinions respecting the depraved musical taste of the public, and to his own especial admiration of Mozart's operas. 'Oh!' said the little man, 'so you often hear Mozart's operas and love them? that is very good of you, young man.' Great was Tieck's delight when upon inquiring he discovered this to have been Mozart himself, to whom he had so freely spoken.

During these quiet gymnasium days, the great political storm of the eighteenth century was gathering over Europe. The pet theory of the German princes, the 'Illumination' which was to reform and educate mankind by fixed rules; to make men wise and good by police regulations and compulsory catechism, was dying its natural and desirable death. The cosmopolitan cant ever on the lips of the fashionable philosopher and the political enthusiast, now fell not unfrequently upon distrustful ears. Joseph II. of Austria indulged a delusion—amiable possibly, and humane, but nevertheless a delusion—that the universal brotherhood, unrecovered since the days of Cain, was to be restored by means of free-masonry, and other secret societies. Emperors are, without doubt, frequently subject to hallucinations; but nations are less readily deceived. A few men with minds in advance even of the 'Illumination,' discovered and exposed the shallowness of these theories. They combated or ridiculed the pedantic imbecility which advocated their dis-

semination, and was forced upon the public as a literature of good taste, before which they were to bow down and worship. These seeds of literary and political revolution were rapidly developing in Tieck's active mind, when the horrors of the tragedy in France forced him shuddering back upon his own lesser world; and henceforth his political views, which had always been patriotic rather than cosmopolitan, became increasingly conservative. But within these narrower limits the prospect was scarcely more cheering. The disappointment to which we have alluded was not without its injurious effect upon a mind strongly predisposed to melancholy. A morbid distrust of himself and of his fellow-creatures, took possession of him. The enigma of human life in its gloomiest aspects, haunted him unceasingly, and religious doubts cast their darkest shadows upon his restless spirit. He would spend whole nights wandering in the *Lustgarten* in Berlin, or in the open country, and return calm, if not consoled. The influence of nature alone seemed to touch him in these wild moods. Such tempest hours as these could not but leave some desolating trace upon his character. The fair flowers of fantasy again covered the smiling landscape, but the effects of the lightning and the blast still disfigured the tall tree. His enthusiastic love for nature and intimate sympathy with her, contributed greatly toward recovering him to the interests of ordinary life. Another important influence also in the same direction was his growing attachment to the sister of his friend Reichardt. With all the passion of his poet-nature he laid his siege, a surrender followed, and the young people were betrothed.

It was about this period that Tieck wrote his idyl of *Almansor*, and the first chapter of the novelette *Abdallah*. Both of these are utterances of his late experience in Doubting Castle. In reckless defiance of conventional good taste and enlightenment, he laid the scene in his own world of oriental wonders, and gave the rein to his soaring Pegasus. In spite of so serious a defect, both were published a few years later. In 1793, Tieck bade farewell to school-days and school companions. Halle was the university to

which he was to go in order to study theology, as was supposed. But having no turn for this or for any other attainable profession, his friends must have been somewhat disappointed at the sequel. The stage was his strong passion, and his father's equally strong aversion, as a profession for any member of his family. He had vowed to cast his son off for ever should he pursue this predilection—any other profession he was free to choose. Tieck found the little world of Halle no more congenial to his mind and tastes than the profession he was supposed to be studying. The university professors appeared to possess few attractions for him, with the exception of F. A. Wolff, whose antiquarian researches formed a bond of sympathy. Among a few of the students Tieck ambitiously attempted to awaken some interest for Shakspere. A reading of 'The Tempest' was received with moderate approbation, but after a few scenes of 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' they requested him to shut the book! One auditor exclaimed—he 'could not understand how so sensible a man as Tieck was in other respects, could find pleasure in jests so poor and tasteless.' So our young poet was driven to his old companion Nature for sympathy and for society. He would sit upon the Hölty-bench, near the Giebiehenstein, and watch the fading sun-light and deepening shadows across the river and the valley, until the moon rose and set, and dawn at length aroused him with her chill breath. Dark thoughts and apprehensions, from which he could not free himself, again crowded in upon these solitary hours, like ghosts which appear only to those who are alone. Wackenroder's letters were the only stars in this night. In July of the same year he set out on a pedestrian tour through the Hartz mountains. On the first day of this journey occurred an incident which we will narrate in Professor Köpke's own words:—

'The folks were all merry in the little inn where he was to pass the night. The festival of St. John was being celebrated with music and dancing. In the common hall before his room all was noise and crowding. He looked dreamily out from his place

of repose upon the gay medley. At length all was still, but no sleep came. Every pulse throbbed eagerly, a long-
ing after nature left him no quiet. In the early grey of the morning he resumed his wanderings. The sun had hardly risen; pale and leaden, the scarcely glowing orb rested on the edge of the horizon: soon it burst through the vapour clouds and suddenly with piercing brightness it shot its first beams down upon the plain. They seemed instantly to penetrate to his inmost soul. He felt as though filled with a new light, the veil within was torn away, heaven and earth appeared to him in a new, undreamt-of glory. To him it was as the Deity himself, into whose radiance he gazed. "It is a vision of God," was the thought that darted into his soul. A certainty of the existence of God instantly penetrated his heart, filling it with ecstacy and with a heavenly sadness. A feeling of infinite love to God welled up in his heart. The Eternal Father loved even him! Tears burst forth, tears of blessedness. "I have no words for this strange experience," said the grey-headed Tieck speaking in his old age, and with deep emotion; "neither before nor since have I ever known it; it was the immediate certainty of God and of oneness with Him; I felt him in my heart. It was a place of revelation where a patriarch of the Old Testament would have raised a monument."

'He made a vow to lock up in his own breast all that he had this day experienced, and years passed away before he dared to speak of it. With the echoes of that rapture on his soul, he traversed the mountain region. He seemed more than ever near to nature and loved to wander along the wild lonely paths that climbed the mountain summits until he became lost in the crowning cloud-mists.'—P. 143, vol. i.

After revisiting his family in Berlin, he resumed his studies in Göttingen, instead of Halle. Here he was kindly welcomed by the professors, and soon attached himself to Heyne, who endeavoured to win him over to the study of classical antiquities. He also attended with interest the lectures of the philosopher Buhle, and those on history by Pütter, the university

exquisite, who always appeared in white powder, velvet breeches, and silk stockings. Mathiisson, Lichtenberg, and Bürger were also among his acquaintance. The last days of the author of 'Lenore' were here slowly and drearily closing under broken health, exhausted spirits, and domestic misery and disappointment; he had just separated from his third wife. Literary gatherings were established among the students, to the charm of which Tieck was one of the principal contributors. He devoted much of his time to the study of English and Spanish, reading Cervantes and Ben Jonson in the originals. About Christmas, he finished his 'Abdallah' which Nicolai agreed shortly afterwards to publish. With it some of his dark clouds seemed rolled away, but only to gather threateningly again in the dawning idea of 'William Lovell.'

In the summer of 1793, Tieck joyfully acceded to a proposal to join Wackenroder in a tour. Some time was first spent in Erlangen, where they attended the lectures of Professor Harless, a genial old gentleman, withered in appearance, and celebrated for his large flowered morning-gown. Thence they posted on to visit Nürnberg, to study its quaint churches, sketch its fantastic windows, and muse on its many bridges. One house they would diligently hunt out, and find it at the corner of a street tinted a sort of Indian-red colour, but said to be the same as in the days of its venerated inhabitant, Albert Dürer. Two years ago we also visited that house, and finding in the upper storey an artist busy with brush and pallet, were rejoiced that after the lapse of centuries it should still be thus honourably occupied. The probabilities are that in our own country had it survived long enough to encounter so modern a fate, we should have found it a soap or blacking manufactory. Tieck and his friend would also not fail to saunter out on the high road toward the cemetery, and wandering among the grey uneven tombstones, seek out those which marked the resting-place of Albert Dürer, and of Hans Sachs, the shoemaker of dramatic memory, who was no less a hero in their eyes. Out of these reveries in old Nürnberg, among its haunting memories of an art-loving age, sprang

the idea of a poetic representation of those times which Tieck afterwards accomplished in his wanderings of 'Franz Sternbald.'

Our young enthusiasts next revelled together among the hills and valleys of the Fichtelgebirge, losing their way on the mountain-tops and luxuriating amid mossy trunks under the deepest forest shades. We have a private theory of our own, that in a previous state of existence Tieck must have been a hamadryad. His love for trees

is intense, he seems to sympathize in all their moods, to smile with the birch in the sunshine, and shudder with the pine under the shrieking blast at midnight. There is a very graphic passage in his 'Prince Zerbino,' expressing his idea of the brotherhood of forest trees, which has been thus gracefully rendered by one whose talents, learning, and piety, made his early death a lamentation alike to literature and religion :—

'Our tops they wave in the heights of blue,
And claim their share with the clouds of air,
Sparkling aloft in the glory too.
From fluttering fingers to coiling root,
From our furrowed bark to our last green shoot ;
With the bliss of our being we overflow,
While the songs of the bird and the airs of Spring,
With music and odour through us go,
We whisper, we rustle, we rock and we swing,
While the bine it o'erspans us, the west wind it fans us,
Blessing, caressing us all the long day.
O hearken, Spring,
Our roundelay :
To thee we sing,
O joy of spring !
O welcome Spring ; from morn till eve,
From eve till morn, O welcome Spring !
Come, mortal, come, thy sorrow leave,
Seek restful ease in shades like these
Among the brotherhood of trees.

'Each for himself ; we oaks, firs, and beeches,
Stand interlaced and massed, yet each is free ;
And none his brethren scorns or overreaches ;
All bud and branch in broad-armed liberty.
One points to heaven ; another, downward tending,
Shades with wide hands the grass ; each hath his part,
When play the winds, yet all together blending,
Send one vast anthem from the forest's heart.
And so with men—so diverse and so parted—
Some gnarled and earthward, some that seek the height,
Yet to the wise they utter single-hearted,
One mother speech,—a ceaseless prayer for light.'

Tieck's next literary effort was in a dramatic form. Among the castled hills of Franconia, which he had lately visited, stands a dreary ruin, fitted with its dreary legend of crime. In Castle Berneck a son murdered his mother, to avenge on her and her seducer the murder of his father. This was sufficiently horrible to attract Tieck, who immediately seized it as a dramatic subject, making a tragic hero of the murderer. Wackenroder was now the companion of all his labours. He possessed, in common with Tieck, a lively imagination, an erratic genius, and a perfectly poetical distaste for all settled occupation. So fully was he aware of his failings in this latter

respect, that he compelled himself to abide by a certain fixed arrangement of time and work, as a check upon his desultory tendencies, which he feared might ultimately ruin his powers and prospects. His passionate love of art, and his own sympathy with the artistic faith of the old masters, led him to select their labours as his favourite theme. He wrote a series of sketches from the lives of great painters, showing how their strong and simple genius had striven to represent the divine in art, each after their own manner. They were to be attributed to an old monk, whose youth was devoted to art, his old age to prayer, and published with a preface by Tieck under the title

of *Herzensergiessungen eines Kunstliebenden Klosterbruders*. Of this book Goethe has said: 'It was written to prove that because some monks were artists, all artists should turn monks.' And certainly if they did not all become actual monks, they nevertheless went over in shoals to Roman Catholicism. Wackenroder had studied jurisprudence in compliance with the wish of his aged father; but his heart was for ever lingering over literature and art as his true vocation. Friends interceded for him, but in vain. The secret struggle undermined his health; a nervous fever set in, ending alike his disappointment and his hopes. He died on February 13, 1798. It was a bitter stroke for Tieck. He published his *Sternbald* as a literary monument in memory of his lost friend. This hero is a young pupil of Albert Dürer. He leaves his master on an apprentice tour of art, and his adventures form the thread of the story; which, however, was never entirely finished. The adventures are undoubtedly fewer than the rhapsodies; and combined with much that is beautiful and poetical, we find passages of extravagant sentimentalism. It is a purely ideal picture, expressive in every feature of the sincerest love for art and its votaries; but not for one moment to be accepted as anything more real or historical. Some of the songs contained in it are full of poetic grace. This revival of all that is beautiful and attractive in the art and literature of the middle age, was undoubtedly one of the great services rendered by Tieck, and by some others who followed upon his track. It is one of those lasting advantages which have served to counterbalance the many mischiefs occasioned by the extravagancies of the romantic school.

All the studious pleasures of Göttingen were now over, and, on returning to Berlin, Tieck carried a long-cherished plan into execution. The friendship between him and his only sister had increased with their years. They now left the obscure home and narrow interests, out of which they had forced their way, and established themselves in a small country residence outside one of the gates of Berlin. Here they shared all each other's thoughts and plans, leading a free

pleasant life in literary labour, enlivened by the intercourse of intellectual friends. At the house of Unger, the publisher, they met with much congenial society. Tieck was everywhere a welcome guest, from the great charm of his conversational powers, and his lively genial humour. Not only could he talk well himself, and skilfully draw others into conversation; but, when occasion required, he could be a pattern listener. When in conversation, every feature of his face seemed to talk with him; his smile, always warm and bright, would suddenly die away from a very graceful mouth, leaving the whole face darkened as by an eclipse; his deep brown eyes, retreating under the shadow of a Napoleonic forehead, gave to his countenance an expression of deep melancholy; but this was often put to flight by such flashes as might irradiate the features of Comus himself. The massive outline of the head, and the long hair, gave him in some attitudes a majestic lion-like aspect. In later life his resemblance to Napoleon was so strong, that, upon entering a theatre in Paris, he was not a little astonished to find himself the centre of all operaglasses; the creator, in fact, of—a sensation. Another social accomplishment was his excellence in that much-neglected art of reading aloud. He had cultivated it with great care, and pleased all the world except A. W. Schlegel, who would be pleased with no reading but his own. Tieck saw much of the Schlegels at this time, also of Ramlar, then at the head of the Berlin theatre; of Schleiermacher, one of the philosophers of the romantic school; and of Rahel Levin, afterwards the wife of Varnhagen von Ense. This original and gifted woman, although no authoress herself, exercised later in life great influence over the rising literary world of Berlin, and reached a high pinnacle of social popularity. In the letters published after her death, we trace her extraordinary acuteness of observation, her discernment of character, her full appreciation of the good and beautiful in men or books, and her reckless and spirited utterance of her own opinions. Writing at a later period to her husband, she thus speaks of Tieck:—

* BERLIN, 10th September 1814.

Tieck came yesterday evening after the theatre. He had already finished tea, but he took some, and recovered by slow degrees from the exhaustion of *cummi*. To amuse his children, he had endured the ballet of Harlequin's Birth, which they represent here without anything before or after it! We soon fell into the most lively, natural, unpretending conversation, in which the girls were no hindrance; I reclining behind the screen, because I was tired of writing, walking—of existence, in fact. He is a rarely simple and versatile man. We had a beautiful talk about lying. He is uncommonly truthful, and as naïve as though made of glass. If you can once bring him to this point, he will let you see his inmost thoughts in their simple citizen words, which arrange themselves with the ease of aristocratic ones, gently and so simply. He often speaks with difficulty, and complains of it. We talked of the Schlegels, he in his own manner, truthful, profound, kindly, with confessions, humour, and some worldly wisdom. He was most excellent. I only grudged myself the enjoyment because you were not there; you did not hear him. He sat between me and Babelle. "There!" said I to the child; "look well at the celebrated poet, Tieck." He took it perfectly well.—*Rahel's Briefe*, p. 240, vol. ii.

The publisher, Nicolai, was a friend and grand patron of Tieck's earlier labours. He took every opportunity of imparting the results of his many years' experience to young men, especially young authors. Most of his advice appeared to Tieck pedantic and narrow-minded, but he received it with respect, and without contradiction. Nicolai was charmed, and began to perceive that a talented youth, with an organ of veneration, was too rare and valuable a commodity not to be turned to some account. He had a collection of old popular tales, two volumes of which, under different compilers, had struggled into existence. The revision of the remaining volumes was undertaken by Tieck in a moment of rash acquiescence. To re-write and patch up the old form of these stories, miserable things as many of them were, was a simple impossibility. Tieck gradually left them to

themselves, and wrote entirely new ones. These bristled with side-thrusts at the literary and social follies of the day:—The Illuminati, the secret societies, æsthetical tea-parties, Philisterism, and the popular drama. The orthodox Nicolai was duly horrified at many of these profanities, but the more moderate stories pleased him. One called *The Two Most Extraordinary Days in the Life of Siegmund*, appeared to him so excellent, that he insisted on seeing the original. Tieck was forced to confess himself the author, but Nicolai politely refused to believe him. He also worked up an old French subject into *Peter Lebrecht, a Story without Adventures*, which won the unqualified approbation of the sober critic, from the comparative absence of spirit and humour. The graver, deeper side of the poet's character was expressed about this time in the first part of his extraordinary novel, *William Lovell*. This book has been much praised and admired, not without reason, it is true, but in such a manner as to deceive the unwary. We recall, with painful feelings, our bitter disappointment. After seating ourselves, one sultry afternoon, on a shady bank of the Gareloch, we opened the first volume in the confident expectation of enjoying it intensely. Under such circumstances almost any story would seem pleasant, but this one is so difficult to catch, it eludes pursuit so skilfully: just as you think an incident is about to occur, you are put off with an insane rhapsody, or the dullest of letters. The book is written entirely in letters from all sorts of people, who carry on the plot of the story in a most irregular, uneasy manner. The hero is a passionate, rhapsodical youth, intensely selfish even for a hero. He has no principle, no stability; his passions rule him without show of resistance; and the influence of an Italian Mephistopheles named Rosa, hastens the catastrophe of his utter ruin. Professor Köpke says very truly, 'Never, perhaps, has a young poet of twenty years, overflowing with enthusiasm, executed so terrible a judgment upon his hero. He tore remorselessly from him piece after piece of that moral wardrobe with which beginners deck their ideal heroes. Unconsciously he

practised that much-talked-of *irony*, which in later years he claimed as necessary to all representative fiction. It was a warning which he held out before his own erratic tendencies; a keen criticism passed upon himself and his younger companions, who were so eager to think themselves bold-hearted, talented, and great. It is an analysis of true poetic inspiration as opposed to the false one which apes its features. This novel is a proof of most astonishing maturity, but purchased at the cost of bitter experience.'—Vol. i. p. 206.

Certainly the most fastidious public cannot complain that Tieck's writings lack variety. We find his next publication to be a dramatized form of the old story of *Bluebeard*. Other popular tales followed, and, among them, the refreshing history of those entertaining people, *The Schildbürger*. It was a choice subject for Tieck, who lashed right and left at the Illuminati, and immortalized Kotzebue and Iffland by painting their portraits as poets of Schilda. Should any one of our readers not be acquainted with this interesting race, the instinct of commiseration for so extreme a case of literary destitution prompts us to enlighten them in a few words. This people had been originally much inconvenienced by their extreme sagacity, so that from all countries they were sent for to arrange and advise state and domestic affairs for the less gifted nations of the earth. Thus only the women were left at home, and their agriculture and other concerns suffered materially; so they decided to give up wisdom as too expensive a luxury, and to feign stupidity. In this they so far succeeded, that it became perfectly natural to them, and was evinced in many instances—such as the building of the new Town-hall, which was a perfect triangle, without windows; this slight defect they endeavoured to rectify by carrying the sunshine into it in sacks, and finally by taking off the roof; and the case of an obstinate millstone, to which they were obliged to tie a man when they rolled it down from the quarry, in order to show it the right way to go. The rumour of war, which caused them to take the great church-bell and drop it into the sea, for fear the enemy should

melt it down, taking care to make a notch in the ship's side where it disappeared. Imagine the confusion of these innocents, when on sailing forth to discover it, the notch was found all right in the ship, but no trace of the bell!

In 1798 Tieck married, and two years afterwards removed, with his wife and an infant daughter, Dorothea, to Jena. Here the poet completed the most perfect of his dramatic works, his version of the old legend of 'Genoveva.' He read it aloud to a circle of intelligent friends, among whom was Goethe. Tieck had only recently made his acquaintance, and had strongly felt how great was his veneration for the powerful genius, but how little he could love or confide in the man. With Herder, also, he had few sympathies in common, and their acquaintance never ripened into friendship. Not so with Jean Paul, whom he met at Weimar. Tieck could fully appreciate his genial and eccentric humour, his exuberant imagination, although alive to his weaknesses and incomprehensibilities. With the younger race of critics the 'Genoveva' found great favour, but the elder more 'enlightened' gentlemen looked unutterable scorn through their green spectacles, and disapproved as entirely of the subject and its handling, as they had done of the other barbarous legends which Tieck had clothed in a form whose pointed persiflage galled them perpetually; but Tieck was destined to suffer more from would-be friends than from declared enemies. Less skilful archers shot their little arrows where his larger ones had struck before. They adopted his modes of expression—such words as mysticism, miracle, romance—with distorted meanings; affected the sublime in opposition to the pedantic, and disgusted Tieck as much as the pedants themselves had done. Such men were of course eager to proclaim themselves adherents of Tieck, of the Schlegels, Novalis, and others. So that in time a sort of clique language came into use, which annoyed no one more than Tieck. The Schlegels had introduced a new and severe criticism in the pages of the *Athenäum*,—Mathisson, Wieland, Voss, even Schiller himself, did not escape the edge of their paper-

knife. Return thrusts were of course abundantly dealt, and Tieck came in for his full share, although holding himself as much as possible aloof from the pen and ink warfare. He had ridiculed the obvious tendency of the times toward unmitigated prose; not in the spirit of a proud satirist or bilious moralist, but with the aid of light ridicule, and a very fertile imagination. The people who persecuted him were those who complimented themselves with the idea of certain sarcastic allusions being personal to themselves,—all so many tributes to the skill which had cut the cap to fit so many heads. But these dissections wearied and harassed the young poet. The reckless exposure to which he had accustomed himself in his earlier youth began already to tell upon his constitution in severe rheumatic attacks. He relapsed into his old melancholy moods, finding little pleasure in literary labours, and not mending matters by hard study of Jacob Behmen's abstractions. These he read and admired with Novalis, the 'high-priest of Romanticism.' The intimate friendship between these kindred natures was, however, soon interrupted by the death of Novalis in 1801. In the year following, Tieck also lost both parents within a week of each other.

The study of Behmen led him into the then untrodden mazes of early German poetry. And with enthusiastic zeal he smoothed a path through the wilderness for future students, giving to the public, as the first-fruits of his discovery, a translation of some of the Minne-songs of the middle ages.

Tieck's sister had for some time been unhappily married to Bernhardt. A separation was desired on both sides. Her health having suffered severely, Tieck took her to Munich, where they might be nearer to a more sunny climate, which it was thought would restore them both. There she became rapidly worse, but at length rallied sufficiently to join a party of friends who were going into Italy. The disconsolate poet remained a prisoner with fever, gout, and rheumatism. His doctor (who had a pet system of his own about fever) forbade him all cooling drinks. In the agonies of thirst, Tieck ordered and drank an

enormous glass of cold lemonade. He felt decidedly better. The physician on his next visit congratulated himself triumphantly on his successful treatment. Tieck, with spiteful satisfaction, then told him it was no doctor's system, but a glass of lemonade he had to thank; whereupon the physician indignantly exclaimed, that if he was not dead he ought to have been! A partial recovery enabled Tieck to proceed to Rome with his brother Frederic. Here, under the warm Italian sun, among the fountains and orange-trees of his fairy-like garden, he looked back with longing home-sickness to all he had left behind, and that was so dear to him. He spent sleepless nights, racked with pain, or tortured by evil dreams and wild thoughts. By day he walked languidly up and down the sunniest and hottest spots, and thus seemed at length to give him some relief. His naturally sound constitution struggled successfully against suffering and melancholy. He went more into society, and was frequently 'wrecked upon a friend' from Germany—certainly once too often when he encountered Kotzebue. Returning again to Germany, he spent the winter of 1808 in a country house near Frankfort. But his restless spirit carried him away again to Dresden. Here we find him with Collins of dramatic memory, the meteoric Heinrich von Kleist, and Caroline Pichler, whom we are happy to learn 'he found pleasanter than her novels.' The following year he relapsed into his old sufferings, from which he was never again entirely free. Thus, at thirty-six years of age, when in the first vigour of his intellectual powers, his physical frame was bowed with illness and pain. Nevertheless, every interval of comparative health was devoted to literary labours, which in 1811 resulted in the publication of his book on the *English Theatre*, and Ulrich von Lichtenstein's *Frauentheater*—the latter a remodelling of an old poem by the popular Minnesinger. He next collected many of his tales and dramas, linked them together by a thread of story, and republished them under the name of *Phantasus*. Among the fairy tales, the poetic beauty of 'The Elves' certainly wins the first place, and Mr.

Carlyle gave us an admirable translation of it some years since. *The Runenberg* is a story written under the influence of Steffens, and of the theories of Jacob Behmen. It is therefore full of fantastic horror, and seeks to enlighten us respecting the demoniacal power existing in certain minerals, and of which the hero eventually becomes the victim. 'The Love-Charm' and 'The Goblet' are marred by the same defect, although both were originally suggested by very innocent incidents. Perhaps the most popular story in the collection is the singular one of 'Fair Eckbert.' To give the reader any just impression as to its style as well as outline, it would be necessary to translate it at length; this, however, is impossible, and we will sketch it as briefly as may be.

In a lonely spot among the Hartz mountains there once lived a knight, known by the name of the Fair Eckbert. He had short light hair, and his features were thin and pale. Both he and his wife loved solitude, and they led a quiet life, rarely disturbed by visitors. When visitors did come, Eckbert was cheerful and entertaining, but his usual mood was one of silent melancholy. His only friend was a certain Philip Walther, who frequently visited him when on his expeditions in search of herbs and minerals. One stormy night they prevailed on him to remain with them until the next morning. Fresh wood blazed on the fire, and they gathered cheerfully round the large open hearth. Eckbert took his friend's hand and said, 'You really should hear my wife tell the story of her youth, it is strange enough.' It was already midnight, and the moonlight darted fitfully in and out among the clouds as Bertha began: 'My father was a shepherd and very poor, often not knowing how we were all to be fed the next morning. What troubled me still more was the bitterness with which my parents always reproached each other. I was accustomed to hear myself spoken of as an awkward stupid child, who could learn nothing. I used to sit for hours imagining what I would do for my parents if I were rich, if some fairy revealed hidden treasure to me, or gave me pebbles which turned to jewels. When sud-

denly roused I was like one in a dream, and let things fall out of my hand. Thus I grew to be eight years old, and my father often punished me cruelly for my idleness and stupidity. One night I lay thinking bitterly over these things, wondering I was not like other children—full of pity for myself, and wishing to die. Almost unconsciously I rose, gently opened the door, and went out. I ran across fields, through a dark wood, and on into a hilly country. Never before had I seen a hill, and my idea of a mountain was of something very terrible. I feared I was now coming into a mountainous country, of which I had heard, and stood still trembling; but the dread of my father's ill-treatment drove me forward. I begged my way through many villages, for four days, and then came to a small foot-path which led away from the main road. Here the rocks assumed the wildest shapes; they were rough, jagged cliffs, among which I clambered, and with difficulty found a mossy stone on which to pass a sleepless night. I listened to strange tones, which seemed to me now voices of beasts or birds, now only the wind, and again to come from the rocks themselves. In the grey morning I climbed a steep cliff; but saw no change in the scene, no pleasant meadow, no tree or shrub. An intense longing seized me to meet some human being in this wilderness, and I walked slowly through that day, hungry and despairing. Towards evening the landscape became more cheerful, a sound, as of a water-mill, reached me and quickened my steps. Fields and trees once more gladdened me; I passed out of hell into paradise. Instead of a mill I found a waterfall, and was stooping to drink when a low cough startled me. It was a very old woman, leaning on a stick. She gave me bread and wine, and then bade me follow her. This I did gladly, and we emerged from a long wood into an open country, all bathed in red and gold light. The low rustle of the waters, and sometimes the gentle whisper among the boughs, fell upon the cheerful stillness with a sweet plaintive tone. I have never forgotten that scene; it gave me my first dim presentiment of life. We

ascended a little hill, covered with birches; below was a narrow green valley, also full of birch trees, which shaded a small cottage. A lively little dog sprang from the door-way to meet us, and as we drew nearer, we heard a voice, like that of a bird singing with incessant repetition these words:—

“Waldeinsamkeit,
Die mich erfreut,
So Morgen wie heut,
In ewiger Zeit,
O wie mich freut
Waldeinsamkeit.”*

I ran into the cottage, where all was in most beautiful order, and at the window was a gay-coloured bird swinging in its cage. The old woman caressed all her pets, and as I watched her a shudder ran through me at the horrible restlessness of her face; it was never still, so that I could not be sure what her real features were. She put supper on the table, offered a short prayer, and, after the meal, showed me into a low, narrow little room. All through the night I heard the strange song of the bird, mingling with the note of the nightingales in the wood, and scarce knew whether I was awake or dreaming. The next day the bird and the dog were given into my keeping, and I was taught spinning. I learned it with ease, and continued this life day after day, without thinking there was anything strange about the old woman, the lonely cottage, or the talking bird, except the gorgeous plumage of the latter, which I admired daily. The crone treated me kindly, and taught me to read, in which I took great delight, as there were many old story-books in the cottage, and she often left me the whole day alone. I now look back with strange feelings on those years of seclusion, and although all still stands so clearly before me, I have never been able to remember the name of the dog. I was twelve years of age, when the old woman one day revealed to me as a great secret, that every morning the bird laid an egg, which contained

either a pearl or a precious stone. She now intrusted them to me to put aside each day, gave me a store of provisions, and left me alone. For weeks and months my busy wheel purred at my side, the dog barked, the bird sang its one song, but all else was silent. I read the old books, and thought all the merry people in them must be like my little dog, and all the gay ladies like my bright bird. I read of love, too, and conjured up a wonderful knight, endowed with every conceivable perfection, yet without having any definite idea about him after all. I was happy in my solitude, and never thought or wished for change. When the old woman came back she praised my neatness and attention. One day she told me in her croaking voice, that I was very good, if I only kept in the right path, and allowed nothing to lead me astray. I pondered over this long in the night, and at last thought it must have something to do with the jewels. I was now fourteen—it is a misfortune that we only become intelligent to lose the innocence of our souls. Now, I understood that I had only to take the jewels in the absence of the crone, to go out into the wonderful world, of which I had read, and possibly to meet with the handsome knight. My hostess left me one morning for a longer time than usual; I watched her as she hobbled away, with a feeling of anxiety and depression, and tended my two charges with unwonted care. One morning I rose with a firm resolve to take the bird, and go out into the world. Sunshine spread cheerfully over the fields, and glinted through the green birch boughs; the charm of solitude called me back, but the irresistible magic of the unknown urged me forward. I fastened up the dog, took the cage, and a vase of jewels under my arm, and sallied forth. For several days I wandered, tortured by the fear of being overtaken, and in my dreams trembling before the threats of the old woman. At last I found myself in a village, which, with tears of joy and sorrow, I recognised as my home. I found the old threshold, opened the door, and asked for the shepherd, Martin; strange voices told me he and my mother had been dead three years.

* Friedrich Schlegel has somewhere spoken of these verses as the quintessence of Tieck's poetry. We have not translated them, feeling that their vague suggestive beauty cannot be rendered in English.

My childish dreams were not to be realised ; my jewels were now useless. I took a pleasant house and garden in a cheerful town, but found the world far less wonderful than I had expected. The bird had long ceased singing, and I was therefore startled when he suddenly began with an altered song :—

“ Waldeinsamkeit
Wie liegst du weit !
O dich gereut
Einst mit der zeit.
Ach einzige Freud
Waldeinsamkeit ! ”

I could not sleep that night, and felt more and more how wrongly I had acted. The look and presence of the bird oppressed me ; he sang louder and louder ; I put my hand into the cage and seized his throat. He was silent, and I buried him in my garden. I now began to fear lest my maid should in her turn be tempted to act as I had done. For some time past I had known a young knight, and to him I gave my hand. And here, Herr Walther, ends my history.

‘You should have seen her then,’ said Eckbert, hastily ; ‘her youth, beauty, and solitary education gave her an indescribable charm in my eyes. I had no property, and her love has placed me in this affluence. We have never regretted our marriage for one moment.’

‘We have been chatting on until very late,’ said Bertha ; ‘we will now sleep.’

As she rose, Walther kissed his hand to her, saying—‘I thank you, noble lady ; I can well imagine you with the strange bird, and feeding the little *Strohman*.’

Walther then retired, and Eckbert paced the hall, moodily reproaching himself for the confidence which he had occasioned, and tormenting himself about the possible uses which Walther might make of it. Bertha did not appear at breakfast ; she was not well. Walther troubled himself little about her, and coldly took leave. After this he rarely visited the castle. Bertha became worse, the colour left her cheeks, and her eyes glowed feverishly. One morning she dismissed the servants and called her husband to her bedside. She reminded him how she had never been

able to recall the name of the little dog, and that Walther had spoken it as a thing with which he was familiar. What could it mean ? How could it be known to a perfect stranger, and how was his destiny linked with hers ? This was the anxiety, the indefinite dread which was wearing away her life. Eckbert said a few soothing words and left her. He wandered restlessly about, feeling how great a relief it would be to him were this man, Walther, out of the way. He took his crossbow and went out to hunt. He walked wildly against the rough wind and through deep snow. There was no game to be found. Suddenly he saw the figure of Walther gathering moss from a tree. Almost unconsciously he raised his crossbow ; Walther fell to the ground. He felt relieved, and yet, with an inward horror, turned his steps homeward, there to find Bertha already dead. After spending some time in dreary solitude, Eckbert removed to the nearest large town, longing to find a friend who could take the place of Walther. A young man named Hugo soon attached himself to him. But Eckbert was for ever tormented by the thought that Hugo only loved him because he knew so little of him or of his history. During one of their long rides together, Eckbert was impelled to reveal his terrible secret. Hugo spoke kindly and cheerfully, and Eckbert was much comforted. But in the evening, under the glare of many lights, Hugo’s face seemed to have changed its cordial expression. There was an old man among the company who made some inquiries about Bertha’s fortune. Eckbert saw Hugo in close conversation with him. Hugo’s changed face was turned towards him with a sneer. Eckbert gazed, fascinated with horror, as he recognised in it the features and gestures of his friend Walther. Eckbert rushed from the room, and again sought his castle, resolved to seek no more after friendship, and sometimes doubting whether all was not the fiction of a wandering brain. He set out on a journey to distract his mind. Utterly careless of the direction his horse had taken, he found himself in a rocky labyrinth from which there appeared no outlet. He questioned an old peasant who showed

him a path, and refused the offered coins. Looking into his face, Eckbert recognised again—Walther. He spurred his horse on and on until it fell dead. Resuming his journey dreamily on foot, he came to a gentle hill; he heard a strange bark, and amid the rustling of the birches a strange voice singing:—

‘Waldeinsamkeit
Mich wieder freut,
Mir geschieht kein Leid,
Hier wohnt kein Neid,
Von neuem mich freut
Waldeinsamkeit.’

Eckbert was beside himself; what was dream—what reality? He felt like one under an enchantment. An old woman crept coughing up the hill.

‘Have you brought my bird, my pearls, my dog?’ she screeched to him. ‘See, wickedness punishes itself; it was I who was your friend Walther, your Hugo.’

‘O God!’ murmured Eckbert to himself; ‘in what horrible solitude have I passed my life!’

‘And Bertha was your sister.’

Eckbert fell on the ground.

‘Why did she leave me treacherously! All would have turned out well. Her time of trial was just ending. She was the daughter of a knight, of your father, and was brought up by a shepherd.’

‘Why has this frightful thought haunted me?’ exclaimed Eckbert.

‘Because in your childhood you once heard your father speak of it. He was obliged to send the child away because of his wife; it was not her child.’

Eckbert lay raving, dying on the ground; in a confused hollow murmur he heard the old woman speak, the dog bark, and the bird repeat its song.

Of this wild story Jean Paul was a great admirer, and after one day expressing his opinion to Tieck, he said—

‘Confess, now, where did you get the idea?’ Tieck replied that the whole was an invention. ‘No, no!’ exclaimed Jean Paul; ‘you may say what you like, but that sort of thing never can be invented. You must have met with it somewhere.’ The element of fatalism, so jarring an element in nearly all Tieck’s stories, became frightfully exaggerated by Hoffmann

and others; reaching a climax, perhaps, in the string of ghastly incidents bearing the candid title of ‘Devil’s Elixir.’ It led, at last, under the influence of that ‘Born Romanticist,’ Zacharias Werner, to the literary monsters known as ‘Destiny-tragedies’ which usually ended in everybody killing everybody else simply because it was their destiny. Count Platen afterwards ridiculed them in his play of the ‘Fateful Fork;’ and we sincerely hope that, for the good of mankind, their own destiny has long been sealed in the waste-paper market.

The dramas in the Phantastus Collection are, as their titles suggest, all satirical ones. ‘Puss in Boots,’ and ‘The World topsy-turvy,’ are directed against the evils and weaknesses of society, and some stage-absurdities besides. ‘The Dwarf’ ridicules false taste for the antique, and ‘Bluebeard’ the barbarous pomposity of the popular chivalrous romances. ‘Prince Zerbino in search of good taste,’ is a very spirited crusade against the prevalent false taste and Philisterism; and it probably made the old pedantic school angrily gnash its remaining teeth. This play, and ‘The World topsy-turvy,’ possess, on the whole, the greatest merit; but about ‘Puss in Boots,’ there is a sublimity of nonsense which also has its fascination.

The disturbed state of Germany, in 1813, obliged Tieck, with his family, to take refuge in Prague. Here were fugitives from all quarters, and friendly intercourse was renewed with Niebuhr, Stein, Humboldt, Brentano, and others. Brentano adored Tieck, and followed his example with all the minuteness of which an entirely different character was capable. Of him Tieck used to say that he never knew a more graceful improvisatore, or a more consummate liar! His inventive faculty had no repose, and he often could not himself distinguish the original thread of fact out of which he wove his elaborate fabric. He was popular among the ladies, and reached the height of his ambition when his fictitious incidents moved them to tears of compassionate sympathy. On this account Tieck admitted him to his house only on condition that, however ingenious his inventions, they should not disturb the cheerfulness of the ladies; but one

day, in Tieck's absence, the temptation became irresistible. The usual machinery was set to work, the usual result followed. Tieck broke suddenly in upon the sympathetic shower, angrily demanding if Brentano were possessed that he thus totally ignored their agreement.

Among his numerous friends, Tieck found none to take the place of Novalis until some years had elapsed, and he became acquainted with Solger. He had many interests and sympathies in common with this philosopher of the romanticists. Philosophy, Spanish literature, and Shakspeare, were favourite studies with both of them. During his Italian sojourn, Tieck had renounced his belief in Jacob Behmen. Now, in the philosophical writings of Solger, a profound thinker, a man of learning, and one who was interested in every phase of human nature, Tieck recognised the embodiment of his own thoughts and opinions. No other philosopher, not even Jacobi, thus fully satisfied him. We cannot here enter at length upon the much-disputed doctrine of irony, of which Solger was the prophet, Tieck the devoted disciple. It would, moreover, possess little interest for the general reader unversed in the peculiar tenets of the romanticists. But this friendship, so valuable in its influence on the mind of the poet, was of little longer duration than his earlier ones had been. Solger was removed by a somewhat sudden death in 1819.

Many years of intimate acquaintance with Shakspeare, a large portion of whose works he translated with the assistance of Schlegel, gave Tieck a strong desire to visit the home and country of his favourite poet. He set out in company with his friend Burgsdorff, and visited Stonehenge, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, and all the wonders of Warwickshire. In London he met with Southey and other literary men. With Coleridge he had many long discussions respecting Shakspeare. One morning he said to Tieck, 'I have been thinking all night over your views, and find that you are right on many points. Nevertheless I cannot accept them.'

'And why not?' asked Tieck in surprise.

'Because I will not do so. They

contradict all that has ever been thought and written about Shakspeare in England.'

Against this pertinacious nationality Tieck could urge nothing further.

In his forty-sixth year we find Tieck again established in Dresden; literary labours and literary society combining to make life just what he desired. As a general rule, every German is born with the ambition to be something under Government. Every year the prospect of a fixed salary, a title, and perhaps a uniform, becomes more enchanting. In this respect Tieck was not an orthodox German; he preferred independence. But zealous friends were not satisfied that the University of Breslau had conferred upon him an honorary diploma of Doctor of Philosophy. Vacant chairs in divers universities were urged upon him, but in vain. At length circumstances led him to accept the office of dramaturgist to the Court Theatre, with an income of 700 thalers. Retributive justice also came upon him in the title of *Hofrath*; a title which he had invariably ridiculed in his writings, and which he good-humouredly said had now descended as a judgment upon him. The constant companion of his studies at this time was his eldest daughter Dorothea, now in her twentieth year. She had inherited her father's deeply thoughtful character, and also his melancholy and sceptical temperament. Severe mental conflicts gave an early maturity to her mind, and a sadness to her views of life, against which she vainly struggled. Already well versed in Shakspeare and Calderon, she now plunged into a systematic study of the classics. Her acquisitive faculties were of the highest order; but possessing less power of expression and no creative genius, she remained simply attractive and remarkable without ever being thoroughly understood or appreciated. For many years her mother had suffered from ill health, and, as the disease became more threatening, Dorothea tended her day and night with unwearying affection. In 1837 she died, and Dorothea roused herself from the depths of her own sorrow for the sake of her father, upon whom the blow fell most heavily. Amid all her literary pursuits she set apart times for

visiting the sick and teaching poor children. She felt her own health failing, and life was only valuable to her for the sake of others. It seemed to her only a time of probation and suffering, each new sorrow leading her deeper into the Divine mysteries, nearer to the Eternal Father. In February 1841 she died of nervous fever after a very short illness. Tieck was paralyzed with grief. He sat motionless, without a word or a tear. On the day of the funeral, the Queen of Saxony sent a beautiful garland to be laid on the coffin, and this drew the first passionate tears. A few days later he received a letter from the King of Prussia, inviting him to Potsdam. His home thus broken up, Dresden was now without attraction, and he decided to return to his native place. The King provided a summer residence for him at Potsdam, with a carriage and an addition to his income. Court ceremony was dispensed with as much as possible, and Tieck received a *carte-blanc* for dull Court banquets and pleasant *côte-à-côte* repasts.

In the winter he occupied a roomy antique house in the town, 208 of the Friedrich Strasse. In its grand saloon, ornamented with busts or medallions of his friends, with rare prints and elegant books, he held his dramatic readings so long as his failing strength rendered it possible. In his own study, surrounded by his 11,000 volumes, he was always to be found in a black velvet coat, seated in his arm-chair, behind a small table almost invisible under its load of books and papers. Here his friends met with most cordial welcome. Always fond of social intercourse and accustomed in the absence of visitors to the intelligent society of his domestic circle, and the household friend Gräfinn Finkenstein, he now felt deeply all he had lost and in solitary hours buried himself in study. A housekeeper, who had served him many years, provided with kindness and assiduity for all his bodily wants. Tieck was born an aristocrat and a gentleman, in the best sense of the words. He was most intolerant of sins against that instinctive politeness and self-respect which marks the true gentleman. 'It is true,' he would say, 'all cannot be noble or rich, but one

thing the most insignificant can do, he can keep in the background all that is coarse, repulsive, vulgar, and which makes life appear so pitiful. In prison and in chains one can tell a true gentleman from a common man; good training and propriety of manner always seem to me necessary to show us that we have souls as well as bodies.' Bookbuying had become quite a passion with him, especially obsolete editions, and curious copies of old English plays and authors. Not long after settling in Berlin, he took it into his head to sell his library, but within a year or two many of the identical volumes found their way back again, and the shelves appeared as full as before.

Shortly after Tieck's removal to Berlin he published his *Vittoria Accorombona*, which had already been for some time completed. It had been suggested by one of Dodsley's plays, and Tieck was very anxious to place the character of the heroine in a fairer light than it is there presented. It is a wild story of a wild reckless age, and abounding in passages of great power and beauty. Tieck's labours henceforth were devoted to the drama in Berlin, and to collecting and arranging his tales and other writings. His days of authorship were now fast drawing to a close. Early in the spring of 1853, he became aware that the time of that departure for which he had so long prepared was now near at hand. Although still subject to seasons of great depression, his doubts had long since given way before a faith which grew deeper and calmer.

'I have known one period,' he says, 'in which I strove, sought, investigated; it did not satisfy me; another in which as a poet creating, forming, I seemed to approach nearer to the enigma of life. I have had seasons when everything seemed submerged in doubt. Then I came more and more to attribute all things unreservedly to the power of God. Moments of the most exalted faith are indeed rare; and at times even, all seems again wavering. Now in my old age I have reached *resignation*, which in its greatest perfection submits and loses itself entirely in the will of God. This is true religion, at least for me. Under its influence a new world has opened

to me ; it makes me free, calm, passionless.' On April 25th, Tieck's second daughter arrived from her home in Silesia. Two days later she had a last interview with her father. His breathing had been for some time painfully oppressed, but towards night he fell into a heavy slumber. In the morning he breathed more freely, until a quarter before six o'clock, when the weary heart was at rest for ever. The laurel wreath was laid upon the coffin, and on the first of May it was carried to a grave at the Trinity Church, near that of Schleiermacher. Sydow, at Tieck's own request, spoke a few words to the mourners who followed ; the king had taken his place in all sincerity among them.

Before concluding this short sketch of the poet's life, a few words remain to be said respecting his relation to the Romantic school. We have already stated that innumerable authors with or without genius followed his style of writing, adopted and extravagantly perverted his opinions, and then referred to him as their model. Tieck had outgrown many of the theories which he loudly advocated in his young days, was in fact twenty years in advance of the Romantic school when they would have claimed him as their head. It is true undoubtedly that the school owed in a large degree its existence to the impulse of his writings ; his grand aim was the union of the real with the ideal : they followed in this track, and accomplished extravagancies in which Tieck vainly

tried to recognise his theory or his example. His whole character, moreover, was strongly opposed to any such position as that implied by the head of a party. On this subject he himself says, 'Afterwards people wished to make me the head of a so-called Romantic School. Nothing could be further from my thoughts than that, or from my whole nature indeed, than party spirit ; nevertheless, people continue to write and to speak of me in this manner, simply because they do not understand me. If I were asked to give a definition of *romantic*, I could not do it. I know no difference between romantic and poetic generally.' The only sense, therefore in which he can be thus spoken of, is in reference to the position which his great talents would give him above other writers, and in his having originated certain theories which they followed out. One other question is that of his Roman Catholicism, which Professor Köpke denies, and which our readers perhaps will care little about. Our best plan here perhaps will be to leave the matter on Sidney Smith's principle, that 'if a point has to be decided, it is best not to inquire into it—it is apt to prejudice the mind.' We close these interesting volumes feeling very grateful for the pleasure and the instruction which Professor Köpke's skill and industry have thus afforded us, and trusting that our readers may henceforth have a kindly admiration for the character and genius of his hero.

HOW THEY MANAGE AT MADAGASCAR*

THIS work will possess a peculiar attraction for those who have heard of the fearful cruelties with which the native converts to Christianity in Madagascar have been recently visited. Reports of these cruelties had previously reached England, but we are in-

* *Three Visits to Madagascar during the years 1853, 1854, 1856, including a Journey to the Capital ; with Notices of the Natural History of the Country, and of the Present Civilisation of the People.* By the Rev. W. Ellis, F.H.S., author of "Polynesian Researches." London: John Murray, 1858.

debted to Mr. Ellis for the first statement of their nature and extent derived from personal intercourse with the surviving sufferers, and from the visit which he paid to the very spot where the blood of the first martyrs of Madagascar was shed. His narrative is all the more interesting, because, in most cases, he gives the very words of the original narrators, and no one can read it without being struck with the force of that vital power which is inherent to Christianity, and with the

gentle but unyielding fortitude which it imparts to its adherents when exposed to death under the most appalling forms.

Little was known of Madagascar till the commencement of the present century. Its western coasts were frequented by those pirates who infested the Indian Ocean, and continued their depredations till the year 1722, when a squadron, under the command of Commodore Matthews, was sent against them, and the most of the survivors found refuge in Bourbon and Mauritius, where their descendants can still be traced. At an early period the French had formed a settlement at Fort Dauphin, on the eastern coast, for the purpose of trading with the natives; and in 1774, Baron Benyowsky, a Polish adventurer in the French service, took possession of Foulle Pointe, and connected it as an outlying factory with the small French establishment which had already been formed at Antongil Bay. Owing to their cruelty to the natives, they were gradually expelled from all their possessions, except the small island of St. Marie, which they still retain as a military station. The neighbouring islands of Bourbon and Mauritius continued to derive their supply of slaves from Madagascar till the year 1810, when they were seized by the British forces despatched from India for that purpose. Sir R. T. Farquhar, the first English Governor of Mauritius, entered into a treaty with Radama, king of the Hovahs, who, from being a petty chieftain in the north of the island, had gradually subdued most of the native tribes. In terms of this treaty, Radama had agreed to suppress the slave-trade throughout his dominions, and received an annual subsidy from the British Government as an indemnity. Mr. Hastie was permitted to take up his residence at Antananarivo, the capital of the Hovahs, as political agent, and Radama's subjects were partially instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, and the arts of civilized life, by missionaries and mechanics from England. In the course of ten years after the settlement of the missionaries, a grammar and dictionary of the Malagach language had been composed, a printing-press established at the capital, schools

opened in different localities, and Christian churches organized. The whole country was rapidly passing from barbarism to civilisation, and the most sanguine expectations were entertained that Madagascar would soon take its place among other civilized nations. These expectations were doomed to disappointment. Radama died in the year 1828, at the early age of thirty-six. Though not a Christian, he was a man of enlightened views, and anxious to promote the happiness of his subjects, and to develop the material resources of the island. After his death, an entire change was effected in the policy of the native government. His nephew, Prince Rakatobe, whom he had nominated as his successor, and who represented the enlightened views of his uncle, was assassinated to make way for the present queen. For a time Christianity was tolerated, and the missionaries continued their labours till 1835, when, at a national assembly held on the 1st of March, the profession of Christianity by any of the natives was prohibited, and all Christian books ordered to be given up. In consequence of this order the missionaries left the island the following year. The reasons, that led to this attempt at the suppression of Christianity, seem to have been partly of a religious and partly of a political character. The old heathen or conservative party were jealous of the progress of a religion directly opposed to their own system of idolatry, and the queen was hostile to it, because she believed that it would lead to the transference of her subjects' allegiance from herself to the sovereigns of England. The religion of Madagascar is a sort of apotheosis of the ancestors of the ruling dynasty, who are elevated to the rank of gods, and made the objects of a species of hero-worship. It was supposed that Christianity, the religion of England, was similar in its nature, and that all who embraced it, necessarily transferred their allegiance to the sovereigns of England. Hence Ranavola Manjaka resolved on the suppression of Christianity as the only means of retaining her own sovereignty, and preventing the spread of disaffection among her subjects. As mere threats were ineffective in arresting the progress of the new religion, recourse

was had to more violent measures. In 1837, several of the native converts were subjected to the ordeal of the *tangena* water, a test employed under the direction of the priests, for the purpose of ascertaining the guilt or innocence of those who are accused of any crime. Many of them were punished with imprisonment, others were subjected to the payment of heavy fines, and not a few condemned to perpetual slavery. The first martyr of Madagascar was a woman of the name of Rasalama, who walked to the place of execution singing hymns, and met her fate with Christian fortitude. Next year, a young man who had witnessed her sufferings, and was led in consequence of her example to profess openly his attachment to Christianity, was put to death, and five others only escaped the same fate by making their escape to Mauritius. The wife of this same young man became an object of suspicion. She was seized and subjected to the cruellest torture, till at length she disclosed the names of the principal Christians, who fled from the queen's forces, and concealed themselves in the swamps with which the interior of the island abounds. Mr. Ellis's work contains a graphic account of their sufferings, drawn up by one of themselves. After great sufferings and many narrow escapes, six of them contrived to reach Tamatave, from which their friends secured for them a passage to Mauritius, where many of their fellow-sufferers had already found refuge. The rest, while on their way to the coast, were betrayed by their guides, and nine of them put to death in the most barbarous manner. Mr. Griffiths, a missionary, who had returned for the purpose of aiding their escape, was immediately expelled from the island. These persecutions had the same effect as in the days of Nero and Diocletian; instead of eradicating Christianity, they gave additional impetus to its progress, and led many to adopt its principles, who would never have embraced it in less dangerous times.

Matters continued in this state till 1845, when the queen issued a proclamation to the effect, that all foreigners resident in the island must either leave it or submit to the laws of the

country. As an independent sovereign she had an unquestionable right to issue this proclamation; and the foreign residents, if dissatisfied, had the means of redress in their own hands, by at once quitting the island. Instead of doing so, they appealed to the governors of Mauritius and Bourbon for assistance, and an attack was made on the town of Tamatave by one English and two French men-of-war. The attack was unsuccessful; the assailants were repulsed with considerable loss. The bodies of the slain were decapitated, and their heads exposed upon poles, in which position they remained till 1853, when they were removed by the French, and buried in the neighboring island of St. Marie. The results of this attack were most disastrous. It not only destroyed the prestige which had hitherto surrounded the French and English in the eyes of the natives, and led to the cessation of the export trade, on which Mauritius and Bourbon had hitherto been mainly dependent for their supply of provisions; it also rendered the native Christians objects of suspicion, and paved the way for the bloody persecution which broke out in 1849. Meanwhile they had found a protector in Rakoto, or, as Mr. Ellis calls him, Rakotond, the queen's only son, and heir-apparent. Mr. Ellis has omitted the circumstances that led to his conversion, but they are so singular and striking, that we cannot overlook them. He had been told by the native priests that the idol Ramakavaly and its temple could not be destroyed by fire, and repeated this remark in the hearing of one of the officers of the palace, a Christian. Soon after the idol and its temple were reduced to ashes, and the prince witnessed the conflagration from the balcony of the palace. From that moment he renounced idolatry, and avowed himself the friend and the fellow-worshipper of the persecuted Christians. This avowal led to repeated attempts on his life, undertaken at the instigation of the heathen priests, and exasperated the queen still more bitterly against the Christians, whom she accused of employing witchcraft to seduce her son from the ancient faith. In 1849, she issued another proclamation against Chris-

tianity. We quote part of it, so as to convey some idea of the impression which Christianity and its simple rites had produced on the heathen mind. 'These are the things which shall not be done, saith the queen. The saying to others,—Believe and obey the gospel; the practice of baptism; the keeping of the Sabbath as a day of rest; the refusing to swear by one's father, or mother, or sister, and the refusing to be sworn with a stubbornness like that of bullocks, or stones, or wood; the taking of a little bread and of the juice of the grape; and the asking a blessing to rest on the crown of your head; and kneeling down upon the ground and praying, and rising from prayer with drops of water falling from your noses, and with tears rolling down your eyes.' Immediately after this proclamation, all the buildings known or suspected to be used as places of worship by the Christians were destroyed; a free pardon was offered to all who apostatized, and the severest punishments threatened against those who remained firm. Many of these were condemned to perpetual slavery, and handed over to masters who knew not the name of pity; so that they might be, to quote the words of their sentence, 'like weeds of the waste, bowing down their heads till they died.' The *tangwa*, or ordeal of poison-water, was again brought into requisition, and by means of it some of those who were most obnoxious to the priests were cut off. Others of noble rank were stripped of all their property, and condemned to the severest kinds of labour. Some idea may be formed of the extent to which Christianity had taken root, from the fact that no less than 2055 persons were fined in different sums on account of their secret attachment to its doctrines. Those who were put to death were exposed to every indignity, so as to degrade them in the eyes of their countrymen, and cast contempt on the religion which they professed. Of the four martyrs of noble rank who were burned alive, in a place by themselves, two were husband and wife. The latter was soon to become a mother. When they were laid upon the pile of wood, and the flame began to consume their bodies, the mother was seized with the pangs

of maternity and gave birth to a child. 'I asked my informants, what the executioners or bystanders did with the babe; they answered, "Thrust it into the flames, where its body was burned with its parents; its spirit to ascend with theirs to God."' Of the fourteen who were brought to be hurled from the Tarpeian rock of Antananarivo, only one young woman was spared. There is some difference of opinion with regard to the causes which led to this act of mercy. Mr. Cameron, who accompanied Mr. Ellis on his first visit, in a small *brochure* published at Cape Town in 1854, says that it was reported by some, that she renounced Christianity; by others, that she received an unconditional pardon from the queen. Mr. Ellis, whose confidential communications with the native converts entitle his opinion on this point to more weight, says that she owed her life to the executioner, who, wishing to save her, said, 'Take her away. She is an idiot, and does not know what she says.' When these fourteen martyrs refused to renounce Christianity, a soldier, the husband of one of them, unable to subdue the secret convictions of his soul, and encouraged by their example, advanced and said to them, 'Be not afraid, for it is well if for that you die.' When examined, he boldly avowed his belief in Christianity, and shared the same fate as the others. They were tied by the hands and feet to long poles, and carried in this position to the place of execution. The simple but touching words of the narrative of their last sufferings, drawn up by their brethren, will find their way to every heart:—'They prayed and spoke to the people, as they were being carried along. And some who beheld them said that their faces were like the faces of angels. And when they came to the top of Nampamarinina, they cast them down, and their bodies were afterwards dragged to the other end of the capital, to be burned with the bodies of those who were burned alive.

'And as they took the four that were to be burned alive to the place of execution, these Christians sang the 90th hymn, beginning "When our hearts are troubled," each verse ending with "Then remember us." Thus

they sang on the road. And when they came to Faravohitra, there they burned them, fixed betwixt split spars. And there was a rainbow in the heavens at the time, close to the place of burning. Then they sang in the hymn 158, beginning "There is a blessed land." That was the hymn they sang after they were in the fire. Then they prayed, saying, "O Lord! receive our spirits; for Thy love to us has caused this to come to us. And lay not this sin to their charge." Thus they prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died; but softly, gently. Indeed, gently was the going forth of their life. And astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there.'

No one, on reading the report of the examination of these martyrs, can fail to be struck with the correct views which they manifested regarding the doctrines and duties of that religion for the sake of which they laid down their lives. They professed their readiness to render obedience to the civil authorities in all matters not positively prohibited by the Word of God; and when called upon to submit to the observance of the rites of the prevalent system of idolatry, they justified their refusal by an appeal to the Scriptures, the supreme authority of which they fully recognised. When attempts were made by some missionaries of the Church of Rome to seduce them from the simplicity of their original faith, and to induce them to substitute the traditions of that Church for the doctrines of Christianity, they had recourse to the law and to the testimony, and refused to admit anything as true which was not sanctioned by that standard of faith and practice. The peculiar circumstances in which they were placed, prevented them from attaining to any regular outward organization, and they do not seem to have adopted any particular form of church government. No regular successors were appointed to the missionaries who first instructed them in the truths of religion, and no particular places were consecrated or set apart for Divine service. They met, as occasion offered, in the places where they were least liable to detection, and their services were conducted by those whose superior intelligence and

piety seemed specially to qualify them for this duty. No one, on reading Mr. Ellis's narrative, can fail to be struck with its resemblance to the letter in which the younger Pliny describes the circumstances and character of the Christians in his province.

We have thus epitomized all the information which Mr. Ellis conveys regarding the past sufferings and persecutions of the Malagasy Christians. Regarding their actual condition and future prospects he preserves a prudential silence. Though the most influential and enlightened men in the island are opposed to any fresh attempt to suppress Christianity by force, and one of their number had the boldness to say, in the hearing of the queen, when fresh penalties were proposed against those who had already suffered, 'Why should they be punished again? the thunderbolt does not strike twice,' the laws against Christianity are still unrepealed, and nothing prevents them from being carried into execution save the force of public opinion, the influence of which is felt by the most despotic sovereigns. The dread of a foreign invasion may at any time alter the opinions of those who are at present favourable to toleration; and if Mr. Ellis had disclosed the names or the number of those who still adhered to Christianity, the government might at some future period use this disclosure as evidence against them. His book will unquestionably find its way to Madagascar, where many of the native officers are capable of mastering its contents, and conveying the knowledge of them to the local government. However much, therefore, we may regret the meagreness of the information which it contains on this point, we cannot but approve of the reticence which the author has preserved.

Having exhausted the religious element in the work, we shall now accompany Mr. Ellis in his three visits, and give a digest of all that tends to shed light on the civilisation and social habits of the people. In consequence of favourable reports which reached England in 1852, regarding the views of the Government of Madagascar, Mr. Ellis was induced to embark for that island on the 14th of April 1853. He reached Table Bay

on the 22d of May, where he was joined by Mr. Cameron, a gentleman who had formerly been connected with the mission to Madagascar, and is familiarly acquainted with the language and customs of the people. They reached Mauritius on the 7th of June, and soon discovered, from the inquiries which they instituted among the merchants and Malagachy refugees, that the report of the favourable change in the policy of the Government of Madagascar was unfounded; and that as yet there was no door of entrance for the resumption of missionary labour. A sanguine hope was entertained, however, that a visit to the island might be attended with the best results, and our two travellers embarked on the 11th of July, on board the 'Gregorio'—a small schooner of seventy tons, bound for Tamatave, which they reached on the 18th. They cast anchor about a mile and a half from the town, and one of the first objects that attracted their notice, and which could scarcely be hailed as a good omen, was the skulls of those who fell in the attack of 1845, exposed upon poles, and bleached by exposure to the sun. The harbour-master and his officers soon boarded the schooner, and demanded the object of their visit. On being informed that they were the bearers of a letter from the merchants of Mauritius, in the form of a petition to the queen, begging that she would allow the traffic between the two islands to be renewed, he reminded them that the queen had already pledged herself, that this traffic should be prohibited until pecuniary compensation was made for the injuries inflicted in 1845. He agreed, however, to forward to the queen a letter, in which our two travellers requested permission to visit the capital, and soon after an officer, despatched by the Governor, came on board to receive the merchants' memorial from the captain; for which he wrote a receipt in due form. Next day our travellers were permitted to land. They were politely received by the native officers, some of whom were partially acquainted with English. All exhibited an anxious desire to obtain information regarding the affairs of Europe; and Lord Palmer-

ston's *amour propre* must be gratified, when he learns that special inquiries were made regarding his welfare. The harbour-master, who had visited England and partaken in the gaieties of its capital, inquired more than once about the theatres; but our worthy missionary confessed his ignorance of the contents of the managers' *répertoires*, and his inability to satisfy his curiosity—a confession which, we have no doubt, excited much surprise, as the theatres had left a more lasting impression on the Malagachy mind than any of the other wonders of our metropolis. Soon after, they received a visit from the Father of Great Thoughts, the chief judge of Tamatave. He was of noble rank, and belonged to the thirteenth honour; and here, it may be remarked, that the different orders of nobility are marked by different numbers—one being the lowest. Though a man of considerable intelligence, and anxious to obtain information regarding the construction of railroads, steamboats, and the electric telegraph, the Father of Great Thoughts had neither shoes nor stockings, and the simplicity of his dress, in other respects, formed a striking contrast to the official robes of our judges. But the great subject which engrossed the minds of all, and elicited the most anxious inquiries, was the report that England was about to invade Madagascar, which derived a certain semblance of probability from the attack on Tamatave ten years before. The natives of Madagascar, having shut themselves out from all intercourse with the rest of the world, are peculiarly exposed to delusions of this sort, of which our travellers had many proofs. A short time before their first visit, the panic of an impending invasion had seized upon the capital, from which troops were despatched to the sea-coast with such precipitate haste, that a large proportion of the men, and one-fourth of the officers, died of fatigue.

Meanwhile, the letter was despatched to Antananarivo, and our travellers were detained fifteen days at Tamatave before the queen's answer was received. During this interval they were permitted to land, and to mingle freely with the inhabitants, who consist of two distinct races, the

one of Arab, the other of Negro origin. The former, known by the name of Hovahs, belonged originally to a district in the interior of the island ; but, under the command of Radama, they gradually extended their sway over the rest of the island, and subdued the Betsimisarakas, and other tribes that inhabit the sea-coast. The Sakalaves are the only tribe that have as yet offered anything like a successful resistance to the arms of the Hovahs, who have been in the habit of reducing their prisoners of war to a state of slavery, or of selling them to the delegates of the Government of Bourbon, where they are employed on the plantations under the name of free immigrants. The negro race is far superior to the Hovahs in point of numbers ; but inferior to them in every other respect. All the Government officials are Hovahs, who occupy the same position towards the other race as the Mantchoo dynasty in China. The Malagachy negroes differ little in physical organization or mental characteristics from their brethren on the other side of the Mozambique channel, save that they are more stalwart in frame, and turbulent in disposition. The whole population of the island is estimated by Mr. Ellis at three millions ; but when Mr. Hastie took up his residence at the capital, about forty years ago, it was calculated that the number of the inhabitants could not be less than five millions. As no census has ever been taken, and no register of the births and deaths is kept, it is impossible to attain to accuracy on this point ; but the population is certainly not less than four millions, a small number, considering that the island extends over an area larger than that of Great Britain and Ireland combined. The soil is so fruitful that, if properly cultivated, it might produce ample sustenance for six times the present number of inhabitants. War, slavery, and infanticide are the causes that have prevented the population from increasing, and becoming in some measure proportioned to the extent of territory which they occupy. Mr. Ellis was struck with the small number of children to be found in any family. A large proportion had no children at all, and few families had

more than two or three. It was a common charge against the female slaves from Madagascar, introduced into Mauritius before the abolition of that nefarious traffic, that they destroyed their children before or after their birth, so as to avoid the trouble of rearing them ; and it would appear that, in Madagascar at the present day, the pressure of slavery is often stronger than the maternal instinct. The slaves in Madagascar consist of three classes ; those who have been born in a state of slavery, those who have been captured in war, and those who have been condemned to slavery for offences against the laws of the country. They seemed generally to be treated with kindness, though the ugly iron collars with spikes, once so common in Mauritius, were occasionally to be seen. Those whom Mr. Ellis met showed a philosophical indifference to the possession of every species of property. They refused money and clothes, because they said that these would be at once appropriated by their masters to their own use, and the only pleasure which they seemed thoroughly to enjoy, was an abundant meal. All classes at Tamatave seemed to have suffered greatly from the cessation of the foreign trade, on which they were dependent for almost everything, save the bare necessities of life. They were poorly dressed ; and the Spanish dollar, the favourite silver coin, was rarely to be seen. Large stores of rice had accumulated, for which there was no demand. Provisions were so abundant in the interior, and money so scarce, that a bullock could be bought for five dollars ; and ten turkeys, or two dozen of fowls, for one dollar, while in Mauritius a single turkey fetched a higher price than the best fed bullock in Madagascar. No wonder that the merchants of Mauritius, and the stock-producers of Madagascar, longed for the renewal of the former trade, to effect which was one of the objects of our travellers' visit.

At length the queen's letter arrived. It was couched in courteous language ; but stated that her majesty's time was very much occupied, and recommended the travellers to return across the water, lest they should be overtaken with sickness. Of course this

was a delicate hint that their presence was not desired, and that the queen declined their proposed visit. At the same time an answer was received to the memorial from the merchants of Mauritius. Mr. Ellis has omitted this answer; but we insert it as a specimen of a Malagasy official note, from its conciseness and clearness, well worthy of the study and imitation of the diplomatists of more civilized nations.

'ANTANANARIVO, July 1853.

'To P. A. WIEHÉ, Esq., &c.

'I am to inform you, that I am in possession of the letter written by you, in June 1853, to the Queen of Madagascar. Also, that I have made known to the Queen of Madagascar the contents of your letter.

'And this is the reason why commerce is closed, and that you have to ask that commerce may be re-opened. Romain Desfosses, and William Kelly, and their companions in three ships, on a former occasion, fired guns upon us, intending to take our country, and this made us extremely angry.

'Now, when they make a payment of 15,000 dollars for injury done, commerce will be re-opened. For those who attacked us are not people unknown, but people that came from the English and French. And, further, any others may pay that sum, if payment be made, as coming from (or for) them, and even in that case, commerce will be re-opened.

'And I beg to tell you plainly, that whether commerce be re-opened or remain closed, we have no enemies beyond the sea, for all that are there are our relatives and friends. Farewell, &c. says

RAMIKIETAKA.

'13th Honour, and Officer of the Palace.'

Armed with this letter, our travellers embarked for Mauritius. The tipsy French captain of the 'Gregorio' contrived to make the passage very disagreeable, and endeavoured to destroy some rare orchids which Mr. Ellis had collected. We once made a passage of five days, in a ship commanded by this worthy, and the value which he attached to Mr. Ellis's botanical researches may amuse the reader. When asked how Mr. Ellis spent his time at Tamatave, his answer was, 'Ah ! le malheureux ! il ne

faisait que cueillir des plantes.' On their arrival at Port Louis, the queen's letter was submitted to the Chamber of Commerce, and in two or three days the 15,000 dollars were raised by subscription. Mr. Cameron and a Creole of the name of Mangeot were intrusted with the delivery of this sum, and embarked for Tamatave on the 10th of October. Their voyage was crowned with success, and the 'Nimble' returned with a cargo of bullocks. When she was recognised from the signal mountain, with a flag flying at her mast-head, which announced that the ports of Madagascar were again thrown open, the joy of the Creoles of Mauritius was unbounded; visions of fat bees and still fatter turkeys floated before their excited imaginations, and they showed their sense of Messrs. Mangeot and Cameron's services, by entertaining them at a public banquet, and feasting them with part of the oxen which they had brought from Tamatave.

Mr. Ellis remained at Mauritius till the 8th of June 1854, when he again embarked for Madagascar, and reached Tamatave on the 12th. The native authorities of Tamatave appear to have as much dread of the contagiousness of cholera as the Creoles of Mauritius, and as intelligence of the fearful outbreak of that disease with which Port Louis was visited in May, had preceded the arrival of the 'Nimble,' she was placed in quarantine for eight days. Immediately on landing, Mr. Ellis was invited to visit a sick chief in the neighbourhood, and the applications for medicine and medical advice were so numerous and frequent during his stay at Tamatave and Antananarivo, that if we knew any talented young medical practitioner, not overburdened with patience or patients, we should seriously advise him to transfer his professional talents from an unappreciating fatherland to 'the city of a thousand towns,' where, in process of time, he may be appointed body physician to Ranavola Manjaka, and elevated to the rank of the fourteenth honour. Mr. Ellis found the chief reclining on a number of mats, spread out near the fireplace. He was an officer of the government, and one of his assistants entered, and read two

letters, which he told him must be answered immediately. 'The young man then went to a box at the side of the room, brought paper, pen, and ink, and seating himself cross-legged on the ground, near the lamp, laid a quire of paper on his knee, and having folded a sheet, the chief raised himself up on his mat and dictated, while his secretary wrote a reply. When the letter was finished, the secretary read it aloud, and the chief having approved, the writer brushed the sand adhering to his naked foot, with the feathery end of his long pen, upon the freshly written sheet, to prevent its blotting, then folded his letter and departed to despatch it to its destination.' This letter was written by the light of a rude native lamp, which consisted of an iron rod, one end of which was inserted in the ground, while the other supported a cup, with a hook suspended above it, on which was stuck a piece of bullock's fat. A lighted wick of twisted cotton was stuck into the melted fat in the cup, which was replenished by the action of the flame on the bullock's fat above. This primitive lamp may be regarded as the symbol of Madagascar before the introduction of the Christian element of civilisation; while in the letter thus unostentatiously written, we have the type of what Madagascar became by missionary labour. If we take into account that thirty years ago the language of Madagascar was an unwritten language, and that there was only one person in the whole island who could write in a foreign tongue, and contrast the universal ignorance that then prevailed, with the fact, that at the present moment, there are thousands of government officials, who conduct the business of their several departments in writing, and that this accomplishment is so general, that a traveller cannot pass from one part of the country to another without being loaded with letters, it must be admitted that the missionaries of Madagascar (most of whom have passed away) have deserved well of humanity, and that their labours, apart altogether from their bearing on the interests of a future world, have tended to enlighten, to elevate, and to civilize the untutored savages on whom they were expended.

Mr. Ellis's application for permission to visit the capital met with a refusal, the existence of cholera at Mauritius being used as a pretext. He remained at Tamatave till the 13th of September, and during this time took notes of all that struck him as remarkable in the customs of the people, and the productions of the soil. Like all Africans, the Malagaches exhibited a decided taste for music, and our traveller had frequent applications for violins, on which some of the natives are no mean performers. A thirst for education seemed to pervade all classes, and several young men partially acquainted with English, and anxious to extend their knowledge of that language, offered to instruct Mr. Ellis in Malagachy, in return for lessons in English, an offer of which he was glad to avail himself. He found many striking *rapproches* between the language of Madagascar and that of the South Sea Islands, where he had previously laboured as a missionary. The minerals, and the names of many natural objects are exactly the same in both languages, and he is inclined to believe that the Hovahs and the natives of the Sandwich Islands belong to the same race. Next to the possession of a violin, the great ambition of the natives was to have their portraits taken by photography, and Mr. Ellis's work is enriched with many admirable illustrations of the features, costumes, and dwellings of the Malagaches, as well as of the more striking productions of their soil, taken by this process. He happened to have a few copies of the *Illustrated London News*, which were examined with great interest, and the portraits of the different members of the Royal Family and of the 'iron Duke,' seemed to be special objects of admiration. The costume of a Hovah is simple and becoming. It consists chiefly of a silk or cotton lama, a sort of large scarf, like a Highlander's plaid, worn like the Roman toga. The chief food of the natives is rice, with which the island abounds, and which forms an important article in the export trade. During the reign of Radama, the manufacture or importation of ardent spirits was strictly prohibited; but this Maine law has been set aside by the present queen, who, herself, is any-

thing but an adherent to the principle of total abstinence, and, in consequence of this change, intemperate habits are rapidly gaining ground. The manufacture of arrack is a Government monopoly, from which considerable revenues are derived. Money, though still scarce, was more abundant than it was on the occasion of his first visit, in consequence of the re-opening of the foreign trade. The advantages of this measure were evident in the improved dress of the natives, and in the presence of different articles of European manufacture. Besides the manufacture of different kinds of cloth, the Malagaches are acquainted with the use of iron, tin, copper, silver, and gold, and some of their articles of jewelry, such as ear-rings, &c., are of neat and elegant workmanship. The whole island abounds with iron, and some of the mountains seem to be composed of iron ore. The process of smelting is extremely simple, and different articles of domestic use are made by the native blacksmiths in their primitive forges. The island abounds also with medicinal plants and gums, with the value and use of which the natives are in some measure acquainted. A shrewd American merchant had contrived to establish himself at Tamatave, and to monopolize this branch of trade. As yet no cure has been discovered for that species of fever which derives its name from the island, and which sweeps off thousands of victims every year. It is less frequent in the interior than in the low swampy grounds that abound along the coast. It is peculiarly fatal to Europeans, and Ida Pfeiffer, two years ago so full of life and energy, recently succumbed to it in one of the hospitals of Vienna. It is to be hoped, that her literary executors will soon give to the world the journal of her experience of Madagascar, which, coming from such an experienced traveller, cannot fail to be deeply interesting, and as her visit took place some time after Mr. Ellis had left the island, in 1856, it will doubtless contain additional information. Small-pox is another disease which may be regarded as endemic, and its ravages are all the more severe, from vaccination being unknown.

Deaths are not unfrequent from the sting of serpents, and the bite of certain poisonous fishes, which abound among the reefs. Like some of the nations of antiquity, the Malagaches regard the serpent with a superstitious feeling, and its life is sacred in their eyes. A Frenchman, on rising in the morning, found a serpent, seven or eight feet long, coiled up beneath the mats of which his bed was composed, and to which it had, no doubt, been attracted by a desire to make itself comfortable, this reptile being peculiarly sensitive of cold. He pointed it out to his servants, and ordered it to be destroyed immediately. They merely took a piece of stick, and guiding its head toward the long grass and bushes which surrounded the house, said, 'Go you away; go.' The same feeling is entertained towards the crocodiles, with which the swamps, rivers, and lakes teem. They are at liberty to devour the Malagaches to any extent, who allow them the full benefit of the *habeas corpus*, without the application of the *lex talionis*. They avail themselves of this privilege, when opportunity offers, and conscious of their impunity, may be seen basking in the sun or sleeping in the mud at all hours of the day. The favourite gold ornament among the natives, which is regarded as a sort of charm, or talisman, is an imitation of the crocodile's tooth, which occupies also a prominent place in the royal arms. Another animal peculiar to Madagascar, which is also regarded with a sort of superstitious feeling, is the Aye-Aye (*Cheiromys Madagascariensis*). As there is only one specimen of this animal in Europe, in the museum of Paris, Mr. Ellis was anxious to obtain another, but it would appear that it is rare in the district of Tamatave, and the natives seemed averse to undertake its capture.

On the 4th of September, Mr. Ellis undertook a journey to Foulle Pointe, a port about forty-five miles to the north of Tamatave, where the French had formerly a settlement. It is memorable in the history of Madagascar as the place where Baron Benyowsky, to whom we already alluded, endeavoured to establish himself as an independent sovereign. This man's strange and chequered life is worthy of a passing

notice. Born in Hungary, but descended from Polish parents, he held the rank of general in the Russian service, till after the death of the king of Poland in 1765, when he joined the Polish army at Cracow, was taken prisoner and banished to Siberia. He contrived to effect his escape in company with some other exiles; and after capturing Kamschatka, and three vessels of war, reached Macao, where he disposed of them and their cargoes. From Macao he proceeded to Mauritius, where his attention was directed to Madagascar. He proceeded to France and was invested by the Government with authority to form a French settlement at Madagascar. He raised a corps of volunteers and reached Mauritius in safety, where the authorities from a feeling of jealousy placed every obstacle in his way. After some delay he embarked for Madagascar, where he met with a friendly reception from the native chiefs, and proceeded at once to form a settlement at Antongil Bay, using Foule Pointe as one of his outlying factories. Everything seemed to promise a successful issue to his enterprise, when the French Government were induced by the representations of the government of Mauritius to send out a commission of inquiry, after which Benyowsky left the settlement and the service of France. Meanwhile an old female slave from Mauritius had circulated the report that Benyowsky was the son of a native sovereign, who had been carried off to Mauritius. Exposure to the sun in tropical climates for a lengthened period, often so alters the complexion and the very expression of the features, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish Europeans from the natives, whose habits and dress they have adopted. When Her Majesty's Brig, the 'Frolic' picked up Livingstone at Quillimane to convey him to Mauritius, his face was so scarred by the wounds, which the 'far-darting god' had inflicted on him, and his gestures and action in speaking so similar to those of the African tribes, who had been his sole companions for years, that he had far more the appearance of a Bechuana than of an Englishman. We mention this to show

that there was nothing improbable in the story of the old slave, which met at once with general credence. Benyowsky was proclaimed sovereign of the Mahavelona district, which extends from Tamatave to the north of Foule Pointe; and on the evening of the same day, 300 females came to Madame Benyowsky by moonlight, and took the oath of allegiance to her as their sovereign. Anxious to open commercial relations with other countries, Benyowsky proceeded to Europe, but being unsuccessful in his attempt to form alliances with the French and English, he bought a ship, and sailed for North America. He returned to Madagascar with two vessels, and soon after a frigate was despatched against him from Mauritius, which attacked and destroyed his fort, and he himself fell while defending it. It was alleged by the French that he was the first to act on the aggressive, by seizing one of their storehouses, and Mr. Ellis adopts this version of the story, which must be received *cum grano selis*. The French from the first showed themselves hostile to the formation of a rival settlement at Madagascar, and it is not probable that Benyowsky should have provoked an attack which could only end in his own ruin. Mr. Ellis, soon after his visit to Foule Pointe, had an opportunity of examining several documents in the handwriting of this extraordinary man, whose views on many points seem to have been in advance of the age in which he lived.

On his journey from Tamatave to Foule Pointe, Mr. Ellis adopted the mode of travelling used by the native chiefs. He was carried in a palanquin different in construction from those that are to be seen in Calcutta and other cities of the East. It was shaped like a common arm-chair, only larger, with a footboard suspended in front, and two long poles on each side, which rested on the shoulders of four slaves, who moved along at a rapid trot, without appearing to be much inconvenienced by their load. A similar mode of conveyance is used in the neighbouring island of Bourbon for the purpose of enabling ladies or invalids to reach the breezy heights of Salazie. On the occasion of his visit

to the capital, Mr. Ellis was carried in another kind of palanquin, which resembled a sailor's hammock, and was supported by poles at each end. He was thus enabled to extend himself at full length, which, in a tropical climate, is a far more agreeable position than sitting upright in an arm-chair. These palanquins are the only kind of vehicles used in Madagascar; those of any other description would be unfit for use, as the only roads in the island are the dry beds of rivulets, or the paths that have been formed by the treading of oxen's feet. The lakes and rivers are crossed by rude ferry-boats, provided by the Government. The country between Tamatave and Foulle Pointe is richly wooded, and abounds with the different flowers, orchids, creepers, and plants, peculiar to the tropics. The after history of one of these flowers is rather romantic, and will at once enlist the sympathy and interest of every young lady in the United Kingdom in behalf of our adventurous traveller. After mentioning that he had added several of these plants to his collection at home, he continues, 'One, a fine *Angræcum superbum*, which I recently exchanged for a plant from India with a nurseryman near London, bore during the present spring a number of large pure white flowers, which I have since been informed were selected, on account of their rarity and beauty, to form part of the bridal bouquet on the occasion of the recent nuptials of the Prince of Prussia with the Princess Royal of England,—an honour which few could have supposed a plant originally growing in a Malagasy wilderness ever would attain.'

The journey to Foulle Pointe was accomplished in safety, and our traveller met on all occasions with the greatest hospitality and kindness from the natives of all ranks. There are no hotels in the island, but the inhabitants seemed to vie with one another in supplying our traveller's wants. So numerous were the gifts of legs of beef, turkeys, chickens, ducks, &c., which he received, and which he conscientiously enumerates, that one feels an instinctive desire to follow in his footsteps, and to share in the hospitality which was so generously awarded to him. These *pièces de résistance*

were speedily disposed of by his voracious attendants, who claimed them as their perquisites. He often wished to dispense with these gifts, and was only reconciled to the acceptance of them by the assurance of those whom he consulted, that the refusal or return of a gift would cause deep mortification, and be looked upon as a proof that he was offended. His last night at Tamatave was spent in the society of some of the native Christians, and after a pleasant voyage, he reached Mauritius on the 30th of September, which he left in December for the Cape of Good Hope, where he spent some months in visiting the different stations connected with the London Missionary Society. Before leaving that colony, he received an invitation from the Malagasy Government to visit the capital, and this invitation was repeated after his return to England. As this invitation was made without any application on his part, he did not feel himself at liberty to decline it; and, taking the overland route, he arrived at Mauritius on the 17th of June 1856, and sailed on the 9th of July for Tamatave, which he reached in three days. This seaport had undergone a striking change since his first visit in 1853. Instead of a miserable village, thinly peopled, and bearing everywhere proofs of the poverty of its inhabitants, he found a thriving town, bustling with life and animation, adorned with the residences of the foreign traders, and boasting of a hotel, the first ever opened in Madagascar. All these improvements had been effected by the renewal of the export trade. He found also that, in the course of two years, death had been busy in the place, and some of his former friends had been cut off by fever and small-pox. A few weeks before his arrival, M. Delastelle, a French planter and merchant, had died from taking an overdose of chloroform, and he had an opportunity of witnessing his funeral obsequies, which were performed according to the customs of the country, and honoured by the presence of a deputation from the capital, sent by the queen, to mark her respect for his memory. The chief of this embassy, in expressing the grief of his sovereign, adopted a phraseology which was new to our

traveller: 'She would have given 2000 dollars—yea, 3000 dollars—yea, 5000 dollars, rather than that he should have died.' These words are in the same spirit as Byron's lament for the death of the poetical planter of the West Indies:—

'I'd give a world of sugar-cane
Monk Lewis were alive again.'

Her majesty Ranavola Manjaka's grief, for the expression of which her representative adopted this graduated monetary scale, was not altogether disinterested. Delastelle was one of those French adventurers who abound in Mauritius and Bourbon, and are frequently to be met with in India. He had settled at Madagascar before the expulsion of the foreign traders in 1845, and remained in the island as a naturalized Malagache. After that event he married a daughter of one of the hereditary chiefs of the Betsimisarakas, the original possessors of the district of which Tamatave is the capital, before it was subdued by the Hovahs, and identified himself in every way with the native population. As the cane grows luxuriantly in every part of the island, he introduced *usines* for the manufacture of sugar, but this attempt was unsuccessful. With the approval of the queen, he then established extensive distilleries for the manufacture of arrack from the juice of the cane, and the success of this experiment was only too evident in the grog-shops that are to be met with in every part of the island, and the large amount of drunkenness that prevails among the natives. The sale of arrack is a Government monopoly, from which a considerable revenue is derived; and the queen, whose affections are divided between money and 'fire-water,' of which she is said to consume a bottle daily, may have been perfectly sincere, and laid aside all hyperbole, in the expression of her grief. The funeral of this man was in remarkable keeping with his life. It was a saturnalia of drunkenness and low debauchery. The orgies were kept up throughout the whole of the ensuing night, and must have given rise to many melancholy reflections, as our traveller meditated on the future prospects of Christianity among a race who, in the days of Radama, were re-

markable for their temperance and sobriety.

After a few days, a letter arrived from the queen, inviting him to the capital, and instructing the native authorities to provide him with palanquin bearers, and with provisions at the different houses, which, like the *khans* in the East, are provided for the use of travellers. As he advanced into the interior, he found the country gradually ascending till he reached the capital, abounding in forests, and watered by rivers of considerable size, which he had often considerable difficulty in crossing. He was struck with the thinness of the population, the causes of which we have already explained. He found herds of cattle, the staple article of exportation, roaming at large over the grassy plains, and always accompanied by a number of birds about the size of a pigeon, which protected them from the flies. This bird seems to be peculiar to Madagascar, and is known to the natives by the name *vorontianombe*, or, 'the bird beloved by cattle.' A large proportion of the three chapters, containing an account of the journey to the capital, is devoted to the botany of the island. Mr. Ellis's former residence in the tropics has rendered him familiar with their rich and luxuriant vegetable productions; and he is never more at home than when minutely describing some rare orchid or fern that attracted his eye as he journeyed through the wild forests. Throughout the whole work, the botanical element preponderates largely over every other, and the naturalist who has made the wonderful productions of the tropics his special study, will accompany Mr. Ellis with pleasure from Tamatave to Antananarivo, and enjoy the minute and accurate descriptions of the parasites, creepers, and rare plants, that struck him on the way. The moralist, on the other hand, who holds that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' and feels more interest in the appearance and customs of a Hovah or a Sakalave than in all the orchids and parasites in existence, will be tempted at times to think that the book would have been far more attractive if it had contained less botany and more general information. Thousands are looking at this moment with a fixed and earnest

eye towards Madagascar, gazing with the same intentness as the prophet, when he scanned the heavens in search of one little cloud of hope, and all that regards the present condition and future prospects of a people whose soil is still reeking with the blood of martyrs, must possess for them a sacred and hallowed interest. Those who look upon Madagascar in this light, as a land that has already produced a noble army of martyrs, and has still many valiant soldiers of the cross ready, when the hour comes, to fight the great battle of the faith, will regard the minute and technical descriptions of plants, with which the book is overloaded, as at best but a solemn trifling, if only one trait illustrative of the workings of our common nature, or tending to shed light on the mental or moral idiosyncrasy of a Hovah, of whom, as of all other human beings, the Great Master has said: 'Are ye not much better than they?' could have been substituted in their place. Any one may perceive, from the most cursory glance at Mr. Ellis's work, that he has a much finer eye for the perception, and a much more practised pen in the description, of the properties of plants than of the properties of his own species. There are some men who can paint a plant and a man with equal skill, and by a few skilful words make both stand forth before the mind's eye with all the vivid colours of reality. Homer, for example, paints the smallest flower that bloomed on Lyncætus with the same life-like power that he exhibits in the delineation of the character of Achilles; so that we can almost breathe the fragrance of the one, and gaze on the massive form of the other swelling with 'destructive anger.' But all men are not Homers, and the admirable photographic illustrations of the Madagachy features and costumes contained in the work prove, in the most striking manner, that science is fast encroaching on what was once the peculiar domain of genius, and that the camera of the photographer is an admirable substitute for the intuitive perceptions of the poet and the painter. In venturing to express this opinion regarding the preponderance of the botanical element, we are only expressing the opinion of one particular

class. There is another class equally numerous, who will regard a Betsimisaraka—a poor, ignorant, half-savage being, struggling for light and a higher civilisation—as far less worthy of his attention and study than the *Urania speciosa*, the far-famed Traveller's Tree, of which Mr. Ellis gives the best description that has ever been published. For the description of this wonderful tree, each of whose leaves contains a natural reservoir, filled with the purest and sweetest water, for the refreshment of the weary traveller 'in dry parched lands, wherein no waters be,' we must refer our readers to the work itself (pp. 303-4), while we confine ourselves to pointing out, in passing, one property of this tree so strikingly illustrative of the Divine goodness, which Mr. Ellis had no opportunity of observing. If the natural reservoir at the base of each leaf continued to leak after being perforated, the tree would soon cease to be a blessing to the traveller; but, by a curative process, similar to that which takes place when a wound is inflicted on the human body, the fissure by which the water oozes out soon closes up, and the cistern is again ready to receive the water conveyed to it from the surface of the leaf. We have seen one of these trees bearing the scars of hundreds of wounds; and yet, on piercing it with a penknife, and applying our lips to the orifice, we have found—what in the East is the greatest of all luxuries—a draught of cool, sweet refreshing water.

But we must hurry through the swamps and forests of Betaninena till we reach Antananarivo, where our traveller arrived on the 26th of August. He was delighted with the cool, pleasant climate of this city, which is situated at an elevation of 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and enjoys almost a European temperature. Soon after his arrival he received a visit from Prince Rakoto, the queen's only son, and the heir-apparent to the crown of the Hovaha. We have already alluded to the singular circumstances that led him to renounce idolatry, and to avow himself the friend and protector of the Christians. 'Considering his age, then twenty-six, his appearance struck me as juvenile, but extremely prepossessing, frank and

open in his bearing, and easy in his manners. He is short in stature, but well-proportioned, with broad shoulders and ample chest. His head is small, his hair jet-black, and somewhat curling; his forehead slightly retreating, and round; his eyes small, but clear and penetrating; his features somewhat European in cast and form; his lips full, the upper covered with a moustache, the lower projecting from the overcrowding of his teeth; his nose aquiline, and his chin slightly projecting. He wore a black dress coat and pantaloons, gold-embroidered velvet waistcoat, and white cravat. Mr. Ellis, after surmounting difficulties with which every photographic artist will sympathize, at length succeeded in taking the prince's likeness, as well as that of the princess, at one sitting. He had some hopes of being able to procure the honour of a sitting from Ranavola Manjaka herself, but the prince, whom he consulted on this point, informed him 'that the queen and some of the people had a superstitious idea to the effect that if their likenesses were taken they would soon die; that the likeness resembled the spirit of a person, and, when that was gone, said, "Why, what is there left?"' Some idea of the same sort induced her to decline the offer of a Frenchman, who proposed to establish an electric telegraph from Tamatave to the capital. Mr. Ellis had the honour of being presented at court, and gives the following description of her majesty:—'The queen's figure is not tall, but rather stout; her face round, the forehead well-formed, the eyes small, nose short, but not broad; lips well-defined and small, the chin slightly rounded. The whole head and face small, compact, and well-proportioned; her expression of countenance rather agreeable than otherwise, though at times indicating great firmness. She looked in good health, and vigorous considering her age, which is said to be sixty-eight.' Our traveller met with a gracious reception at the palace of the *silver-house*—a wooden building of two storeys surrounded by verandahs, where he presented himself arrayed in 'a rich satin green and purple plaid dressing-gown, with scarlet lining,' and paid *hosina* to the queen, conveying to her at the same

time the assurance of the friendly feelings which the Government of England entertained towards Madagascar. This assurance afforded evident satisfaction to her majesty and the whole court; and the queen assured him through her interpreter, that she did not wish to regard as enemies any nation across the seas, but to cultivate the friendship of the English, the French, and of all other nations. She placed three houses at his disposal during his residence at the capital, and invited him to court, where he had an opportunity of witnessing the slow and solemn dance of the Sakalaves, and of admiring the gorgeous court-dresses worn by the native chiefs. He presented to her the different presents which he had brought with him from Europe, and was invited to a public entertainment, where he was surprised at the perfection which the Malagasy *cuisine* had attained, and struck with the eloquence of the native chiefs while proposing different toasts—a custom which they have doubtless borrowed from their French and English visitors. He remained at the capital till the 26th of September, his application to the queen for permission to prolong his stay having met with a refusal, which, in our opinion, he has no reason to regret. His presence at the capital for a lengthened period could only have given rise to suspicion, and might have compromised the safety of the native Christians, from whom he received frequent visits.

Before concluding our notice of this work, we cannot avoid reverting briefly to Prince Rakoto, who is at this moment the cynosure of hope to all the Christians in the island. The conversations which Mr. Ellis had with him, and which are reported at length, give one a very favourable impression of his naturally humane disposition, and of his large and enlightened views, which seem far in advance of those of the people among whom Providence has cast his lot. He seems most anxious to elevate and civilize the half-savage race over whom he may soon be called to reign, and his enlightened views and open profession of Christianity have naturally rendered him an object of suspicion and hatred to the old heathen or conservative

party, who have more than once made attempts upon his life. In one case, when the assassin was discovered, he had the magnanimity to spare his life ; and he is thoroughly ashamed of the cruelties to which his countrymen are subjected, when they incur the displeasure of his savage and relentless mother. On one occasion, when riding in company with Mr. Ellis, he observed that his sympathy was excited in behalf of a criminal who was sitting and begging by the side of the road, with a heavy iron ring riveted round his neck, and another round one of his legs, while the other was torn and bleeding ; and exclaimed, 'Don't look that way ; I am ashamed ; it is barbarous.' On all occasions he expressed a warm admiration of the English, because he believed that they were humane, and showed a due regard for human life. While he has given the most unquestionable proofs of his attachment to Christianity, and exposed his life to danger by avowing himself the protector of its adherents, the unfavourable circumstances in which he has been placed have prevented him from attaining to clear or distinct views of its peculiar tenets and doctrines. He seems to be only partially acquainted with the essential points of difference between Romanism and Protestantism. He is a husband but not a father ; and a wily priest, who has contrived to establish himself at the capital, induced him to believe that if his wife accepted a crucifix, and he himself wore a particular medal, and both put their trust in the Virgin, the princess would soon be a mother. It is singular to reflect on what small events the future character and destiny of nations often depend. If the priest's prediction had been verified, and the Virgin proved propitious, the prince would have become a Roman Catholic ; and the feeling of respect for his person cherished by the native Christians is so profound, that most of them would have followed his example. But these events are overruled by a higher power, and the Christians of Madagascar have as yet remained firm in their attachment to the doctrines in which they were originally instructed ; and it is matter of surprise, that this young man, who has groped his way to the truth,

should possess such enlightened views in religion and politics. Like all his countrymen, he seemed to dread a foreign invasion, and on one occasion, asked, 'What was the meaning of protection, as in the case of one nation being under the protection of another nation ? This kind of protection I endeavoured to explain to him as well as I could, as being a sort of modified sovereignty under which the protecting power, while leaving the people of the protected state to be governed, to a certain extent, by their own rulers or forms of government, constituted itself the supreme authority, actually governing both rulers and people, to the exclusion of all other foreign influence.' This was a singular question on the part of the prince, and proves that the idea of political protection, which could never have suggested itself to his mind, must have been derived from some foreign source. It strikes us that Mr. Ellis could have given some explanation of the drift of this question, and, while we respect the motive that has led him to avoid any further allusion to the subject, we do not feel ourselves under any obligation to preserve the same silence. We have already shown that attempts have been made upon his life, and in 1853 he bought a piece of red cloth of that particular kind which is only used as shrouds to cover the bodies of the members of the royal family. 'The queen,' says Mr. Cameron, 'asked him what he meant by purchasing such cloth. He said to her that he considered his life in danger from a quarter which she well knew, and that if he must die in such a way, he would prefer dying while she was yet alive.' In 1855 a French merchant resident at Mauritius, touched at Madagascar on his way to France. He contrived to obtain an interview with the Prince, and so worked upon his fears as to persuade him that the only way to secure his succession to the throne after his mother's death would be to place the kingdom under the protection of France. In a moment of weakness the Prince yielded to his representations ; a letter was written to the French Emperor, and intrusted to the care of this French merchant. It was submitted to the French Government soon after the close of the

Crimean War, and may have given rise to the rumours that were then so rife about a French expedition for the invasion of Madagascar. These rumours had reached Madagascar, and the Prince must have felt himself compromised by this letter, the disclosure of which might have ruined him for ever in the eyes of a race who are extremely jealous of their liberties, and of all foreign interference with the management of their internal affairs. France is the only European power that ever possessed settlements in this island; but any claims which she may have possessed prior to 1815, ceased when all her settlements in Madagascar, which had been seized by the English in 1810, were handed over, without any protest on her part, to Radama, the husband of the present queen. Recent events prove that any attempt on the part of France to establish a footing in the island will be at once resisted and repressed, and the Emperor of the French would find it a far more difficult task to subdue Madagascar than to keep the Arab tribes of Algeria in subjection. Apart from the resistance that would be offered by a brave and warlike race, who, as the affair at Tamatave in 1845 proved, are no despicable foe, even when attacked by well-disciplined forces, Radama's two generals, Hazo and Tazo (forest and fever), are still alive, and ready to strike down any foreigner who dares to encounter them. The Emperor of France is a prudent man, and it is not at all probable that he will venture at present on sending an armed expedition to such a distant part of the world, and thus deprive himself of the aid of a large part of his forces, in the event of an outbreak at home. Algeria is nearer and more convenient

as a military station, and Madagascar would gain little by being converted into a French colony. The civilisation that is wrought out by the sword cannot be permanent. The dread of a foreign invasion seems to pervade all classes in the island, but so far as regards England, there is no just ground for such apprehensions. Mr. Ellis was authorized to convey to the queen the assurance of the friendly relations which the Government of England wishes to preserve with that of Madagascar, and there is no reason to question the sincerity of this assurance. With Mauritius as an *entrepôt* for her Indian trade, England can have no motive for endeavouring to establish a footing in Madagascar, and Lord Derby's answer to the deputation that recently waited upon him regarding the annexation of Sarawak, proves that at present she has no desire to add to her colonial possessions.

It is probable, therefore, that Madagascar will be left to work out the problem of her future history, free from all foreign interference, and while it would be useless to speculate regarding that history, which can only be known to Him for whom the future has no secrets, it is a most solemn thought, that the destiny of four millions of human beings, and of their descendants in future ages, is interwoven with the thread of one frail life, which the knife of the assassin may cut asunder at any hour. It remains to be seen whether Rakoto Radama, the star of Madagascar's hope, is to set in premature darkness, or to shine forth as the harbinger of a purer faith, a loftier civilisation, and a new era in the history of his blood-stained fatherland.

A MECHANIC'S STORY.

I HAVE a story to tell, which, I think, may do some good. Six months ago I would rather have cloven any man's head with my hammer than have revealed so much; but now I have no secrets. Yet, even now, I prefer to write it out thus; to send it by the pilot when he quits the ship, and so to

leave it, as it were, a legacy to my fellow-workmen, whom it is likely I shall never see again.

As for my early life, I would that it could be forgotten by me, as it has been forgiven by God. I have neither part nor lot in it; the serpent's skin not more completely sloughs than I

have changed my nature. I tell you that, like Christian in the godly book, I have cast off that burthen of my sins, and stand at the Celestial Gate. The glory of my youth, and the spirit, the laughter, and the drinking, and the song, are vanished. I left them for a portion to the wicked, and fled and gat me out. What matters it where he was born first who has been born again? What were father or mother to one like me, that I should remember them? Drunkards, blasphemers, children of the wicked one, who would not escape the net themselves, neither would suffer their little ones to escape. O Lizzy, Lizzy! little sister innocent, why wast not thou snatched from the burning, and not I? She died at eight years old. But, mind you, though I weep, I know what seemed her goodness then was nothing worth—nay, it was sin; but the blue eyes, so dimmed with tears when mother beat me—tears both for mother and for me; the sidelong patient face that lay upon the pillow—till that was pawned for drink—and then upon the floor, thinning, sharpening day by day; and the hand, that you could look through, clasping mine as though she felt we two might never meet again! I thought her in my blindness one whom the blessed angels could not spare, and so had sent for her! I, whose every other word was some black oath, scarce dared to speak before her; for she would lay that tiny hand upon my brawling mouth, beseeching me, with such a mute, pained look, that, even now, if she had known Him—ah! if she had but known Him!—I could think she had brought the Master's message: 'Peace on earth, good-will towards men;' but that means Christian men, which we are not. Christian! The town we lived in might have shared—it *will* one day—the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. *Ten* righteous men! There were not five, not two. There *had* been in old times. There was a church near by, unused, and half in ruins, but which a few strong poles and boards might well have made a schoolroom, wherein such creeping things as I might have learnt God to be other than a name to call as witness to our lies; but this, because it had been a consecrated place, our Christians (we had some who

so called themselves) refused to use so, making a curse even of God's very blessing. In old times, too—I cannot tell by whom or when it was done—a mighty tank was set by some hot springs for all poor men to bathe in. They say it was first built in a great wood where there was a hermitage, and that folks came there to pray and be cleansed from their diseases; but the wood had been long cut down, and the town itself had reached to the springs, time out of mind. Still, the roofing of the place was very old and quaint, and massive beams of oak stretched over the great swimming-bath, whereon were painted texts and godly sayings. Through the hot steam and dimness of the place the letters still shone out; so that, while poor weary bodies were refreshed and whitened in the pleasant waters, their souls might have comfort also. I could not read these for myself; but a crippled boy, of my own age, who used to bathe there daily—for this was a Bethesda pool to such as he—would point them out for me. I can see him now, with his pale dripping face and skinny arm above the soft warm waves, whispering aloud (for he was a timid lad): 'Go and sin no more;' 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;' or 'God is love.' He was a chosen soul; and now, while many of his fellow-townsmen, who were wont to dress in purple and fine linen every day, are in the fiery lake, the cripple is in Abraham's bosom; even him I scorned, nay, him the most, but the words he taught me I brought home to sister Lizzy,—she loved to hear them, and to repeat them to herself in her gentle way. While father was on strike, and in the ale-house, and mother with him, and I alone with Lizzy when she died, I took her in my arms to raise her head that she might speak to me, and 'God is love'—I hear her say it now—was that lost little one's last words. Both man and woman when they came home were sorry; but Lizzy was in a club, they said—that was some comfort. We got eleven pounds amongst us by her death: gin, that is, enough for all of us for months; no work to do, and gin; for that, if such an offer had been made to me, I would then have bartered Heaven. We three were in the

same woollen factory. Mother, who was in the dyeing department, used to terrify me greatly as a child by coming home sometimes with her arms scarlet to the elbows. She said that she had been killing wicked boys, and had not done yet. Father was a machinist, and I assisted him in the mill workshop, at first without any wages, but soon—for I was quick at every sort of iron craft—as a regular paid helper. At fourteen years old I was receiving five shillings a week. Up to that time I had been forced to put up with many stripes and much ill-usage of all kinds from both my parents; but now I felt that I was my own master, and I told them so. I offered to pay them three and sixpence a week for my board and lodging, keeping the rest, for a particular purpose, to myself; which they, seeing there was no help for it, acceded to; otherwise I should have taken myself off elsewhere, as other sons did, and have got accommodated perhaps cheaper still. The purpose for which I was anxious to save money may appear strange to some. I wanted to become one of the guild of iron-workers in our town; to be articled or apprenticed (when I should have to work for some time gratuitously), and so to receive a sort of credentials that would enable me to hire myself out, as I grew up, wheresoever I pleased. There was much more difficulty in a hand getting employment amongst us without this; and the more favoured of his class look down upon him jealously if even he is so fortunate as to become their fellow-labourer: I had known honest men driven to stealing in despair of being able to raise money for this, and I was determined to begin to lay by early. Profligate as I was, therefore, I took care that my excesses should be as much as possible at the cost of others, and scarcely a week passed without my dropping a shilling into a little iron money-box of my own making, which I kept secretly in the wall at my bed's head. All this time father and mother were drinking more than ever, and I helped them to finish their liquor readily enough: there was plenty of swearing at me over their cups, but no more beating, and hard words breaking no bones, I was well enough. My father was closely connected with the physical-force

Chartist party, and, in consequence, although an excellent workman, in bad odour with the masters, and not seldom out of work. Common opinions and common sufferings were indeed the only bonds that could have drawn together him and our most constant visitor, Robert Williams. The latter admired the pluck, the thorough-going though blind determination, and the fanatic adherence to political creed, which he saw as strongly impressed in his companion as in himself. They both rejected revelation, but from the vices to which my father was almost constantly delivered up, Williams was free. 'Ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you,' was one of the few texts he ever indulged in, or to the fulfilment of which he gave himself any concern; and he well knew that drink and profligacy on the part of the poor were not the means to bring that about. He had great force of character and was respected, not only by my father, but by all the hands; he was the only man to whom I had confided my secret of the money-box, and the praise which he bestowed upon my forethought was not without considerable effect. I was more particularly desirous of his regard, however, on account of the liking I had taken for his only daughter, Rachel; she worked in the same mill as I, and I was glad, indeed, when any repairs of the machinery in the room wherein she was, necessitated my presence. In the coarse sackcloth smock which the factory-girls wear over their clothes, I far preferred her to the master's girls in silk, although they were the belles of the town. The stench of the oil, and the whirl of the wheels, and the trembling floor of the high, red, many-windowed mill, were all forgotten when Rachel was by, or exchanged for pleasant odours and sweet sounds, and giddiness that had a certain rapture in it; and in my blindness, again, I thought her a sort of angel, too, as dear as my poor, lost Lizzy, although in a different way. I was not out of hope. I knew, when I became able, as I should soon be, to support her by my own exertions, that she might become my wife, but it seemed too picture-like and happy to be real; to curry favour with her-

father, I left off excessive drinking, and began to subscribe threepence a week, which I sorely grudged, to the revolutionary fund. It was for some great political occasion—the defence, I think, of a leading orator who had been concerned in a bread riot in the north—that I was once persuaded to come down handsome for the good cause; to give, indeed, ten shillings out of my little treasury, for the sake of patriotism, liberty—and Rachel. It was on a Sunday evening, I remember, while father and mother were at their place of worship, the gin palace, that pushing back my little bedstead, and taking my idol, the money-box, out of its shrine, I broke into my store for the first time; the box was heavy, of course, being made of iron, and the rude lock of my own workmanship, I could see, by certain signs, had not been touched; but the money within scarcely seemed to rattle like the accumulated savings of almost two years. As I turned it round and round in my hands, without quite having the courage to open it, there dropped out, from the too large orifice, a shilling. I knew the worst then, and turned the key at once; four shillings were yet left within my strong box; the rest, the savings of a hundred weeks, had been extracted one by one, enough only being suffered to remain as nest eggs, sprats for whales. I heard a drunken chuckle over my shoulder, and beheld my father. 'Ha, ha! young prudence! so you thought to drink the liquor without paying your shot, did you?' With a hideous curse upon my lips, and a thought more horrible yet within my raging breast, I cast the box, with all my force, straight at his forehead, and the man who had been my father, fell upon the floor heavily and like a stone. My knees trembled beneath me, and I dropped down by his side, as if to pray. Speechless as I was, I think I must have prayed, that I might not be in deed, as I had been in intent, the old man's murderer. After many minutes, while I washed the gaping wound with water, as well as I could, he revived, and asked for—: she was there before he could speak her name. No woman's hand but hers could have dealt me such a blow; no other's would have struck a thing so

penitent. 'Go, wretch!' she said; 'go, devil!' and I slunk from out that house misnamed my home, shamed to the core, an orphan from that hour. I hung about the place until I heard him speak again; and then I went to Robert Williams, and told all. I thought to get him on my side, by dwelling on the hardness of my case, upon the sum so laboriously earned, so heartlessly abstracted, on my honest hopes of independence, my desire to help the cause thus rendered fruitless, and all for the sake of merest drunkenness; how that my longing dream of his sweet Rachel—. But the man thundered, 'Silence; dare not to speak of my good girl; I tell thee, I was never informer yet; but had thy father died, boy, I would have hung thee.' I shook the dust from off my feet, turning my back upon that threshold, and all within it, and left the town that night—going, I knew not whither, without God, without parent, and without friend. It happened that I had taken the great northern road, and after a few days' walking, it brought me to Carlisle. I suffered a great deal of want before I obtained regular work there; but at last I got permanent employ, and tolerable wages; privations, however, only made my heart the harder, and my tongue more bitter, and good fortune only offered me the means for vicious indulgence. At Caryl—so we called it—I lived, indeed, a life lower than the brutes, for I had lost, through hatred, rage, and disappointment, even the instincts of self-interest, and absolutely cared for nothing, neither in this world, neither in that which was to come; for months, for years, I strove, indeed, to make a hell for myself before my time. One afternoon, however, as I was leaving work for the dinner hour, I heard a voice—compared with such as I was wont to hear, a singing-bird's or spirit's—'Why, Charley, don't you know me; me and father here?' It was little Rachel Williams. The Government had issued a reward, it seemed, for the old man's apprehension in consequence of late disturbances, and he—not that he feared for himself, for I never saw a man so devoid of all fear, but because he knew that the cause could not afford to lose him—had shifted to Caryl. I

got him work, and did my best for them, so that we were soon friends again, and the more easily, because it was to some drunken indiscretion of my father's that Williams owed his exile; all three lodged in a house together with two other young men, and we young ones were very merry. The old man, who was much altered, and less active, seemed to feel that his ways were too solemn and sombre for a bright wench like Rachel, and left her free to enjoy herself; there was no harm in his trusting her amongst us, for I had his consent to marry her after a year—a year wherein to prove myself a steady fellow, and really attached to her. But on one holiday, when we four had been across the border to a fair near Gretna, Rachel and I came back a married couple. 'I'll be a faithful and true husband to her, father,' said I; 'what's done can't be undone, so forgive us all; it was a general conspiracy, and Langton here and Firby saw us wedded.' He did forgive us in words, but I don't think the old man ever got over his daughter's deceit—for lies, to do him justice, were his abomination; and when I had thus obtained my end, I took but little further pains to please him, drinking as hard as ever, and not seldom cursing Rachel herself. He lived to see one grandchild born—our Dick—and then the old man passed away. He did not seem to die of any particular disease, but wasted by a sort of dull pain into his grave. He was very anxious when he lay a-dying that every scrap of paper in his possession should be burnt before his eyes; lists of names for the most part, and rules of secret societies. I could read them, thanks to his teaching and to Rachel's, but my new talent was spent in anything but doing good; every atheistic tract appeared to magnetize and attract me to it, not so much by love of error, as by hatred of truth, and I read half-a-dozen refutations of the Scriptures, but never the Scriptures themselves. I had got three children, had been six years in Cumberland, and was become known in the whole district as a good workman, but a most determined unbeliever and destructive, when I first saw the Messenger; it was while I was in work at Cockermouth, and upon a certain Sunday, when myself and

Rachel had joined a monster pleasure-trip to Keswick, that he held out to me his shining hand. We had separated from the party, and had climbed a hill in order to get a better view of the lake, and were sitting upon a grassy knoll with our basket between us, with the bread and meat in it, and the gin, when an elderly man, white-haired, but hearty, whom we had observed before, sitting at the far end of the pleasure-van, came up and asked permission to sit with us. He had his little bundle and bottle as well as we, and laid them down by ours. I never saw so sure a looking man; his eyes fixed straight before him, and his whole face, as it seemed, set upon some changeless purpose; one who would listen patiently enough without one twitch of mouth or brow to your end, and then his answer, gentle enough, and ever tender, would seem to sound like the very words of doom. I think I knew at once that I should be his, that he had power over my universal being. He began to speak of the fineness of the day, as any other man might have done, but with a difference—of the pleasant far-off sounds from our retreating companions—of the sweetness of the heathery breezes that rose and fell about us—how they warmed man's heart. 'Well,' said I, through pride, and although I would much have preferred to listen to him farther, 'for my part, I must have my drink for that.' He did not answer me directly, but pointed solemnly to the great mountain fronting us, and then to its reflection in the waveless depths; the breeze had failed, the sounds from the road below had ceased, and save from the drowsy murmur of the bee there was now an unbroken silence. All nature had her finger at her lip; there was no sign of man, no boat upon the lake's unruffled blue, no moving thing on its wooded islands, or on the shore beyond. 'What,' said the old man slowly, as he removed his hat as if in reverence, 'what does this scene remind you of, my friend?' I could not have spoken to have saved my life; I had no breath to speak with; an indescribable delight and pain seized hold upon me. I set my eyes as steadily as I could upon a particular cloud—the only one in sight—that was athwart the face of the sun:

that seemed a relief to me, but presently it rolled away, and a still greater light flowed down upon the universal quietness. 'Then I will tell you,' the old man went on; 'it reminds you, Heaven be praised for it! of the peace of God that passeth all understanding.' I should have fallen as he said these words if he had not caught me in his arms. He knew my spiritual need, too, and prayed for me a prayer which I repeated after him word for word. We had scarcely finished when a solemn sound broke forth of many voices signing a hymn of joy, which seemed to float over the fields of air and fill all space. My wife was paralysed with terror, and I but little better, but the face of the Messenger rayed out in gentle smiles as if to reassure us, and presently the silence reigned again. After a little while the stranger requested some refreshments, which we gladly offered, and indeed we had no desire for them ourselves. 'Will you change bottles?' said he. I motioned to him to take the liquor, which he did, replacing it in our basket by his own. He took the bottle to the extreme verge of the hillock which overhung the lake, and set it rolling, and I heard it break before it sank into the water. 'That is your first sacrifice, my brother,' said he; 'the devil is dismissed for this afternoon.' From that day, I, Charles Newton, was the same man in nothing save the name. The Messenger, Thomas White, whose mission had been to such as I for years, had never rescued such a brand, he said. He thought my faith—if that could have been possible—even too abundant; when he explained that what he had thought to be supernatural voices, had been raised by a faithful few whose place of prayer was amidst the Keswick Hills, where he himself was an occasional minister. That made the miracle no less, I said. He had had his eye upon me, he urged, for a length of time, as a possible convert. My call was on that account no less sudden, replied I. Thus did I combat with him, as it were, with a larger trust. What did it matter now that man called me hypocrite, apostate, renegade, what they would? What was the world to me? Had I not Rachel with me, changed almost as wonderfully as I? Had I not the Messenger?

Was there not our congregation of chosen souls to hear me? I was a shining light, instant in season and out of season, with the Word; I preached to those in the same house, to those in the same factory, in the mechanic's institute, in the chapel, in the open air. Everywhere, without shrinking, I laid bare the wickedness of my life; I showed them what I had been, and what I was; I spared no man amongst them all, but spoke out what I knew, and Rachel, amongst the women, did the like. Even Thomas White thought us somewhat too earnest; but he had not been called as we had. We did our best for the wandering fold, the drunken, godless, unregenerate people, but they would not receive us; they cast in our teeth the one text that they knew and held to, 'Be not ye righteous overmuch,' and bade us flee. My employers even, giving heed to their wicked tumult, recommended me to depart; he got a situation for me as a plate-layer at a great London railway station, and sent me off; Rachel and I, and our three bairns, with half a dozen elect of our own communion—we went together. This was the beginning of our troubles. The first thing that was required of us by our new companions was that we should pay our footing of five shillings a man; we seven demurred to this, but after a while, and because they began to say that it was easy to see we came from the north, because we were so 'near,' we paid it down. Then beer was brought in; we did not go to the public-house, which surprised me at that time very much, but drank it after dark in one of the great rooms of the station. The health of the new hands being proposed, I thought it a good opportunity, while thanking them, to speak my mind. I did not preach to them, having lately so sorely proved how unripe such men are to hear the Word; but I suggested that this same custom of paying footing should be done away with, once for all,—a wasteful drunken custom, as it was, ill both for body and soul. I went on for some time, and said my say, and when I sat down there was a perfect silence, except for whispering. But from that day the men were set against me; many of them loved the

drink, but it was not they who disliked me most ; some of the influential amongst them made great profit out of the beer, and it was these who hated me. Except a few, the six from Cockermouth, and one or two Christian men out of many hundreds, I was sent by the hands to Coventry ; not spoken to, that is, by my fellow-labourers ; that is a great trial, believe me ; to hear the friendly word, and the jest, and the reason given and answered, and all the pleasant talk which sets the man above the brutes, and to be suffered to have no part in it. Why, to have been left upon an island, as some have been I've read off, all alone in the mid sea, were not more desolate than to have a thousand companions, and not one to say 'Good-morrow !' nor 'Good-night !' and for me, who had many friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, this was very hard to bear. When I had been working, too, for a little time steadily, and as well as a man could, there came another grievance ; I found our payment for doing the same duties were unequal, and that the friends of those in authority were unjustly favoured. I remonstrated with the foreman, and he reminded me that I had been sent out of Cockermouth for meddling already, and bade me look to myself ; then I wrote anonymously to a Chartist paper, with which I had a connexion, through my wife's late father ; and again, anonymously also, to the board of directors ; it was my duty so to do, and I did not spare them. These letters were traced home to me easily enough, and I got for enemies, then, both workmen and employers as well. Still, I think, by means of skill and steadiness, and of many kindnesses I strove to do my mates, I might have done well even yet, but that I had a certain secret to keep, which made me crooked, and reserved, and unsocial, in spite of myself. It was Rachel's secret too, but not the bairns' ; for all our persecutions, were it not for this, we might have borne up still, but as it was, we wept, as it were, tears of blood ; when I was at the best, preaching, exhorting, reproving the faithful few, then I felt most wretched ; when Rachel was teaching our growing bairns the Word, then she was most ill at ease. We wrote

to the good Messenger, who was now about his work in Liverpool continually ; it was comforting to us somehow, even that, although we never told him of the secret. I grew more sullen and moody every day at the station, and, after a year or two, was glad to get an engagement down at Portsmouth Dockyard, in exchange, though it was not so good a one. It included, however, a little work for our dear Dick ; he, thank Heaven ! was conscious of no wrong, so never suffered as his father did ; but as for me, I was haunted now by all sorts of suspicions and fears. I saw a hidden meaning in every simple question that was asked of me, a plot to find out the things that I had been accused of at the railway, or else to get at my private secret ; everybody began to know that I had things to conceal. I soured and got reproved, and then answered sharply again. I went about uttering threats—Chartist threats, they said—against the officials, against the Government, against whosoever crossed me ; these were reported. I was examined, questioned about myself, my family. What right had they to ask questions about my family ? I replied so bitterly, and so evasively, that I was dismissed from the dockyard ; only they suffered little Dick to stay there. I behaved so strangely, as it seemed to them, that I had even to be examined by the doctors, and to get a medical certificate to prove I was not mad. Before long, out of work, out of heart, with railway directors, dockyard officials, the hands at London and Portsmouth, all leagued together against me, my conscience being carried with me whithersoever I went, and always upbraiding me with my secret, I was very nearly going mad in reality. Now, what caused all my miseries,—what preyed alike upon my mind and body, and imperilled, if it had been possible, even my soul,—what made me ashamed and afraid daily,—what fell like a cold shadow between Rachel and me, and between us and our dear children,—nay, what threatened to brand us the chosen as liars and hypocrites for life, was this—*Rachel and I had never been married at all* ; she was not my wife, and I was not her husband ; and the children, oh, how

could we ever tell the bairns! We had deceived poor old Robert Williams, when we came back from Gretna, and the lie had begotten hundreds of other lies, and would cleave to us now unto the very end. Preacher of morality like me, pattern-woman like my poor weak Rachel, how could we dare to publish such a shame? Maybe this may seem to some persons but a little matter; but to us, it was the flaming sword in the hand of Him that kept the gates of Paradise against us! At last, when we had suffered thus for many years, a door was opened to us. Dick was still at Portsmouth, but we four had moved to Liverpool (where White was still), and the two little ones were doing well there, for such young ehaps as they; and my wife, she drove a tidy trade in making pyeffits (muffins); only I did nothing; they almost supported me, I was so weak, and ailing, and so troubled; so the Messenger perceiving how it went with me (although he was far from guessing the cause), recommended me to take a voyage, as far as might be, as ship's armourer. This notion seemed to please me, and the captain here knows how I offered myself to sail with him, some five weeks back, when I looked a very different man.

A few days after I had agreed to this, however, who should I see in Liverpool streets but Firby; he was (as I had heard), the same loose, dissolute fellow, as when he was at Caryl, and when he came up with that sneering face, calling me saint and penitent, I trembled for my secret. 'So, my good man,' said he (and these were almost his first words), 'I suppose you were obliged to make the best of it when you found out you had really got her; being a respectable married man, after all, it was just as well you should be a preacher at once.'

'What do you mean?' said I, very red, and yet with a sort of hope, mingling with my anger.

'Why, are you not a regular canting preacher?' said he.

'Perhaps,' I said; 'but about my being a married man?'

'What, don't you know it yet?'

cried he, laughing his loudest; 'why, you be married to Rachel by Scotch law, man, fast enough; you called her "wife" in presence of me and Langton, at the fair at Springfield, beyond Gretna, across the Border, and you can't get out of that, mind ye, reverend sir.'

With that he left me, shrieking with maleicious laughter; for he thought he had done me hurt by that blissful news. How thankful, how happy I felt for a few minutes! 'I shall hold up my head with the best of them, now,' thought I; but very soon afterwards something began to damp my joy a little. If we were really married, it was no praise to Rachel, nor to me; if my children had no shame, they had not to thank their father or their mother. And this so moved me, that, partly comforted as I was, I determined to go straightway to the Messenger, and tell him all, from the beginning. I hung my head down while I spoke, so that I should not see his steadfast eyes, and he let me reach the end without one word; then, when I said how much relieved I felt at Firby's news, and how that I feared no man's banter now, he shook his head; and speaking to me quite tenderly (and always since that day on Keswick Hills, he has deemed me indeed as his own son), 'I think,' he said, 'that your right way to walk is this: do you get married to Rachel here again in sight of all who choose to see it done; that will be such a chastening to your pride as is meet and fitting, and an atonement likewise for the wrong which you intended long ago; that will be good for you every way, and, as for mere temporal matters, why not take wife and children with you across the seas, and all begin a good honest life afresh?'

This was a sore trial and trouble, both to me and Rachel; but we went through with it to the end, as he advised, and were married in the parish church at Liverpool the day before we sailed with the two bairns.

And this has made it so that I do think we are as happy souls as any in this ship's company, and shall be so, I trust, whether we live or die.

Drawing-Room Troubles.

No. XIII.—THE SHY YOUNG MAN.—PART I.

BY MOODY ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

My readers all, must now and then
 Have come across some shy young men ;
 A class whose picture's difficult to trace,
 Its chiefest *feature* being want of *face* ;
 Whose humour springs from being void of fun,
 And points eccentric from desiring none.

The shy young man, too timid far
 Duly to work the common forms of life,
 Is ever in guerilla war.
 His quaint humility, the cause of strife,
 Just as the quaker, to avoid the gay,
 Is more conspicuous in his suit of gray.

The shy young men are all alike ;
 At least the set you meet about
 The drawing-rooms of London, strike
 As being from one mould come out.

Now first,—They always come too early,
 At least an hour before the time ;
 In dishabille they catch you fairly,
 And smile quite innocent of crime.

They're 'mounted' in a frame of dress,
 But far too jimmy for their ease ;
 They think a crumple great distress
 And ruin, to their powers to please.

And, when with you that fatal hour
 They spend, their conversation crumb
 On Madame Tussaud or the tower,
 Or the new glories of Tom Thumb.

Or other topics up are brought,
 So very stale, so very true,
 And so long banished from your thought,
 They sometimes serve as good as new.

When guests arrive—of course he stands,
 And like the host, he smiles and bows,
 Or shyly offers to shake hands
 With persons that he hardly knows.

And when your chamber fairly fills,
 In nervous fit he roams about ;
 Or else your vase of roses spills,
 Or turns your print-books inside out.

When butler next the meal announces,
 Although you've warn'd him of his lady,
 Upon the wrong he surely pounces,
 And off he walks before you're ready.

When, too, your guests are round the table,
And in some order you have got 'em,
Then come your struggles to be able
To get him seated near the bottom.

The shy young man, unapt to choose,
Partakes of all that's to him handed ;
Feeling too timid to refuse,
As if to surfeit he's commanded.

Then after dinner, flushed with wine,
He oft attempts some small attentions ;
Tells a young lady she's divine,
And then protests he's no intentions.

At length he goes, and in the hall
He dons a suit of Mackintosh's ;
A waterproof, nor is that all ;
A wrapper, mittens, and goloshea.

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Unapt in proper post to stay
He's nearly always in the way :
And worse—detected out of place,
He never backs it out with grace ;
But with confusion, blows a little bubble,
To the dimensions of a D. R. Trouble.

At balls the shy youths stand in pairs
About the only door you've left
To open on the crowded stairs,
As if of senses quite bereft.

Perhaps, you sharply move them on—
They blush and smile, then stand anon
Placid—unconscious to all faults
Just in the circle of the waltz.

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A shy young man was once invited
To a grand ball ; and quite delighted
Put on a pair of snowy gloves
And polished boots, such little loves ;
With golden-braided cashmere vest,
All like a tailor's pattern drest.
His hair was curl'd, for straight and meek
It usual hung beside his cheek,
With light red face, and like grey eyes,
He deem'd himself a lady's prize.

This handsome youth, in Hansom cab,
Leans back in placid contemplation ;
To read again the invitation
He seeks in vain ; ah ! what a stab—
The note is gone, but could he make,
In time or place or aught, mistake ?

But when he reaches Bedford Square,
He sees no lighted windows there,—
No dashing carriages about,
No lacquey tall, nor little boys,
In search of light, and fun, and noise,
Nor the bright bustle of a rout.

But on he went, for he supposed
 They'd only had the shutters closed ;
 That when he enters number five,
 He'll find the mansion all alive.
 Arrived, the flaps he open flings,
 And boldly knocks, and loudly rings ;
 The tardy door is oped to him—
 He enters in ; the hall is dim,
 Yet round it, num'rous hats in piles,
 Which speak of man,—could woman's smiles
 Be kept away ? for it is plain
 So many men would meet in vain.
 Whatever doubts his mind may meet,
 He's far too timid to retreat ;
 Besides, the footman (who appears
 Surprised) precedes him up the stairs ;
 So now, whatever may befall,
 He's in for something or a ball.

His salutation made,—a glance
 Show'd him he wasn't there to dance :
 The gentlemen he saw were old,
 Ill-shod, ill-dressed, and bald, and cold ;
 All close engaged about some topic
 (He heard it not) of conversation ;
 He found they were, by observation,
 The class they call the ' Philanthropic.'
 The ladies there, and they were few,
 Were neither young, nor old, nor blue ;
 But rather favour'd most the class, he
 Had heard bad people call the *passée*.

His hostess comes : she, buxom, forty,
 Yet tall, majestic, rich, and haughty,
 Looks on the youth whose plain mistake
 Makes his poor soul within him quake ;
 His curl'd hair starts from its roots,
 His blood seems sinking to his boots.

But as she speaks she on him smiles,
 Which for an instant fear beguiles :
 'I fear,' she says, 'you've made an error ;
 (Poor Shyly sank to dust with terror)
 'Tis not to-night but this day week,
 We have the ball I think you seek,
 But still I hope you'll here remain,
 You'll get some nurture for the brain ;
 We hold to-night a zealous *soirée*,
 To hear a rather mournful story.
 You'll hear some eloquent discourse,
 The first of our intended course ;
 That is the lect'rer, and these others
 Are all his philanthropic brothers.
 But now,' she said, 'you've my description,
 I wait the amount of your subscription.'
 The shy one smiled and look'd quite pleased ;
 If not himself, his purse was eased.

The party gather'd round about,
 One then intending to speak out.

They all were seated near the fire,
One seat remained *sans* occupier.
 Towards that seat the shy man went,
 To take it for himself intent ;
 It was a sitting boudoir-stool,
 And richly work'd in Berlin wool ;
 And on it lay, as on a mat,
 Asleep, a monster Persian cat,
 With long grey fur, both soft and silky,
 And underneath the body milky.
 It lay so moveless and so still,
 And seem'd a portion of the work to fill ;
 The fur's soft tints, from deep to deeper changed,
 Well might have been by female hands arranged ;
 So one, not knowing that it really lived,
 Might as to its existence be deceived.
 This curl'd-up brute, so soft and flabby,
 Was twice, at least, a common tabby.
 Whether the youth was aught near-sighted,
 Or by his shyness was benighted ;
 Or whether he thought the cat and stool
 Form'd one inanimated whole,
 Is not explain'd : he smiled and blush'd ;
 But, awkward, 'cross the room he rush'd ;
 Unhesitating down he sat,
 And plump a-top the sleeping cat.

Just then the lecture was begun,
 Attentive round sat every one ;
 As the first accent of the speaker fell,
 Their ears were splinter'd by a yell—
 Angry, hideous—such as wake
 The Indian hunters in the brake,
 When the wild tiger of Bengal
 Roars forth a whole zoological ;*
 Or take a more familiar simile,
 Like the wild scream from lovely Emily,
 When first she on my bosom sigh'd,
 And then found out my hair was dyed.

The Persian cats, we know between us,
 The savagest of all their genus ;
 So think we not that pussy long
 Contented lay 'neath such a wrong.
 She sprung revengeful on her foe,
 And made him leap in direst woe,
 Fixing her talons, midst his screeches,
 In a quaint portion of his breeches.
 He round the chamber, in a course
 As wild as ran Mazeppa's horse,—
 O'er sofas, chairs, and tables flew,
 Amongst the philanthropic crew,
 Who fled before him, all afraid,
 When needed most to render aid ;
 Who would not run him such a race,
 With such a demon on the chase ?

The house was roused, the servants throng
 The gentlemen and dames among ;

* Any one visiting the upper part of Regent's Park at feeding-time will understand this.

Had it not been for their pell-melling,
 The man and cat might still be yelling.
 A plain and rather stupid cook
 The fury round the body took,
 And, with a sudden effort, pickt him
 Off the shy, hapless, torn victim.

Twitches of pain, and breathless sighs,
 Succeeded to hysteric cries ;
 As deep in terror and in tone
 As the long-anguish'd hollow groan
 Moan'd forth, when came my comrade Binns,
 To hear his 'son and heir' was twins.

The shy one left—

Or came he more, or yet the ball forgot,
 Is still unknown,—the legend sayeth not.

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

ABOUT the year 855, an Anglo-Saxon king is in Rome, visiting the churches and laying costly offerings upon their altars. He is a man of a sorrowful countenance: he looks as though he had run away from trouble, and as if he were trying to hide his bewildered head beneath the shadow of him who sits as Bishop upon the seven hills of old Rome. The clamour of those fearful northmen, 'whose cry is in their ships,' is still ringing in his ears; and he even now has the scared look of one who listens to a distant echo. The marauding Danes had harried the lands of this poor West-Saxon king, until, remembering the vows which in his early youth he had taken upon him, and sighing for the cowl which he had put on in love, and been forced to throw off in haste under pressure of state necessity, the royal devotee has made a pilgrimage to Rome in order to tell his beads in peace. Wherever he goes, from shrine to shrine, he leads by the hand a fair boy of six years, his fifth, but favourite son.

Is there anything in that young child's face which hints at future greatness? Doubtless there is an inscription written there which, like the invisible ink sometimes employed in secret correspondence, will start

out into meaning as soon as it be subjected to the strong light of the full day, or to the fiery heat of maturing circumstances. That fair-haired child, born in the year of grace 849, at a place called Wantage, in that part of the West-Saxon kingdom now known as Berkshire, is one of that small brotherhood who are known to all posterity by the title of 'Great.' No doubt that title might be read even now, either in the moulding of the brow, in the clear light of the eye, or in the firm chiselling of the little mouth. Perhaps even the childish step has the expression of greater decision than has the wavering, inconsequent gait of that care-worn Saxon father, as the two strangers pace the round pavement of the Appian Way, or climb the broad stair which leads up to the Capitol. Young Ælfred is the future founder of a long-lived kingdom, the skilful architect of a noble constitution, the brave deliverer of an oppressed people, the calm sage who weds liberty to security, the enlightened foster-father of learning—himself scholar, poet, and minstrel. But the credentials which that child has to show are as yet a sealed packet: and as to future kingship, there are turbulent brothers betwixt Alfred and the throne of Wessex; there were

four elder brethren once—one is now dead; but the remaining brethren must each have his turn upon that unstable seat—and young Alfred will resolutely serve them all, with strict loyalty, until God call him to the foremost place.

The father and son spend a whole year in Rome, though England is miserably devoured by the Danish Raven during the weak king's absence. The banner of these terrible Northmen was a Raven, enwrought by the hands of the three fell sisters of Ingvar, Hubba, and Halfdene, children of the famous Regnar Lodbrog, the most formidable of all sea-kings. It was a labour of revenge, finished in one noontide: and they said that the mystic Raven would always clap his black wings when he scented victory on the breeze, and always drooped his head when disaster was at hand. The Raven is in full feather now, while the recreant Ethelwolf is rebuilding the school of 'Thomas the Holy' at Rome, sealing the grant of 'Peter-Pence,' and promising to pay yearly a subsidy of 300 marks to the rising Bishop of Rome—one hundred of these to glide into his privy purse, one hundred to feed the lamps of St. Peter's on Easter eve, and the last hundred to light the lamps of 'St. Paul without the Walls.' 'This is the Bride,' as said old John Speed, in speaking of the Romish Church, 'the Bride that evermore must be kissed and dowered.'

Alfred, young as he is, is quite at home in the city of the Cæsars. His father had once before sent the child of his hopes thither on pilgrimage, when he was but four years old. The little Anglo-Saxon had travelled down through France, and over the snowy mountains, into the beautiful land of the south, attended by a stately retinue. The Pope of the day is not likely to have had a prophetic view of the child's coming greatness: but it is probable that a secret message from so faithful a son of the Church as Ethelwolf, had induced him to anoint, as future monarch of England, the favourite child of the West-Saxon king. However this might be, it was the policy of a growing hierarchy to occupy every foot of vantage ground, and to claim every imaginable power

over kings and peoples. The christ which has anointed that child's head in the Church of 'St. John Lateran,' the mother church of Rome, may perhaps stand him in good stead some day, when rights are weighed in the uncertain balances of opinion.

But to return to the royal father and his favourite son. Rome is at last left, and the homeward journey is made through France. A new fascination awaits the widowed king as he pauses to rest at the court of Charles the Bald. Here there is a beautiful maiden, the daughter of Charles, the near descendant of Charlemagne; and the old king is in desperate love. It takes some time to persuade the royal beauty to become the wife of an elderly monarch who has grown-up sons at home, the eldest of whom is rebellious, ambitious, and already plotting to seize the throne of his loitering father—that throne, too, tottering from external assaults, as well as heaving from internal commotion. The fair Judith allows herself to be wooed from July to October of the year 856, and then she accompanies her husband and little step-son to England. So charmed is the monarch with his young Frankish bride, that he insists on sharing with her his royal dignity; and a ceremonious coronation of the queen-consort takes place, though for some time past the Anglo-Saxon queens had been reduced to a very subordinate position. But the sight of a crown on the head of his youthful step-mother, and the knowledge that the anointing oil had been poured on the head of his youngest brother, only further irritate the turbulent Ethelbald: and so strong grows the rebellion, that the weak monarch is fain to give over the half of his kingdom to his wayward son, for the dear love of peace. That wretched compromise will not wear well. The old king dies in two years' space, leaving a divided house and a vexed kingdom. Strange things and unlawful follow; for Ethelwald outrages law, custom, and religious institutions, by taking to wife this very lady, whose coming and whose crown had so deeply moved his jealous nature. They say that Swithin, Prior of Winchester, the tearful saint, so wrought upon the mind of the reprobate, that he con-

sented to put away his wife, and otherwise to mend his ways. But he only survived his father about three years; and his brothers, Ethelbert and Ethelred, successively reigned in his stead.

All this while young Alfred's mind is moulding under the hard hand of adversity, while it receives a finer finish from the lighter touch of woman's influence. The Lady Osburga, his own mother, a woman of excellent gifts, had died when he was yet in early childhood; but the influence and the example of the accomplished step-mother are highly stimulating to his young intellect. The 'intellectual Paladins' of the court of Charlemagne had left behind them a standard of education far higher than that which obtained in England; and when Alfred was lingering with his father the while he paid court to the Princess Judith of France, he probably caught something of the tone of mind which prevailed around him. Certain it is, however, that not even a monkish tutor had been found to teach the boy to read up to his twelfth year; and but for the incident which follows, well known truly, but one which will bear repeating in all the school-rooms of the nineteenth century, Alfred, the scholar, the poet, and the minstrelking, might have been left to sign his after-edicts with *tooth and nail*, like his rude forebears, leaving the impress of a royal front tooth and a thumb-nail upon the soft wax. The other boys, his brothers, have grown up in profound ignorance of their letters; but here sits the beautiful Frankish stepmother in one of the rush-strewn halls of her rude English palace. She has just laid aside the royal standard which she has been 'embroidering,' whereon the White Horse of the Saxons is making ready to confront the Black Raven of Denmark. Her household is grouped around her,—the ladies at their spinning-wheels, the eorls and thanes lounging in listless 'idlesse.' Judith draws out an illuminated manuscript of Saxon poetry, and she reads aloud. The verses have no classic elegance, but they have a stately rhythm of their own; and the thoughts, though rude, are stirring and heroic. The boy Alfred listens with an intensity shared by no other of the group. The royal lady looks

around, holds out the book in her hand, and promises that he shall own the manuscript who first learns to read it. The rebel son, king as he is, cares not to enter such lists as these, and the others hold their peace likewise. With flushed brow the boy Alfred leans forward and asks, 'Wilt thou in very deed give the book to whomsoever shall first read and repeat it?' The queen confirms her promise. The Frankish Judith, like the wife of Heber the Kenite, has driven a nail into a sure place. Alfred takes the precious volume and slips away. He goes about seeking for some one to teach him to read his own mother-tongue, and it is no easy quest at an Anglo-Saxon court in that year 861. At last the young student returns, triumphantly recites the poem, and claims the reward. 'The child is,' indeed 'father of the man,' and that man will be one of the great ones of the earth. In the teaching drama of that one life, the much-talked-of 'unities' were singularly preserved throughout, the 'days,' from childhood to advanced manhood, being

'Bound each to each by natural piety.'

That boy will live to translate with his own hand into his vernacular tongue, a book which became his dear friend and companion. It was Boetius' *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*; and in peace or in war Boetius was carried about in his bosom; nay, he will never rest until he hath given to his country, in Saxon versions, the histories of Orosius and of Bede, the Greek fables of Æsop, and Gregory's *Pastoral*; and he will instruct and refine his ignorant people by the graceful teachings of his own muse. It is even said that he rendered into Saxon the Old and New Testaments; but it is not credible that so vast a labour could have been accomplished in the intervals of outward distraction. We honour him in that he had it in his heart to do this; and we know that when the pen and the sceptre dropped together from the hand of the dying monarch in the fifty-second year of his age, he had half-completed his version of the Book of Psalms. These are brilliant results of that memorable hour in the rush-strewn hall, when the young stepmother held up her

prize-book for competition amongst the unlettered youth of a kingdom ! If history dealt more with such noble conquests as these, and somewhat less exclusively with the flapping of a raven's wing, the prancing of a mystic horse, the triumphant swoop of an eagle, or the culminating of a crescent ; in fine, if we had more of the moral and intellectual history of men and peoples, and rather less of the physical, we might be wiser students than we now are.

At last Alfred is called to the throne in preference to the children of an elder brother, by the sanction of his father's will, and by the call of a whole nation speaking as with the voice of one man. He is twenty-two years of age now, of a countenance open and engaging, in figure and bearing noble and dignified, in temper singularly mild, and with intellectual gifts and moral qualities such as furnish the very ideal of Christian chivalry. And truly he has fallen upon proving times ! The metal he is made of will be tried by almost every conceivable test, saving that most searching one of all,—a long summer day of prosperity. He began to reign *quasi invitatus*, as his trustworthy biographer, Asser, says of him, so that we may believe that the step out into greatness was unwillingly taken ; and forthwith the sword must be buckled on !

For the first seven years of his reign there is no great proof of skill displayed in the handling of either sceptre or sword. He is learning bitter lessons of humiliation, while he makes worthless truces with the treacherous Northmen, who are stalking over the land pillaging, burning, and killing wherever they go. Alfred's friends are even emigrating to other lands in despair, and leaving him alone to face the storm ; and we catch an occasional glimpse of a fugitive who is angling in a stream for a dinner, hunting in a wood in hope of breaking a long fast, or hiding in the tangled bushes of a marsh ; sometimes with a few haggard comrades, at others in lonely misery ; and yet dividing his last loaf with some beggar-subject whose face is yet more sharply cut by famine than his own. Then comes the retreat to Athelingay, the 'Isle of Nobles,' with the one narrow pathway to his hiding-place,

stealing through the alder-growth of the bogs ; and then that long year's residence in this 'moated grange,' where he waited drearily for better days, and 'yet they came not.' The story of the burnt cakes is such a household word in the million homes of the Anglo-Saxon race, that it may not be rehearsed here, lest perchance some ragged schoolboy might consider himself qualified to set the sketcher right in some minor detail of the picture.

But now at last, after the seven years of apprenticeship to misfortune, come the brighter days. Hope rises amidst the mists of the Isle of Nobles ; a handful of followers has threaded the wet path leading to the 'moated grange ;' they are throwing up little earthworks, making mud entrenchments, running out unexpectedly, beating the astounded Danes, and vanishing again, nobody knows whither ! This brisk exercise stretches the enfeebled limbs of depression, and gives more muscular strength to the newborn confidence of the bog-folk and their king. Then ensues the poetical little episode of the harper, who drew such melody from his strings, and sang so deliciously to their music, that he is bidden to the banquet-board of the Danish king as he carouses in his entrenched camp of Eldendune, near Westbury. Like Gideon, Alfred listens to the dreams of intoxicate security, and soon makes ready to break the sorry pitcher which hides his lamp. Whether Alfred, upon this, sent round, as signs and tokens, some of his neatherd's brown cakes, like the handing about of the 'chupatties,' which were the signal of Indian outbreak the other day, the Saxon chronicle hath not recorded ; but, by some sign or other, the English were suddenly awakened out of the sleep of exhaustion by the word, 'The king yet lives in Athelingay ; the stone of Egbert is the place of meeting.' The tryst is joyfully kept, and, for the two days of muster, the blowing of horns is prodigious. The down-trampled Saxons are springing up in all directions, and hurrying in arms to the rendezvous in the willow-thickets of Selwood Forest. In one of Alfred's successful sallies from the fens of Athelingay, he had surprised and car-

ried off the famous 'Reafen,' that enchanted Raven standard of the Danes, so that he has a pledge of future victory to display to his people when they flock to his side at the 'stone of Egbert.' He has also a dream to tell, which marvellously helps his cause—how that Neot, the Cornish saint, at whose shrine he had once knelt in bodily anguish, and risen up much the better for the appeal, had come in the visions of the night and had promised victory. Some say that Cuthbert, the stern Saint of Lindisfarne, had taken the trouble to come and whisper encouragement.

The two days have passed, and on the third the Anglo-Saxons march to Eddendune. Alfred is undisputed chief of the Saxon interest in England, because all the kingdoms of the old Heptarchy have now died out, leaving him the representative man. The king says a few words of stirring appeal to his people, and then leads them against the uncounted masses of the Northmen. The Danes fight well; but they are inwardly terror-stricken; because, as 'Alfred! Alfred!' is the cry, they think that the grave has opened, and sent him forth to their destruction; whilst he himself points, with a confident finger, at a standard-bearer who heads one division of his army, and cries, 'Saint Neot has come with victory!' Each of these fancies does its work on the excited brain of Dane and of Saxon: it was as the shade of Theseus at Marathon. The Northmen are falling or flying, and before night all who are not lying on that encumbered plain are strengthening themselves in a neighbouring entrenchment. Alfred, now king of all England, is beleaguering the Danes, and keeping stern watch about them for a fortnight. While they are growing hungry and heartless, making ready to sue for mercy, mayhap a detachment of Alfred's men is cutting the turf on the hill-side above Westbury, and shaping out the great 'white horse' on the chalk, to mark the field of Eddendune. But here comes Godrun the Dane, humbly and 'delicately.' It is well for him that no righteous Samuel is nigh to 'hew Agag in pieces.' Alfred, instead thereof, exacts oaths and hostages, and one other surrender, at whose precipitancy we certainly de-

mur. Godrun and his Pagan chiefs must go with Alfred to the neighbourhood of the Isle of Nobles, and there, clad in white garments, profess Christianity, and receive the seal of baptism. Alfred himself stands godfather to the unreclaimed-looking candidate, and then away go Godrun and his fierce fellow-converts to find spades and pick-axes wherewith to cultivate their new allotment of East Anglia. As much to our surprise as to our pleasure, we find that the bold scheme answers. Godrun becomes a respectable colonist, a worthy agriculturist; and when a great fleet of the Northmen, under Hastings, the famous hero of Scandinavian romance, soon afterwards comes sailing boldly up the Thames, thinking to be eagerly joined by their old confederates, they find the sea-king settled down as a reputable country squire, amidst his broad acres, and his promising crops. He cannot spare time to go harrying the land as of old. He has a vested interest in the prosperity of the country; goes soberly to church on Sundays, and sits in the squire's pew. No! Godrun at least professes to fear God and honour the king; and so the strangers spend a dull winter at Fulham, and then sail away to seek better luck in Flanders.

Hastings will come again in force; but in the meantime the land will have rest: and the great Alfred will so strengthen himself in his kingdom, and in the hearts of his people, that when the terrible Northman re-appears, he will be hunted down until he swim that same river Thames like a wounded stag. Even his wife and children will be seized, baptized, and returned to their chafed lord loaded with the gifts of royal generosity. This is heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head; but they fail to melt his hard nature—they only scorch the revengeful brain of the northern pirate. That man will chasten Alfred's prosperity, and call out the marvellous resources of his great intellect, until the afternoon if not the very evening of his day. True, there was a golden sunset; and the calm hours of his closing day were spent in maturing his admirable institutions, and in teaching his beloved people the lessons of wisdom which he had painfully learned in camp, in court, and in hiding-place. Even when he was

breathing the disheartening mists of the fenny Athelingay, he was fortifying himself against the miseries of the present, and educating himself for the call of the future, by learning the precious wisdom of the past. He had carried his books with him into his covert; the annals of his poor distracted country; hymns, religious poetry, and, best of all, the manuscript of Holy Scripture. He was sitting apart and reading, when the beautiful incident occurred of the starving beggar, and the halving of the last loaf. David, the minstrel-king of Israel, was the model which he had set before his eyes for imitation; and visions of future victory, of spiritual as well as temporal peace, when God should give him rest from his enemies, may have lighted his dreary 'Cave of Adullam.'

So illiterate were even the clergy of England when Alfred began to reign, that 'very few there were,' as he has himself recorded, 'who could understand their daily prayers in English, or translate any writing from the Latin.' He adds: 'I indeed cannot recollect one single instance on the south of the Thames when I took the kingdom.' But he soon turned his realm into an adult school; for he made even the poor old nobles learn to read, as well as the clerks. Slow scholars doubtless they were; and the king, like his step-mother, must needs hold out many a prize in order to stimulate their tardy ambition. The learned men of the past day had almost all perished together with their books; and Alfred had to search all England, and to send literary embassies to foreign lands, in order to secure teachers for himself, and for his new University of Oxford. Asser, his future friend and biographer, was found somewhere in the western part of Wales. Grimbald, a learned monk, who had treated with kindness the little Anglo-Saxon prince of four years, when he was travelling through France on his early mission to Rome, was sought and found. Perhaps Grimbald's gift of sweet song was remembered after those many troublous years. He became one of Alfred's most congenial companions, and used to soothe the king with his melodious voice. But it was Asser who taught Alfred

to keep a Commonplace Book. The Welshman chanced to make a quotation which struck the royal ear. Alfred drew from his bosom his little manual of devotion, and asked Asser to write it down. It was full, and so Asser proposed to make an album, which should receive the stray scraps of learning, that nothing might be lost. The idea takes, and volume after volume is stored with fragmentary wisdom. Now it is a text from Holy Scripture; and then it is some fine classic thought, which the royal scholar renders into his own terse Saxon.

Another important acquisition was the celebrated Johannes Erigena, so called because of his Irish descent. He was a monk of extraordinary acquirements, a learned linguist, and a man whose acute intellect had been turned to the study of the sciences and the arts, as well as literature. He taught geometry and astronomy in Alfred's rising university; while Asser gave lessons in grammar and rhetoric, and John of Saint David's in logic, arithmetic, and music. But learned factions must have run high at that day; for John Erigena, either at Oxford or at Malmesbury Abbey, where some assert that he taught, was one day set upon by his enraged pupils, and actually stabbed to death with pen-knives!

But it is time to glance at the Great Alfred as the statesman and the legislator, as well as the warrior and the man of letters. And it is right that the noble sentiment of him, who was the true founder of the British monarchy, should here be recorded, that '*The English should for ever remain as free as their own thoughts!*' And yet so firm was the hand with which he administered the laws he had himself made, that he caused golden bracelets to be suspended above the highways, as a test of the supremacy of order; and behold! there was not an arm in England bold enough to dare to take them down. Everywhere law was triumphant, and the rights of property secured. The land was mapped out into counties, the counties were parcelled into hundreds, and the hundreds subdivided into tithings. Regular courts of justice were established; and that noble institution, to which the Englishman clings as the anchor by

which he may safely ride in storm or in calm, trial by jury, became the law of the land. And if the accused could not safely trust his rights to the consideration of twelve reputable men, his own peers in life, he might appeal onward, from court to court, in the ascending scale of dignity. Thus the wise edicts of the minstrel-king of the ninth century, became the basis of that body of legislation which, a thousand years further on in the life of nations, is known by the name of our Common Law.

His encouragement of learning was so marked that he used to sit, as an eager listener, while the learned men, whom he had trained in his own kingdom or allured from other lands, lectured from the chairs which he had set up in the halls of his beloved Oxford. The language of one of his edicts is so remarkable, that it must here be quoted :—' Wee will and command, that all free men of our kingdom whosoever, possessing two hides of land, shall bring up their sonnes in learning till they be fyfteen ycars of age at least, that so they may be trained to know God, to be men of understanding, and to live happily ; for, of a man that is borne free, and yet illiterate, we repute no otherwise than of a beast, or a brainlesse body, and a very sot.'

When Alfred was lying hid amidst the dank thickets of the Isle of Nobles, accompanied by the Lady Alswitha, the nobly but not royally born wife who shared his hard crust, he had vowed a vow unto his God. He promised that if God should give him rest from his enemies round about, and should set him up on high above them that hated him, he would dedicate to His service a third part of his time. The vows of adversity commonly become the broken promises of prosperity ; but not so with Alfred. And now see him in the stone-built palace of his kingdom—stone-built, for he sets his face against the wooden houses which had previously satisfied an oppressed people, and which used to burn like touchwood at the kindling of the Danes. He is carefully

measuring the twenty-four hours of the day and night into three equal portions. There is not a clock in the land to toll the burial of one hour and the birth of the next. There is not even an hour-glass to be turned by Alfred's watchful hand. No dial-plate has ever mapped out the mystic journey of the day ; and perhaps the shadow of some ancestral oak, as it silently moves across the face of a sleeping pool, is the only gnomon which graduates the swift procession of the hours. What will Alfred do ? There are six wax candles in the royal chapel, each of them a foot long, with the inches carefully marked by lines of different colours. Each of these burns for four hours, three inches an hour, the six wax candles thus living through a night and a day. ' They did orderly burn foure hours a piece,' says Spelman, and it was the duty of the keepers of the chapel-royal to go and advertise the king how the coloured hour-lines were consuming in their turn. To shield this little torch of Time from wavering before the breath of chance-winds, it was placed in a lanthorn of thin white horn with a frame of wood, the king's own happy contrivance, and thus the thrifty economist knew when to give his eight hours to God in devotional services or pious works ; his eight to the affairs of his kingdom, and the remaining eight to a short sleep, to hasty meals, and to some precious hours of study. This was the man who had fought fifty-six pitched battles with the Danish invaders, and whose days and nights were passed in almost continuous suffering from some incurable malady !

But the candle of the great king's mortal life, with its many-coloured hour-lines, at last burnt down into the socket. The hours of service to his people, and the hours of devotion to his God on earth, were told out when he had but just reached the fifty-second year of his age, and the twenty-ninth of his reign ; and so, in the year 900, the Great Alfred entered upon the hours of his rest.

NOTES ON INDIAN LITERATURE.

THE EPOS.

THERE are a true and a false epic. You or I might sit down, as in fact Virgil and Milton did, to compose a false epic. It might be national in theme, heroic in metre, perfect in conception, full of beauties and right by all the laws of poetics, and yet it would not be a true epic. The Hindus had a false epic too. The Purānas eighteen in number were the work of puny imitators, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries of our era, who, finding the metre easy enough, and plenty of distorted, exaggerated legends for their matter, worked away at these stupendous monkish catalogues, these mixtures of philosophy, law, history, divinity, and lies, and, in the vanity of their petty Brahminical souls, believed that their verses would go out into the world and fly about from mouth to mouth, restoring the pristine vigour of a rubbed-out people. We know not who were the truthless pedants who wrote them, but we do know who reads them, namely, a few mad pandits of Patna and Benares, a triplet or two of German professors, and a half-dozen of orientalists who use them as books of reference.

But India has also a true epos, and we kick the Vishnu, Bhāgavata and other sixteen Purānas to Siva, Juggernaut, or any other destructive deity, to deal with as he pleases, and turn to the grand Mahābhārata, and grander Rāmāyana.

A word or two on the epos. The world has not much of it left; the immortal *Iliad*, the sparkling *Nibelungen*, the thunderous *Sagas* of Scandinavia, Layamon's *Brut*, and half-a-dozen Teutonic and Slavonian remnants are all I can remember just now besides those of India. The still unwritten lays of the Servians, though they are a living proof of how the epos grows into existence, are scarce an epopœia, for their themes vary, and their composers are many.

The epos is not the first literary effort of a people. Songs of a half-religious character precede it. Greece had its pæans, its threnos, and hymnæos, and its lamentations for Lānos or Hylas long before the blind poet sang the death of Hector. Germany had its Heliand and other biblical poems, its songs of Hildebrand and Ludwig, before the loves of Kriemhilde were reduced to a continuous romance; and India had its Vedas first.

But all these early popular ditties are of but a mean merit, and it is not till a nation feels its own worth, grows from merely a rural into a civilized, organized, and clearly governed people, that it begins to look back upon its ancestors and collect the lays and legends of its former glory; not till kings lack an incentive for rushing into war, that some bard springs up to shame them with the laurels of their forefathers. The epos is national; its subject is its nation's victories in war or chivalry. But it is also monarchical, and was sung for nobles and chieftains, not for commoners and workmen.

Lastly, the epos was sung, or rather chanted—not said, not written. Wolf and his followers have proved this with regard to Homer. We cannot *prove* it perhaps for the Indian epics, because they have not come down to us in their original form, but we can assume it as extremely probable. The heroic metre of India must have had the same origin as that of Greece. The hexameter (from which the pentameter was a later deduction) was originally a chant, and the whole of the *Iliad* might still be intoned to those common church-tones which have come to us through the early Christians from the Greeks and the Jews, and to which David sung with his harp, and Homer with his *cithara*, or *phorminx*. The earliest form of the hexameter would be simply this—

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where the arsis and thesis were reserved till the end of the line, and

followed the natural falling and rising of the voice. The monotony of this was afterwards varied by laying a thesis on this or that syllable of the indefinite feet, which, however, still remained so far indefinite that it was immaterial whether they were dactyls or spondees—that is, a strong thesis with light arsis, or a double thesis.

In like manner the heroic sloka of Indian epic was simply a double chant, such as you may hear any day in an English Church, viz. :—

{ u u u u u | u u u
u u u u u | u u u

There is a long story in one of the Purāṇas about Vālmīki, the reputed author of the *Rāmāyana*, inventing the *sloka*, or heroic verse; and Indian writers have gone so far even as to point out the very couplet in that poem which was first breathed in that metre; but there is good reason for believing that the *sloka* was not an invention at all, but grew out of the practice of chanting. That metres may be invented, we all know, no one more so than our modern poets, but it is curious that not more than three or four metres have ever been used during all the ages of the world for any kind of epic, and that the heroic metre of each country has always been preserved in aftertime as the most suitable for all more dignified and longer compositions. That any man should hit on a metre so apt in a single moment, whether hexameter, *sloka*, or Teutonic iamb, we cannot credit, and we prefer to believe that the heroic metres have succeeded because they grew up to meet a necessity.

The two great epics of India are the Mahābhārata, or tale of the great Indian (Bharatan) race, and the Rāmāyana, or history of the demigod Rāma. These two poems, which comprise all the history and half the mythology of India before the time of Alexander, are known to us only in forms which give no clue whatsoever to their date. They are doubtless late recensions of the earlier epics, and the language in which they have come down to us is that of a few centuries only before our own era. Yet there can be little doubt of their higher antiquity. A question into which we

have little temptation to enter is that of the comparative antiquity of either. It is said that the Rāmāyana is older than the Mahābhārata, and the theory is supported by certain arguments which in our humble opinion, as differing from the orientalisists of the day, we deem by no means conclusive; but however this may be, the Bhārata undoubtedly refers to events anterior, it may be, by more than a couple of centuries, to those of the history of Rāma. We shall therefore take this poem first.

This Mahābhārata was translated into Persian under the title of *Kitāb Muhabberat*, or Book of the Mahābhārata, by the command of Akbar the Great. The translation is that of the simple poem, as it was originally known, without those many episodes, which have been inserted in it from time to time by later epicists, who with the mock modesty common to Brahminical writers, concealed their own names, and attributed their compositions to the great author of the original work. Without these episodes, the Mahābhārata consists of 24,000 couplets, three times as many as the *Iliad* of Homer. That this work should be the production of one man, is conceivable to those who maintain that Homer was a man and not a myth. But of the eighteen books, ten only appear to belong to an earlier age; and the mention of Krishna, for the first time, in the eleventh book, would appear sufficient to distinguish the remaining eight as the production of a later age. The tenth book, indeed, concludes the original history; the remaining ones are devoted partly to the lamentations of the women, partly to moral and political didactics, and partly to the subsequent history of the heroes, in which, moreover, the interest is shifted from the beautiful and generous Arjuna, to the mighty and ambitious Yudhishthira. On these grounds we may conclude that the original poem was of not much more than half the size of that from which the Persian translation was made. With the addition of the episodes, which must belong to a period subsequent to the Christian era, and the Harivansa, a late mythical history of the family of the god Krishna, the great mass consists of no less than

100,000 couplets, eleven times the size of the *Iliad*.

Taking the poem, however, in its original compass, we will briefly give the story it narrates, and then point out its historical reference.

The chief scene of the poem is Hastinápura, or the city of elephants, which has been commonly identified with the modern Delhi, and remains of which are still to be traced about 57 miles to the north-east of the modern town. In this city, sovereign over the whole north-western land of India, lay the seat of government of the Aryan race at some far distant period, perhaps some eleven or twelve centuries before Christ, and the ruler of the whole was a certain king Pándu. Now this name signifies *pale*, and some critics have taken it as indicative of the taint of leprosy, others as hinting at the colour of the tribe of which he was the progenitor. Which-ever be the case, Pándu, for some reason or other, left the throne and retired to penance and preparation for another world, among the snows of the Himálayas, leaving the kingdom to his brother Dhritarashtra; who, being blind, intrusted its management to his own son Duryodhana, the eldest of a small family of 100 children. Now Pándu had taken with him his wife Prithá, and five sons—to wit, Yudhishthira, firm in the fight; Bhíma, the terrifier; Arjuna, the tender and mild; Nakula, the sagacious; and Sahadeva, the handsome. This respectable family and their mother were afterwards, at the death of Pándu, sent back to the city of the elephants, to be under the care of their blind old uncle, and for some years their guardian took diligent and faithful care of their health and morals. But their numerous distinctions, superior strength, beauty, and talents, could not but excite envy in their hundred cousins, who go by the tribal name of Kúru. The mutual jealousies give rise to a hundred various little bickerings, till one day the Kúru can stand it no longer, and deliberately set fire to the palace of their five cousins. The brothers, however, escape by a subterranean passage, and 'make for the bush.' Five charred corpses are found in the ruins, and supposed to be those of the Pándava princes, so that henceforth the Kúru

party consider they have finished the business at last.

Meanwhile the five brothers in the jungle hear of a *Swayamvara* about to take place in the neighbouring dominions of Drupada, monarch of Panchála. This ceremony of the 'Free-choice' is a very popular incident in ancient Indian epic, and occurs time and again in the Mahábhárata and Rámáyana. It is one, moreover, which we feel confident the young ladies of England would have no objection to see instituted in the place of the doubtful silk gown and red petticoat speculation, which tradition, and we fear only tradition, assert as the protectives of love-matches every leap-year in this country. When an Indian young lady arrived at the mature age of thirteen, without being able to make up her mind about the different gentlemen who might come forward to demand her hand, her father at once allowed her the privilege of a *Swayamvara*. He invited all the handsome and chivalrous youth, within a hundred miles and more—fancy what an assembly!—opened a tilt-yard and tourney-ground, set up targets, and other marks for the bowmen, and in short afforded every opportunity for amusement and display of strength and skill. When all the guests were assembled, and had feasted to their heart's content, the fair princess—in this case the lovely Draupadī—attended by a large corps of elegant maids of honour, was brought out in her litter to witness the prowess of the several youths; and when the skill or strength of the one had excited her admiration, the only consideration was, how far his family pretensions were on a par with her own; and that question being satisfactorily answered, no others were asked, but the damsel flew into the arms of the bowman or swordsman, as the case might be, and voluntarily took him for better and worse.

If it now be asked, whether the young man's wishes were ever consulted on the occasion, we are constrained to reply, that not even the compensation of a hundred leap-years' silk gowns could have made up for such an insult. Nay, it was utterly impossible; and probably, had such a thing ever taken place, papa and his menials would have despatched the

offender before the words of polite refusal were well out of his mouth. Thus in India old maids were unknown, and young ladies never wanted men to propose. We cordially recommend the 'daughters of England' to send a petition to Parliament at once, and sign it in their neatest hands, for the institution of a Swayamvara.

On the present occasion, the King Drupada had prepared, as a test of strength and skill among the warriors, a bow of most unlimited proportions. Among the guests assembled, is one whose whole character runs like a silken thread through all this tissue of gold. Karna labours under the curse of ignoble birth, in a land where birth is everything. Karna is a bastard. He is the illegitimate son of Prithá, who, when married to Pándu, gave birth to the five Pándavas, the heroes of the piece. His birth has been concealed; even he himself is ignorant whose offspring he is; and when he comes up, and to the amazement of all, draws the huge bow with ease, he is, according to custom, called upon to announce his lineage. Then he shrinks in shame and sorrow, and without a word renounces his claim. There is much pathetic beauty in the silent resignation of the hapless Karna, a feature of character than which none was dearer to the Hindu, suffering as he does at once from the harsh decrees of caste, and the terrible sword of fate. But though we would not wish to deny to the original epic one of its greatest beauties, this self-denying character of the ill-born, we have reasons for thinking, that Karna is an introduction of a later age. At another time he has given in his allegiance to the Kuru faction, ignorant of his own close relationship to the opposite party, and his mother Prithá implores him in vain not to fight in the ranks against her own legitimate children. But Karna has given his vow to their foes, and what is stronger in the Hindu heart than a plighted word?

Arjuna, the chivalrous and tender, is the hero who wins the hand of Draupadí.

King Dhritaráshtira, hearing of the renown of the brothers, invites them back to Hastinápura, and divides the kingdom between them and his own hundred sons. The Pándava princes

dwell at Indraprasthá, a city not far from the elephant-town, and for a while all goes on smoothly. But the ambition of Yudhishthira, the firm in fight, ruins the cause of the returned exiles. His conquests are numerous, his triumphs unequalled, and in a moment of self-gratulation he assembles a luckless meeting under the form of a festival of homage. To this his hundred cousins are compelled to repair, and the Indian love of play lures him into a game at backgammon with his eldest cousin, Duryodhana. Yudhishthira has a run of ill-luck, and after losing horses, palaces, slaves, and wives, he stakes his kingdom last, and loses it.

In consequence of this bad throw, himself and his four brothers agree to go into exile for twelve years. They do so, and during their wanderings are amused with numerous tales, among which the later episodes are introduced. That of Nala and Damayanti, which has been rendered into irregular blank verse by Dean Milman, and many others, to some of which we shall refer again, are here introduced.

When the term of exile is over, the five brothers, who meanwhile have formed various alliances, collect an army, and the great battle of Kurukshetra, where cousin fights cousin, and nephew attacks uncle, takes place, and ends in the complete defeat of Duryodhana and his ninety-nine brothers. The slaughter on both sides is so terrible, that even a Russian newspaper, quite regardless of all accuracy, would stagger at the accounts. Of all the combatants, eight only survive, and these, of course, belong to the victorious party.

Here, at the close of the tenth book, we may believe the original poem to have ended. But the grand conclusion must not be passed over. Yudhishthira ascends the throne, but after so many years spent in attaining this exalted position, bereft of his friends and foes alike, with a new race of subjects whom he knows not and cannot love, the very sovereignty falls upon him. Indifferent now to all but rest, he sets out with his brothers to those snow-capped ranges where his father, Pándu, had quitted life, and from thence resolves to seek the mountain Meru, the Olympus of

the gods themselves. The journey is trying, and one by one the stout ex-king sees his brothers faint and die upon the track. At length he is left alone with the faithful dog that had followed him from the capital. He is touched by the mute devotion of the fourfooted beast, and pursues his way in silence. Then Indra, the god of heaven, meets and summons him to the regions of the happy. The monarch looks upon his dog. 'Unless he be admitted, too,' he answers, 'I will not go.' Indra consents. The two enter Swarga or Paradise, and after some other adventures join his brothers there.

Such is the great Bhārata epic; full, indeed, of tautology and commonplaceness, but no less full of spirit and pathos.

Among the episodes, of which there are many, that of Sāvitrī is one of the most beautiful. Sāvitrī was a princess, who fell in love with the son of an old blind hermit. She is warned by a sage that the object of her attachment is doomed to an early death, but her heart will not relinquish him, and the two are wed. From the day of her marriage she spends her hours in penance and prayer, that the curse of death may be averted. But in vain. The fated day comes, and the young hermit leaves his home to cut wood in the jungle. Sāvitrī, foreknowing the doom, follows him. They reach the forest, and the young man begins to lop the boughs and collect the dry twigs. Suddenly he becomes faint, and the faithful wife lays his head upon her bosom, and little by little he grows weaker and falls asleep in death. At the moment at which his spirit passes away, a dim dark figure rises before her, and claims the body of her beloved one. This is Yama,

the god of death and judgment. She cannot but yield, but follows him with tears and prayers, till the god, weary of her importunity, offers to grant any boon she may ask, save the life of her husband. She thinks awhile, then asks for sight to be restored to the old blind hermit. Still, when this is granted, she lingers on his footsteps, and will not be dismissed. Another boon is conceded. And lastly, she asks and obtains her boy-husband back alive. She places him with his head upon her bosom, as when he died, and he awakes ignorant of all that had passed. But Sāvitrī keeps it all hidden in her breast till their return home. There they find the old hermit rejoicing at the sudden restoration of his sight. All are amazed, and the secret is at length drawn from the reluctant bride.

A yet more touching episode is that rendered into English verse by Milman, under the title of the 'Brahmin's Lament.' During their wanderings the princes came to a town called Eka-chara, in the neighbourhood of which is to be found a giant, Baka, fit for Jack himself to have had a peg at. He has a remarkable partiality for human flesh, and levies a black-mail in kind on the families of the place whenever he is put to it for a dinner. At the time in question it is come to the turn of a respectable Brahmin family, consisting of father, mother, a grown-up daughter, and a little son, to deliver a victim to the insatiable Polyphemus.

Each one in turn claims the dread privilege of dying for the rest, and the devotion that prompts new reasons in each one's mind is finely put. The position of the father is naturally a terrible one:—

'One of these so dear, to offer, to the wise were sin, were shame;
Yet without me they must perish; how to 'scape the sin, the blame?'

The wife protests that her loss will be less felt by the survivors:—

'Tis the wife's most holy duty, low on earth without repeal,
That her life she offer freely, when demands her husband's weal.'

How, she asks, can she protect the maiden beauty of their daughter when the Brahmin is gone?—

'From the lustful, from the haughty, how shall I our child protect,
When they seek thy blameless daughter, by a father's awe unchecked?
As the birds in summer swarming gather o'er the earth-strewn corn,
Thus the men round some sad widow, of her noble lord forlorn.

I have lived with many blessings ; I have well fulfilled my part ;
 I have given thee beauteous offspring ; death hath nought to appal mine heart.
 I've borne children ; I am aged ; in my soul I've all revolved,
 And with spirit strong to serve thee, I am steadfast and resolved.
 Offering me, all-honoured husband, thou another wife wilt find,
 And to her wilt do thy duty, gentle as to me, and kind.'

The daughter has no such specious arguments, but with a calm Eastern resignation proclaims that she alone is worthy to be sacrificed, since she alone is worthless while she lives :—

' A second self, the son ; a friend, the wife ; the daughter's hut a grief ;
 From thy grief, thy daughter offering, thou, of right, wilt find relief.'

Lastly, the little child, innocently wondering at their fears, goes from one weeper to another, and plucking a blade of grass valiantly cries :—

' With this blade I'll slay the giant ; it shall enter his big heart.'

How the matter ends I know not, but it is only reasonable to suppose, that one of five chivalrous heroes despatches the bugbear and relieves the noble family from their griefs.

The wild legend of the 'Churning of the Ocean,' is the last from which we shall quote. The Amrita or nectar which bestowed immortality, had somehow or other been lost to gods, demons, and mortals alike, and all feeling their liability to be summoned before the dreadful Yama, sooner or later, assemble and deliberate how to find it again. Vishnu, the preservative energy in the great triad, reveals the secret, that its essence lies deep in the ocean of the universe, and advises them to pluck up from its base the lofty mountain Mandara, and turning it peak downwards into the depths, to churn away, till they work up the sacred nectar. Gods and demons alike are unable to do this, and they send for the great serpent-king Ananta, to aid them :—

' Now, woe to Mandara's mountain,
 His days of pride are o'er ;
 In woods, by gurgling fountain,
 The sweet birds sing no more.

Then took the gods that hill of pride,
 Their churning-stick to be,
 And for a churning-strap they tied
 The great snake Vasuki.'

They churn away busily, full of hope for some time :—

' Then from the mouth of Vasuki,
 Roll'd clouds of smoke and flame,
 Like scorching storm-blasts furiously,
 The stifling vapours came.
 And ceaselessly a rain of flowers,
 From the fair mountain's brow,
 Fell softly down in fragrant showers,
 And veiled the host below.'

At length, after much toil, the ocean begins to roll milk-white, 'with precious juices stored,' and the fourteen great products ascend, among the first of which are the Moon, Stri, or Venus Anadyomene, the Heavenly Horse, the Vine, and lastly, Dhanwantari, the physician of the gods, bearing, in a golden bowl, the long-sought elixir :—

' Then, loud and long, a joyous sound
 Rang through the startled sky,
 " Hail to the Amrit lost and found ! "
 A thousand voices cry.'

This grand legend, that reads like a bit from a Scandinavian saga, is full of profound allegorical meaning, and we regret that we have no space to speculate upon it. It must suffice, if

we point out the probable historical value of the epic itself.

The Indian epics are acknowledged by all to have some historical value ; indeed, that old fashion of calling every myth a fable, every legend a lie, seems to have died away, and at the

* Griffith's *Specimens of Ancient Indian Poetry*, pp. 37, 38.

present day, the opposite extreme of looking into every tale of every age, for an allegorical and historical secret lurking in it, makes dupes and madmen of some of our Orientalists. But still the great mist hangs thick round the *Mahābhārata* and *Rāmāyana*, and the opportunities for dispersing it are very slight. Only parts of the former poem have been even translated as yet, and these are mainly the best-known portions, and as such, the least valuable. What the labours of Wolf and Wood have done for Homer and the cyclic poets of Greece, is still open ground for the epos of India.

At the present moment, we can only assert with confidence, that the story of *Mahābhārata* is no fiction. The stories of some of the episodes may be so. The pathetic loves of Nala and Damayanti, for instance, may be the pure conception of some poet of the middle ages of Hindustan; but as a rule, we find that the plots of all pieces, with the exception of mere didactic fables, are founded on fact, in that country, which possessed a separate caste of hereditary bards, whose chief duty was to supply the place of regular history by oral tradition. But there are indications throughout this epic, which enable us to date its composition—to say nothing of its story—as long antecedent to the final establishment of Brahminical sway in India.

Now, as Buddha must have flourished between the seventh and fourth centuries B.C. (to take the widest limits), and as the institution of caste and the priestly supremacy must have been in full bloom at least a couple of centuries before his advent, we may say, with some approach to truth, that the original, but unknown form in which this epic must have first appeared, may be dated between the eleventh and eighth centuries before Christ;* in short, about two hundred years after the first arrival of the Aryan tribes in India.

We are aware, that for many years, the seat of the great half-civilized

horde which descended from Scythia and High Thibet, to the countries south of the Himalaya, was confined to the valleys of Scinde and the Punjab. In this region were the hymns of the Vedas first sung, and the early sun-worship and element-worship of the Arya-Scythic race first advanced to that state in which we find it in those ancient religious poems. Later, this people, growing in power and wealth, pressed onward towards the south-east, and wherever they appeared, would seem to have subdued the aborigines rather by arts and civilisation than by arms. At least we have no traces of any wars of extermination at this period, like those which were afterwards commemorated in the *Rāmāyana*. They settled then in the plains of the Doab, near the Jumna and Sursooty rivers, built cities and founded kingdoms, and then broke out that war which is the theme of the present epic.

It is clear that this was a civil war between two tribes of the same great conquering race, and it may be supposed that it arose from the conquests and growing power of the one tribe (the Pāndavas), exciting the jealousy of the other branch, the Kurus. Such, we believe, is the simple interpretation of the story.

That it was not, as some have suggested, a mere allegory of the fight between the principles of good and evil, we may deduce from the near relationship of the hostile parties, and the horror that is constantly evinced at so deadly a feud between kindred so closely allied. The same facts militate against the presumption that it is the narrative of a war between the Aryan invaders and the aborigines of India. But that this close relationship is a poetical license to express affinity of race rather than of actual family, I think we may deduce from the distinct names given to each tribe.

The *Rāmāyana* is far more popular in India than the poem we have just left. And naturally so, for, without

* In the northern recension of the *Rāmāyana*, has been found a horoscope of Rāma, which M. Seiffarth has calculated as belonging to the year B.C. 1578. In like manner, a calendar is appended to the *Yajur Veda*,

which has been calculated to be of the fourteenth century B.C. Yet, undoubtedly, the *Veda* is older than the epic. These calculations prove nothing. Hindu astronomers may have been just as false as Hindu critics.

doubt, it possesses all the elements which insure the popularity of a great work through many ages. Would the *Iliad*, we ask, have been as popular in Rome under the empire as in republican Greece, if the beauties of Helen, the tender domestic love of Hector and Andromaché, and many another concession to romance, had not been allowed to soften the chivalrous onslaughts of this or that hero? In like manner, the political character of the Mahábhárata found favour mostly in the eyes of the patriotie, but the tender romance of the history of Ráma touched chords in every bosom.

This poem has all the appearance of being the composition of one author, and it is ascribed by tradition to the celebrated Válmíki, though, of course, as in all other attributions made by Hindu writers, we must receive the legend with great diffidence. The poem is undoubtedly of great antiquity, and that it was sung, and not written, is sufficiently proved by the fact that two versions, that of Bengal and that of Benares, are yet in existence, differing sufficiently in language and arrangement, while agreeing in plot, to render it indisputable that these popular versions were current in the two districts long before they were reduced to a written form.

We have also internal evidence that the poem belonged to an age when the Brahmins had not gained their real ascendancy. In one place the hero of the piece is represented as defeating and driving from the Indian land the chosen champion of the priestly caste. In the episode of King Vishwámitra, who attains to an equal position with the Brahminical saint Vasishtha, by his austere and indomitable penance and self-abnegation, we have another proof that the author of the Rámáyana was a bard and not a priest, while the absence of all mention of the law enjoining the suicide of widows on their deceased husband's pyres, is another proof of its priority to the later institutions of caste and hierarchy. On the other hand, the story itself involves a doctrine of which we have no traces in the earlier portion of the Mahábhárata—that, namely, of the incarnations of the god Vishnu, from time to time for

the purpose of defending the true faith.

The poem opens grandly with a council of the gods, in which Vishnu, on the representation that the Aryan or Hindu faith is suffering from the power of the Aborigines, here depicted as demons, undertakes to enter a human form and subdue the arrogant possessors of the soil. He becomes incarnate, in the person of Ráma, who is considered as the seventh *avatára*, or mundane existence of Vishnu, the preservative person of the Hindu Triad. Now, Vishnu was present in no less than three individuals of the name of Ráma, respectively his sixth, seventh, and eighth *avatáras*. The sixth, Ráma of the axe, defended Brahminism against the rebellious spirit of the nobles. The eighth, mighty Ráma, is a kind of Hercules of a later age, who plays an important part in the strange history of Krishna, a god who is considered to have been somewhat more than an *avatára* of Vishnu, being rather the actual appearance of that deity himself upon earth, in a more than mundane form. There may be doubts as to the actual existence of this Krishna and his associate, Ráma the mighty. Their legends may or may not be remnants of historical events. But there can be no doubt of that of the other two Rámas; he of the axe, being some celebrated character, half hero, half priest, like the judges of Israel, who promoted or restored the power of the hierarchy; and our present friend, Ráma Chandra, being some mighty warrior who carried the dominion and religion of the Hindu race into the south of India, and subdued or exterminated a large portion of the aboriginal races.

The poem, therefore, proceeds with an account of the birth of this hero. Dasharatha was an ancient king of Ayodhyá (the same *Oude* which has now so black a name in history), and though he had three wives, was cursed with the want of a male heir. He takes advice on the subject, and is persuaded to perform the great animal sacrifice called Ashwamedha, or the immolation of a horse, a remnant of the ancient Seythie sun-worship, which distinctly marks the origin of the Aryan race in the highlands of central Asia. The re-

compense for this great sacrifice is the birth of a son to each of his wives. His favourite, Kaushalyá, bears him Ráma; his second wife, Kaikcyí, brings him Bharata.

Now, in consequence of an accidental homicide committed in youth, the good king Dasharatha is doomed by that same fatality, the kismet of the Mohammedans, which exerts so powerful an influence over the minds of all orientals, to have but little comfort in these same sons that he had prayed for so fervently. Kaikeyí, the second wife, being, like Mormon ladies of the present day, as jealous as Leah of the more beloved Kaushalyá, rakes up an old promise made her by Dasharatha, when she was tending his wounds on the battle-field years before, and by means of it intrigues to deprive the king and his favourite of Ráma, their beloved. In accordance with this promise she demands two boons, first, that Ráma be banished for fourteen years, and next, that her own son, Bharata, be raised to the position of crown-prince.

Refusal is impossible. Ráma leaves the royal city of Oude, and the blow brings the old king's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. He expires lamenting on the bosom of his beloved Kaushalyá. No sooner is he dead than the honest Bharata rejects the offers of his intriguing mother, refuses to become king during Ráma's life-time, and finally sets out in search of his half-brother with a large host in his train.

Meanwhile Ráma had been showing his divine connexion by many a deed of prowess. Among others, he had won as his bride the lovely Sítá, who might be called the Helen of India, but that, to all the graces of the white-armed Argive, she added a fidelity to her husband, which, as we shall afterwards see, was put to the very strongest test. Sítá was the daughter of Janaka, king of Mithila, a country north-east of Bengal, and her father had promised her hand to the mighty warrior who could bend his great bow, described as of such a size and weight that it required an eight-wheeled carriage and 800 stalwart men to transport it. Ráma, who would be nothing of a hero in the eyes of the wonder-loving Hindus if any effort were too much

for him, snaps the leviathan weapon asunder with one hand, and with the other receives as his guerdon the beautiful Sítá.

After the approved fashion of national exiles in India, he was now wandering with his bride in the huge forests of the Dekkan, when Bharata, crossing the range of Bindh mountains, comes upon him. A grand reconciliation takes place, and the younger prince lays at the feet of the exile the golden slippers, which it was the monarch's part alone to put on. Ráma slips his feet into them in acknowledgment of his right, but from respect to the vow taken by his deceased father, he declines to accept the crown till the term of his expatriation shall be over. 'Then these slippers shall rule in thy palace,' says Bharata, 'for I will never be king while thou art alive.' And accordingly he returns to Oude, and taking a vow of asceticism for fourteen years, lives like a dog without the city gates.

Ráma's glory now begins to dawn. The king of Lanká, or Ceylon, was a demon, named Rávana, of a terrible ambition. To compass his designs, he had devoted himself to a life of abstinence and penance of such severity, that the gods themselves could refuse him no powers, and possessed of these, he threatened earth and heaven itself with his ravages. His sister had fallen in love with Ráma and his brother Laxman, and annoyed them so much with her attentions, that the princes, with no great gallantry, cut off her nose and ears, and sent her 'about her business.' Burning for revenge, she employs her powers of witchcraft to inspire her brother Rávana with a wild passion for Sítá, the wife of Ráma. He is determined to get possession of the lovely bride, and takes with him an attendant magician, a spirit bad as himself. The two form their plans. The magician takes the shape of a golden deer, and passes quietly grazing before the windows of Ráma's forest-home. The hero, thirsting for the chase, like a country squire in November, leaves Sítá in charge of his brother Laxman, and sets out after the rare quarry, which artfully allures him to a distant part of the wood. Sítá, anxious for her husband's safety, per-

suades Laxman to go in search of him, and is left alone.

Rávana, carefully on the watch, seizes the opportunity, and assuming

the guise of a travelling mendicant, approaches the lonely dwelling. The terror of his presence is powerfully described :—

'As he drew near the lofty trees, that over Janasthana grow,
And every twining creeper-plant, which hangs and climbs from bough to bough,
And every bird and every beast stood motionless with silent dread,
Nor dared the summer wind to breathe, nor shake a leaflet over-head ;
Over Godavery's hright waves, a shiver darkened as he passed,
And bird and beast in terror fled, as on he strode in evil haste,
With his black heart and beggar's garb, disguised and hidden as he was,
Like some dank pool, whose unseen brink is overgrown with waving grass.'*

He enters the dwelling of Sítá, who, deceived by his appearance, welcomes him with the usual rites of hospitality. They converse a while, and at last he dares to talk to her of

love. She replies in a fine indignation, when he throws off his disguise, and declares that he is the terrible Rávana himself :—

'He spoke and lowered his dark'ning brows, as lowers the storm-cloud in the sky,
While from beneath came flashing forth the lightnings of his awful eye ;
On her they fell, and seemed to scorch her gentle features with their glare,
As high aloft he bore her up, one hand amid her long fair hair ;
The other 'neath her soft form pressed : loudly she shrieked in utter woe.'*

But her shrieks are vain, and the demon, rising with his burden among the clouds, bears her away to his own palace in Lanká (Ceylon).

Ráma is, of course, in terrible despair, when he returns to find his beloved bride gone, he knows not whither ; and after vain search and vainer conjectures, he seeks the aid of an inferior aboriginal people, inhabiting the Dandaka forests, who are described under the poetical fiction of monkeys, and by whose aid he discovers that his wife is lying a prisoner in the palace of the demon.

He forms a strong alliance, prepares a mighty host, and sets out for the Coromandel coast. Here he is stopped by the Straits of Manaar ; but being a hero, with Hindu powers, he soon forms a bridge across them, by throwing whole rocks into the sea. These rocks are the well-known reef that renders the passage of the straits so hazardous to the mariner, and still go

by the name of Ráma's Bridge ; but we are not prepared to prove, as some more enthusiastic orientalist might be tempted to do, that an older Stephenson or Brunel accompanied the conquering army, and made them the basis of a real communication between Ceylon and the mainland.

From this point the poem is filled with the battles of the hero and the demon, in which the latter is worsted and at length slain, when Ráma recovers his long-lost spouse. The joy of the recovery, however, is lessened by the natural suspicion, that during her residence in the demon's palace, she may have been, or perhaps was, forced to be unfaithful to her lord ; but Sítá, conscious of her innocence, voluntarily passes through a fiery ordeal to prove it. The story winds up with the amount of jollification usual on such occasions, and if I cannot conclude like our nurses, by asserting that—

'They danced till the floor bended,
And so my story ended,'

it is only because the terpsichorean art was not deemed consistent with the dignity of a victorious chieftain, however much the polka and schottische may now become the Crimean warrior when his toil is done.

The episodes of the Rámáyana,

unlike those of the other great epic, are not easily separable from the whole work ; nor can we confidently assign them to a much later date.

As we have said, the whole work is much more compact and consistent than the Mahábhárata, and has all

* *Westminster Review*, Oct. 1848. We have taken the liberty of slightly altering the quotations.

the appearance of one hand only having produced it.

The most touching of the episodes is the story which King Dasharatha relates to his favourite wife on his deathbed, to account by fatality for

the misfortunes which have brought him low.

He describes, with all the plenitude of orientals, the forest in which, as a young man, he had been hunting when the accident occurred:—

‘Twas a day of summer rain-time, filling my young soul with love,
The great sun had dried the earth-dews with his hot beams from above;
And in highest heaven turning, journeyed on the southward road,
Racing towards the gloomy region—the departed’s sad abode.
Balmy cool the air was breathing, welcome clouds were floating by,
Humming bees, with joyful music, swelled the glad wild peacock’s cry.’

He passes on through the woods in search of game, when a random shot, like Tyrrell’s, glances off and pierces the heart of a boy, who was drawing water from a stream hard by for his aged father and mother, hermits in

the forest. The monarch, dismayed at the mishap, comforts the dying boy, and when he has expired in his arms, bears the sad tidings to the wretched parents who were sitting—

‘Talking of their son’s long tarrying, a poor aged sightless pair,
Like two birds with clipped wings, helpless, none to guide them, sat they there.’

The miserable father, bereaved of his heart’s joy, at first is inclined to curse the author of his wretchedness, but

when the monarch explains how the accident occurred, he changes his curse to a prophecy—

‘As I mourn for my beloved, thou shalt sorrow for a son.’

Dasharatha does his best to comfort them, and at their desire, leads them

to the spot where their hope lay smitten.

‘By the hand I led the mourners to the river where he lay,
Fondly clasped the sightless parents in their arms the death-cold clay.
Bow’d down by their bitter anguish sank they by the dead boy’s side,
And the sage in lamentation lifted up his voice and cried:
“Hast thou not a greeting for me? Am I not thy father dear?
Answer but one word, my darling. Wherefore art thou lying here?
Art thou angry with thy father?—speak to me, beloved one,
Surely thou wast ever dutiful—look thou on thy mother, son!
Come, dear child, embrace thy father, put thy little hand in mine,
Let me hear thee sweetly prattle some fond playful word of thine.”’

The legend of the Rāmāyana has been interpreted both by native and European scholars with much skill, but it is still a myth, still one of those dim distant bodies which may be a new planet, or may be simply a nebulous light hovering in infinite space. The interpretation has been based upon the name of the heroine. Sītā means simply a furrow turned up by a plough, and it is related that her father Janaka found the maiden while ploughing in a field. This is supposed to refer to the extension of agriculture, in regions which hitherto had been devoted to pasture, and her marriage with Rāma, and her rape by Rāvana are conjectured to refer to the promotion of agriculture and civilisation generally in the central and southern regions of the peninsula,

and its final progression as far as Ceylon.

On the other hand, it is easily gathered from other sources that the demons represented as inhabiting the forests of the Dekkan and the island of Lankā, are simply the wild aborigines, of whom traces are found among the hill-tribes of Guzerat, Orissa, and Gondwana at the present day, such as the Bheels, Gonds, and Todas, who, though widely separated through so many centuries, speak tongues the original affinity of which cannot be doubted. Nor can any other explanation be given of the fiction of the monkey races who were allied with Rāma, than to suppose that they were some inferior and thoroughly uncivilized tribes, living, as some of the hill-people still do, in the open wood,

or in huts formed rudely of boughs and leaves. From this it has been conjectured, and with much probability, that the Rāmāyana commemorates the conquest of the southern portion of India by the Aryan races lately established in the north-west, before they had spread along the banks of the Ganges; and that the monarch under whom so important a war was carried on, should be looked upon as an incarnation of the Deity whose worship he thus promulgated, is only natural in a Hindu point of view.

Though the plots of the Mahābhārata and Rāmāyana differ considerably in the main historical points, there is much resemblance in the romantic incidents of these epics.

In both, the heroine, as we have seen, has the privilege of choosing her husband at a Swayamvara, which was, in fact, the most romantic method of marriage-making in India. In both, the test of skill and strength is a huge bow, and this may be taken as a proof of the rudeness of the times at which the events occurred. In both, the position of woman is far nobler and freer than in later ages. But the most romantic incident in each is the exile of the hero. Now, banishment

from the native land is to the Hindu more terrible than death. In the law-books of Manu it ranks with capital punishment. The writers on the drama consider it too awful an event to be represented on the stage. We can scarcely account for this feeling by any patriotism in the Hindu, such as we in Europe know patriotism to be. Moreover we see that the most patriotic people among us, the Swiss, the German, and the English, are those who most easily adapt themselves to expatriation. But in the Hindu it is rather tenacity. He holds to every institution of his land, his forefathers, and his education, as a cat does to the house where she is brought up; and separation from these is the greatest curse that can afflict him.

Our review of these great epics has been necessarily slight, and we have no space to speak of their peculiar beauties. Suffice it to say that if they have not those qualities which have won immortality for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, they have on Asiatic ground and in oriental eyes no mean charms, which the translation of the Mahābhārata at the command of Akbar the Great fully testifies; while even for us as the romances of a hearty, manly, stalwart age, they are not without attraction.

SCRAPS FROM AN EPICURE'S NOTE-BOOK.

OYSTERS, LOBSTERS, AND CRABS.

'If, where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
Yon chance to roam, where oyster-tubs in rows
Are ranged beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate covered o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.'

GAY.

OYSTERS. — They have ever been especial favourites in times when we were in high glee, and sipped pleasure out of the cup of life. They are likewise associated with ancient times. The philosophers, the poets, the comedians, and artists of old, loved to whet their appetites with this grateful shell-

fish. When in high spirits and gaiety — when the world smiled upon them — when pleasure presented itself in her most fascinating attire — then came the oyster to complement the sum of delight, and place its seal on their enjoyments. No festive parties in the early days of Greece and Rome ever

separated without tasting this delicious fish, when in due season. It was the token of sincere fellowship, of deep sympathies, of unalloyed hilarity, and of genuine citizenship. It was the eatable that never eloyed, that never appealed to the appetite in vain, that threw a gracious smile over every countenance, and soothed, if it could not remove, the poignancy of disappointment. It gave a finish to imperial authority, *éclat* to the victories of the general, zest to the speaker's orations, cogency to the arguments of the rhetorician, and additional wisdom and expediency to the politics of the statesman. This bivalve was, in fact, the crowning glory of life—the *concordia discors*—expressive of a harmonious feeling among all classes of men.

What the oyster was in ancient times, it is so still. The pleasure-seekers of modern society never feel satisfied till they pay their respects to the oyster-shop. The fashionable visitor of the opera in London, Paris, or Berlin, rushes from the scene of his enchantment, and fills up the measure of his earthly bliss with a copious supply of the fish. He leaves all behind him till this is accomplished. The music, the dialogue, the scenery, the fascinating display of female elegance and fashion, are all made subordinate to this delicious dish. These constitute the rapturous moments of his existence. And the same thing is felt and done in the humbler walks of life. Even the houseless wanderer of the street feels his humanity ennobled for the moment, and his heart soothed, as he hastily gulps down the saline juice of this notable bivalve.

We are not going to descant on the natural history of this shell-fish, but only to throw together a few random observations and statements about it. But we cannot refrain from just noticing in passing, one or two peculiarities which modern investigations have detected in its constitution. In looking at the oyster through a microscope, it is found that its shell is peopled with an innumerable swarm of animals; compared to which the fish itself is a colossus. The liquid enclosed within its shell contains likewise a multitude of embryos, covered with transparent scales, which swim with apparent facility; and one hun-

dred and twenty of these embryos, placed side by side, would not make an inch in breadth. This liquor contains besides a great variety of animalculæ, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphoric light. There are also found in the shells, three distinct species of worms. A modern writer tells us that 'the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny, when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular chords, and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth to the world of waters? Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about the sea as gaily and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes, flanking a mouth and shoulders unincumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down, as if in mockery of its heavy and immoveable parents. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed; and if, in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length, having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid domestic oyster. It becomes a parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs. As such, it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all time—a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust—were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rending this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him, unresisting, to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped, and well-flavoured oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts. If a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him

to the capacious tub of the street fish-monger, from whence, dosed with coarse black pepper, and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger.*

The middle age writers, unable to conceive how men ever came to be directed to the eating of oysters, invented a legend to solve the logical difficulty. It is simply this: A man was walking one day by the sea-shore, and picked up one of these bivalves, just when it was in the act of gaping. Looking into the interior, he saw a remarkably smooth and polished surface, and, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he insinuated his finger between the shells, that he might feel this glossy and shining material. His finger was soon fixed as in a vice. By violence he got it withdrawn, and immediately put his finger in his mouth, as we see young boys do when an injury is inflicted on any of their digits. Oyster juice was for the first time brought in contact with the human palate. The deliciousness of the flavour at once convinced him he had made an important discovery; so he opened the shells by force, and enjoyed a rich banquet on the contents. Oyster eating became fashionable from that day to this. We think it not unlikely that this legend, somewhat lame, gave rise to a modern joke, *How to open oysters.*—'Take a feather and tickle the oyster on the shell

* *Quarterly Review.*

During the season of 1848-49, 130,000 bushels of oysters were sold in London alone. A million and a half are consumed in Edinburgh each season, being at the rate of more than 7300 a day, and more than sixty millions are taken annually from the French-channel banks alone. Each batch of oysters intended for the French capital is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out, until at length they learn by experience, that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea-water. Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics. A London oysterman can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety; they are in perfection from five to seven years old. An oyster bears its years on its back, so that its age is not learned by looking at its beard. The successive layers observable on the shell indicates one year; so that by counting them, we can tell at a glance the year when the creature came into the world.

until you have caused it to laugh, when you can insert a stick, or your toe or finger, or anything, to prevent its closing, until you can get a knife. This requires considerable dexterity, but it is considered a very neat way where it is practised.

The literary gossip connected with oysters is varied and curious. Callisthenes, the philosopher, a disciple of Aristotle's, and the companion of Alexander the Great in his Persian expedition, was a devoted epicuro in oysters. It is related that it was after eating voraciously of this fish one evening, that he delivered that offensive speech to his royal master which induced the conqueror to put him to death. The Roman tyrant, Caligula, was likewise passionately fond of this fish.† Perhaps this may have led Butler, in his *Hudibras*, to connect this cruel madman with the oyster, though not precisely in the way of eating it:

'So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters 'stead of cuirassiers.'

We are told in the *Chronicles* of the University of Paris, that when the scholastic disputes were more than usually rife and boisterous in that emporium of learning in the twelfth and following centuries, the students were in the habit of rehearsing the debates over oyster suppers, and that many fierce and violent scenes were then witnessed in those logico-gliadiatorial encounters. Louis VIII., who died in 1226, was so enamoured with his cook for the savoury manner that he was wont to furbish up oysters for the royal table, that he invested him with the title of nobility, and allowed him a handsome annual pension. Louis XI. was in the habit of inviting all the members of the College of the Sorbonne in Paris once every year to a feast on oysters; and on one of these festive occasions, a distinguished theologian of this famous seat of learning missed his way from the royal palace, and was found drowned the next morning in the Seine. After this untoward event, no more oyster dinners were given to the learned doctors of the Sorbonne.

On the 5th of March 1597, the son

† Bellon. Opera, folio, Paris, 1529.

of the Constable, Duke de Montmorency, was baptized at the Hotel de Montmorency. Henry iv. was sponsor, and the Pope's Legate officiated. So sumptuous was the banquet that all the cooks of Paris were employed eight days in making preparations. Oysters occupied an especial place, and were served up in sixteen different modes.*

Cervantes, the inimitable author of Don Quixote, has left a testimony of his fondness for oysters. He wrote a short drama, wherein the oyster-dealers of Spain were sarcastically dealt with. His enemies, of whom he had many, accused him of spending all his substance in riotous feasts on this shell-fish. This accusation is formally denied by his biographer, though he allows that, chiefly from the life of poverty the great novelist was doomed to lead, he was often driven to pay frequent visits to the lowest kind of oyster-houses of Madrid. In one of these he had a quarrel with an officer of the army which led to a duel, and, though Cervantes then wanted an arm, lost in the famous naval battle of Lepanto, he came out of the conflict conqueror, and rendered his antagonist a cripple for life.† A French traveller, speaking of these oyster-shops of the Spanish metropolis, in the middle of the last century, says 'that they were among the lowest places in point of decency and morals in the city. Every night they were densely filled with the vilest rabble, men and women, who sat and devoured incredible quantities of oysters, using them with such large quantities of strong pepper, as would consume a Frenchman's stomach in a short time.' The author adds in another portion of his work, — 'I have seen a dozen of ecclesiastics attending in an evening the low oyster-houses of the metropolis, mixing with the most notorious miscreants of the place, and eating such enormous quantities of the shell-fish, that I have often wondered that some of them did not die from sheer repletion.‡

Dr. Richard Bentley was a greedy devourer of oysters. One of his friends had affirmed that he never could pass

a place where they were exposed for sale without stopping and conversing about, if he could not then eat them. We have an admirable letter of his written when on a visit to the country, in which this shell-fish is highly extolled. It is dated 1740, being just two years before his death. The following passages are taken from it :—

'Now, I write to tell you that to be in the country is a dull affair, if you view it under a certain aspect. When you come into a new scene, you must not expect to be at home in a moment. Nature may say to you very kindly— "Make yourself at home;" but nature says it just as any other sensible personage does, not with the expectation that you will do it, but only to show a spirit of hospitality. For it is quite impossible that you should be acquainted with scenery in a moment. Nature is both frank and shy. Like well-bred people, she receives you graciously in all common intercourse, but confidentially, only after she has found you out, and knows you to be worthy. Sudden intimacies are always shallow. Wells quickly dug are quickly dry. We have never been able to force matters in thus growing acquainted with new scenery and places. We can never get along but only so fast. Things must begin to be familiar before we can comprehend their full meaning; and familiarity comes not from dunning and questioning—not by putting at things, as a burglar would at a lock, punching and serewing—but by a natural and gradual opening of things to us by a growing sensibility in us to them. For man is always the pupil of nature; he is always under a system of education. He is for ever a disciple, not a master, before nature. He that knows more than nature about beauty, will get very little help from her.

'My great relief and amusement here is my regular supply of oysters. These things must have been made in heaven. They are delectable, satisfying, delicious, and mentally stimulating, in a high degree. I can indite matter by the yard when I have had a good meal of them. I get them done in all manner of ways, and it is difficult to say which is the best, such are the intrinsic excellencies of the raw

* *History of Paris.*

† *Life.* Barcelona, 1792.

‡ *Biôt, Lettres de Esp.* vol. ii.

material. I have, however, a secret relish for the scalloped fashion above every other.*

We cannot take upon ourselves to say that the eating of oysters necessarily gives additional impetus to the pugnacious qualities of human nature; but we have two instances which speculative minds, if so disposed, might torture into immediate cause and effect. The enmity which subsisted between Dr. Walcot (Peter Pindar) and William Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is well known in literary circles, and was of the most bitter kind. Peter published his *Cut at a Cobbler* (Gifford had been originally a shoemaker), which grievously annoyed the irritable critic, who made a regular onslaught in his journal on the satirical poet. Peter laid down the pen, and resolved upon paying back the compliment with a horse-whip. He went into an oyster-shop somewhere in the Strand, where he ate a goodly supply of the fish, and coolly waited till he saw Gifford pass. He then gave him a good thrashing. The next case is of a more repulsive character. Bellingham, who shot Percival in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1812, had, as it came out in evidence at the police-court, been seen regaling himself in an oyster-shop at the foot of the Haymarket, about an hour before he committed the act of assassination.

The learned and celebrated Erasmus had one peculiarity, humorously noticed by himself, that he could not bear the smell of oysters, or any other kind of shell-fish. On this he observed, that though a good Catholic in other respects, he had a most heterodox and Lutheran stomach.

Pope, besides being proverbial for his love of lobsters, was likewise extremely partial to stewed oysters; and he once wrote to Lord Bolingbroke to say, that he would with pleasure wait upon him at dinner if his Lordship would indulge him with a stew of this favourite shell-fish. Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*, died at Richmond from the effects of fever, brought on, it was alleged, from his having sailed from Somerset House to this place in an open boat. But there is another version of the affair, that he had supped sumptuously of oysters the

night previous to his illness; and this surfeit, as it is termed, was said to be the proximate cause of his fatal disorder.*

Oyster suppers were very common and fashionable in the literary circles of Paris during the greater portion of the last century. We hear of them in memoirs, sketches of French society, and other light publications of that day. They seem to have formed the staple article of nourishment and pleasurable excitement to the *Encyclopédists*, who were viewed, at the time they were actively engaged in their arduous undertaking, with mingled feelings of admiration and fear. Diderot, Voltaire, Helvetius, D'Alembert, and the Abbé Reynal, seem all to have indulged in luxurious evening jollifications on this shell-fish. We read notes of invitation to these and other *savans* of the following kind:—'Madame la Marquise du Deffand requests the pleasure of your company this evening at her residence, to meet our mutual friends, Helvetius and Count de Buffon, to partake of a dish of oysters.' 'Madame so-and-so's compliments to M. Diderot, and if he is not seriously engaged, will be glad to see him this evening at our hotel, to join us in a dish of oysters, to meet M.M. so-and-so.' In one of the satirical pieces in verse, labelled against the irritability of Rousseau, who often mingled in these evening parties with the distinguished men now named, he is accused of gluttony, and of an unnatural voraciousness for oysters, lobsters, and other shell-fish. The lines will not bear translation.

During the violent and bloody stages of the first French revolution, the oyster-shops of Paris were noted places of *rendezvous* for many of the notorious political characters of the hour. The Girondist party had an oyster emporium near to the place where the Bastille stood, which Brissot, Condorcet, and other notables of this section of Revolutionists, were in the habit of frequently meeting, and consulting on public events. There were two or three of these shops in the lowest purlieus of the city; one in the vicinity of the prison of *La Force*, where Danton, Couthon, Robespierre,

* *London Magazine*.

and others, regaled themselves with the exhilarating bivalve. In one of the daily journals of the time, we have found the following paragraph: 'When Condorcet was induced to leave Paris from motives of personal security, and betake himself for temporary shelter to the provinces, he was conducted by two of his friends during the night to a well-known oyster-shop, where he remained concealed for three days. On the fourth, early in the morning, the mistress of the house clothed him in female attire, and conducted him herself beyond the barriers of the city. Her humanity and self-devotion led her, however, into trouble. She was taken to prison, but on the termination of the *Reign of Terror*, she again obtained her liberty.' It has been often noticed, that the temporary famine that prevailed among the Parisians during several epochs of this great national movement, bread and oysters were considered great luxuries, and could be obtained only by a favourite class of the citizens.

Peter the Great of Russia was so fond of oysters, that he never sat down to a dinner at which they were not served up in two or three culinary fashions. When he was at Woolwich dock-yard, learning the trade of a shipwright, he was in the habit of visiting an old woman who kept an oyster-shop there, and had occasionally long confabulations with her touching her peculiar line of business. Both at St. Petersburg and Moscow, the oyster-dealers were especial favourites with him. He was in the habit of calling them his *life-preservers*.*

When Napoleon I. was in his best humour at the termination of diplomatic labours, he was accustomed to take leave of his plenipotentiaries with: 'Go and dine with Cambacères.' This distinguished individual was in the habit of using his table as an important state engine; and one of the chief things that he prided himself upon were the varied and unique modes he had of cooking oysters. To dine when these shell-fish were used, was considered both a high honour and one of the gastronomic luxuries of the day, even in France, where cookery is a specific science. It is mentioned that Napoleon, the night before the famous

battle of Austerlitz, supped heartily of oysters.

So early as the days of Pliny, we have statements as to the social habits of oysters. This philosopher tells us that they have a *king*, and that their form of government is something approaching to a patriarchal monarchy. In his day, the diver made it his first business to catch the *royal* oyster, because his (or, if a queen, her) majesty, being of great age and experience, was also possessed of marvellous sagacity, which was called into exercise solely for the public good; but if this were taken, the other oysters might be caught without difficulty, just as a swarm of bees may be secured when the queen is made prisoner. Dr. Southey on this subject remarks, that 'Seeing, however, that his oyster majesty is not to be heard of now at any of the oyster-shops in London, nor known at Colchester or Milton, it may be that liberal opinions have, in the march of intellect, extended to the race of oysters; that monarchy has been abolished among them; and that republicanism prevails at this day throughout all oysterdom, or at least in those parts of it which lie near the British shores. It has been observed, by a judicious author, that no such king of the oysters has been found in the West Indian pearl fisheries.'

'As stupid as an oyster,' has long been a proverb; but if we are to rely on some writers, these shell-fish are not devoid of some sparks of rationality. Gernosius, who wrote on the 'Loves of the Fishes,' maintained, and proved his point by actual experiment, that oysters are susceptible of the tender passion. Another writer affirms that this fish could distinguish sounds, and had a positive musical ear! We have, in addition to these rather marvellous qualities, a statement from one of our American cousins, which goes even a little further in eulogizing the intellect of this bivalve. We shall abridge the story. 'Very sagacious creatures,' chimed in an old salt, who was carefully laying up nettings for his hammock clews. 'I know'd a dog once as would tell the time o' day by the skipper's nose, and would drink grog too like a Christian.'

'Bless ye,' again broke out the

† *The Doctor*.

* *Smellie's Life*, &c. London, 1796.

gaunt, bony fisherman, 'dogs isn't a circumstance to oysters for sagaciousness! Why, mateys, I was on the pint of tellin' you, that after my trip to Greenland and the coast of Labrador, the old people thought I had 'bout sowed my wild oats.' I thought you said grass,' twanged in the young mountaineer; but the whaler, without deigning to glance at the cub, went on. 'And I settled down stiddy at the oyster business. Nat Pochick and me was 'prentices in an oyster-smack for better than five years, in war times too, until our time was out, when we bought the old smack at a bargain, and drove a lively trade in the same business. We used to take the oysters, where the best on 'em comes from, along the moniment shore, down about Plymouth, and we ran 'em through the Vineyard Sound to York, by way of Montank. Well, one day, when we had a full cargo, like darned fools we tried to shorten the distance, to be first in the market, by runnin' outside of Nantucket; but jest as we got off Skonset, what should we see but the old Ramillies, seventy-four, the admiral's ship, a-hiddin' under Tom Never's Head; and in less than a minute an eighteen-pound shot came spinnin' across our bows, and two big double-banked boats was making the water white as they pulled towards us. We know'd, as well as could be, that them Britishers didn't want the old smack, nor care a snap for the oysters; but we did think sartin, that they wouldn't mind elap-pin' hold on two sich likely chaps as my partner and me, to serve under the king's flag. So we up helm and ran the smack and the cargo slap on the Old Man's Shoal; but jest afore she struck we jumped into the yawl and paddled to the beach, where we saved being captured. Well, the smack was knocked into splinters by the breakers in less than hour. Now, my hearties,' said the whaler, as he paused and gazed about the group of listeners, 'every blessed one of them oysters went back to the bods where they were took, as much as a hundred miles from the reef where the old craft was wrecked! And there's great Black Dan, of Marsfield, will tell you the same; for ye must bear in mind that oyster-men have their private

marks on the oysters, and them was found in kitching the oysters again. This, boys, was the last trip as ever we made in that trade, though Nat Pochick, out of sheer fondness for the things, established himself on the Old Boston Bridge, where he is to this day, opening his five or six thousand oysters of an evening, which he sells off like hot cakes in the arternoons.'

Omens and dreams are considered under the influence of oysters. In the south of France, people believe at this hour that to eat this fish after the hour of midnight, is to invoke the evil spirits from their dwelling. The facetious Melton held the old belief of the effects of the sea-tide on the size of oysters. He says, 'By the increase and decrease of the moone, some creatures are augmented and diminished, as oysters and other shell-fish.' He tells us again, by way of irony, 'By the seventh house you will judge what wife you will have, whether she will be as *mute* as an oyster, or have a tongue as long as a fishwoman's.' In some districts of Hungary, when a clergyman is appointed to a church, his parishioners present him, on the first Sunday, with a dish of stewed oysters, mixed with sweet wines and liqueurs. Paracelsus, whose head was filled with spiritual agencies of all kinds, was a voracious devourer of oysters; and he maintained that when he ate lightly of them, he saw the most delectable visions, but when he was induced to go beyond this temperate scale, he saw the entire host of the infernal regions.* Jerome Cardan had likewise many superstitious notions about the eating of oysters when the moon was at the full.

To dream of eating oysters foretells prosperity, and that you'll be married to a lady who is really a virgin, and who will love you; but if you should dream of letting them fall, you will loose the affections of the lady, for she is betrothed to another, and will soon be married.†

The Bishop of Worcester's Curing Powder.—Take a pound of fine oyster-shells, taken from the sea when the sun enters *Cancer*, which is every year on the eleventh day of June; and pick

* Works, vol. ii. Paris, 1792.

† *Lune Notturno o vero pratica di Sagni*. Bologna, 1614.

and wash them clean, and beat them into fine powder, which finely sieve; then take musk and civit, of each three grains, ambergrease twelve grains; rub them in the bottom of the mortar. The dose is seven or eight grains in beer or wine.*

We read in a modern book of travels, by an American author, that some of the tribes of Patagonians observe various superstitious ceremonies or incantations by means of the oyster. Among a native tribe called Yamashonar, a custom prevails, that, whenever severe sickness makes its appearance among them, they assemble in a body, range themselves in a circle, and perform many curious but unmeaning gesticulations with oyster-shells in their hands. This being done, a heap of these shells are collected, the tribe dance round it, muttering a shrill scream, and then the ceremony terminates.

Oysters were especial objects of attention among the ancient physicians. Hippocrates speaks highly of their salutary and medicinal virtues. Zeno and Crato, two medical authors who lived in the times of Plutarch, commend oysters above all other kinds of fish to their sick patients. The reasons they give for this diet are, that the flesh of the oyster has less acidity and more nutritious particles, than other kinds of shell-fish. When compared with the common run of river and sea fish, they are more strengthening, less moist and clammy, easier of concoction, sooner turned into blood, and fitter for man's body. 'It is universally allowed,' say these two physicians, 'that some oysters are better than others, their relative goodness depending upon the locality where they are bred. Those near *Leptis in Africa*,† in *Eubœa* and about *Dyrrhachium*, are best suited to the stomachs of invalids.' Aldrovandus says that the oyster has a soft fattening flesh, and a rich delicacy of flavour, and when eaten with onions, apples, vinegar, and oil, their natural agreeableness is considerably heightened. He adds, 'Oysters are a usual and common meal, both for the nobility and for the poor; the former using them for variety and wanton-

ness' sake, and the latter for the want of other food. This fish is the chief support of Lent.‡ Lemery, another medical writer of note, tells us that oysters are very nourishing, easy of digestion, and produce good juice. He asks, if any one ever knew any bad consequences from their use?

Medical superstition and quackery have made very free with the oyster. Pickled oysters were often prescribed as a *cataplasm* to the feet in fevers, particularly when 'the spirits, being vehemently irritated, fly into explosions, and in pertinacious watchings, phrenzies, and convulsions.' In such cases, it is said, they draw the humours downwards, and thereby relieve the head. An *elixir* is made of the shells of the fish, which is a sovereign remedy for 'low spirits, melancholy, and literary aberrations, whimsies, and crudities of the nerves.' It is as follows: Take ten pounds of oyster-shells, dried and grossly powdered; put them in a retort, lute it, and place it in an open furnace; give it a degree of fire every two hours, till no fumes are seen in the receiver. Then let all cool, and there will be an oil, a volatile salt, and a pungent volatile spirit; which put in a clean retort, and by fire unite together. Then take eight ounces of this united spirit, and put into a *cucurbit*, with two pounds of rectified spirits of nitre, one pound of diaphoretic antimony, and four ounces of volatile salt of tartar. Let them be well united. Then add an ounce of oil of nutmeg, and half-an-ounce of oil of cinnamon, digest in a matraas ten days, and pour off for use, and put into a well-stopped bottle. A dose of this is from four to ten drops.||

The *proverbs*, or common sayings about oysters, are not very numerous. We give the following, the moral or meaning of which is obvious:—

'A man may come to market though he don't buy oysters.'

'As like an apple as an oyster.'

'As stupid as an oyster.'

'Don't blunt your razor with opening another man's oysters.'

'Oysters are not good in a month that hath not an *n* in it.'

'The Mayor of Northampton opens oysters with his dagger.'

(This last seems less proverbial than

* The Queen's Closet Opened, p. 54.

† Caspar Pencer.

‡ Aldrovandus, *Opera*. Basel.

|| Marschalque.

plain-sailing; less an applicable saying than matter of history; for Grose tells us that the mayor did this to keep the oysters from his nose. The town being inland, and at least eighty miles from the sea, the oysters formerly brought thither were generally stale; but since turnpike roads, and the *present* (i.e., Grose means the *then*) expeditious mode of travelling, his worship of Northampton may open oysters with as little offence to his nose as his magisterial brother at Dover or any other seaport.)

'The increasing moon plumps up the slipper-y oyster.'

'(Lubrica nascentes implent conchyliis luno.)—(HOR.)

'Undone, as a man would undo an oyster.'

Nicholas Monardus, a German author, has written some amusing things about the oyster. In one of these he makes the shell-fish address the other sections of animated nature after the following fashion:—'I stand at the head of creation in this lower world. My habitation is the mighty ocean, the source of health and purity to all animal life. My origin is free from all taint of sensuality and grossness. I am born of the celestial spheres—of the orbs of heaven—of the brilliant stars. My weapons are those of defence, not of warfare. I am a type of universal peace, brotherhood, and goodwill. I live the life of serenity, repose, peace, and contentment. No growling passions—no sordid desires—no jealous apprehensions—no selfish purposes adhere to my nature. I live surrounded by liquid nectar—an elixir of life—a restorative of invigorating power which no other animal possesses. When I move to southern and warmer latitudes, I become more valuable in the eyes of the world. I there give birth to jewels of great price, and am anxiously and laboriously sought after. I figure at the courts of kings—give the finishing *éclat* to breathless aspirations of princesses—become the stand of rank, position, and social and public honour; and am always the most attractive and envied in the bustling crowd of gaiety and fashion. All other beauties sink into nothingness when compared to me. I am the admiration and envy of the world. The low and vulgar stand in awe before me.'

* *Domarius Amphitheatrum*, Hanover, 1819.

The *chasquis*, or runners of Peru, were in the habit, before its conquest by Spain, to carry oysters from the ocean to the court of the *Incas*. If we may trust Montesinos, the royal table was served with this fish, taken one hundred leagues from the capital, in twenty-four hours after they were taken from their beds in the sea.†

We shall now draw our remarks to a close with the following American story, which we believe has not appeared on this side of the Atlantic:—

Not many years since there flourished in one of the southern cities on the Atlantic coast, a certain original, eccentric individual, whose sole occupation was the pursuit of the oyster trade, of course under difficulties. It was on a grand scale, and 'Old Shell,' as he was nicknamed, was a prime favourite with all the young bucks, roystering blades, and fast men about town. He was a passionate admirer of oysters in every shape. His food was almost exclusively oysters. He bet on oysters. He studied oysters. In fine, he was emphatically an *oyster-man*.

'Old Shell,' one summer, took it into his head that a trip to the north would be of advantage to his health, moral and physical. To resolve to do anything, and to do it, were with him one and the same thing. He went.

On arriving at New York, he put up at a fashionable hotel; and as he was a tall, fine-looking man, dressed well, and spent his money freely, he soon became almost as much a favourite in the north as he was in the south.

There was one thing about him, however, that puzzled every one. On the hotel book of arrivals, his name was entered in full, with the following capital letters, in a large sprawling hand, attached—F.R.S. On his cards the same mysterious letters appeared. 'Mr. So and So, of such a city, F.R.S.' He never would explain their meaning, and great, of course, was the small-talk and chit-chat about it. The 'gossip market' rose above par in the course of three days.

One morning, a newly-come English gentleman, of middle age and grave aspect, was looking over the list of arrivals. He was struck by the mysterious letters, as every one else had been.

† *Mem. Antiquas*, MS. lib. ii. chap. 7.

'F.R.S.' muttered he; 'it can't be! yet there the letters are! Who would have thought it!'

The clerk was called up, and requested to explain. He knew nothing more than that one of the boarders and lodgers had put his name down with that handle attached.

'Show him to me!' said the Englishman eagerly.

'There he goes now, sir,' said the clerk, pointing to our hero.

The next moment 'Old Shell' felt his hand grasped by another hand, whilst his arm went through a rapid and vigorous motion, familiarly known as the 'pump-handle action.' It was the Englishman; his face beaming with cordiality.

'Delighted to meet you, sir! Had not the slightest idea of seeing one of our society on this side of the water! When were you a member? My memory is so defective!—'

'Member of *what*?' said 'Old Shell,' half surprised, half angry.

'Oh, don't be so modest, my dear sir!'

'Modest! the deuce! What society?'

'No bashfulness, now! You are a Fellow, I know.'

'Dash my buttons, stranger!' exclaimed 'Shell,' thoroughly indignant; 'do you call me a fellow?'

'Fellow of the Royal Society, sir. You mistake my meaning. Fellow of the Royal Society of London.'

'I am no Londoner, man; I come from down South, I do. I am an oyster-man, I am.'

'Why, what on earth does F.R.S. mean, then, attached to your name?' said the astonished Englishman, science and surprise beaming from his countenance.

'Well, stranger, I don't care if I do tell you! You see I like oysters, I do; and F.R.S. means *adzackly* nothing more nor less than *Fried, Roasted, and Stewed!*'

The Roman ladies were so enamoured with oysters, that they were in the habit of gorging themselves to the root of their tongues, and used to apply the feathers of the peacock to

make themselves disgorge the load that they might again enjoy the pleasures of a new feast on the same dish. We find it mentioned in the annals of Roman gastronomy, that some of the most noted philosophers and orators could consume at a single meal several hundreds of oysters. Seneca tells us he ate some hundreds of them weekly. 'Oyster! dear to gourmand,' says he 'which excites instead of satiating the appetite; which never causes illness, even when eaten to excess, so easy art thou of digestion.'

Sergius Orata, according to Pliny,* was the first to conceive and carry into execution the formation of Oyster-beds. He made extensive reservoirs at Baiae, in which he deposited countless thousands of these shell-fish. A palace was reared in the vicinity, where the naturalist's chosen friends were wont to regale themselves once a week with these delicious fish. Many slaves were employed at Rome in her early days transporting the oyster from its ocean-beds to the imperial city. The expense of this was so enormous that a government mandate was issued prohibiting the frequent importation of the shell-fish. Pliny tells us they were often preserved in ice.

Pliny says that oysters abound in rocky shores of the Propontis. He likewise affirms, though very erroneously, that they have no feeling whatever; whereas they are known to be of an extremely sensitive nature.† The same author again affirms that oysters are produced from mud in a putrid state, or else from the foam that has collected around ships which have been lying for a long time in one position, about posts driven into the earth, and more especially, around logs of wood. It has been discovered of late years in the oyster-beds, that the animal discharges an impregnating liquid, which has the appearance of milk. This fact was unknown to Aristotle, who, in his work (*Gener. Anim.* Book iii. c. 11), expressly denies that the oyster secreted any generative or fecundating liquid.‡

LOBSTERS.

The Lobster has been known from the most remote times. One French

writer on the monumental inscriptions found in the East, affirms that the

* Lib. ix. c. 54.

† Cuvier.

‡ Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* Book ix.

form of the lobster is distinctly traced on one of those pillars of stone which are generally ascribed to our forefathers before the flood. However this may be, certain it is, that the fish may fairly enough lay claim to as remote an antiquity as falls to the lot of any piscatory notoriety of the deep, whose special capabilities have a direct reference to the gormandizing propensities of man.

What curious thoughts arise from the contemplation of this fact, as stated by the above French authority! Only think of Adam and his immediate descendants regaling themselves on boiled lobsters, or indulging in the stimulating properties of its various forms of sauces! Who knows the part lobsters may have taken in the roystering and Bacchanalian revelries among the citizens of the Plain—how many convivial spirits were wont to gather in the evenings around its savoury fumes preparatory to whetting the appetite for more varied and sensual indulgences, ere their gluttony and other sins consigned to Divine chastisement! Speculations crowd on the mind, in all shapes and forms, when we think of the lobster feasts before the Flood.

Few of the cretaceous fish have been more generally lauded by gastronomes, both ancient and modern, than the lobster. We are told by a foreign writer on natural history, that Alexander the Great was so enamoured of this shell-dainty, that his courtiers always endeavoured to allay his periodical paroxysms of passion, by furnishing him with lobsters, either in the entire state, or as a sauce to other viands.* A French cookery book, published a couple of centuries ago, tells us, upon rather apocryphal authority, however, that Cicero made one of his most effective political orations after he had dined of stewed lobsters.

A Greek writer, who describes the gluttonous desires of a spendthrift, ironically calls upon him to 'use all kinds of fish, such as do haunt the rocks, and with his other dishes, use highly seasoned lobster sauce.' The Romans, too, were passionately fond of the fish. We are told, at a supper given to the Emperor Vitellius by his brother, there were, among other

kinds of fish, eight hundred lobsters. Another Roman emperor, Maximinus, is affirmed to have devoured twenty large lobsters at one sitting. There have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum, Roman household utensils with the figure of the lobster represented on them.

The lobster was called *Λοστράκις* (*As-tacus*) by Aristotle, who describes many of its peculiarities recognised by the naturalists of modern times.

Isidore of Seville mentions lobsters as having been a primary luxury among the Latin Platonists of the Alexandrian School. Porphyry and Jamblicus eat them voraciously, and then, we suppose, turned to their mystical and nebulous studies on the nature and origin of things.

In a book published at London in 1611, called 'Things that Be Olde and Newe,' we have a statement that the great Charlemagne was passionately fond of lobsters; that he and his private secretary, Eginberd, were in the habit of feasting almost every night on this savoury fish; and that the emperor framed two capitularies for regulating the catching and bringing to market those shell-fish. A severe punishment was inflicted on those fishmongers who presented stale lobsters for sale.

A writer on middle age history informs us that lobsters were especial favourites with the members of the Romish Church. They formed a favourite article of luxury at the Papal court for many centuries; and among private associations of the clergy they were equally as highly esteemed. One pope is said to have hastened his death by their intemperate use. A celebrated general who commanded the troops of the Church before the attack on Regusa, refused to go to battle unless his favourite dish of lobsters was served up to him.†

On the physical conformation of the lobster we shall make a few observations.

The head and thorax of the lobster are blended into one mass, covered with a dorsal plate of armour; and the abdominal viscera are protected by broad semi-belts of the same consistency. The limbs are divided into three sets. First, on each side of the

* Bellon.

† Belinda, *Opera*, lib. 6.

mouth are five limbs called foot-jaws, furnished with tentacular appendages. These are employed in masticating its food. Next we have five pairs of true limbs; the two first are developed into powerful and voluminous claws or pincers; of which one, sometimes the right, and sometimes the left, has its edges finely dentated, to use as a saw in seizing, cutting, and rending the animal's prey. The third class of limbs are placed on the under surface of the tail. These are termed false feet, and are arranged in five pairs, and are bifid at the last joint. These false feet are not used for locomotion, but for the purposes of procreation.

The most striking fact connected with the natural history of this fish, is the power which it has of reproducing its limbs lost by accident, and of the moulting and re-acquisition of its shells. It has been known, when suddenly alarmed, to throw off one of its claws with a jerk; and when a limb happens to receive an injury, it is always broken off at the joint second to its junction to the trunk. The change of armour in the lobster is necessary, as without it the animal could not increase in size, but must for ever remain stationary. When it is released from its hard encasement, the soft portion of its frame pushes forth its growth with great rapidity, and in due time receives a proper coat of armour. We are informed that 'the lobster to the last is ravenous and vigorous; and instances have been known in which lobsters, enticed by the bait, have entered into the crab-traps, when on the fishermen commencing to handle his prize, the animal has slipped away, leaving an empty husk as the only reward of his labour.'

The lobster is considered an unclean eater, and is often called the *scavenger* of the seas. He is a fierce marauder, pouncing on dead or living substance of all kinds. He appears to have a powerful sense of smell, although no distinct organs for this office have been as yet detected. His carnivorous voracity leads to the animal's destruction. Baited traps, made of strong twigs, something like the common wire mouse-traps, are lowered into the water, and marked by a buoy, and these become the most effectual means

of capturing this epicurean crustacean. In some parts of the coast of Yorkshire, strong bag-nets are used. These are baited with garlage, attractive to the lobster, who unobtrusively enters a prison from which he emerges only like a condemned felon, to suffer bonds by which his claws are secured preparatory to being boiled alive.

No little fable has been connected with the size of lobsters. Olaus Magnus (*Hist. lib. xxi. ch. 34*, and Gesner (*De Piscibus*, lib. iv.), tell us, that in some localities in the Indian Ocean, and likewise on the shores of Norway, lobsters have been found twelve feet long and six broad, and were often so pugnacious as to seize mariners with their gigantic claws, and drag them along into the deep to devour them. A similar account is given of them by an Italian writer on natural history, who affirms that he once saw a lobster which measured fifteen feet, and which was of such a mischievous nature as to require six men to kill it.

The lobster has been rather conspicuous in the history of French cookery. In the sixteenth century, one Desaugulier became famous for his various methods of cooking this fish, and particularly for his high-flavoured and delicious lobster sauces. His house of entertainment was much frequented by many notorious and fashionable characters, who figured in Parisian society in his day. Among the number of his constant customers were two Catholic priests, whose morals and general deportment were by no means exemplary, and who were passionately fond of lobster suppers. They often prolonged their visits at Desaugulier's till a late hour. It so happened, however, that both these members of the Church died suddenly within a week of each other. The circumstances of their death excited marked attention. A report got abroad that they had been poisoned at one of their lobster repasts. The public took up the rumour, and the Church authorities followed in the wake. Our poor lobster cook was seized and put to the rack, but nothing could be extorted from him that bore upon his guilt. Having in early life been one of the assistants in the royal kitchen, he procured a friend at the palace, and

* *Bot. and Zool. Mag.* vol. i. p. 171.

was forthwith set at liberty. But the shock to himself and his temporal affairs proved too much for him, and he died soon after his liberation from prison. But so deeply had the poisoning notion penetrated the public mind, that a pamphlet was written by one of the clergy, attempting to show that Desagulier's sudden death was a judgment from heaven, for his having taken away the life of the two ecclesiastics. A copy of this rare tract is said to be still extant in the royal library of Lisbon.

Another unfortunate affair soon followed on the heels of this. Two distinguished French generals, in the reign of Louis XIII., had been spending the evening at the house of a lady of rank and fashion, noted in Paris for lobster repasts. Some angry words passed between the two sons of Mars; and from less to more, a duel was the consequence. Both fell wounded; the one died about an hour after receiving his wound; and the other lingered in great agony for three days. The lady at whose mansion the unfortunate occurrence took place, was so deeply affected by it, that she never afterwards gave any more public entertainments. During the entire residue of her life, her sensibility was so great at the bare sight of a lobster, that she uniformly went into a hysterical fit.*

We are told that, in 1627, there was a tremendous storm throughout the south-western part of Scotland. The wind blew from the direction of the Isle of Man; and in the parish of Caerlaverock, the sea rose to such a height, that it drove the people from their houses, and they had to run for their lives. There was likewise thrown upon the beach an incredible number of lobsters, which were seen sprawling about in all directions. One of the cottagers, in the great hurry and confusion of the moment, left her home, with a cradle in the house containing a baby about eight months old. The sea had thrown into the cradle three large lobsters, one of which had fixed its claws on the foot of the child. The screaming it set up, brought its mother to its aid, and was thus providentially saved.†

A somewhat similar incident, relative to the influence of sea-storms on lobsters, is mentioned in Buckland's *Curiosities of Literature*. 'When at Weymouth,' says the author, 'many years ago, with my father, I recollect his telling me a story of a large ship being wrecked off the Isle of Portland, and that many persons were drowned. Soon after the wreck, a great number of lobsters and prawns were caught, and none of the Weymouth folks would eat them, because they were supposed to have eaten the bodies of the drowned people, which was very possibly the case. The lobsters were, therefore, sent off to London, for the benefit of those who did not know their history.'

We read the following :—' June 27, 1771: Went to see the "Maid of Bath" performed for the first time, at the Haymarket Theatre. Saw there Lord Lyttleton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Doctor Johnson, Garrick, and Oliver Goldsmith. We all went out to have some refreshment. The Rev. Mr. Horne, afterwards John Horne Tooke, met us at the threshold of the playhouse; and learning our errand, he proposed we should all go with him to sup upon lobsters, cooked in a new fashion, with the richest sauce, at a fish-house hard by. We all consented readily, except Lord Lyttleton, who hung fire a little, but was prevailed upon to come with us, and Horne entertained us with some of his most piquant jokes and *bon mots*.‡

Porson was known for his low and grovelling habits, as well as for his profound knowledge of Greek. He addicted himself to the lowest company, spent his nights and days in cider cellars and pot-houses, where he had the unlimited privilege of talking to whom he liked. Among his favourite places of resort, was a cook-shop where lobsters were done to perfection. This he made a point of frequenting three nights every week, and regaling himself to the full bent of his appetite, with the delicious fish. He was in the habit of indulging in fits of study, when he withdrew from the outer to contemplate the inner world. Still, during these states of seclusion he had his lobsters regularly served to him within the walls of the university. He

* *Chroniques de Paris*.

† *Wonders of Nature*. London, 1632.

‡ *Specimens of a Diary*. 1774. London.

likewise had a curious theory about his favourite dainty, that these shell-fish were the purest in the ocean, and lived entirely on water. He used to argue this point with great vehemence

'Dick Porson eats a swagging great dinner,
And grows every day fatter and fatter ;
And yet the huge bulk of a sinner
Swears lobsters live solely on water.

'As no man can be found in the nation
Such nonsense to speak or to think,
It follows by fair demonstration,
That he philosophized in his drink.'

There is a curious old song, relative to the city of Salisbury, in which lobsters are mentioned. This city stands on the ruins of Old Sarum, which Leland, the antiquary, thinks was a

British fort before the arrival of Julius Caesar. Dr. Pope, chaplain to Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury in the reign of Charles II., was the author of the following verses :—

'Oh ! Salisbury people, give ear to my song,
And attention to my new ditty ;
For it is in praise of your river Avon,
Of your bishop, your church, and your city.

And your mayor and aldermen all of a row,
That govern that watered mead ;
First listen awhile on your tiptoe,
Then carry this home and read.

Old Sarum was built on a dry barren hill
A great many years ago ;
'Twas a Roman town, of strength and renown,
As its stately ruins show.

Therein was a castle for men of arms,
And a cloister for men of the gown ;
There were friars and monks, and liars and punks,
Though not many whose name have come down.

The soldiers and churchmen did not long agree ;
For the surly men with the hilts on,
Made sport at the gale with the priests that came late,
From eating the lobsters of Willon.'

In the middle of the last century there was a farce performed in several of the minor theatres of London, called 'Lobster Sauce.' Whether it was popular or not we have not been able to ascertain, from any critical writings on the piece ; but from its having been acted at three different places we may infer that it had a fair portion of wit and humour. The scope of the farce is to ridicule an old glutton of an alderman, who had an only and handsome daughter, whom he was desirous of marrying to a man of title. The old corporation functionary prided himself on the mode of cooking lobsters, and especially for the piquant and savoury sauces he prepared for the fish. The plot of the piece is carried on by invitations to his friends, and particularly to the younger portion of the aristocratic circles to regale themselves at his table. It cannot be

doubted but the dramatic sketch had a direct reference to some notable alderman of the day, who had made himself conspicuous by his love of lobsters, and his personal vanity and ambition.

Dr. Parr's love of hot-boiled lobsters with shrimp sauce is well known. The Doctor once told a friend that he wrote some of his finest pieces after a supper on this dish. Fuller, in his *History of Sussex*, says that Chichester was famous for its lobsters ; and that he remembers with much pleasure the many convivial parties he attended where the fish were served up in capital fashion. Old Elwes, the miser, was well known for his partiality to this dainty. He was in the habit of occasionally attending Billingsgate market, to purchase the article at as cheap a rate as possible. At the famous sederunt at whist which he had

with the present Duke of Northumberland's father, and two other gamblers, which lasted for *three days and three nights*, without the parties ever retiring to their bed-rooms. Elwes lived almost solely on chocolate and lobsters. After paying the balance of his losses, *eight hundred pounds*, he rang the bell, and ordered the waiter to bring him the tail of a good lobster, with which he set off to Harrow Common, where he resided.

One of the most notable circumstances connected with lobsters, is their frequent representation on medals and coins, both ancient and modern; and the use made of this shell-fish, through this medium, for comical and satirical purposes. There are several ancient coins of Tyre, and other neighbouring cities, with the figure of the lobster on the reverse side; but writers on coins have not been able to divine the purposes or meanings of the emblem. Some of the earliest Greek coins have a similar figure, without, however, any caricatural adjunct. On some of the Roman and Spanish coins and medals, we have the lobster depicted as a satirical emblem. One Roman medal portrays the Emperor Nero riding on the shell-fish, as a mark of derision; and a Spanish silver piece, supposed of the second century, displays some general or other in a similar ridiculous attitude. Doubtless, the peculiar grotesqueness of the lobster's physiognomy and movements, naturally associate themselves with comic and satirical conceptions, and serve to add pungency to their graphic embodiment. This conclusion is considerably strengthened by the well-known fact, that many of the earliest Italian artists, who indulged in the comic and whimsical, were in the constant habit of keeping lobsters, both dead and alive, as well as other animals, as objects suggestive of sketching comicalities and grotesque combinations.

The Church of Rome has made free with the figure of the lobster in some of its notable legends. On an old fragment of painted glass, supposed to be about the fourth century, and taken from one of the churches of Toulouse, we have the Devil mounted on a lobster, making after Joseph and Mary, in their flight into Egypt, with

all possible expedition. The comic effect of the sketch is remarkably striking. In another legend particularly connected with the missionary doings of Father Francis Xavier, we have the following account from a Portuguese writer, called Fausto Rodriguez:—

'We were at sea,' says Rodriguez; 'Father Francis, John Raposo, and myself, when there arose a tempest, which alarmed all the mariners. Then the Father drew from his bosom a little crucifix, which he always carried about him; and, leaning over the deck, intended to have dipt it into the sea, but the crucifix dropt out of his hand, and was carried off by the waves. This loss very sensibly afflicted him, and he concealed not his sorrow from us. The next morning we landed on the island of Baranura. From the time the crucifix was lost to that of our landing, it was near twenty-four hours, during which we were in perpetual danger. Being on shore, Father Francis and I walked along by the sea-side towards the town of Tamalo, and had already walked about five hundred paces, when both of us beheld, arising out of the sea, a lobster-fish, which carried betwixt his claws the same crucifix raised on high. I saw the lobster-fish come directly to the Father, by whose side I was, and stopped before him. The Father, falling on his knees, took his crucifix, after which the lobster-fish returned to the sea. But the Father, still continuing in the same humble posture, hugging and kissing the crucifix, was half an hour praying with his hands across his breast, and myself joining with him in thanksgiving to God for so evident a miracle; after which we arose, and continued on our way.*'

This fiction about the lobster, so prominent in Spanish legendary lore, did not, however, escape the lash of the graphic satirist. A small tract was written, with numerous comic sketches, to show the folly of the miracles ascribed to the fish. In the frontispiece there was a representation of a priest riding on the back of a lobster, with his head towards its tail;

* Dryden's *Life of Xavier*, Book iii. In some English translation, the lobster-fish is termed *crab-fish*; but this does not agree with the sequel of the legend.

while the expression of his countenance was of that quizzical sort which indicated a total unbelief of those stories which the Church had long imposed on the credulity of the people. The author of the tract was brought before the ecclesiastical authorities, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, in addition to a tolerably heavy fine.

But this affair of the lobster and Father Xavier was not entirely confined to the Romish Church; it was embodied in several sharp caricatures connected with the reign of our James II. A medal was struck on the 20th of June 1688, on the obverse side of which were represented a ship of war bearing the French flag; on the shore a figure of a Jesuit, supposed to represent Father Petre, seated astride on a lobster, holding in his arms the young Prince of Wales, who carries on his head a little windmill; with the motto: 'Allons, mon Prince, nous sommes en bon chemin.' On the reverse side of the medal there is a shield, charged with a windmill, and surmounted by the bonnet of a Jesuit; two rows of beads or rosaries for an order or collar, within which are the words: 'Hony soit qui mal y pense.' A lobster is suspended from the collar as a badge.

About the same period there were several medals of a like character struck off in Holland, in which the lobster cuts a conspicuous figure. Upon one called 'Arlequin sur l'Hippogryphe, à la croisade Lojoliste,' the lobster bears on its back a Jesuit, and carries a book in each claw; the young Prince of Wales' head is decorated with a windmill. The interpretation of all these caricature medals was chiefly this: To indicate the influence of the Jesuit Petre over the movements of James II., an imputation was cast upon the legitimacy of the young Prince of Wales, chiefly occasioned by his mother choosing St. Francis Xavier as her patron saint, and her family constantly attributing the birth of the child to the direct interference of this saint. The lobster became in this manner symbolical of the impositions and frauds which the Jesuits were continually perpetrating on the credulity of the people.

In the curious work by Sebastian Brandt, called *Shiltifera Navis* (The

Ship of Fools), first published in 1494, there is a plate representing a fool wearing cap and bells, seated astride on the back of a lobster, with a broken reed in his hand, and a pigeon flying past him as he vacantly stares with wide and open mouth. Underneath are the following lines:—

'DE PREDESTINATIONE.

'Qui pretium poscit quod non meruisse videtur,

Atque super fragilem ponit sua brachia cœnam

Illius in dorso cancrorum semita stabit;

Devolet inque suum rictum satis assa Columba.'

Corsini, an Italian writer on medical subjects, who flourished in the sixteenth century, maintains that lobster-shells, finely-powdered, mixed with sweet oil, and placed as a plaster on the chest, prove a sovereign remedy for affections of the lungs, and of the respiratory organs generally. He says every kind and degree of bronchitis he invariably cured by the application of this plaster. A German physician prescribed lobsters boiled with new milk, and afterwards put through a strainer, as a most healing and wholesome article of diet for weak and consumptive patients. A quart of the mixture might be safely taken during the twelve hours. The same authority recommends the solid meat of the fish, made very hot, applied to the soles of the feet of persons troubled with epilepsy and hysterical affections.

The modes of cooking this noble shell-fish are numerous. Robert May, in his *Accomplished Cook*, printed for Nathaniel Brook, at the sign of the Angel, Cornhill, 1660, calls the lobster the *king of fish*. 'The king of them all is the lobster. What words can describe that unhappy crustacean? It looks like a spread eagle; like a goblin born of dyspepsia and laudanum; like a fanciful flower-bed; like a mythic tortoise with gout in his fins, for it is split in halves, as is the wont with this accomplished cook's fish; it is sprawling and floundering across the page in a wonderful fashion, not after the manner of modern lobsters. The cut we refer to heads a receipt for "Baked lobsters to be eaten hot." It sounds appetizing enough.

'Being boiled cold, take the meat out of the shells, and season it lightly

with nutmeg, pepper, salt, cinnamon, and ginger; then lay it in a pie made according to this form (our spread-eagle or goblin), and lay on it some dates in halves, large mace, sliced lemons, barberries, yolks of hard eggs, and butter. Close it up and bake it; and, being baked, liquor it with white wine, butter, and sugar, and ice it. On flesh days put marrow to it.*

Lobsters have been the subjects of some jokes. We give the following:

When does the *Early Movement* become very objectionable?—When you have placed your finger in a lobster's open claw.

CRUEL.—Miss Balsarine suggests that when men break their hearts, it

is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

When is a lobster like a mortar?—When it casts its shell.

Lobsters were great favourites with Dean Swift, who called them the princes of shell-fish. This fondness is manifested in the anecdote which Pope mentions relative to a visit which he and Gay paid to the Dean, who felt himself obliged to ask them to supper. 'If you had not supped,' said he, 'I must have got something for you. Let me see; what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ah! that would have done well.'*

CRABS.

Crabs, it is but reasonable to think, must have been one of the earliest among shell-fish known to mankind; from the circumstance, perhaps, of its being fixed upon as one of the signs of the zodiac. This figurative application of the animal must refer a knowledge of it to a very remote period, and to have made it familiar to all to whom astronomical science, even in its rudest form, was at all cultivated.

The crab must have been known to the ancient Assyrians. There are representations of it on the slabs of the Kouyunjik Gallery in the British Museum. We likewise find the figure of the shell-fish on many very ancient eastern coins; but for what purpose it was there represented, writers on numismatology are not agreed.

In the Greek notices of the sophists or rhetoricians of Athens, we find the crab mentioned. Among the things which this class of public teachers attempted to learn the Athenians was to show, by reasoning, 'That a man had a father—that he had no father—that a dog was his father—that his father was everybody's father—that his mother had a family equally numerous, in which horses, pigs, and crab-fish, were all common brethren.'†

Athenæus, in some comments on the *Miser* of Theognetus, says, 'While Ulpian was continuing to talk in this way, the servants came in bearing on

dishes some crabs bigger than the orator Callimedon, who, because he was so fond of this food, was himself called the Crab. Alexis, a comic poet, hands Callimedon down to posterity in this fashion,—

It has been voted by fish-sellers
To raise a brazen statue to Callimedon,
At the Panathenæic festival,
In the midst of the fish-market, and the statue
Shall in his right hand held a roasted crab,
As being the sole portion of their trade,
Which other men neglect and seek to crush.

'But,' again says Athenæus, 'the taste of the crab is one which many people have been very much devoted to; as may be shown by several passages in different comedies; but at present Aristophanes will suffice, who speaks as follows:—

A. Has any fish been bought? A cuttle-fish,
Or a broad squill, or else a polypus,
Or roasted mullet, or perhaps some beet-
root;

B. Indeed, there was not.

A. Or a roach or dace?

B. Nothing of such sort.

A. Was there no black-pudding,
No tripe, nor sausage, nor boar's liver
fried,
No honey-comb, no paunch of pig, no eel,
No mighty crab, with which you might
Recruit the strength of women wearied
with loom toil?

'By broad squills,' says the same writer, 'he must have meant what we call *astaci*, a kind of crab which

* Spence's *Anecdotes*.

† See Mitchell's *Aristophanes*.

Phyllius mentions in his *Cities*.^{*} Athenæus adds, 'that the race of crabs is very long-lived.'

Pliny tells us that crabs are long-lived, and have eight feet, all bent obliquely. In the female the first foot is double, and in the male single; besides which, the animal has two claws with indented pincers. Sometimes they assemble in large bodies; but as they are unable to cross the mouth of the Euxine, they turn back again, and go round by the land, and the road by which they travel is to be seen all beaten down with their footmarks.

Crabs, when alarmed, says the same historian, go backwards as swiftly as when moving forwards. They fight with one another like rams, butt at each other with their horns. They have a mode of curing themselves of the bite of serpents. It is said that while the sun is passing through the sign of Cancer, the dead bodies of the crabs, which are lying thrown on the sea-shore, are transformed into serpents.

Pliny likewise tells us that the common stag, when wounded by a species of spider, or any other noxious insect, cures itself by eating crabs. The wild boar does the same; more particularly by those crabs which are thrown up by the sea.* This notion is confirmed by Plutarch, who speaks, however, of river-crabs.

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses* (Book xv.), says, 'If you take off the bending claws of the crab of the sea-shore, and bury the rest in the earth, a scorpion will come forth from the part so buried, and will threaten with its crooked tail.'

Crabs are often spoken of in the books on natural history, written in the middle ages, in which there are likewise many curious and grotesque representations. One, we have seen, wherein a crab is holding a conversation with the devil, and very coolly asking him to place his tail into one of his claws.

There are widely different and strange peculiarities among the crabs. Those of the West Indies live chiefly on land, visiting the sea only at given periods, for the deposition of their eggs. These carrying in their gill-chambers, sufficient water for the pur-

pose of respiration, live in burrows, and traverse considerable tracts of land in the performance of their migratory excursions. Of this class, that called the violet crab is considered the most exquisite delicacy.

Those which Cuvier calls the *Burrowing Crab* proper, are thus described by that able naturalist:—'The animal closes the entrance of its burrow, which is situated near the margin of the sea, or in marshy grounds, with its largest claw. These burrows are cylindrical, oblique, very deep, and very close to each other; but generally each burrow is the exclusive habitation of a single individual. The habit which these crabs have of holding their large claw elevated in advance of the body, as if making a sign of beckoning to some one, has obtained for them the name of *Calling Crabs*. There is a species observed by Mr. Box in South Carolina, which passes the three months of the winter in its retreat, without once quitting it, and which never goes to the sea except at the epoch of egg-laying.'

The following curious statement relative to crabs has recently made its appearance from China:—'When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar, just as the company sat down; such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with me—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous; for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip, so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiment of this nature.'

* Book viii. ch. 4.

The *Lazy Crab* is a large and very beautiful one. The back is generally full of small knobs, of a pale scarlet colour; guarded here and there, but especially about the edges of the back shell, with short black prickles. It has four small legs on each side. These are covered with a short brownish hair or pile, and are in the male crab likewise defended by prickles; the last joint of each leg ending in a sharp point. The two great claws, from their junction with the extremities of the body, are often ten inches long. The very tips of the two meeting claws, with which it holds its prey, differ remarkably from all other crabs, by their great breadth, as well as by their several indentations, which, when they close together, fall as regularly into their sockets as the opposite sides of a pair of nippers.

Shakspeare has several allusions to crabs:—

'In very likeness of a roasted crab.'—*Mid. N. D.*

'See a crab—why here's no crab.'—*Taming of a Shrew.*

'As a crab does to a crab.'—*Lear.*

'If, like a crab, you could go backward.'—*Lear.*

Charles v. of Spain was passionately fond of crabs, which he had cooked in a variety of ways to his own fancy. In a book published at Barcelona in 1650, the general mode of this royal crab cookery is given at full length. We shall give a brief outline of it.

The emperor's method of having a crab served up cold was the following: A good boiled crab was selected, as heavy as could be found, with the joints of the legs stiff. The legs and claws being broken off, were cracked, the meat extracted, and minced small. The body of the crab was taken out and mixed with the produce of the claws, with mustard, vinegar, and ground garlic. A certain proportion of salt and pepper was used. The dish was garnished with several kinds of aromatic plants; and the whole used in conjunction with a portion of oils from the Indies.

When his majesty fancied hot crabs they were commonly cooked in this fashion: After boiling, the meat was taken from the claws, cut very small, and mixed with eggs and cream, to which were added portions of butter and ground garlic. Flour or fine

bread crumbs were then laid over the top, with pepper, mustard, and salt. The whole was placed in a dish and baked a certain length of time. This was commonly Charles's supper, when not actively engaged in his military duties.

Another royal method resembled our mode of scalloping the fish. Its contents were extracted, and mixed with bread and various kinds of spices, and then submitted to the process of baking. Garlic, eggs, and cream, were used after this process had been finished. Sometimes a species of sweet wine was thrown over the whole.

One of the emperors of Germany had likewise a strong liking for crabs. He had regularly appointed days when these fish were to form a conspicuous item in the royal bill of fare to his courtiers. It became a common remark that his majesty was always more than usually bland and facetious on these occasions.

Taylor, the water-poet, in his curious satire on *Coaches*, published in 1623, says that when William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought a coach from Holland, the people of London were quite confounded at its singular make and use. 'Some said it was a *crab-shell* from China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil; moreover, it makes people imitate sea-crabs in being drawn side-ways, as they are when they sit in the boot of the coach.'

Tim Bright highly extols crabs in his treatise on *Melancholy*. He thinks they are exhilarating to the animal spirits. The same opinion is entertained by a distinguished Italian physician, who invariably ordered these fish to be daily used in all cases of physical and mental debility.

It is said that if young women dream of crabs they may expect ill-tempered husbands. In several districts in the north of Europe, it is considered very unlucky to dream of this shell-fish; more particularly at or about the full moon. In some countries, the dreaming of crabs is considered a constant preliminary to a woman giving birth to twins.

We take the following from an American newspaper. Nantucket, an island of Massachusetts, famous for

its *sea-serpent*, now sends us an anecdote of crabs. An old lady was alarmed at night by the stealthy steps of ghosts or burglars crawling across the floor of the room above. Soon they reached the stairs, with a heavy clump, clump, clump. She thought of Mrs. Crowe and the *Night Side of Nature*, and fell into a profuse sweat. She mustered up her courage, however, and went to the door, lamp in hand; when, to her astonishment, she discovered a procession of crabs on the stairs. Little Tommy had carried a lot of crabs to the attic on the previous day.

No animal has given birth to a greater number of more bitter, difficult, and vituperative words in the English language than the crab. We shall notice a few:—

Ne drede hem not, doth hem no reverence,
For though thin husbond armed be in maille,

The arwes of thy *crabbed* eloquence
Shal perce his brest.

CHAUCER. *The Clerkes Tale*.
Such as with oten cakes in poor estate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the *crab* with
myrth they roste. *Uncertaine Auctors*,
And with the sun doth fold againe;
Then iogging home betime,
He turns a *crab*, or turns around,
Or sings some merrie ryme.

WARNER. *Albion's England*.
He (Appius Claudius) kept the same
sower countenance still, the very same forwardness and *crabbedness* of visage, the same spirit of boldness in his apologetic and defence.—HOLLAND'S *Livius*.

As when the hungry *crab* in India's main.
The Scribleriad.

We might have received with veneration
mixed with awe, from an old, severe, *crabbed*
Cato.—BURKE.

The mathematics and their *crabbedness* and
intricacy could not deter you.—HOWELL.

Your *crabbed* rogues that read Lucretius.
PRIOR.

The New Books.

The Backwoods Preacher: an Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, for more than Fifty Years a Preacher in the Backwoods and Western Wilds of America. Edited by W. P. STRICKLAND. London. Alexander Heylin. 1858.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND CAMP MEETINGS.

English literature is rich in the department of autobiography, if the value rather than the number of its treasures be considered. France, indeed, has memoirs innumerable; but the great majority of them are tedious from their undue length, and worthless from their egregious trifling, while the few exceptions to this rule have a historical rather than a personal interest,—are strongly marked with the national character, but only slightly distinguished by individual traits. It is far otherwise with those charming productions of the English press in which we are accustomed to find the amusement of romance blended with the simpler interests of truth. Some few of the heroes of these narratives are typical of large and ordinary classes; but the most part are full of

character, racy, humorous, and original; and the memoirs of religious worthies are certainly not the most deficient in individuality and power.

Into this interesting class of English books we welcome the Autobiography of Peter Cartwright. To that position it has many high and some peculiar claims. The character of the author is so strongly marked, his will and courage so indomitable, that he would probably have attained distinction in any sphere; but it pleased Divine Providence to place him in that for which by nature he was best adapted, and to furnish him still more richly with those gracious aids which were equally necessary to direct and qualify his natural gifts. No man after reading this volume can hold a light or contemptuous opinion of Peter Cartwright. There is something in his character which extorts admiration, even when it repels sympathy; but there is much in common betwixt him and all his readers in this country. He speaks our Saxon language, maintains our Protestant faith, is bone of our English bone, and warm with the blood, not only of a man, but a brother. He is one of those brave

men who have taken the traditions of Alfred into the wilderness of the Far West, and sown the seeds of our civil and religious freedom in a wider area and under a broader sky. If we regard him merely as a pioneer of civilisation, and estimate the strictly secular results of his career, we must form the highest opinion both of the man and his works. The Backwoods Preacher of America appears before us in a new and striking figure. Single in purpose, intent only on gathering lost sheep into the fold of Christ, he brings an ameliorating agency of the most various kind to soften the asperities of a semi-barbarous life, and to develop virtues and charities long deadened by hardship, isolation, and disgust. Hospitality is one of the first-fruits of this influence, an earnest and promise of all the rest. Where the preacher comes, all rudeness and opposition seem to melt before him. With a mixture of simplicity and boldness, very suitable to the messenger of God who seeks no interests of his own, he enters the house with a salutation of peace, and invokes upon its inmates the unwonted blessings of prayer. It is not often that the friendly advances of the itinerant preacher are resisted and repelled. He is mostly welcome as a man, even when little regarded as an evangelist. His *bon-homme* is generally remarkable; for with all his labours he is a happy man, and religion has cherished rather than depressed the kindlier feelings of his nature. But he is not wholly discouraged even by a sullen and reluctant reception. Some member of the household may be ready and eager to profit by his visit; some word of comfort may drop like balm into the heart of an anxious wife; some word of prayer may touch the conscience of an intemperate and wicked husband. At all times he is ready with counsel, reproof, encouragement, and teaching. After more or less success he pursues his journey; and perhaps on a future round he finds a heartier welcome, sees with delight that his instructions have availed, and learns that a number of the neighbouring families have gathered to profit by his ministry. Thus he forms a church in the wilderness; and children that would have lacked such inestimable advantages

may now hear the gospel in their youth, and have their characters formed upon the basis of its Divine morality. Could society in the rude Western settlements start under fairer auspices than these? or is any agency of civilisation comparable to that which is supplied by the teaching and example of this humble band of itinerating preachers?

The present narrative is occupied with the details of such a course as we have briefly sketched. Peter Cartwright may be taken as an eminent example of the class to which he belongs. There is no reason to doubt that his pious and devoted labours present a faithful picture of many a Backwoods Preacher's life, sometimes almost scene for scene, and always in respect of the same marvellous and beneficial results. When we think of the deeds to which a religious sense of duty actuates these devoted persons, and others whose motives or actions are allied to theirs, we remember that the poetic moralist has said,—

‘The world knows nothing of its greatest men;’

and seem to find in their obscure but noble annals a just interpretation of the saying. But Providence gives, ever and anon, a glimpse of their existence to the world at large, and mankind is called to admire in one veteran survivor the virtues which hallowed every member of this heroic Legion of the Cross. It is this reflection which makes the Autobiography of Peter Cartwright so suggestive and significant. He is only one among many brethren. It would be a depressing thought, indeed, that he had sallied forth alone into the uncultivated wilds. What is a single pioneer in the great and stubborn forest, though his arm be of the stoutest and his axe of the keenest sort? It is encouraging to know that a thousand others have gone forth in every direction, and that the sun looks every day upon another clearance.

But it is time to speak of characteristics more personal to our author. We may fairly say that he is a bold man even for a Backwoods Preacher. His sound and intrepid heart evidently beats in a vigorous and elastic body. He is not more surely called to preach

the gospel than he is exactly fitted to lead an itinerant preacher's life. Not cumbered with learning, not checked by timidity, not too sensitive, nor yet fastidious, he has energy, endurance, good humour, and a ready wit. In his scrip is a hymn-book, and a Bible, perhaps a few tracts, a couple of dollars, and a dozen cents. With these good qualities and this small property, he mounts upon his cob and rides cheerfully away. We have no fear for Peter Cartwright as he disappears behind the wood. His object is to do good to others; but he is able and prepared to have justice for himself. He is no fanatic in his reading of Scripture; and no man need attempt to rob him of his cloak under the expectation of receiving his coat also. Still Peter is essentially a man of peace. When he does exercise his belligerent faculties, it is generally in a *rencontre* with some bigoted opponent, whether Baptist or Socinian, or with some dandified disturber of the peace in Christian meetings; and it must be allowed that he routs the enemy very quickly and completely. Some of these discomfitures, recorded in Peter's narrative with vigorous brevity, are among the raciest anecdotes of their class; and a few of them, it must be owned, are more in keeping with the pugnacious character of the man than with the peaceful office of the Christian preacher.

Few readers of this memoir will find any difficulty in imagining the author's figure. Yet the following graphic sketch of his appearance in old age will not be the less acceptable:—

'The next in advance of years is Dr. Peter Cartwright, a large, square-built man, with some native ruggedness, mingled with a good deal of humour, both in his looks and in his speeches. There is a granite-like texture in his flesh, and a knotted roughness in his features, that stamp him as one who is hardy and enduring. And yet it would be a great omission in the slightest sketch of his appearance to represent him as lacking in geniality and good-nature; for both his mouth and eyes, as well as the radiant play of the upper part of his cheeks, tell of a kindly and soci-

able nature. His head is large, and firmly supported between ample and compact shoulders. His brow is broad, and overhung with a mass of iron-grey hair. His eyes are intensely deep in colour, and shine like dark fires beneath his shaggy eye-brows, while crow's-feet wrinkles mark their corners, and add to the peculiar expression of his countenance. His complexion, ever fair, is deeply tanned by the sun. His voice, when he begins to speak, is tremulous, but, as he proceeds, its old power returns, its rich natural organ-tones are recovered, and he swells and rolls its deep diapasons most manfully. At times, to give point and wing to his side-shot arrows, he assumes a mock tragic tone and look, and then, after relating some backwood anecdote, which convulses the assembly with irresistible laughter while he himself is solemnly grave, he falls upon his antagonist with overwhelming power, and leaves the victim prostrate under sarcasms. When roused by combined opposition, he launches in swift succession keen-edged sentences, and thoughts vivid and scathing as lightning, and then, with a voice roaring like a forest hurricane, he pours out his condemnations and warnings, with a force that crushes his foe, and fills others that hear with a sensation approaching to awe. Indeed, to hunt down and put to the cover of shame those whom he regards as dangerous to constitutional Methodism seems to be regarded by him as his proper vocation. He plainly performs this work with all the zest of a Backwoodsman hunter, and, to accomplish it, he spares neither bishops, deputations, presiding elders, ministers, nor people. On some occasions he is absolutely terrible in execution, and seems to stand on the floor of the Conference as fearless and as irresistible as the lion in his domain.*

From this sketch it would seem that the marked features of Mr. Cartwright's character are little altered or subdued by age. The instincts of the old lion yet remain. Of course, it is a strong unreasoning prejudice which induces him to 'roar' against the

* Jobson's *American and American Methodism*, pp. 207, 208.

'downy doctors' of his latter days; but it is also a very natural one under the circumstances, and quite pardonable in the rugged hero, whose whole life has been engrossed by self-denying labours.

This book may fall into the hands of literary purist or religious precisian; and in either case the reader will be shocked. We leave the former to accommodate his taste or throw the book aside, as his humour dictates; but we should be sorry to leave the latter under the influence of a serious if not fatal prejudice.

Sudden conversions, amid scenes of overwhelming religious excitement, are the characteristic results of the labours of this itinerant Evangelist. Mr. Cartwright's evident delight is in a camp-meeting, mustering from three to five hundred strong. There, from a central platform, this Son of Thunder deals out the awful truths of revelation, and preaches at the top of his voice 'of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.' Sinners of every stamp are smitten by these appeals: they 'drop right and left,' like beasts of slaughter; the wail of repentance is followed by the prayer of faith, and many are 'powerfully converted.' Now it is this feature of the Backwoods life, and the preacher's ministry, which the quiet parish priest of England will find it difficult to understand or to approve, and which many a formalist will not scruple to denounce and even vilify with opprobrious names. The question will be asked, Are these conversions genuine? is this, indeed, the work of God? or does the mocking spirit, the enemy of souls, and the prince of the power of the air, take advantage of the mixed mysterious elements of human nature, and increase his own influence by a bold travesty of the Saviour's work of grace? Indeed, this may be very possible; and it would be rash to deny that Satan has at some times, and to some degree, thus profited by his spiritual cunning, and thus perverted and alloyed the means of grace devised for holy ends: but if more than this be asserted, the answer is still as in our Saviour's day: 'If Satan cast out Satan, how can his kingdom stand?' For it must be remembered that the

subsequent lives of these converts, for the most part, are the abiding proof of their conversion. And as for the tumultuous feelings, the strange excitement, the bodily prostration, the loud and indecorous shoutings, which attended upon the new birth of these souls, when the place, the circumstances, the preacher, and the sinner, are all taken into account, we might almost call these consequences natural,—not, however, as excluding the silent and profound operation of the Holy Ghost, but as representing the mere external and inevitable signs of the strife which takes place when the devil of sin is suddenly cast out of a human heart. Surely it would be a matter of more surprise, and cause of more distrust, if less outward commotion attended upon the conversion of souls in such a promiscuous assemblage, where the ignorant and careless are startled by sudden light, and the vicious, hardened, and depraved break down under the influence of sudden fear. When the strongest passions of the soul are aroused, and a moment of time seems pressed with the awful interests of eternity, it is surely no cause for wonder that the pleading voice still rises into higher and harsher notes, or that the body trembles with an excitement so unusual and so fierce. These movements of sudden upheaval and confusion mark only an early stage of the new creation. There is every reason to believe that the scenes of turbulent emotion recorded in this volume were followed by long periods of individual calm, by a deep and settled peace, and by an assiduous cultivation of all the fruits and graces of the Spirit. God himself may have looked with satisfaction on the result, and pronounced it 'very good.'

HARD TRAINING.

For many years past, and especially during the last ten or twelve, I have been almost unceasingly importuned to write out a history of my life, as one among the oldest Methodist travelling preachers west of the mountains. This would necessarily connect with it a history of the rise and progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the great valley of the Mississippi. And surely a work of this kind, written by

a competent historiographer, who had kept himself posted, or had kept a journal of his life, and the many thrilling incidents connected with the history of the Church, or the life of a pioneer travelling preacher, could not fail to interest the Church and many of her friends, and would rescue from oblivion many, very many incidents that are now lost, and gone for ever beyond the reach of the historian's pen.

I have regretted through life that some of my cotemporaries, who were much better qualified for the task than I am, did not write out such a work as is contemplated in this imperfect sketch. Had I seriously thought of sending such a work into the world, I should have tried hard to have been better prepared. But it must be remembered that many of us early travelling preachers, who entered the vast wilderness of the West at an early day, had little or no education; no books, and no time to read or study them if we could have had them. We had no colleges, nor even a respectable common school, within hundreds of miles of us. Old *Dyke* or *Dilworth* was our spelling-book; and what little we did learn, as we grew up, and the means of education increased among us, we found, to our hearts' content, that we had to unlearn, and this was the hardest work of all.

And now that I am old and well stricken in years, it has been, and is, my abiding conviction, that I cannot write a book that will be respectable, or one that will be worth reading; but I have reluctantly yielded to the many solicitations of my friends, and I am conscious that there must be many imperfections and inaccuracies in the work. I have no books to guide me; my memory is greatly at fault; ten thousand interesting facts have escaped my recollection; names and places have passed from me which cannot be recalled; and I fear that many scenes and incidents, as they now occur to my recollection, will be added to, or diminished from.

Moreover, as I well understand that I have been considered constitutionally an eccentric minister, thousands of the thrilling incidents that have gained publicity, and have been attributed to me, when they are not found in my book, will create disappointment. But

I trust their place will be supplied by a true version, and though some of them may not be as marvellous, they may nevertheless be quite as interesting. I have many to record that have not seen the light, which will be quite as thrilling as any that have been narrated, and their truthfulness will make them more so.

Some of our beloved bishops, book-agents, editors, and old men, preachers and private members, as well as a host of our young, strong men and ministers, who are now actively engaged in building up the Church, have urged me to undertake this sketch of my life; and I have not felt at liberty to decline, but send it out with all its imperfections, hoping that it may in some way, and to some extent, conduce to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, and do more than merely gratify an idle curiosity, or offend the fastidious taste of some of our present more highly favoured and better educated ministers, who enjoy the many glorious advantages of books, a better education, and improved state of society, from which we, as early pioneers, were almost wholly excluded.

Right here I wish to say (I hope without the charge of egotism), when I consider the insurmountable disadvantages and difficulties that the early pioneer Methodist preachers laboured under in spreading the gospel in these Western wilds in the great valley of the Mississippi, and contrast the disabilities which surrounded them on every hand, with the glorious human advantages that are enjoyed by their present successors, it is confoundingly miraculous to me that our modern preachers cannot preach better and do more good than they do. Many nights, in early times, the itinerant had to camp out, without fire or food for man or beast. Our pocket Bible, Hymn-book, and Discipline constituted our library. It is true we could not, many of us, conjugate a verb or parse a sentence, and murdered the king's English almost every lick. But there was a Divine unction attended the word preached, and thousands fell under the mighty power of God, and thus the Methodist Episcopal Church was planted firmly in this Western wilderness, and many glorious signs have followed, and will follow, to the end of time.

I will here state, that, at an early period of my ministry, I commenced keeping a journal, and kept it up for several years, till at length several of our early missionaries to the Natchez country returned, and many of them, I found, were keeping a journal of their lives and labours, and it seemed to me we were outdoing the thing; and under this conviction I threw my manuscript journals to the moles and bats. This act of my life I have deeply regretted; for if I had persisted in journalizing, I could now avail myself of many interesting facts, dates, names, and circumstances, that would greatly aid me in my sketch.

I know it is impossible for my friends to realize the embarrassments I labour under, for the want of some safe guide to my failing and treacherous memory. I therefore ask great indulgence from any and all who may chance to read this imperfect sketch, and pray that our kind Saviour may forgive any inaccuracies or errors that it may contain. If I had my ministerial life to live over again, my present conviction is that I would scrupulously keep a journal. But this cannot be; therefore I must submit.

And now, in the conclusion of this Introduction, I will say, I ask forgiveness of God for all the errors of this work, and all the errors of my whole life, especially of my ministerial life. I also ask for the forgiveness of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as one of her unworthy ministers, for any wrongs I may have done to her, or to the world. I also most sincerely ask the prayers of the Church, that while my sun is fast declining, and must soon set to rise on earth no more, I may have a peaceful and happy end, and that I may meet any that I may have been the instrument of doing good to, with all my dear brethren, safe in heaven, to praise God together for ever. Amen.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

PLEASANT PLAINS, ILL.

THE PREACHER IN THE WILDS.

In 1803, or fifty-three years since next fall, I started to travel and preach the gospel, being employed by a presiding elder, in my eighteenth year. I travelled five years as a single man. I then married, and have travelled

forty-eight years as a married man. My wife has had nine children; seven daughters and two sons. We raised eight of those children; lost one lovely daughter in her minority, but have lived to see all the rest married, though one has died since she married, but died in peace. We have now living thirty-eight grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. All our children are in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, we hope, are trying to be religious; several of our grandchildren are also in the Church, and trying to serve God and get to heaven. Forty-eight years ago I was appointed presiding elder by Bishop Asbury; and, with the exception of a few years, have been presiding elder up to this time, and am, perhaps, the oldest presiding elder in all the Western country. I have seen fifty-three sessions of annual Conferences, and never missed but one. I have been elected to eleven General Conferences, from 1816 to 1856.

When I started as a travelling preacher, a single preacher was allowed to receive eighty dollars *per annum* if his circuit would give it to him; but single preachers in those days seldom received over thirty or forty dollars, and often much less; and had it not been for a few presents made us by the benevolent friends of the Church, and a few dollars we made as marriage fees, we must have suffered much more than we did. But the Lord provided; and, strange as it may appear to the present generation, we got along without starving or going naked.

I wish here to give a statement of my success, and loss and gain, as a Methodist travelling preacher, for fifty-three years, though I know it will be imperfect; but it shall be as perfect as my old musty and rusty account scraps will permit. And in the first place I have lacked, in the fifty-three years, of my disciplinary allowance, about 5000 dollars; loss in horses to travel with, 1000 dollars; loss in the sale of religious books, 200 dollars; loss in money, of which I was robbed, 150 dollars; loss in clothing stolen from me, 50 dollars. Total loss, 6400 dollars.

I sold about 10,000 dollars' worth of books; my percentage on these

books would net me about 1000 dollars; made in marriage fees, 500 dollars; presents in money, clothing, horses, &c., 500 dollars. Total, 2000 dollars.

Given by me for the erection of churches and parsonages, 500 dollars; given to Missionary Society, Bible Society, Sunday-school Union, and other benevolent societies, 800 dollars; given to universities, colleges, &c., for education, 700 dollars; given to superannuated preachers, their widows and orphans, and other necessitous cases, 300 dollars; given unfortunate persons, burned out, 500 dollars. Total, 2300 dollars.

I have travelled eleven circuits, and twelve Districts; have received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, on probation and by letter, 10,000; have baptized, of children, 8000; of adults, 4000. I have preached the funerals of 500; and now, after all I have done or can do, and although I know well what a Methodist preacher's suffering life is, and have known what it is to suffer hunger and poverty, and also what it is, in some small sense, to abound, I feel that I have been a very unprofitable servant.

For fifty-three years, whenever appointed to a Circuit or District, I formed a plan, and named every place where and when I preached; and also the text of Scripture from which I preached; the number of conversions, of baptisms, and the number that joined the Church. From these old plans, though there are some imperfections, yet I can come very near stating the number of times that I have tried to preach. For twenty years of my early ministry, I often preached twice a day, and sometimes three times. We seldom ever had, in those days, more than one rest-day in a week; so that I feel very safe in saying that I preached four hundred times a year. This would make, in twenty years, eight thousand sermons. For the last thirty-three years, I think I am safe in saying I have averaged four sermons a week, or at least two hundred sermons a year, making, in thirty-three years, 6000. Total, 14,000.

I was converted on a camp-ground, elsewhere described in this narrative; and for many years of my early mini-

stry, after I was appointed presiding elder, lived in the tented grove from two to three months in the year.

I am sorry to say that the Methodist Episcopal Church of late years, since they have become numerous and wealthy, have almost let camp-meetings die out. I am very certain that the most successful part of my ministry has been on camp-ground. There the word of God has reached the hearts of thousands that otherwise, in all probability, never would have been reached by the ordinary means of grace. Their practicability and usefulness have, to some extent, been tested this year, 1856, in my district, Pleasant Plains; and I greatly desire to see a revival of camp-meetings in the Methodist Episcopal Church before I go hence and am no more, or before I leave the walls of Zion. Come, my Methodist brethren, you can well afford to spend one week in each year, in each circuit, or station, on the tented field. But there must be a general rally: it will be but a small burden if there is a general turn-out; but if a few only tent it will be burdensome, and will finally destroy camp-meetings altogether.

May the day be eternally distant, when camp-meetings, class-meetings, prayer-meetings, and love-feasts shall be laid aside in the Methodist Episcopal Church!

And now I must draw this imperfect history of my life to a close. I am in the seventy-second year of my natural life. I have lived to see this vast Western wilderness rise and improve, and become wealthy without a parallel in the history of the world; I have outlived every member of my father's family; I have no father, no mother, no brother, no sister living; I have outlived every member of the class I joined in 1800; I have outlived every member of the Western Conference in 1804, save one or two; I have outlived every member of the first General Conference that I was elected to, in Baltimore, in 1816, save five or six; I have outlived all my early bishops; I have outlived every presiding elder that I ever had when on circuits; and I have outlived hundreds and thousands of my cotemporary ministers and members, as well as juniors, and still linger on the mortal

shores. Though all these have died, they shall live again, and by the grace of God I shall live with them in heaven for ever. Why I live, God only knows. I certainly have toiled and suffered enough to kill a thousand men, but I do not complain. Thank God for health, strength, and grace, that have borne me up, and borne me on! Thank God that during my long and exposed life as a Methodist preacher, I have never been overtaken with any scandalous sin, though my shortcomings and imperfections have been without number!

And now, I ask of all who may read this imperfect sketch of my eventful life, while I linger on these mortal shores, to pray for me, that my sun may set without a cloud, and that I may be counted worthy to obtain a part in the first resurrection; and may, O may I meet you all in heaven! Farewell, till we meet at the judgment!

The Curiosities of Food; or the Dainties and Delicacies of Different Nations obtained from the Animal Kingdom. By PETER LUND SIMMONDS, F.R.G.S., F.S.S. London: Richard Bentley. 1859.

CURIOSITIES OF FOOD.

It has been well remarked by Dr. Dieffenbach, in the *Transactions of the Ethnological Society*, that the labours of modern chemistry have thrown a new and most interesting light on the food of the various races of men, or inhabitants of parts of the globe which are widely different from each other in their geographical and climatological relations. The substances which serve as food, or the quantity which is taken, appear to the superficial observer often of a most extraordinary nature, because they are apparently so heterogeneous from what we are accustomed to; so that travellers relating such facts do not withhold their astonishment or reprobation.

But it has been demonstrated, that the general use of certain articles, for instance, tea and coffee, betel-nut, tobacco, and wine, depends upon the presence in those substances of elements which are often identical, and

which are necessary to the maintenance of the animal economy, more or less, according to the presence or absence of other elements in the food, the different occupation, mode of living, and so on. These points have been well illustrated and explained in the *Chemistry of Common Life*, of the late Professor Johnston. The fact of the Esquimaux consuming large quantities of train oil and blubber ceases to be astonishing, when we reflect that these highly carbonized substances serve to furnish fuel for his increased respiration.

In one word, it is necessary, in the present state of chemical and physiological science, to collect analyses of all the substances which are consumed by a particular race, either as food or drink, or by a habitual custom, as so-called matters of luxury, or as medicine. The ethnologist has the great merit of working here hand in hand with chemists and physiologists, and fills up in this manner a most important chapter in the natural history of man; as it shows how instinct and necessity have led him to adopt different customs, and to make use of different articles of consumption in different climates.

Among the ordinary domestic animals, there is little of novelty in the food they supply to man. But I may notice in passing, before proceeding to an investigation of unusual or extraordinary articles of consumption, a few things that may not be generally known.

Jerked beef, or *tamajo*, as it is termed in Cuba, is imported to the extent of 200,000 to 350,000 quintals a year into that island, for feeding the slaves on the plantations.

That imported from Buenos Ayres and Monte Video is preferred for consumption on the sugar estates, to that which is received from Rio Grande, Venezuela, Campeachy, and the United States, it being more substantial, coming in larger and thicker pieces, better cured and salted, and also of handsomer appearance. The class imported from Venezuela and Campeachy, comes in thin pieces called *rebenque*, which is not generally liked, and only bought in small parcels, for consumption in the city of Havana. The beef which is cured in the River

Plate, from December to May, or in summer, is preferred in Cuba, by reason of its being more nutritive than that which is cured in the other or winter months; the colour is yellowish, and it keeps a longer time.

In South America, the jerked beef is called *charqui*, and when salted, and smoked or dried in the sun, *sesina*. The commerce is very large in this species of provision.

The mode of preparing it in Chili is as follows:—When the horned cattle are sufficiently fat, or rather at the killing season, which is about the months of February and March, from 500 to 1000, according to the size of the farm, are slaughtered. The whole of the fat is separated from the meat and melted, forming a kind of lard, called *grasa*, which is employed for domestic purposes. The tallow is also kept separate, and the meat is jerked. This process is performed by cutting the fleshy substance into slices of about a quarter of an inch thick, leaving out all the bones. The natives are so dexterous at this work that they will cut the whole of a leg, or any other large part of a bullock, into one uniformly thin piece.

The meat thus cut is either dipped into a very strong solution of salt and water, or rubbed over with a small quantity of fine salt. Whichever mode is adopted, the whole of the jerked meat is put on the hide, and rolled up for ten or twelve hours, or until the following morning. It is then hung on lines or poles to dry in the sun, which being accomplished, it is made into bundles, lashed with thongs of fresh hide, forming a kind of network, and is ready for market. In this operation it loses about one-third of its original weight. The dried meat, or *charqui*, finds immediate sale at Lima, Arica, Guayaquil, Panama, and other places. About 6000 quintals of *charqui*, with a proportionate quantity of tallow and fat (*grasa*) are shipped from Talcahuana to Lima alone. Besides the large quantity consumed in Chili, it furnishes a great part of the food of the slaves in Brazil, the negroes in some of the West India Islands, and seamen, being the general substitute for salt beef and pork. The *grasa* and tallow are also readily sold through-

out South America, and are of more value than the meat.

The slaughtering season is as much a time of diversion for the inhabitants of that country as a sheep-shearing is in England. The females too are all busied cutting up the fat, frying it for *grasa*, and selecting some of the finer meat for presents and home consumption. The tongue is the only part of the head that is eaten, the remainder being left to rot. Dried meat enters largely into consumption in several other countries.

In the Cape Colony dried meat is called *biltong*. In the East, especially in Siam, the dried sinews of animals are considered a great delicacy; and dried elephant's flesh we shall find is stored up for food, under the name of *pastoorimah*. Beef is preserved in Asia Minor with garlic and pepper, and dried in the sun for winter food. It is prepared in Wallachia and Moldavia, and largely shipped from Varna in the Black Sea. Besides providing all Anatolia, Aleppo, and Damascus, 6000 cwt. or more is yearly sent from Kaissariah to Constantinople. Hung beef from Germany is well known at our tables.

Portable and concentrated animal food is of great consequence to explorers and travellers, and therefore it may be well to allude here to the article *pemmican*, which is so much used by Arctic travellers and the Hudson's Bay Company's traders. This is meat of any kind dried and pounded, and saturated with fat. There is as much nourishment in one pound of pemmican as in four pounds of ordinary meat. It may be eaten as it is, or partially cooked, and has a pleasant taste. Sometimes it is mixed with a sufficient quantity of Indian meal and water to cause it to adhere, and then fried or stewed.

The North American Indians dry their venison by exposing thin slices to the heat of the sun, on a stage, under which a small fire is kept, more for the purpose of driving away the flies than for promoting exsiccation; and then they pound it between two stones on a bison hide. In this process the pounded meat is contaminated by a greater or smaller admixture of hair and other impurities.

The fat, which is generally the suet

of the bison, is added by the traders, who purchase it separately from the natives, and they complete the process by sewing up the pemmican in a bag of undressed hide, with the hairy side outwards. Each of these bags weighs 90 lbs., and obtains from the Canadian voyageurs the designation of 'un taureau.' A superior pemmican is produced by mixing finely powdered meat, sifted from impurities, with marrow fat, and the dried fruit of the Amilanchier.

Sir John Richardson having been employed by Government to prepare pemmican on a large scale, at the Victualling Yard, Gosport, for the use of the different Arctic expeditions, it will be interesting to describe the process he adopted, as given in his *Arctic Searching Expedition, or a Journal of a Boat Voyage, &c.*—

'The round or buttock of beef of the best quality having been cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared away, was dried in a malt kiln, over an oak fire, until its moisture was entirely dissipated, and the fibre of the meat became friable. It was then ground in a malt mill, when it resembled finely grated meat. Being next mixed with nearly an equal weight of melted beef suet or lard, the preparation of plain pemmican was complete; but to render it more agreeable to the unaccustomed palate, a proportion of the best Zante currants was added to part of it, and part of it was sweetened with sugar. Both these kinds were much approved of in the sequel by the consumers, but more especially that to which the sugar had been added. After the ingredients were well incorporated by stirring, they were transferred to tin canisters, capable of containing 85 lbs. each; and having been firmly rammed down and allowed to contract further by cooling, the air was completely expelled and excluded by filling the canister to the brim with melted lard, through a small hole left in the end, which was then covered with a piece of tin and soldered up.

'As the meat in drying loses more than three-fourths of its original weight, the quantity required was considerable, being 35,651 lbs. (reduced by drying to about 8000 lbs.); and the sudden abstraction of more

than one thousand rounds of beef from Leadenhall Market, occasioned speculation among the dealers, and a rise in the price of a penny per pound, with an equally sudden fall when the extra demand was found to be very temporary.'

We import about thirteen or fourteen tons of gelatine a year from France, besides what is made at home, and the greater part of what passes under this name is, I believe, used for food. The Americans, some years ago, tried to pass off upon us isinglass made from fish bones, but it would not go down.

Gelatine of all kinds has usually been considered wholesome and nourishing; and while few object to cowheel or calf's-foot jelly, very many are possibly unaware of the sources of much of the gelatine vended in shapes so beautifully transparent, but which is made from bones and hide clippings, and parchment shavings. It is said that a pair of lady's gloves have ere now made a ragout; and there is a hiatus in the parchment specifications at the Patent Office, caused by an unlucky boy, who changed them away for tarts, in order that they might be converted into jellies.

The dust of the ivory turner in working up elephants' tusks forms an excellent material for jellies, and is commonly sold for this purpose, at about 6d. per lb.

M. Payen has recently been at pains to disprove the vulgar notion that bones make good soup. The celebrated *Gelatine Commission*, some years ago, declared, as the results of many experiments, that gelatine was not nutritious; and this result has been repeated in almost every textbook of Physiology as conclusive, and is adopted by M. Payen, who tests it in another series of experiments. He boiled in one pot a portion of beef completely divested of bone, and in another the bone taken from the beef, with only a little salt. After five hours' slow boiling, the liquid from the beef was perfectly limpid, and of a light amber colour, leaving that aroma and delicate taste known to belong to good beef-tea. The liquid from the bones was whitish grey, troubled and opaque, having a very slight odour, and a not agreeable taste. Nothing could be more opposed than

the two soups thus produced. In another experiment, he repeated this process with the addition of some vegetables, and even some drops of caramel. The beef-soup here maintained its delicious aroma, agreeably combined with that of the vegetables; its limpidity was the same, but its colour of course stronger. The bone-soup had a dominant odour of vegetables, but its troubled and opaque aspect made it very unappetizing. From these experiments M. Payen concludes that the prejudice in favour of the addition of bones to the soup is a prejudice, and that, in fact, bones are not at all nutritious.

Liebig also, in his *Letters on Chemistry*, pp. 424 and 425, says:—'It has now been proved by the most convincing experiments, that gelatine, which by itself is tasteless, and when eaten excites nausea, possesses no nutritive value; that even when accompanied by the savoury constituents of flesh, it is not capable of supporting the vital process, and when added to the usual diet as a substitute for plastic matter, does not increase, but, on the contrary, diminishes the nutritive value of the food, which it renders insufficient in quantity and inferior in quality; and that its use is hurtful rather than beneficial, because it does not, like the non-nitrogenous substances provided by nature for respiration, disappear in the body without leaving a residue, but overloads with nitrogenous products, the presence of which disturbs and impedes the organic processes.' And he further observes, that 'the only difference between this and joiner's glue is its greater price.' Jellies, no doubt, were considered most nutritious during the Peninsular war, but we have learned many things since then, of which our poor soldiers ought to have the benefit.

Portable soup is prepared in a very simple manner. The meat is boiled, and the scum taken off as it rises, until the soup possesses the requisite flavour. 'It is then suffered to cool, in order that the fat may be separated. In the next place, it is mixed with the whites of five or six eggs, and slightly boiled: this operation serves to clarify the liquid, by the removal of opaque particles, which

unite with the white of egg, at the time it becomes solid by the heat, and are consequently removed along with it. The liquor is then to be strained through flannel, and evaporated on the water bath, to the consistence of a very thick paste, after which it is spread rather thin upon a smooth stone, then cut into cakes, and lastly dried in a stove, until it becomes brittle. These cakes may be kept four or five years, if defended from moisture. When intended to be used, nothing more is required to be done than to dissolve a sufficient quantity in boiling water.'

For some years past there have been imported into the Continent rather large quantities of dried meat from the southern countries of America, where it is known under the name of *assayo*. It gives a soup nearly similar to that of fresh meat. Another sort of food which is prepared in Texas, the *meat-biscuit*, is generally used in the American navy; but, although greatly appreciated at the Great Exhibition of London, it has not yet entered into general use in Europe. It is made of boiled beef free from grease, the liquor of which is evaporated to the consistency of syrup, and this is mixed with wheaten flour in sufficient proportion to form a solid paste. This paste is then spread out by a rolling pin, is pierced with a number of little holes, is cut into the ordinary dimensions of sea-biscuits, and then baked and properly dried. The biscuit is eaten dry, or may be broken, boiled in twenty or thirty times its weight in water, for from twenty-five to thirty minutes, and then seasoned with salt or other things.

The following is the process of manufacturing this biscuit:—

There are four wooden caldrons or tubs for boiling the meat and evaporating the liquid or broth: the two for boiling the meat, holding 2300 gallons, will each boil 7000 lbs. of meat in twelve to sixteen hours. The other two, for evaporating, will contain some 1400 gallons each. All the tubs are heated or boiled by steam passing through long coiled iron pipes, supplied at pleasure, either from the escape steam from the engine, or direct from the boiler.

When the meat is so far boiled or

macerated, that the liquid or broth contains the entire nutriment, the meaty or solid portions are separated by a simple process of filtering, so that the broth goes into the evaporator pure and free from fibrous matter. It is then evaporated to a degree of consistency resembling the golden or Stewart's sugar-house syrup, its uniform density being determined by a liquid or syrup gauge. Two pounds of this syrup or extract contains the nutriment of some eleven pounds of meat (including its usual proportion of bone) as first put into the caldron. This is then nixed with the best and finest flour, kneaded and made into biscuit by means of machines. The biscuit is baked upon pans in an oven so constructed as to produce a uniform firmness. The proportion is as two pounds of extract are to three pounds of flour, but by baking, the five pounds of dough are reduced to four pounds of biscuit, and this will make what the inventor claims—the nutriment of over five pounds of meat in one pound of bread, which contains, besides, over ten ounces of flour.

The biscuit resembles in appearance a light coloured sugar-cake. It is packed in air-tight casks or tin canisters of different sizes, part of the biscuit being pulverized by grinding in a mill for the purpose, and then packed with the whole biscuit.

In discussing the extension of our resources of animal food, it is strange to notice that while we eat the blood of pigs and fowls, we throw aside as waste the blood of oxen, sheep, goats, calves, &c. Now, blood contains all the principles out of which the tissues are formed, and must, one would therefore imagine, be eminently nutritious. Why prejudice has excluded these, while admitting the blood of pigs, is an anomaly which I cannot understand.

In France, where there are not, as in America, large quantities of animals which are killed simply for the sake of their hides, it would be impossible to prepare or supply at a low price either the assayo or the meat-biscuit; but the idea of using the blood of animals killed, which blood is at present wasted without profit, or, at best, is used as manure, might have oc-

curred to some one. M. Brocchieri has conceived this idea. In treating the blood of our slaughter-houses by means which he has invented, and uniting to flour of the best quality, the albumen and fibrine which he extracts from it—he makes bread and biscuits which are easily preserved, and which may be employed to make very nutritious soups.

At the Great Exhibition, in 1851, he produced *bon-bons* made of the blood of the ox, cow, sheep, and hog; biscuits and patties of the blood of bull, and delicacies made of calves' blood. I have specimens of these preserved in my private museum, although I have not ventured to taste them.

Generally speaking, in England, we do not do much with the blood of animals, at least in the shape of food, unless it be in those strings of black-puddings, with tempting little bits of fat stuck in them, which stare us in the face in some shops.

But M. Brocchieri has attempted to utilize the nutritious principles of the blood of animals killed for food, by reducing it to a concentrated and dried state, for preservation during long periods. The first step is to prepare a liquid, considered innocuous and antiseptic by the inventor, by which various bloods are kept fluid and apparently fresh. Samples of these were shown, and the series of specimens illustrated the solid parts forming the crassamentum or clot, in a dried and semi-crystalline state. These solid constituents, including the gelatine, albumen, and fibrine, are next produced, combined with small proportions of flour, in the form of light, dry masses, like loaves, cakes, or biscuits. These are inodorous, almost flavourless, and may be made the bases of highly nutritious soups. They are very uniform in composition, containing half the nitrogen of dried blood, or forty-four per cent. of dry flesh, the equivalent of double the nutritive value of ordinary butcher's meat. Both the hull's and calf's blood gave 66 per cent. of nitrogen, equal to forty-three per cent. of flesh-forming principles. Combined with sugar, the cakes have been made into *bon-bons*.

The evidence, as to the value of the process, in preserving the samples

in an undecomposed state, is now satisfactorily arrived at. It was stated in 1851, that the preparations had been advantageously employed in long voyages. The samples I have in my collection have now been kept seven years, and have not shown any tendency to decay. Thus proving that the first attempt has been successful, in rendering available for food, and portable in form, the otherwise wasted blood of cattle.

This notice of blood recalls to my recollection a laughable story told in a French work, of the life of an unfortunate pig:—

'A French curé, exiled to a deserted part of our forests—and who, the whole year, except on a few rare occasions, lived only on fruit and vegetables—hit upon a most admirable expedient for providing an animal repast to set before the curés of the neighbourhood, when one or the other, two or three times during the year, ventured into those dreadful solitudes, with a view of assuring himself with his own eyes that his unfortunate colleague had not yet died of hunger. The curé in question possessed a pig, his whole fortune: and you will see the manner in which he used it. Immediately the bell announced a visitor, and that his cook had shown his clerical friend into the parlour, the master of the house, drawing himself up majestically, said to his house-keeper: "Brigitte, let there be a good dinner for myself and my friend." Brigitte, although she knew there were only stale crusts and dried peas in her larder, seemed in no degree embarrassed by this order; she summoned to her assistance "Toby the Carrot," so called because his head was as red as that of a native of West Galloway, and leaving the house together, they both went in search of the pig. This, after a short skirmish, was caught by Brigitte and her carrotty assistant; and, notwithstanding his cries, his grunts, his gestures of despair, and supplication, the inhuman cook, seizing his head, opened a large vein in his throat, and relieved him of two pounds of blood; this, with the addition of garlic, shalets, mint, wild thyme, and parsley, was converted into a most savoury and delicious black-pudding for the curé and

his friend, and being served to their reverences smoking hot on the summit of a pyramid of yellow cabbage, figured admirably as a small Vesuvius and a centre dish. The surgical operation over, Brigitte, whose qualifications as a seamstress were superior, darned up the hole in the neck of the unfortunate animal: and as he was then turned loose until a fresh supply of black-puddings should be required for a similar occasion, this wretched pig was never happy. How could he be so? Like Damocles of Syracuse, he lived in a state of perpetual fever; terror seized him directly he heard the curé's bell, and seeing in imagination the uplifted knife already about to glide into his bosom, he invariably took to his heels before Brigitte was half-way to the door to answer it. If, as usual, the peal announced a dinner-out, Brigitte and Gold-button were soon on his track, calling him by the most tender epithets, and promising that he should have something nice for his supper—skim-milk, &c.,—but the pig with his painful experience was not such a fool as to believe them. Hidden behind an old cask, some fagots, or lying in a deep ditch, he remained silent as the grave, and kept himself close as long as possible. Discovered, however, he was sure to be at last, when he would rush into the garden, and running up and down like a mad creature, upset everything in his way. For several minutes it was a regular steeple-chase—across the beds, now over the turnips, then through the gooseberry-bushes—in short, he was here, there, and everywhere; but, in spite of all his various stratagems to escape the fatal incision, the poor pig always finished by being seized, tied, thrown on the ground, and bled: the vein was then once more cleverly sewed up, and the inhuman operators quietly retired from the scene to make the curé's far-famed black-pudding. Half-dead upon the spot where he was phlebotomized, the wretched animal was left to reflect under the shade of a tree on the cruelty of man, on their barbarous appetites; cursing with all his heart the poverty of Morvinian curates, their conceited hospitality, of which he was the victim, and their brutal affection for pig's blood.'

CHINESE DELICACIES.

Chinese dishes and Chinese cooking have lately been popularly described by the fluent pen of Mr. Wingrove Cooke, the *Times*' correspondent in China, but he has by no means exhausted the subject. Chinese eating saloons have been opened in California and Australia for the accommodation of the Celestials who now throng the gold-diggings, despite the heavy poll-tax to which they have been subjected.

Mr. Albert Smith, writing home from China, August 22, 1858, his first impressions, says:—

'The filth they eat in the eating-houses far surpasses that cooked at that old *trattoria* at Genoa. It consists for the most part of rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dried in the most frightful attitudes. Some of the *restaurateurs* carry their cook-shops about with them on long poles, with the kitchen at one end and the *salle-à-manger* at the other. These are celebrated for a soup made, I should think, from large caterpillars boiled in a thin gravy, with onions.'

The following is an extract from the bill of fare of one of the San Francisco eating-houses:—

Grimalkin steaks, . . .	25 cents.
Bow-wow soup, . . .	12 "
Roasted bow-wow, . . .	18 "
Bow-wow pie, . . .	6 "
Stews ratified, . . .	* 6 "

The latter dish is rather dubious. What is meant by stews *rat-ified*? Can it be another name for rat-pie? Give us light, but no pie.

The San Francisco *Whig* furnishes the following description of a Chinese feast in that city:—'We were yesterday invited, with three other gentlemen, to partake of a dinner *à la* Chinese. At three o'clock we were waited upon by our hosts, Keychong, and his partner in Sacramento Street, Peter Anderson, now a naturalized citizen of the United States, and Acou, and escorted to the crack Chinese restaurant in Dupont Street, called Hongfo-la, where a circular table was set out in fine style:—

'Course No. 1.—Tea, hung-yos (burnt almonds), tonkens (dry ginger), sung-wos (preserved orange).

'Course No. 2.—Won-fo (a dish oblivious to us, and not mentioned in the cookery-book).

'No. 3.—Ton-song (ditto likewise).

'No. 4.—Tap-fau (another *quien sabe*).

'No. 5.—Ko-yo (a conglomerate of fish, flesh, and fowl).

'No. 6.—Suei-chon (a species of fish-ball).

'Here a kind of liquor was introduced, served up in small cups, holding about a thimbleful, which politeness required we should empty between every course, first touching cups and salaaming.

'No. 7.—Beche-le-mer (a dried sea-slug resembling India rubber, worth one dollar per pound).

'No. 8.—Moisum. (Have some!)

'No. 9.—Su-Yum (small balls, as bills of lading remark, "contents unknown").

'No. 10.—Hoisuigo (a kind of dried oyster).

'No. 11.—Songhai (China lobster).

'No. 12.—Chung-so (small ducks in oil).

'No. 13.—Tong-chou (mushrooms, worth three dollars per pound).

'No. 14.—Sum-yoi (birds' nests, worth sixty dollars per pound).

'And some ten or twelve more courses, consisting of stewed acorns, chestnuts, sausages, dried ducks, stuffed oysters, shrimps, periwinkles, and ending with tea—each course being served up with small china bowls and plates, in the handiest and neatest manner; and we have dined in many a crack restaurant, where it would be a decided improvement to copy from our Chinese friends. The most difficult feat for us was the handling of the chop-sticks, which mode of carrying to the mouth is a practical illustration of the old proverb, "many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip." We came away, after a three hours' sitting, fully convinced that a China dinner is a very costly and elaborate affair, worthy the attention of epicures. From this time henceforth we are in the field for China, against any insinuations on the question of diet *à la* rat, which we pronounce a tale of untruth. We beg leave to return thanks to our host, Keychong, for his elegant entertainment, which one conversant with the Chinese bill of fare informs us must have cost over 100 dollars. *Vive la China!*

Mr. Cooke, in his graphic letters

from China, speaks of the fatness and fertility of the rats of our colony of Hong Kong. He adds, 'When Minutius, the Dictator, was swearing Flaminus in as his Master of the Horse, we are told by Plutarch that a rat chanced to squeak, and the superstitious people compelled both officers to resign their posts. Office would be held with great uncertainty in Hong Kong if a similar superstition prevailed. Sir John Bowring has just been swearing in General Ashburnham as member of the Colonial Council, and if the rats were silent, they showed unusual modesty. They have forced themselves, however, into a state paper. Two hundred rats are destroyed every night in the jail. Each morning the Chinese prisoners see, with tearful eyes and watering mouths, a pile of these delicacies cast out in waste. It is as if Christian prisoners were to see scores of white sucking pigs tossed forth to the dogs by Mahomedan jailers. At last they could refrain no longer. During the punishment of tail-cutting, which follows any infraction of prison discipline, they first attempted to abstract the delicacies. Foiled in this, they took the more manly course. They indited a petition in good Chinese, proving from Confucius that it is sinful to cast away the food of man, and praying that the meat might be handed over to them to cook and eat. This is a fact, and if General Thompson doubts it, I recommend him to move for a copy of the correspondence.'

A new article of traffic is about to be introduced into the China market from India, namely, *salted rats*! The genius with whom the idea originated, it would appear, is sanguine; so much so, that he considers himself 'on the fair road to fortune.' The speculation deserves success, if for nothing else than its originality. I have not as yet, however, observed the price that rules in Whampoa and Hong Kong, nor the commodity quoted in any of the merchants' circulars, though it will doubtless soon find its place in them as a regular article of import.

A correspondent of the *Calcutta Citizen*, writing from Kurrachee, the chief town of the before-mentioned rat-infested province of Scinde, declares that he is determined to export

120,000 salted rats to China. The Chinese eat rats, and he thinks they may sell. He says, 'I have to pay one pice a dozen, and the gutting, salting, pressing, and packing in casks, raises the price to six pice a dozen (about three farthings), and if I succeed in obtaining anything like the price that rules in Whampoa and Canton for corn-grown rats, my fortune is made, or rather I will be on the fair road to it, and will open a fine field of enterprise to Scinde.'

EDIBLE NESTS.

There is a curious food product obtained (not exactly, however, from the bird), which is in high repute in China, and that is the edible nest of a species of swallow, extensively obtained in some of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago.

These nests are attached to the sides of rocks like those of our martin and swallow to walls, and look like so many watch-pockets. The eggs are white, with a slight pinkish tinge, and are generally two in number. The nests are either white, red, or black, and the natives maintain that these are built by three distinct species, with a white, red, and black breast; but this is erroneous. The Malays assert frequently, moreover, that the nests are formed from the bodies of certain sea-snakes, but the food is, without doubt, insects. The subjoined accounts furnish the most detailed information known respecting the collection and trade in these birds'-nests.

The following description of the birds'-nests rocks, in the district of Karang Bollong, on the southerly sea-coast of Java, is given in the first volume of the *Journal of the Indian Archipelago*, published at Singapore:

'The gathering of these nests takes place three times a year—in the end of April, the middle of August, and in December. The yearly produce is commonly between 50 and 60 piculs of 133½ lbs. The business of collection is opened with great ceremony by the natives. By the assistance of ladders and stages made of rattan, the collectors descend the rocks and cliffs provided with the requisite bags to contain the nests, which are taken from the wall by the hand, and those which are on the roof by an iron hook

made fast to a long bamboo. The birds feed upon different kinds of bloodless insects, hovering above the stagnant waters, for which their wide open beak is very useful. They form their nests by vomiting the strongest and best fragments of the food which they have eaten. The nests are weighed and packed in hampers (of 25 catties each), and labelled with the net weight, mark of the overseer, &c., and then further preserved and secured with strips of bark, leaves, and matting.

The edible birds'-nests, which owe their celebrity only to the whimsical luxury of the Chinese, are brought principally from Java and Sumatra, though they are found on most of the rocky islets of the Indian Archipelago. The nest is the habitation of a small swallow, named (from the circumstance of having an edible house) *Hirundo esculenta*. They are composed of a mucilaginous substance, but as yet they have never been analysed with sufficient accuracy to show the constituents. Externally, they resemble ill-coagulated, fibrous isinglass, and are of a white colour inclining to red. Their thickness is little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to half an ounce. When dry they are brittle and wrinkled; the size is nearly that of a goose-egg. Those that are dry, white, and clean, are the most valuable. They are packed in bundles, with split rattans run through them to preserve the shape. Those procured after the young are fledged, are not saleable in China. The quality of the nest varies according to the situation and extent of the caves, and the time at which they are taken. If procured before the young are fledged, the nests are of the best kind; if they contain eggs only, they are still valuable; but if the young are in the nests, or have left them, the whole are then nearly worthless, being dark-coloured, streaked with blood, and intermixed with feathers and dirt. These nests are procurable twice every year; the best are found in deep, damp caves, which, if not injured, will continue to produce indefinitely. It was once thought that the caves near the sea-coast were the most productive, but some of the most profitable yet found are situated fifty miles in the interior. This fact seems

to be against the opinion that the nests are composed of the spawn of fish, or of *bêche-de-mer*. The method of procuring these nests is not unattended with danger. Some of the caves are so precipitous, that no one but those accustomed to the employment from their youth can obtain the nests, being only approachable by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cave is attained, the perilous task of taking the nests must often be performed by torchlight, by penetrating into recesses of the rock, where the slightest slip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rock—such is the price paid to gratify luxury. After the nests are obtained, they are separated from feathers and dirt, are carefully dried and packed, and are then fit for the market. The Chinese, who are the only people that purchase them for their own use, bring them in junks to this market, where they command extravagant prices; the best, or *white* kind, often being worth four thousand dollars per picul (a Chinese weight, equal to 133½ lbs. avoirdupois), which is nearly twice their weight in silver. The middling kind is worth from twelve to eighteen hundred, and the worst, or those procured after fledging, one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars per picul. The majority of the best kind are sent to Peking for the use of the court. It appears, therefore, that this curious dish is only an article of expensive luxury amongst the Chinese. The Japanese do not use it at all; and how the former people acquired the habit of indulging in it, is only less singular than their persevering in it. They consider the edible bird's-nest as a great stimulant, tonic, and aphrodisiac, but its best quality, perhaps, is its being perfectly harmless. The labour bestowed to render it fit for the table, is enormous; every feather, stick, or impurity of any kind is carefully removed; and then, after undergoing many washings and preparations, it is made into a soft, delicious jelly. The sale of birds'-nests is a monopoly with all the

governments in whose dominions they are found. About two hundred and fifty thousand piculs, of the value of one million four hundred thousand dollars, are annually brought to Canton. These come from the islands of Java, Sumatra, Macassar, and those of the Sooloo group. Java alone sends about thirty thousand pounds, mostly of the first quality, estimated at seventy thousand dollars.

Mr. J. H. Moor, in his notices of the *Indian Archipelago*, published at Singapore some years ago, states, that 'One of the principal and most valuable articles of exportation is the edible birds'-nests, white and black. These are found in much greater abundance in and about the Coti, more than any other part of Borneo, or from what we at present know on the subject, all parts put together. On the western coast they are scarcely known to exist; about Banjermassin and Bagottan there are none; at Bataliehing and Passier they are found in considerable quantities. At Browe there is abundance of the black kind of a very superior quality, but little of the white. At Seboo, and all the parts to the north of Borneo, we know there is none, as I have seen many letters from different Rajahs of those countries averring the fact, and begging the Sultan of Coti to exchange his edible nests for their most valuable commodities, and at his own price. Nor ought this to create surprise, when we consider not only the large consumption of this article by the Cambojans, who almost exclusively inhabit some of the largest Sooloo islands, and the northern parts of Borneo, but the amazing demand on the whole coast of Cambodia, particularly of Cochin China, the principal inhabitants of which countries are as partial to this luxury as their more northern neighbours, the Chinese. There are in Coti and adjacent Dyak countries perhaps eighty known places, or what the natives term holes, which produce the white nests. I have seen the names of forty-three. There can, however, be no doubt there are many more likewise known to the Dyaks, who keep the knowledge to themselves, lest the Bugis should dispossess them, which they know from experience is invariably the case.

'According to the accounts of the Sultan, rendered by Saib Abdulla, the bandarree in 1834 yielded 134 piculs. The usual price in money to the Coti traders is 23 reals per catty from the Dyaks, and 25 in barter. The black nests may be procured in great abundance. The best kinds come from Cineuleram and Baley Papang. The latter mountain alone yields 230 piculs (of 113½ lbs.). Cineuleram gives nearly as much. There are several other parts of Coti which produce them, besides the quantity brought down by the Dyaks. Last year 130 piculs paid duty to the Sultan; these left the large Coti river. Those from Cineuleram and Bongnan were taken to Browe and Seboo. The bandarree's book averages the annual weight of those collected in the lower part of Coti at 820 piculs (about 1025 ewts.)

The Pangeran Sierpa and the Sultan say they could collect 2700 piculs of black nests, if the bandarree and capella-campong would behave honestly. The Sultan, however, seldom gets any account of what is sent to Browe, Seboo, and the Sooloo Islands, the quality of which is far superior to any sent to European ports.'

The exports of birds'-nests from Java, between 1823 and 1832, averaged about 250 piculs a year; in 1832, 322 piculs; but of late years the exports have not averaged half that amount; and in 1853 and 1854 there were only about thirty-five or forty piculs shipped.

LIZARDS AT A PREMIUM.

The large tree-lizard, popularly termed the guana (*Iguana tuberculata*, Laur. Syn. 49), is certainly not very attractive in appearance, and yet by most persons its flesh is highly esteemed, being reckoned as delicate as chicken, and but little inferior to turtle in flavour.

It is about three feet long, from the head to the extremity of the tail, and covered with a soft skin of a bluish green colour on the back and legs; on the sides and belly, nearly white. It has a pouch of loose skin under its throat of a light green; eyes black; and claws, of which there are three or five on each foot, sharply pointed. A fringed skin, or kind of mane, runs

along from the head to the tail, which it erects when irritated, and will then snap hold of anything with great tenacity; but it is perfectly harmless if undisturbed. The bite is painful, but is not dangerous.

This ugly-looking tree-lizard, which looks like an alligator in miniature, is considered a great delicacy in most tropical countries. However white and tender the flesh may be when cooked, when one of its fore-paws happens to stick up in the dish, it reminds one too much of the alligator to eat it with any great relish.

I know no animal, or rather reptile, whose appearance is so little calculated to tempt man to eat of its flesh; and yet, despite the repugnance that results from its looks, neither Ude nor Soyer could have compounded any dish that would compare to the delicacy of a well-dressed iguana.

We all know that the turtle is most delicious, yet, did we see it for the first time, we might call it with the rustic 'a great sea-toad.' The appearance of the turtle does not carry a letter of recommendation to the kitchen; accordingly, his introduction to the Lord Mayor's table was rather tardy, and we learn from Sir Hans Sloane that, at the beginning of the last century, turtle was only eaten in Jamaica by the poor.

The poet Gay hath sung, that he must have been a bold man who first swallowed an oyster:—

'The man had sure a palate covered o'er
With steel or brass, that on the rocky shore
First oped the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risked the living morsel down his throat.'

Yet neither turtle nor oyster looks so repugnant, yet tastes so delicious, as an iguana.

Although often roasted or fricasseed, a frequent native mode of cooking the iguana is to boil it, taking out the leaves of fat, which are melted and clarified, and put into a calabash or dish, into which they dip the flesh of the guana as they eat it.

It was long before the Spaniards could conquer their repugnance to the guana, the favourite delicacy of the Indians, but which the former regarded with disgust as a species of serpent. They found it, however, to be highly palatable and delicate, and, from that

time forward, the guana was held in repute among Spanish epicures. The story is thus related by Peter Martyn:—

'These serpentes are like unto crocodiles, saving in bygness; they call them guanas. Unto that day none of our men durste adventure to taste of them, by reason of they're horrible deformitie and lothsomnes. Yet the Adelantado being entysed by the pleasantnes of the king's sister Anacaona, determined to taste the serpentes. But when he felte the flesh thereof to be so delicate to his tongue, he fell to amayne without al feare. The which thynge his companions perceiving, were not behynde hym in greedynesse: insomuche that they had now none other talke than of the sweetness of these serpentes, which they affirm to be of more pleasant taste than eyther our phesantes or partridges.'

Pierre Labat gives a minute account of the mode of catching this reptile, and, if the reader has no objection to accompany the good father *à la chasse*, he may participate in the diversion as follows:—'We were attended,' says he, 'by a negro, who carried a long rod; at one end of which was a piece of whipcord with a running knot. After beating the bushes for some time, the negro discovered our game basking in the sun on the dry limb of a tree. Hereupon he began whistling with all his might, to which the guana was wonderfully attentive, stretching out his neck, and turning his head as if to enjoy it more fully. The negro now approached, still whistling, and advancing his rod gently, began tickling with the end of it the sides and throat of the guana, who seemed mightily pleased with the operation, for he turned on his back and stretched himself out like a cat before the fire, and at length fell fairly asleep; which the negro perceiving, dexterously slipt the noose over his head, and with a jerk brought him to the ground; and good sport it afforded to see the creature swell like a turkey-cock at finding himself entrapped. We caught others in the same way, and kept one of them alive seven or eight days; but,' continues the reverend historian, 'it grieved me to the heart to find that he thereby lost much delicious fat.'

Guanas are very large and plentiful

on the outlying cays and islands of the Bahamas. They are hunted with a small kind of hound, and, if taken alive, the mouth is sewed up with twine, and they keep alive a month or six weeks without food. Nassau, New Providence, the capital is chiefly supplied from these islands with the guana.

There are several varieties of this reptile in Australia, but that which is most common is from four to six feet in length, and from about a foot and a half to two feet across the broadest part of the back, with a rough dark skin enlivened by yellow spots. Although perfectly harmless, as far as the human race are concerned, this huge lizard is a terrible foe to the smaller quadrupeds—opossums, bandicoots, kangaroo-rats, &c.—on which it preys. It is very destructive also among hen-roosts, and often takes up its quarters in the vicinity of a farmhouse, for the convenience of supping on the hens and their eggs.

The guana is much sought for and esteemed by the blacks as an article of food, and is frequently presented as a great delicacy to the young 'gins.' By the settlers it is not often eaten, owing to the natural feeling of dislike which is created by its form and habits. Those, however, who do not entertain these feelings, or are able to overcome them, find the flesh of the creature really excellent. It is not unlike that of a rabbit, to which, in flavour, it is fully equal, and eats best when stewed or curried.

The guana usually lives in trees, and, on the approach of man, it invariably makes off with great alacrity, scrambling rapidly up the nearest trunk; but it is easily brought down by a shot.

Captain Keppel tells us, 'that while out on a shooting excursion at Port Eslington, he observed a native plucking the feathers off a goose; while so employed, his eye caught the tip-end of the tail of an iguana, an animal of the lizard kind, about four feet long, which was creeping up the opposite side of a tree. He tossed the goose, without further preparation, on to the fire, and ascended the tree as easily as Jack would run up the well-rattled rigging of a man-of-war. He almost immediately returned with the poor

animal struggling in his scientific grasp. It was the work of a minute to secure it to a stick of about the same length as itself to prevent its running away, when it was made to change places with the goose, which, being warm through, was considered to be sufficiently done. The whole goose he devoured, making no bones, but spitting out the feathers. Then came the iguana's turn, which, although less tender, was not the less relished. It appeared to require great muscular strength to detach the flesh from the skin. The operation being finished, he lay down to sleep. His wife having sprinkled him with dirt to keep the flies off, was proceeding to eat the skin of the iguana, when the arrival of some more geese offered her a more satisfactory repast.'

The iguana is, I believe, the *Talagowa* of the natives of Ceylon—*le Monitor terrestre d'Egypte* of M. Cuvier. The Indian monitor (*Monitor dracena*, Gray) is found in great abundance in all the maritime provinces of Ceylon. The natives are partial to its flesh. Dr. Kelaart states that he once tasted some excellent soup made from a tender guana, which was not unlike hare-soup. At Trincomalee they are hunted down by dogs, and sold in the market for sixpence each. They feed on the smaller reptiles and insects, and measure, when large, four feet five inches. Despite its repulsive appearance, the iguana is eagerly hunted for food by the natives of Africa, Australia, America, and Asia.

The eggs of the guana are another article deserving the attention of gourmands. One of these lizards sometimes contains as many as fourscore eggs. These are about the size of a pigeon's egg, with a very soft shell, which contains only a very small quantity of the albumen. The yolk, unlike that of other eggs, does not become hard and dry when boiled, but is soft and melting as marrow.

THE EGG TRADE.

We are not quite such prodigious devourers of eggs as our French neighbours, having a greater amount of meat or solid animal food to fall back upon, and fewer fast days. Another reason is, that we cannot, like the

French, get them so fresh and cheap ; but, as an alimentary substance, eggs are always in demand at a ratio proportionate to the prices at which they can be obtained. In Paris the consumption of eggs is at least 175 per annum to every head of the population ; in the departments it is more than double that amount, eggs entering into almost every article of food, and butchers' meat being scarce and dear. If we only use in London half the number of eggs the Parisians do, there must be a sale of about 173 millions a year ; and the consumption throughout the kingdom would be fully 2000 millions. Although smaller in size, and not equal to a new-laid egg, the French eggs arrive in pretty good condition, and, if sold off quickly, are well adapted for ordinary culinary purposes. Few are wasted, for even when not very fresh they are sold for frying fish, and to the lower class of confectioners for pastry. Fried eggs, boiled eggs chopped up with salad, egg sauce for fish, &c., eggs for puddings, for omelets, and pancakes, all contribute to the sale. Omelets, sweet or flavoured with herbs, are much less patronized in this country than they are in France.

The sixty wholesale egg-merchants and salesmen in the metropolis, whose itinerant carts are kept constantly occupied in distributing their brittle ware, might probably enlighten us as to the extent and increasing character of the trade, and the remunerative nature of the profits. Railways and steamers bring up large crates, and carefully packed boxes of eggs, for the ravenous maws of young and old, who fatten on this dainty and easily digested food. The various city markets dispose of two millions of fowls, one million of game birds, half a million of ducks, and about one hundred and fifty thousand turkeys, every year. But even if we doubled this supply, what would it be among the three million souls of the great metropolis requiring daily food ?

Ireland and the Continent contribute largely to our supply of poultry and eggs. Immense pens of poultry, purchased in the Irish market, are shipped by the steamers to Glasgow and Liverpool. Commerce owes much to the influence of steam, but agricul-

ture is no less indebted to the same power. Taking everything into account, and examining all the advantages derived by cheap and rapid transit, the manufacturer of food is quite as much indebted to the steamship and the locomotive as the manufacturer of clothing.

There is no difficulty whatever in testing eggs ; they are mostly examined by a candle. Another way to tell good eggs is to put them in a pail of water, and if they are good they will *lie on their sides*, always ; if bad, they will stand on their small ends, the large ends almost uppermost, unless they have been shaken considerably, when they will stand either end up. Therefore, a bad egg can be told by the way it rests in water—always end up, never on its side. Any egg that lies flat is good to eat, and can be depended upon.

An ordinary mode is to take them into a room moderately dark, and hold them between the eye and a candle or lamp. If the egg be good—that is, if the albumen is still unaffected—the light will shine through with a reddish glow ; while, if affected, it will be opaque, or dark.

In Fulton and Washington market, New York, a man may be seen testing eggs at almost any time of the year. He has a tallow candle placed under a counter or desk, and, taking up the eggs, three in each hand, passes them rapidly before the candle, and deposits them in another box. His practised eye quickly perceives the least want of clearness in the eggs, and suspicious ones are re-examined and thrown away, or passed into a 'doubtful' box. The process is so rapid that eggs are inspected perfectly at the rate of 100 to 200 per minute, or as fast as they can be shifted from one box to another, six at a time.

The preservation of eggs for use on shipboard has always occupied a large share of attention. They have been usually smeared with oil or grease, and packed in bran or sawdust. A plan recommended by M. Appert, for preserving eggs, is to put them in a jar with bran, to prevent their breaking ; cork and hermetically seal the jar ; and put it into a vessel of water heated to 200 degrees Fahrenheit, or 12 degrees below boiling. The vessel

with water being taken from the fire, the water must cool till the finger may be borne in it; then remove the jar. The eggs may then be taken out, and will keep for six months.

Salted ducks' eggs are an article in great demand in some parts of the East, for transport by the trading junks. The Malays salt them as they do their meat; but the Chinese mix a red unctuous earth with the brine, which no doubt stops the pores of the shell, and preserves them better. They are put into this mixture at night, and taken out during the day to be dried in the sun, which is in fact a half-roasting process in a tropical climate.

Pickled eggs, while they constitute a somewhat novel feature in the catalogue of condiments, are at the same time particularly relishing. When eggs are plentiful, farmers' wives, in some localities, take four to six dozen of such as are newly laid, and boil them hard; then, divesting them of the shells, they place them in large-mouthed earthen jars, and pour upon them scalded vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, ginger, and a few cloves of garlic. When this pickle is cold, the jars are closed, and the eggs are fit for use in a month afterwards. Eggs thus treated are held in high esteem by all the farmhouse epicures.

Fowls' eggs, variously coloured, and having flowers and other matters upon them, formed by the colouring matter being picked off so as to expose the white shell of the egg, are a part of all the Malay entertainments in Borneo. The eggs eaten by the Dyaks are frequently nearly hatched when taken from the nest, as they enjoy them just as well as when fresh.

An article called 'condensed egg' is now sold in the shops. It consists of the whole substance of the fresh uncooked egg, very delicately and finely granulated by patent processes, after the watery particles, which the egg naturally contains, have been completely exhausted and withdrawn, without further alteration of its constituents. It contains all the nutritious properties of the egg in its natural state, and must be valuable to shipmasters, emigrants, and others. One ounce of it is said to be equal to three eggs.

Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific, with a United States Government Expedition. By BALDWIN MÖLLHAUSEN, Topographical Draughtsman and Naturalist to the Expedition. With an Introduction by Alexander von Humboldt, and Illustrations in Chromo-Lithography. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

THE DELAWARE INDIANS.

The Delaware Indians, who do not now number more than 800, inhabited originally, to the number of 15,000, the eastern parts of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. Like the Shawnees, they were destined to be continually conquering new hunting-grounds, only that they might again resign them to the United States Government. Further and further west they were driven, and on every spot where they rested they had first to use their weapons in self-defence against powerful enemies, before they turned them against the wild animals, so as to obtain food and clothing.

Much labour has been expended to bring this tribe within the pale of Christianity, but always in vain. By Christians they had been cheated and betrayed—driven from the graves of their fathers and cut down like wild beasts—and for this reason they have repelled missionaries with displeasure and contempt, considering that as the pioneers of civilisation they would bring in their train the ruin of the legitimate owners of the American continent.

Here, on the extreme frontier of civilisation on the borders of the boundless wilderness, the Delawares can gratify to their hearts' content their love of adventure. They carry their hunting expeditions to the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, and sometimes do not return to their settlements for years together. The long chain of the Rocky Mountains has scarcely a pass through which a troop of these bold hunters has not made its way, nor a spring whose waters they have not tasted. The Delaware fights with the grey bear in California, and pursues the buffalo in the steppes of the Nebraska; he follows the elk to the sources

of the Yellowstone River, and throws the lasso over the maned head of the mustang in Texas; and it must be added that he does occasionally take a scalp when he can find an opportunity, from a hunter or an enemy's race that he may meet with in the desert, or from the midst of a village that has kept insufficient watch.

From the mode of life followed by these people, it is not surprising that very few men are usually to be found in their settlements, and travellers may therefore consider themselves fortunate who are able to engage some of this race as scouts and hunters. Any at all remarkable feature of a country that a Delaware has seen but once in his life, he will recognise again years afterwards, let him approach it from what point he may; and tracts of country that he enters for the first time, he needs only to glance over, in order to declare with certainty in what direction water will be found. If the beasts of burden, so indispensable in this journey, have strayed away during the night, and have been given up for lost by every one else, having left apparently no trace behind, or because hostile Indians make it dangerous to attempt it, the Delaware will not fail to find their track, and will follow them for days or even weeks together, and return at last with the fugitives. These are the qualities that make them so desirable for guides, and their services, upon which the very existence of a whole party of travellers often depends, can hardly be paid too highly.

BLACK BEAVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Si-ki-to-ma-ker, the Black Beaver, and John Bushman, his neighbour, are renowned as guides far and wide; and our expedition, in halting at Fort Arbuckle, had had it in view to use every means to induce one of them to accompany us in that capacity.

As the foremost members of our expedition crossed the spacious court, where several women and children were basking in the sun, and asked after the Black Beaver, they were shown into the smallest log-house, where, under a simple corridor, on a kind of rough wooden settle, an Indian sat cross-legged smoking his pipe, and awaiting his visitors in perfect tran-

quillity. He was a meagre-looking man of middle size, and his long black hair framed in a face that was clever, but which bore a melancholy expression of sickness and sorrow, though more than forty winters could not have passed over it.

The arrival of visitors did not seem at all to disturb him, and his easy and unembarrassed manner showed that he was quite accustomed to intercourse with the whites. He spoke fluently English, French, and Spanish, and about eight separate Indian languages; and after the first salutations and expressions of welcome, a tempting offer was made to him to induce him to accompany us. For a moment the eyes of the Indian gleamed with their wonted fire, but they soon became clouded over again, and he answered: 'Seven times have I seen the Pacific Ocean at various points; I have accompanied the Americans in three wars, and I have brought home more scalps from my hunting expeditions than one of you could lift. I should like to see the salt water for the eighth time; but I am sick: you offer me more money than has ever been offered to me before; but I am sick: I am not likely to want, for my negro can attend to the barter trade, and my relations will help him, but if I die, I should like to be buried by my own people.'

No representation that we could make on the subject was of the least avail: the Indian remained steady to his resolution, which arose out of the idea that this journey would be the cause of his death. Apparently, this notion had been put into his head by his wife, who, while playing with her only son and a young black bear, frequently addressed to her husband remarks to us unintelligible. It was evident that she did not wish him to go—probably foreseeing that if he once set out he would not very soon return. She dexterously availed herself of his present illness to fill his imagination with so many of her dreams and forebodings that the veteran warrior was quite downhearted and dismal, his spirits had entirely forsaken him, and he made no use of his weapons but for the slaughter of animals for domestic use. Three days were passed in the vain endeavour to

restore the Black Beaver to his proper self, and withdraw him from petticoat government; but if in the evening we had succeeded in convincing him that he would be well again and in possession of all his former strength, if he were but restored to his own element,—so that he was more than half resolved to accompany us to the steppes,—we were sure to find the next morning that he had sunk back into his former fit of obstinacy; and all we could do was to listen to the advice of this sagacious Indian, and make the application of it in due season.

THE CHOCTAWS AND THEIR TRADITIONS.

The nation of the Choctaws is stated by Catlin at 22,000, who now occupy the territory southward of the Arkansas and Canadian rivers,—bordering to the east, on the State of Arkansas, to the south on the territory of the Chickasaws, and to the west on that of the Creeks. The northern neighbours of the Choctaws are the Cherokees, who stand at about the same grade of civilisation, and differ but little from them. The differences that exist are chiefly to be found in some ancient customs and traditions, which appear to depend upon their origin. Before their settlement on the Arkansas, the Choctaws occupied the rich hunting-grounds of the States of Alabama and Mississippi, which they sold to the United States, agreeing that the payment should be made by regular instalments in the course of twenty years. This term is now nearly expired, and most of the money has found its way back into the hands of the whites, having done the Indians little good by the way. If we compare the current traditions still to be found in these regions with one another, we shall easily come to the conclusion that this tribe must at one time have lived in the Rocky Mountains, to the north-west of its present territory, as neighbours of the Flat Head and Chinook Indians. These are the only tribes who disfigure the natural form of the skull, by squeezing the heads of the new-born infants between boards; and old Choctaws state, that they have heard from their forefathers of the former pre-

valence of this custom among them. This is confirmed by the tradition of their great migration, which, as related by an Indian, runs thus:—

'Many winters ago, the Choctaws lived far away towards sunset, behind the great flowing water (westward of the Missouri); they lived behind the mountains with snow (the Rocky Mountains). They then began to wander, and they passed many winters and many summers in wandering. A great medicine man was their chief; he led them the whole way, and he went always first, carrying a long red pole in his hand.

'He walked always foremost, and wherever he struck the red pole into the ground, they pitched their camp; every morning they noticed that the red pole was inclined towards sunrise, and the medicine man declared this signified that they were to go on till it remained standing upright, by which they would know that there was the place that the Great Spirit had destined for their home. They wandered on and on for a long while, until at last, at a place called *Nah-ne-wa-ge* (precipitous hill), the pole remained perpendicular. They then established themselves on the spot, and made a camp a mile long and a mile broad; and the men lay down around it, and the women and children in the midst; and *Nah-ne-wa-ge* is still regarded as the centre of the Choctaw nation.'

Although the traditions of the Indians offer no very firm footing for chronology, it is often possible, by a comparison of them with those of other and distant tribes, to obtain some sort of approximation to the truth. The tradition of a great flood is to be found among the Choctaws, as well as among the Aztecs, and among many tribes eastward of the Cordillera of South America.

'There reigned,' they say, 'an impenetrable darkness over the whole world, and the wise medicine men tried all kinds of methods to overcome this gloom, and looked long for returning daylight. But their labour was vain; and the whole nation sank into great misery. At length, after long waiting, they saw a light rising towards the south, and they thought the end of their sufferings was at hand,

when they perceived that the light came from mountains of water which rolled on and overwhelmed the whole nation except a few families, who, foreseeing the misfortune, had built themselves a raft, upon which they were saved, and became the progenitors of the present Choctaws.

Christianity has found its way to these people, but still many of them remain attached to the faith of their fathers, which promises them the continued existence of their souls after death, and is in its main points nearly the same as that of the Northern Indian races.

The deceased Indian has, according to them, a long journey to take towards the west, until he comes to a deep rushing river, which separates him from the happy hunting-grounds. The two shores of this river are connected by a long pine trunk, stripped of bark and polished, which must be used as a bridge. The good man passes with a firm and secure step across this slippery bridge, reaches the happy hunting-grounds, and enters on the possession of eternal youth and strength. His sky is always clear, a cool breeze is perpetually blowing for him, and he passes his time in sailing, hunting, dancing, and boundless felicity. The bad man, when he steps upon the bridge, sees the two overhanging shores totter, he attempts to escape, and falls into the abyss below, where the water is rushing with the sound of thunder over rocks, where the air is poisoned by the exhalations from dead fish and other animal bodies; and the water, whirling round and round, brings him always back to the same point, where all the trees are withered; where it swarms with lizards, snakes, and toads; where the dead are hungry and have nothing to eat; where the living lead a diseased life and cannot die. The shores are covered with thousands of these unhappy beings, who climb up to get a glance into the happy hunting-grounds, which they can never enter.

One likes to listen to the tales of these people, and the Red-skin lingers

with mournful earnestness over their embellishment when they concern his forefathers. An incredulous smile will bring him to a stand-still at once, and induce him to break off; but when his quick eye discovers sympathy in his hearer, he brings out one tradition after another, and you willingly follow him through all his wild fancies, and do not care to lose one of the slowly uttered words.

'The Crawfish Band,' I was informed, 'were now joined with the rest of the tribe, but they lived formerly in a great cavern, where, for miles and miles round, there was no light. They used to crawl out to the daylight through a marsh, and return in the same way. They looked like crawfish, went on hands and feet, did not understand one another, and were very shy and fearful. The Choctaws watched for them a long time, to try and speak to them, but they would not speak to any one, and vanished again into the marsh. At last the Choctaws found means to cut off their retreat to it, and then they escaped to a neighbouring rock, and disappeared somehow in its crevices. The Choctaws then brought fire to the entrance of the cavern, laid grass and green boughs upon it, and drove in the thick smoke, by which means they at length drove out these crabmen to the light of day, but treated them kindly, taught them to speak and to walk upon two feet, instead of on all-fours, cut their long nails, plucked the hair from their bodies, and afterwards incorporated them with their own tribe; but many of them, after all, went back to burrow in the earth, and are still living in the great dark cave.'

So run the traditions of the Choctaw Indians; and when you hear them related by the people in their peculiar manner, you become more and more eager to make out some light points in these dark old stories; but it soon becomes obvious that you can never found upon them anything more than very uncertain conclusions.

TITAN.

HOMeward BOUND.

'Whether we shall meet again, I know not ;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.'

WE sailed from Calcutta towards the latter end of March, which is considered rather late in the season. In other words, we bade adieu to the city of palaces at a period of the year when our progress down the Bay of Bengal was certain to be slow, and when hurricanes might be expected off the Mauritius and the Cape of Good Hope—it being then the winter of the southern hemisphere. Sou'-westers off the Cape have long been famous in story, and of those we were promised an abundant treat, together with tremendous seas and bitterly cold weather. Our bark was frigate-built, a gallant ship of 1200 tons burthen, one of the noble fleet of merchantmen belonging to a great London firm. Within her wooden walls we felt secure from hurricane and sou'-wester, and if any gloomy forebodings ever entered our minds, they related solely to the cold we were likely to encounter and endure.

'We' consisted of twenty ladies, three gentlemen, besides myself, and twenty-three children, of all ages, from babydom up to thirteen. The last were the sons and daughters of British 'exiles' on their way 'home'—as England is familiarly designated in the East—to be educated, and in the fulness of time fitted for expatriation. Our ship was, therefore, sufficiently full, notwithstanding the temptations of the shorter trip overland ; the said overland route signifying 4820 miles of sea, to 80 of dry

land. However, for 'unprotected females,' children, and invalids, the voyage round the Cape is, in every respect, preferable. I myself chose this route for the benefit of my health, which had not been improved by twenty-five years' residence in India. My fellow-passengers, indeed, used to smile derisively, whenever I hinted at such a thing, for I happen to be a stout, hale-looking gentleman, and to judge by appearances, as little likely to receive a visit from *pallida mors* as any person of my acquaintance. Nevertheless, I had not passed one quarter of a century in the trying climate of the plains with impunity, and was actually much worse than I seemed.

While upon this interesting topic of 'self,' I may mention that I am neither a military man, nor a civilian, in the ordinary acceptation of that word in India ; that is, I am not in the service of the Government in any capacity. Unkind fortune had reserved for me a lower post in the scale of civilized creation. It was my hard lot to be nothing more than an 'adventurer' or 'interloper,' as it pleases gentlemen of 'the services' to designate all Europeans beyond their own pale. My career has been that of an Indigo planter and merchant, and during the greater part of my Indian experience I resided among the natives chiefly in one district, and had thus benefited as well as suffered less from vicissitudes of climate than most Englishmen in India—those in Government em-

ployment being especially liable to frequent change of residence.

Our voyage commenced inauspiciously. The river Hooghly is oftentimes a *statio male fide carinis*. The tide ebbs and flows with impetuosity, and, in March, sudden and violent squalls are of frequent occurrence. The passengers were all on board on the evening of the 17th, for a steamer was to take us in tow at an early hour of the following morning. The discomfort and confusion in a ship preparing to go to sea are almost proverbial, so often have they been described. In this instance, however, there was unusually little to complain of. Each passenger had his or her own cabin, neatly fitted up according to the taste of the individual, with curtains, carpets, cot, chairs, tables, washing apparatus, hanging trays, shelves, books; in short, everything that could reasonably be required, and quite as comfortable as ordinary lodgings on the third floor, in London. We had all 'turned in' in good time, and with few exceptions were fast locked in the embrace of the drowsy god. It was just as well, for at midnight a violent storm swept over us. The thunder and lightning were truly terrific. Our good ship refused to be held even by two anchors, and seemed determined to go on shore in spite of the most strenuous exertions on the part of both officers and crew. Fortunately for us, a fine steamer, belonging to the P. and O. Company, was lying between us and the bank, and acted as a buffer. The *Hesudrus* went right into her, but was brought up with the loss of a couple of boats, and of a few sails to the steamer. It was altogether a very narrow escape. However, the squall soon spent its fury, and few traces of its violence were to be seen on the following morning, by the time the passengers went upon deck, utterly unconscious of the danger they had slept through, and with only a hazy recollection of having heard thunder in the course of the night.

There were not many lamentations on the part of the passengers on leaving India. A few fathers and mothers shed some natural tears on parting with their children, and some widows cherished their melancholy recollections, but the majority were returning 'home,' to the home of their youth. For my part, I had outlived all my near relatives in England, but I was bound for a Utopia that had furnished me with pleasant dreams for a quarter of a century. I was going to a country where beef-steaks and oyster sauce were perfect; where lobster-salad was to be had fresh, and cold water for nothing; where there were no punkahs, no snakes, no musquitoes, no white ants or musk-rats. In that favoured land I had still some Scotch cousins, with whom I had frolicked in my boyhood, but who had long since grown into widows and old maids, widowers and heads of families. These I was again to behold, and in their company to recall many scenes of harmless mirth, and perhaps a few linked with sadder memories. My absence from India, too, was to be but temporary, so that I had really little reason to grieve at leaving behind the many kind friends who had sweetened the long years of my voluntary exile. Yet why should I call it exile? India had been to me no severe stepmother. It was there I had succeeded, by perseverance and industry, in acquiring a competency for life. It was there I had passed the best years of my existence, in the enjoyment of a fair average of health, and of as much happiness as falls to the lot of any man not wholly concentrated in the present. The life I had led might, perchance, have been of a somewhat unmarked and monotonous nature, but it was at least as free from *ennui* as from passion and excitement. No; India was no land of exile, but my own, my only home—in spite of its hot winds and musquitoes, its white ants and musk-rats.

'Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.'

At an early hour in the morning of the 18th March, we got fairly under weigh, in tow of a small steamer, and dropped down the river on our

way to the ocean, Britannia's own highway. In the course of a few hours we shook ourselves down into our places, and one day sufficed to initiate us into the rules and routine of our new residence. What a scene of eating and drinking it was, to be sure! Our prowess at meal-times would have done honour to priest or alderman. To witness our execution at breakfast or dinner, one would have thought we had fasted for a week. The labours of the day commenced as soon as we were awake, with the *chota hazree*, or little breakfast, consisting of a cup of tea or coffee, with biscuit or a slice of toast. At half-past seven the bell rang for the children's breakfast; at half-past eight for that of the grown people; at nine for that of the servants. At twelve—or, to speak more nautically, at eight bells—tiffin, *alias* lunch, was announced, meaning thereby biscuit, with wine and water, or grog; the said grog, however, being merely weak brandy and water. At one, the children's dinner was served; at half-past one, the servants' dinner; at half-past three, our dinner. At five the children took tea, as did also the servants, and at six, their example was followed by the ladies and gentlemen. At eight, recourse was again had to biscuits and grog, while some ladies in delicate health sustained their sinking frames by a light, unnutritious supper.

Our cuddy, or *salle-d-manger*, was the whole breadth of the ship, and when the table was not entirely occupied with the materials of our Homeric repasts, we played at chess, or whist, or backgammon. The party at the dinner-table comprised nearly all the passengers, though some few never once put in an appearance. For instance, there was Mrs. Harris, a mythical personage supposed to inhabit one of the lower cabins, but who was never seen by any one. There were also six or seven children rejoicing in the name of Harris, but no two passengers ever agreed as to their exact number. I myself made several attempts to count them correctly, but at last gave it up in despair. On our arrival at the Docks I kept a sharp look-out for the mysterious stranger and her elfin brood; but although I

fancied I saw some of the latter go ashore, I should be sorry to make an affidavit to that effect. Most assuredly, however, no Mrs. Harris rewarded my patient vigil with a glimpse of her form, if form she had. The only thing certain about her was the fact of a cabin being set apart for her habitation, wherein other mortal foot seldom or never trod. But Mrs. Harris was not the only enigma on board the *Heedrus*; there was a Mrs. Pynes who was almost as great a puzzle. Though visible to the naked eye, this lady was among us without being of us. Nobody ever found out who she was, what she was, whence she came, or whither she was going. Indeed, I am not quite certain that she was a canny thing at all. It sometimes occurred to me that in punishment of some sin committed in the flesh, she was doomed for a time to be the slave of a little peevish, fractious, ill-tempered child, who did nothing but bawl all night and worry all day, his mother, or his mother's image. Her sentence, however, was gradually mitigated, as with improving health the urchin ceased to howl, though not the less did he continue to torment and persecute the poor stricken shade.

One of the most delicate tasks the captain was called upon to discharge, was the arrangement of the seats at the cuddy-table, so as to maintain the rules of etiquette without offending individual susceptibilities. After much consideration he succeeded in placing us as nearly as possible in accordance with the table of precedence observed at the viceregal court of Calcutta. The ladies of colonels and majors were therefore duly arranged on the right and left of 'the chair,' while those who, like myself, appeared to have no especial rank, took their seats, as far as I could understand, according to their apparent age, or as chance directed. However, there were no disputes on the subject. Every one seemed contented with his lot—*seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit*—and those at the bottom of the table ate and drank quite as heartily as those nearer to the seat of honour. To myself, Fortune proved very kind. I was placed between two sisters—the one, the wife of a Bengal civilian; the other, still unmarried.

They had been brought up in France, and spoke English with a slight foreign accent that was very charming. We sat at the lower end of the table next to the vice-chairman, the ship's doctor, a pleasant, talkative individual, who kept us all in good humour, and supplied endless topics of conversation through a habit he had contracted of disputing every proposition started within his hearing. Opposite to us were a lieutenant of native infantry with his wife and mother-in-law, and a Mrs. Tegg, a strong-minded woman with a severe aspect. This good lady was fond of drawing ill-natured conclusions, and indulged in sarcastic remarks that altogether failed to correct our frivolous habits and pursuits.

At first starting the ladies would insist on criticising the seamanship of the officers, and unanimously expressed their opinion that too much sail was carried at night, and that when the wind was high the ship ought not to be allowed to lie over so much to one side. These opinions, however, were gradually modified as they became more accustomed to their ocean-home, and by the time we reached the Cape of Good Hope they had ceased to trouble themselves with the manœuvring of the ship. During the months of March and April we glided pleasantly enough down the Bay of Bengal, and over the Indian Ocean. Our natural and national reserve by degrees thawed and melted away, and we formed ourselves into agreeable little coteries determined to enjoy ourselves as much as circumstances would permit. Card-playing and chess became the order of the day; and by degrees a certain number of ladies got into the habit of meeting daily in Mrs. Bryce's cabin, an excellent good lady of a mature time of life, but of a delightful and happy temperament. Somehow she contrived to attract all the most amiable people to her boudoir; and ere long, as the evening drew in, the quiet whist-players in the cuddy were startled by the shouts of laughter that proceeded from the enchanted bower. This was too tantalizing to be patiently endured, and soon, one by one, passengers and ship's officers alike found themselves irresistibly drawn to a bourne which no one ever left without reluctance. Morning visits were

exchanged before lunch, and in the evening a whist-club became organized and held its uproarious meetings under the patronage of Mrs. Bryce. Such proceedings as ours would have been the death of Hoyle, could he have witnessed them. There was a pair of bright, piercing eyes, which used somehow to look through the cards, or else, as the ship rose on a wave, peeped over the hand of their adversary, who was thus placed at the mercy of those beautiful piercers. The most glaring revokes were oftentimes perpetrated with impunity, and if a lady disliked her trump card it was not an unusual thing for her to let fall the whole pack before beginning to deal, in order that she might have the chance of a more fortunate cut, it being an established and invariable rule that the dealer should always look at the bottom card before dealing. It must also be recorded that some shocking attempts were made to achieve the feat known as *sauter la coupe*, not less remarkable for the absence of all shame on the part of the delinquent, than for the blundering and inartistic manner in which it was sought to be performed. A more noisy and irregular whist-party never gathered round the board of green cloth. The mirth waxed fast and furious; and so little did any one know or care as to what the world without was doing, that more than once it happened when a ship's officer looked in upon us as he came down from the deck, dressed in oilskin and a sou'-wester hat on his head, all dripping wet, that a soft voice would languidly inquire, 'Is it raining?' Now, this from a number of joyous damsels comfortably seated in a cabin, while a gale was blowing off the Cape, was more than seaman's flesh and blood could stand, especially after the said flesh and blood had been holding on by ropes and rails, upon the poop, for four mortal hours, buffeted by wind and spray. A very gruff response would therefore be given to such an inquiry, intimating the propriety of our going upon deck to see. I must acknowledge, however, that the ship's officers were a very pleasant, gentlemanly set of fellows, and the crew, as generally happens in such cases, were quiet, well-behaved, active, and seamanlike.

'I love these little people ; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.'

It was the children who first caused us to become acquainted with one another. They certainly set the example, and lost no time in making friends. No sooner had they recovered from the inevitable sea-sickness than they began to be very unruly and vociferous. Some twelve or fifteen of the four, five, and six-year olds, would get together in the steerage, a nice, roomy place for them, and there play all manner of games. At times one of them would 'make believe' to be an elephant or a hyena, or some other monster, and charge the others with the full intention of instantly terminating their existence. Of course there was a universal rush to the other end of the steerage, with screams and shouts of laughter, really enough to damage the temper of the very best-natured bachelor in the world, and seriously to jeopardize any young lady's chances of matrimony. Mr. Oldham used to be very wrathful, and would thrust his head out of his cabin-door, uttering the most dreadful threats. He would knock their heads off, throw them overboard, or run them all through with a big warsword. This only sent the horde off screaming to the other side, whence they would watch poor Oldham go back into his cabin. They would then immediately return, and make a furious onslaught on his door, shake his venetians, and make his latter end worse than the first. The hyenas and elephants would resume their evil natures, tearing and scampering about, yelling and shrieking ; and if the ship happened to roll and upset the young villains, they would squeal louder than ever, and go bumping against the cabin-doors and bulk-heads, laughing merrily if no one was hurt, but crying out in chorus if an arm or a leg happened to be bruised. In a short time their little tiny limbs were covered with black and blue patches, which were duly exhibited to excite the commiseration of the older passengers. At last a very amiable youth, the son of good Mrs. Bryce, came to the rescue, and poured oil upon the troubled waters. He proposed to open a school,

and teach the alphabet to the little ones, and the three R's to the elder children, every forenoon. It is needless to say that the proposition was hailed with loud acclaim, though with great misgivings as to its success. The children were delighted with the novelty, and began to 'play at school' with wonderful glee. When too late, they discovered that the school was really in earnest ; but the relief to the other passengers from the yelling and screaming of elephants, tigers, and hyenas, for half the day throughout the rest of the voyage, was indescribable, and entitled Mr. Bryce to their unqualified gratitude.

One afternoon we were all startled, and some of us perhaps a little frightened, by loud shouts from the region of 'the nursery.' Instantly there was a flight of mothers in that direction, when the cause of the uproar was discovered to be an Irish nurse, frightfully intoxicated, who, in humble imitation of worthy Mr. Bryce, was attempting to teach the alphabet to its infant charge. The woman was seated on the ground, propped up against a bulk-head with the child in her lap. Swinging one arm through the air as if to beat time, she bawled out, at the top of her voice : A B—C D—F G, and then began again ; for beyond these three couplets never did she get. I suspect she received small thanks from her mistress for her educational services.

In order to while away the time, which sometimes hung heavy on the hands of all, in spite of whist and laughter, I indulged somewhat freely in the luxury of cigars. A little fellow, named Dudley, was my constant companion on these occasions, and insisted on having 'a pipe,' as he called it. I therefore made him a paper cigar, with which he was mightily pleased, and would seat himself by my side, and discourse on various topics with not much greater inaccuracy than many of his seniors. According to his mode of pronunciation, the letter c before a hard vowel had the sound of t, and g that of d. Thus he would threaten to 'tut off' my head, if I

happened to offend him ; and one day, having lost his cap, he told me that his 'tap had don overboard.' As we sat together smoking and chatting one afternoon, our serenity was disturbed by roars of laughter proceeding from the fore-castle. A lady passenger had brought a couple of pet dogs on board with her, and, according to Indian fashion, when we reached the cold climate of the Cape of Good Hope, these precious animals were dressed in warm cloth coats. The sailors were so tickled by the notion, that they 'rigged out' the butcher's pet goat in a thick guernsey shirt, after the same fashion as the dogs, and led it thus apparelled to the quarter-deck. Hence the cachinnation that interrupted our philosophical beatitude. I called little Dudley's attention to the mummery. 'Look at the toat,' said I. At first he seemed much amused, but presently became very grave ; and turning upon me a glance of mingled severity and sorrow, he quietly remarked : 'It is a *dont*, not a *toat*.' I admitted the justice of the rebuke.

A very wilful young lady on board contrived somehow to indoctrinate Dudley into the mystery of 'taking a sight.' This popular digital exhibition became a favourite practice with my small friend, who performed the feat in a highly artistic manner, that would have done no discredit to St. Giles. The precocious villain, however, invariably accused me of having taught him this abominable trick, and stoutly adhered to the charge when I appeared to look vexed at such impropriety of conduct. The ingratitude of the child was rendered still more poignant by the atrocious dissimulation of the real delinquent, who also pressed the charge against me in the most unjust and treacherous manner. She was certainly very pretty ; but that did not justify her attacks upon such a grave and reverend seignior. However, there is no saying what young women, when they are likewise pretty, will not do when they get hold of an opportunity.

Whenever I threw away the end of my finished cigar, Dudley would fling his 'pipe' after it ; and if I took out another, he too wanted a fresh supply. At first I tried to evade the trouble, slight as it was, by protesting that I

had no more paper ; but the little gentleman was not to be put off so easily, and insisted that I should '*det* some paper.' 'You make three or four pipes for me,' said he, 'and put them in your *tase*.' There being no other course open but submission, I did as I was told, and for some days we got on together very amicably. At last Master Dudley grew tired of his paper cigars, and would not rest till they were lighted at one end. One day, under pretence of taking out one of his own from my case, he purloined a real one, and put it into his mouth. The taste of the tobacco, however, soon made him spit and splutter, and so disgusted him that he gave up smoking for the rest of the voyage.

Another of my small 'chums' was one Freddy, who installed himself into my seat at the cuddy table. For reasons, which I need not stop to divulge, I had a chair larger than any of my neighbours, and which was secured to a post, making it firm and steady when the ship was rolling. This seat was an object of envy to all the children, and there used to be a terrible scramble for it at their dinner time. One day, however, Freddy appealed to me ; and as I conceded to him the otherwise exclusive privilege, he formally took possession of it, and drove away all competitors, though not without some fighting and squabbling. However, after a time, his right to my chair was recognised by all.

Freddy was the oddest fellow in the ship, and the gravest personage in the world. We all looked upon him as a living proof of the doctrine of metempsychosis, and were convinced, from his sage, rapt manner, that he had reminiscences of his former being. He went by the name of Pythagoras, because he acknowledged one day, when closely questioned on the subject, that he remembered when he was in the form of that philosopher. He was very unwilling, however, to give us any information, and usually confined his replies to the monosyllabic 'yes,' or 'no.' We never succeeded in discovering the causes of a reserve so rare in children of his age, though we all remarked it. After dinner, while the gentlemen were sipping their wine, Freddy and a few others were in the habit of coming into the cuddy to see

what portion of the dessert had been kept for them. I don't exactly know how the practice crept in, but I suspect it commenced with the ladies, who used to pocket and carry off cakes, raisins, and sweetmeats for their children. No sooner was dessert laid on the table, than it disappeared as if by magic. All that we saw was a general scramble of fair hands, and then a process of pocketing and tying-up in handkerchiefs, unaccompanied by any symptoms of shame or remorse. By degrees the gentlemen caught the contagion, and their good manners became corrupted by evil communications. Freddy & Co. having got all they could from the ladies when they left the cuddy, would steal in and see what the gentlemen had in store for them. The appearance of the latest avatar of Pythagoras was invariably the signal for a discussion on the Hindu doctrine of the transmigration

of souls; though some preferred the theory of Maryatt's Carpenter as to the rotation of periods, that in a cycle of 26,000 odd years the same things would be incessantly repeated till the crack of doom. Freddy would give us no light on this subject; and when we asked him if he remembered making this voyage 26,000 years ago, would screw up his little mouth, and preserve the most provoking silence. He was far too knowing to commit himself. I am inclined to think that he laughed in his sleeve at the Periodicity theory; for one day I caught him off his guard, and asked if he did not recollect being at the siege of Troy, and carrying Achilles' shield. He suddenly answered: 'Oh, yes!' and then, as if aware of his inadvertence, relapsed into his habitual taciturnity, and could not be induced to make any farther admissions.

'O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!'

One of the passengers was a poor sick lady, the wife of an officer in the Indian army. Having in vain exhausted the resources of medical science, she was on her way 'home,' in the hope that her native air might at least mitigate her last sufferings: her recovery was not to be expected. She was the mother of my little friend Dudley, but was of course quite unable to look after him. Her sister-in-law accompanied her, and the manner in which this young lady waited upon her sick relative, and tried to soothe her melancholy lot, was most affecting. Day and night she kept anxious watch over the poor sufferer, fondly clinging to the veriest shadow of a hope, in spite of the plainest evidence of approaching dissolution. More than once were we deeply pained by sudden exhibitions of irrepressible grief on the part of this exemplary young lady. In the presence of her sick and I fear somewhat peevish relative, she struggled to conceal her anguish, but when this restraint was removed the

reaction was terrible, and most painful to behold. The patient labour, the tender assiduity, the uncomplaining watchfulness, with which she laboured to mitigate the pain and horror of the irrevocable sentence, were the theme of universal admiration; and when, notwithstanding all that could be done by the highest medical skill and the most untiring affection, her sister succumbed to disease, the heartfelt sympathy of every one on board the ship must have been grateful and soothing to her feelings. It was indeed truly beautiful to observe the care and delicacy with which she prepared every possible kind of nourishment that she thought her relative might fancy or relish. Certainly no servant ever worked so hard, and oftentimes tears would burst forth in spite of herself, every trace of which had to be effaced before she could venture to return to the sick cabin. And though little Dudley, too, would sorely tease and worry her, she never betrayed the slightest

annoyance, or ever addressed the troublesome child in any but a kind and gentle tone. Whenever, hereafter, the remembrance of the sorrows and trials of that wretched vigil, beside her sister's dying couch, shall cross that young creature's mind, how gratifying it will be to her to feel that she never flinched from her sad duties, or omitted anything which the most thoughtful affection could suggest.

The invalid appeared only once or twice upon deck, and was known to a few of the elder ladies alone, who were very kind to her, and did all in their power to relieve her sufferings. A little scene occurred one day in her cabin that was very touching. Little Dudley, through the assistance of Mr. Bryce, had succeeded in mastering the mysteries of the alphabet. Child-like, he was very proud of his conquest, and so one evening placed himself at the foot of his dying mother's

cot, and began to repeat his A B C. The excitement of the poor lady, on hearing him, was so great that, before he had got half way through, she could bear it no longer, and, in a fit of sobs and tears, was obliged to ask her friends to remove the poor boy from the cabin. And he, unable to understand her passionate burst of grief, was carried out crying as if his little heart must break, and finally wept himself asleep. On the following day she breathed her last, and a gloom, like a black pall, fell upon us all. She was barely twenty-three years of age when she was taken from her husband and her child. On the day after her death we reached St. Helena, where the captain made arrangements for the funeral. Her body was buried in the church-yard, in accordance with the last wishes and entreaties of the deceased, who had expressed the utmost horror at the idea of being thrown into the sea.

‘Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,
Und ward nicht mehr geseh’n.’

A widow lady, the relict of an Indian missionary, was another of our passengers, together with her two children. She was a member of the Baptist or Anabaptist persuasion, which, I cannot say, as I am no good judge of ‘dips.’ Her husband had died in harness, and she was now returning to a home that was no longer a home. In person she was hale, strong, square built, and of mature age. Though usually very retired in her habits, she let us know her sentiments on the subject of our ‘frivolity and thoughtlessness.’ She was clearly of opinion that there was a very poor chance for any of us of ever attaining to eternal beatitude. On this point she had quite made up her mind, and accordingly looked upon us all with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. At the same time she never exhibited any acerbity, or bitterness of disposition. ‘Poor things!’ she would say, ‘they never think. Like Gallio, they care for none of those things.’ However, she never failed to console herself with her full share of the good things under which the table was supposed

to groan. Nor was she by any means slow in tendering her aid and sympathy when they could be of any service, and her private opinions on us castaways were never obtruded in an offensive or supercilious manner. She never expressed aloud her sense of our miserable condition, though she occasionally indicated her feelings by a deprecatory shake of the head, or a piteous sigh. These signs of commiseration were not unfrequently elicited by our gaiety at table, but they never prevented her from pounding away at the damson tart with the most commendable perseverance. An accident that occurred to her at St. Helena proved the sincerity of her convictions. In landing it is necessary to watch carefully the rise of the boat on the wave before attempting to step on the landing-place. She contrived to miss the opportunity, and so stepped into the sea, instead of on to the shore. In an instant she was up to the neck in water, but without losing her presence of mind. Satisfied that her time had come, she shouted aloud, ‘I am prepared! I am prepared!’ and

was for being off to heaven forthwith. The boatmen, however, stopped her for that moment, and her departure

in that desirable direction was put off to another opportunity.

'One hour in port, the sailor, freed from fears,
Forgets the tempests of a hundred years.'

'Expende Hannibalem.'

Our voyage thus far had been most favourable. Sundays were kept holy—prayers being read by the captain, or one of the ship's officers. On week days we passed our time pleasantly enough, varying our amusements with dancing on deck in fine weather. Mrs. Bryce's piano was hoisted up from below on these occasions, and, with the assistance of the ship's piper, there was capital music for quadrilles and polkas, the crew taking their turn at jig or hornpipe. We doubled the Cape with far less inconvenience than we had anticipated. To be sure, we had two tremendous gales from the south-west, with the usual accompaniments of deluging rain and awful seas, in which our gallant bark 'walked the waters like a thing of life.' After knocking about for more than a week, now standing far out to sea, and then making for the land, only to see the same abominable bank of white sand, we suddenly found that the Cape of Good Hope was behind us, and away we bowled towards St. Helena, favoured by a brilliant trade-wind. Early one morning that tiny speck on the ocean was descried from the mast-head, and at ten A.M. we anchored in the roadstead. A French frigate and a beautiful Yankee clipper came in about the same time. We had fallen in with both of them before near the Cape, and were glad to find that they had not beaten us in the race.

A party was soon formed to go ashore and see the sights. Bonaparte's tomb, eggs, and fresh butter were the attractions. Three ladies, two young girls, the doctor, Mr. Bryce, and myself, constituted the troop. On reaching the little inn, for everything is on a small scale in this Lilliputian island, we ordered two carriages to be got ready immediately, and a dinner on our return in the evening—the waiter being very unne-

cessarily instructed to spare no expense in procuring all the delicacies of the season. While the horses were being harnessed, the ladies suddenly discovered that it was Sunday. The bells, in fact, had scarcely ceased inviting the faithful to prayers, and this once familiar sound drew the attention of our party to a pretty little church on the opposite side of the little square in which the little inn is situated. A council was immediately held, and it was resolved, with only one dissentient voice, to go to church first and then proceed to Napoleon's tomb. The dissentient was myself, for I was quite certain that the real motive of this sudden access of devotional feeling was nothing more than feminine curiosity, to see what manner of people the St. Helenians may be. I therefore declined to accompany them, and submitted with becoming resignation to the charitable remarks that were passed on my heathenish conduct. However, in less than half an hour I beheld, to my astonishment, my pious friends rushing out of church and attempting to climb into the queer little vehicles that had been provided for us, and which were standing near the church door. Of course I lost no time in joining them, and in demanding an explanation of their very extraordinary proceedings. All agreed that it was the doctor's fault. On the conclusion of a psalm or hymn, he commenced a series of signals to one of the ladies, nodding, winking, and pointing to the door. Fearing that his gesticulations would attract attention she made a move, whereupon the doctor rose from his seat and walked out followed by the whole party. Once outside they were seized with a fit of uncontrollable laughter, and as the church door was open the congregation must have been somewhat startled and scandalized by such unseasonable merriment. Probably they are pretty

well used to the eccentricities of people just broke loose from the restraints of board-ship.

The ponies dragged us with some difficulty up the steep hills. As we reached the higher grounds, the scenery ceased to be Liliputian. The tremendous ravines recalled to my mind the khuds of the Himalayas, where there are, strictly speaking, no valleys between the mountains. There are here no pleasant slopes, no garden-like terraces, but abrupt rugged precipices, with here and there a green spot to mark their great depth. The cattle that grazed on these rare oases seemed no bigger than very small deer, and in some places we could barely distinguish their forms as they moved about. However, as we descended into some of the hollows, we came upon beautiful dells let in, as it were, into the sides of these imposing hills. The unbounded horizon around this lovely isle would have affected our imagination more powerfully had we not been so long accustomed to the contemplation of the *undique pontus et aer*. Still, as I thought of the mighty genius who had been confined within these narrow limits, of his active mind, his insatiable ambition, his marvellous energies, an overpowering feeling of what the place must have been to him, oppressed me as I gazed around. The daily prospect of the same smooth, monotonous ocean—for there are no storms here—the same eternal trade-wind ever blowing from the same quarter, the same bleak hills, the same unvaried season, mocking him with its settled smile, the same daily routine, the hopelessness of change, the dead stillness of all around, must have caused unutterable horror to such a mind, and have proved a punishment too terrible to be borne, and yet be sane. Here is the true explanation of the petty quarrels with the Governor, the loud complaints about trifles, the peevish, fretful energy expended on bad wine, wretched lodgings, and scantiness of food. One day at St. Helena is enough to show that there is no alternative between having recourse to this sort of pastime, and losing one's senses. But what a condition for the victor of Marengo, the conqueror of a continent!

The regularity of the trade-winds is

illustrated by the inclination of the trees. The branches all grow on one side, that which is exposed to the wind being entirely bare. They have always the appearance of having just suffered from a tremendous hurricane. The very leaves of the pines all point in one way.

We visited the empty tomb of the great Exile, and drank of the water of the famous well close by; but the atrocious negress in charge, the tolls and fees exacted at every step, the extortionate price demanded for a mere twig of the historic willow, were all so utterly subversive of the sentiment I was cherishing, that I turned away in disgust and slowly ascended to a cottage overhanging the dell. My solitude was short-lived. My companions were not long in joining me, and—sentiment or no sentiment—we proceeded at once to devour the most delicious bread and butter in the world, accompanied by vast supplies of eggs, both boiled and fried. If the proprietor of this roadside hotel be not beyond the possibility of surprise at the voracity of Anglo-Indians and invalids, he must have marvelled at our powers of deglutition. I verily believe that shame alone made us stop when we did; for my part, I could have gone on till now. What a feast that was! And such milk! Only that the previous training of ships' cookery is too severe, I would strongly recommend the *blasé* epicure of the Clubs, or the Palais Royal, to make a voyage to St. Helena for the sole purpose of enjoying one such repast.

In the evening we returned from the barn that was over Napoleon's abode, to the little inn in the tiny square of the small town in this Liliputian island, to make a fresh essay of our gastronomic capabilities. Here, however, we were doomed to disappointment. If my experience be of any value, I would solemnly and earnestly warn all future visitors against the hard, tough hides which pass for beef in St. Helena. The mutton is equally villanous. The cookery is worse than on board ship. Cleanliness is utterly unknown, candles apparently very scarce, and the bills a pattern for Mr. Cox Hughes himself; indeed, the tavern bills are the only things in the island that are not undersized.

Before night-fall we went back to our ship, laden with toys, *bon-bons*, and bouquets for all ages. One or two of the ladies, out of malice pre-pense, brought on board a supply of drums, trumpets, and rattles, with which for some time the children va-

ried their amusements in the steerage to the renewed discomfiture of Mr. Oldham. Fortunately, these martial instruments were soon lost or broken, and the school being revived, the uproar gradually subsided.

‘The tree of liberty is the British oak.’

‘The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o’er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear’d to wake
The slumbers of the silent tides.’

Two American ships that arrived after us, anchored astern of us in such a manner that it was almost impossible for us to resume our voyage until they first moved off. The skippers of these vessels promised to heave their anchors at three P.M., but three, four, and five o’clock struck without any sign of movement on their part. Impatient at the delay, and thinking that the wind would enable him to pass between the two ships, our captain resolved to make the attempt. So up went our anchor, and the moment it quitted the ground we edged off towards the Americans. At that instant a puff of wind from the nearest gorge on the island drove us right on to the larger of the two ships. No sooner did our stern come into collision with her, than down toppled the American’s fore top-gallant mast and jib-boom. Her bowsprit next snapped in twain. Then our anchor hooked the enemy’s chain-cable, and we ranged up alongside. Such a grinding and smashing followed as I could never have conceived possible. Our spare anchor hanging over the larboard-bow, caught the Yankee’s bows, and as we rose and fell with the sea, tore and ripped her up in a very serious manner. The noise, the confusion, the shouting of the sailors, and the screaming of the women and children, all combined to make a very exciting and extraordinary scene. The cutting away of ropes, and the letting go everything likely to catch, soon reduced our frigate-looking ship to the semblance of a wreck. Everything that seamanship and cool self-possession could suggest, was done by our men to save both vessels, while the

Americans stirred neither hand nor foot. The officer in charge simply looked on, with his hands in his pockets, and roared out, ‘No!’ to every suggestion from our side. He was requested to slip his cable, which would have had the effect of immediately releasing and separating us. But instead of doing so, when he found that we were dragging him away with us, he dropped another anchor. Upon this we were obliged to slip ours, leaving another anchor and thirty fathoms of good chain-cable with the many that already adorn the bottom of the sea in the St. Helena roads. Our ship was no sooner set free than she fetched way, our bow-anchor at the same time catching the bulwarks of the American, and stripping them off from stem to stern, bringing down all the top hamper of the remaining masts, and leaving her a complete wreck. The punishment, though severe, was well deserved, for the carelessness and bad seamanship displayed by her officers. We soon stood out to sea, and knotted up everything that was loose, so that next morning no one could have guessed our good ship had been in such a terrible affray. English oak against American pine. The *Hemdrus* did not show a mark on masts or hull, while the noise of the cracking and splitting timbers of the American led one to believe that she was being torn open to the water’s edge. The relief to all on board when we got away, was as great as the anxiety and terror had been painful, and as we turned in for the night, we thanked God for our merciful escape.

Our troubles, however, were not yet at an end. A few days after passing

the island of Ascension, which we did so closely that we distinctly made out the houses perched on the heights, and were able to salute and report ourselves to a few men-of-war lying in the harbour, another American ship ranged up and began to test her sailing qualities against ours. Both of us were bowling along at the rate of ten knots an hour with a fine trade-wind, and our ship was gradually walking away from the other when, in an instant, we found ourselves becalmed. The American came on with all sails set, and was exulting in the prospect of giving us the go-bye, when the same thing occurred to her, and like ourselves she was a mere log upon the water. It seemed as if we had sailed out of a stream or current of wind, into a space where there was not even air. The American was thus brought close to us, and both ships became unmanageable, gradually approaching one another on a heaving sea, and threatening a collision in which both might grind themselves to pieces. The prospect was frightful, the danger most alarming. The boats were got out, and the most strenuous efforts were made to draw away the heads of the ships in different direc-

tions. For some time no progress was made. The labour of the stout sailors as they bent to their oars seemed no better than child's play. Our anxiety grew more intense every instant. Presently the two vessels were so near to one another that the captains were able to converse and to agree upon the tack each should take whenever they had a chance. The feeling of utter helplessness and uselessness on such occasions is most painful and humiliating. However, after two hours of fearful suspense, slight indications of wind, and the immediate movement of the ships, relieved our minds. In a few minutes more we were all clear, and again ploughing the seas, happy to be alone and wishing for no more ships in company. The prospect of having to take to the boats with such a number of women and children, in the midst of the Atlantic, was truly appalling. Our captain had been ill for some time previously with a nervous complaint, which was so much increased by the anxiety and excitement consequent upon the occurrence I have just attempted to describe, that it proved fatal to him shortly after our arrival in England.

'Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.'

'Hail, England, dear England, true queen of the West,
With thy fair swelling bosom and ever-green vest.'

We soon forgot our cares, and as we were approaching pleasant latitudes promising a continuation of fine weather, the question of a fancy ball began to be agitated. The captain's consent was easily obtained, and that day fortnight was fixed upon for the celebration of the *fête*. From that moment everybody was fully and earnestly employed. Never was there such a hunting up of rejected silks and velvets, such a painting and papering, such printing and sewing. One would have thought we were getting up private theatricals instead of a stately ball. As we had no resources but those within ourselves, our ingenuity was taxed to the uttermost to make the greatest possible show out of the smallest possible quantity of materials. However, with the aid of

Cashmere shawls, Dacca muslins, Benares brocades, and gold and silver ornaments from Delhi, the preparations for our fancy ball assumed gigantic and magnificent dimensions. Of course there were several quarrels which went through all the usual phases of such follies, even to the 'making up again.' There were some disputes, too, on the subject of etiquette, and objections were made to certain characters that were proposed. The middies' mess rebelled outright. They started the question whether it was a subscription ball, or one given by the captain: if the latter case, they had not been properly invited; if the former, they had not been consulted. Intrigues were evidently afloat to mar our mirth. Ambition, vanity, conceit, all had something to say on

the subject. Recourse was had to diplomacy, and by degrees tact and a conciliatory spirit smoothed away all asperities, and order rose out of chaos. One or two sulky oldsters, indeed, of the middies' mess refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, and showed their superior wisdom and dignity by declining to join in our gaiety. But with this exception, which disturbed our serenity very slightly, all went merry as a marriage-bell. The poop was ornamented and hung round with flags. Coloured paper lamps, and strange weird-looking bottles from the steward's pantry, with their necks broken off, supplied the place of chandeliers. Mrs. Bryce's piano, and the ship's piper, formed the orchestra. The ladies, admirably dressed, were the 'beauty and fashion,' and some of the children did duty as fairies. Columbine, by the doctor, was pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*. The dressing of this character was the work of several ladies, but the disciple of Galen was so particular and hard to please, that they more than once threatened to leave him to his own devices. At last, however, he was rigged out to his heart's content, and looked the very perfection of art—perhaps a little more modesty would not have been unbecoming in Columbine. Our second mate made a capital pantaloon, and one of the middies proved a first-rate clown. So, altogether, we made a goodly show, and the evening passed with great *éclat*; dancing being kept up with unflagging spirit till midnight, when the inexorable first officer, who had been ehafing the whole evening, ruthlessly swept off the entire pageant from the deck. Poor man, he had been terribly worried by Mrs. Tegg, who was quite certain that we should

set the ship on fire. This lady and another, whom she had frightened into her way of thinking, resolved themselves into a fire brigade, and solemnly paraded through the ship during the ball, ready to give the alarm with screams and hysterics on the first appearance of 'the destructive element'; fortunately we escaped both hysterics and fire. A supper given by the captain appropriately finished the evening's entertainment.

This was the last incident worthy to be recalled. We were now rapidly nearing our destination, and shortly after our ball we were steering up the English channel. Exactly four months after we had left Calcutta we landed at the East India Docks at Blackwall, where we all separated. The break-up was curious enough, and would have delighted a cynic. Some were met by their friends, but most went over the side of the ship as if they had just come up in an ordinary river steamer. For some time I was puzzled how to act. Everything seemed foreign, though I had returned to my own country. I was awaking from a long dream. The crowds, the bustle, the equality of men, the indifference to what one's nearest neighbour was doing, were all strange to me, and for a moment were repulsive and disheartening. However, the necessity for action quickly recalled me to myself. So I took my seat in a railway carriage, as if I had been in the habit of travelling by that mode of conveyance, called for a cab at the terminus in the most natural manner in the world, and by the time I sat down to dinner at Morley's hotel, I felt quite at home, or at least as much so as any old Indian could have been under the same circumstances.

SOME CHAT ABOUT THE LAW AND THE LIMBS OF IT.*

LAWYERS are generally good storytellers: it is their vocation to be so. Farther, they are fond of story-telling. Lord Chancellor Bacon has left us a collection of 'apophthegms.' A more

* *Curiosités Judiciaires Historiques, Anecdotes*: Recueillies et mises en ordre par B. WARRÉ. Paris, 1859.

modern Lord Chancellor kept a commonplace book of anecdotes. And not to multiply instances, was not Sir Walter Scott a lawyer?

In all countries, too, innumerable are the stories told, not only by, but about lawyers; stories grave and stories gay, stories lively, but above

all, perhaps, stories severe. The last, because the world at large certainly imagines, though wrongfully of course, that it has suffered at the hands of lawyers, and so takes what revenge on them it may. Even the doctors are treated less scurvily than they in popular tradition.

The little work before us is a collection of such stories, and it contains all kinds, gathered from many sources with no small industry. We are sorry that we must add that it contains some of a very objectionable kind; stories which no respectable publisher in this country would print, or be asked to print, but which, as they are not political but only obscene, are not offensive to the French censor of the day. For the author, consequently, we can have no respect. But who he is we neither know nor care to inquire: it is with the better part of his compilation, and not with himself, that we have to do; and while, if we are to notice his book at all, we must stigmatize as odious the passages alluded to, we may find amusement and even interest if, avoiding these, we turn over his other pages for a little.

Premising that our notice of these 'Curiosities' will be somewhat disjointed; but expecting to be pardoned for its being so, seeing that from the very nature of the work it could scarcely be otherwise, we begin with some historical 'curiosities.' In 1545, Guillaume Poyet, Chancellor of France, became the victim of a royal ordinance which he himself had drawn up some six years before, and being thus 'hoist with his own petard,' was condemned to an enormous fine, and imprisonment till he should pay it. 'His long robe of furred taffeta was then stripped off him, and he was sent away in a short mantle.' The king, Francis I., was indulgent, however; and he was allowed, in his retirement, to practise as a consulting barrister, till his death, three years later. But the chief singularity in this case was that in the course of it the evidence of the king himself was received; 'It is probably the only instance of a monarch being heard against an accused party.'

In open court, perhaps; but we find at a subsequent page some remarkable and modern instances of a monarch

interfering with the course of justice, that monarch being no other than the Emperor Napoleon I. Thus, on the trial of Moreau, every effort was privately made to influence the court, with a view to securing his condemnation; and, but that the upright and inflexible Clavier sat on the bench, they might have been successful. Reasons of state were alleged; they were no reasons to that just judge: the First Consul would pardon the prisoner if he were condemned, only let him be condemned; 'And who would pardon us?' was the indignant and telling reply of Clavier.

But a still more flagrant case is on record to show what the *idée Napoléonienne* was with regard to justice. In 1813, the Mayor of Antwerp, with three other public functionaries, was tried before a jury on a charge of peculation. Napoleon's will in the matter was known; and to secure a conviction, it was managed that the jury should be entirely composed of Frenchmen. Nevertheless, a verdict of acquittal was returned, so impossible was it for men with any conscience left them, to do otherwise than acquit. The emperor is at Dresden when the news reaches him. Great is his irritation at being balked of his victim, and straightway he writes to his ministers in Paris, ordering them to bring anew to trial the mayor and his accomplices, and, 'if necessary, to bring to trial also the former jury itself.' The French prefect of Antwerp, M. d'Argenson, on this message being intimated to him, replied, greatly to his honour, that the previous verdict did not permit of his obeying, and on being subjected to farther pressure, resigned his office. The mayor was then apprehended again, and thrown into prison at Donai. He was not tried again, however: 'For the aged man, the head of a family that numbered no fewer than sixty-four children and grandchildren, and the object of universal admiration still more for his probity than his age, sank in his imprisonment under the weight of his sorrows and infirmities.'

Before leaving the first Napoleon we may note that while, with one exception,* all the members of that

* The single exception was M. Riolx. His colleagues, who greatly esteemed him, did

supreme court, the *Cour de Cassation*, affixed their signatures to the lists accepting the establishment of the former empire, only three advocates out of some two hundred signed. No wonder that Napoleon hated advocates after that! How much he hated them—and perhaps feared them too—may be gathered from his expressions in a letter to Cambacères of 1810, relative to a proposed decree which would have restored some of the privileges they had lost at the Revolution: 'This decree is absurd,' he writes. 'It leaves us no hold on them. They are a factious set: they are the authors of crimes and treasons: I wish one might cut out the tongue of an advocate who uses it against the Government.' Again an *idée Napoléonienne*, and a bright one truly!

Here are a few 'curiosities' of times more or less classical: 'A woman of Smyrna was brought before Dolabella, on the accusation that she had attempted to poison her husband because he had killed a son of hers by a former marriage. Dolabella was perplexed: he could not absolve the criminal woman, but he was unwilling to condemn a mother who had rendered herself guilty only from an excess of maternal affection. He referred the matter to the Areopagus. But that tribunal could not decide it either; and contented itself with making an order that the accuser and the accused, that is to say, the husband and his wife, should come up for judgment in one hundred years.' It would have been well if the Areopagus had shown equal willingness to procrastinate before pronouncing a judgment for the reversal of which, we are told, an advocate of Athens has, in the year of grace 1858, made a somewhat late appeal—the judgment, namely, which condemned Socrates!

Take next two Latin lines which the author, in quoting them, tells us mark the proper character of a consulting advocate: there is nothing very curious in them except this, which indeed is curious enough, that being read backwards they give a sense exactly

all they could to induce him to sign with them: he was steady, however, in his refusal, and was punished for it by being deprived of his office.

the opposite of the other, while they still preserve the metre:—

*'Consilium cito dant gratis, nec munera poscunt
Pinguia Patroni; quod tibi perspicuum.'*

Read the other way they will stand thus:—

*'Perspicuum tibi quod Patroni pinguia poscunt
Munera, nec gratis dant cito consilium.'*

We put them into corresponding English as best we can: the ingenious reader will perhaps be able to better the version:—

*'Counsel give they gratis, not fee in gold demanding,
This is observable.'*

Otherwise, as indicated,

*'Observable is this,
'Demanding gold in fee, not gratis they give counsel.'*

Apocryph of Latin lines, M. Warée gives us, as having formerly been an inscription in the Palais de Justice, the following:—

'Raro anteedentem sequitur pede pœna claudo.'

This, we suppose, is meant as an improved reading of the lines:—

*'Raro anteedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo.'*

Only, the verses of Horace have this advantage over the other, that they scan, that they are good Latin, and that they offer no doubtful meaning.

'No Frenchwoman,' says M. Warée, 'has as yet concerned herself with jurisprudence, or thought proper to plead. At Rome, women pleaded, for themselves, and for others: history speaks with praise of Amasia, the wife of the Consul Sulpicius, and of Hortensia, the daughter of the jurisconsult Hortensius. It was only under Theodosius that the bar was interdicted to women, because of the impudence of a certain Afrania, whose pleadings were nothing but abuse and declamation.' This, we avow, is new to us. And so also is the following: we had no idea that your American doctresses or doctrices of medicine, had anything like a precedent or authority for taking their degrees. 'Maria-Victoria-Delphina Dosi, the daughter of Count Alphonso Dosi, made such great progress in jurisprudence under Sacco, a doctor of Bologna, that on the 3d July 1722, being then only sixteen years of age, she maintained

publicly certain theses for the doctorate. It was in her instance that Doctor Carlo - Antonio Machiavelli proved, in a dissertation, that it is allowable to bestow on ladies the doctor's cap.* But we must here make a still farther admission of ignorance : it is only from the pages before us we have learned that no fewer than fifty lawyers have been canonized ! This M. Warée tells us, in speaking of St. Yves. How that holy man came to give his name to two towns in England does not appear, though we should like to know : for it seems he was a Frenchman. 'Yves was born in Lower Brittany in the middle of the thirteenth century : he was the advocate of the poor : the Order of Advocates have taken him for their patron.' And here is a legend offered us as a specimen of his quality : it is right to add, that according to M. Warée, a similar piece of legal acumen is attributed to Demosthenes by Valerius Maximus. Two strangers had intrusted a small trunk to their hostess in the town of Tours, with instructions that it was not to be given up to either singly, but only when they presented themselves together. Some time afterwards one of them returned, told her that his former companion was dead, and demanded the trunk. She gave it up. After another while, the other stranger, in his turn, presents himself ; the hostess tells him what has happened ; he raises an action for recovery of the trunk or the value of it. The poor woman retains Yves as her counsel, and this plea is put in by him on her account, that, according to the showing of the other side, she was to give up the trunk only when the two strangers presented themselves together, and that therefore the plaintiff must bring his friend before she could possibly think of parting with it. Thereupon, judgment for the defendant, her plea being no doubt good in law. As to the morality of it, the future saint had, perhaps, been gifted in anticipation with such power as enabled him to see that the travellers had been acting collusively ; and if so, the end, of course, justified the means. To a holy man, at least, for though we find that proverb actually set up as his defence by a punning French thief, it is probable that as he was no better than one of

the wicked, it did not avail him ; being charged with stealing some loaves, he alleged hunger as his excuse, and '*la faim justifie les moyens*,' said he.*

As might be expected, by far the greater part of the 'curiosities' before us, are curiosities touching the native country of the author. France, as was but natural, occupies in the collection much the same relative space that China is said to occupy in Chinese maps of the world. The curiosities supplied from this side of the channel are thus so few, and some of them would be so far from counting as curiosities at all among us—as for instance the fact, that in England barristers must wear wigs at the bar—that we may dismiss them very summarily. We have the story of Prince Hal and Sir William Gascoigne, without, however, the historical conclusion of that little drama being given. Shakspeare does not neglect to tell us how the prince, after his accession to the throne, treated the worthy chief-justice ; but M. Warée, not being Shakspeare, does, and so deprives the episode of half its interest. Again, we are told how a king of Scotland 'having torn up the patent of a nobleman's privileges, the Parliament ordered that his Majesty, seated on his throne, and in the presence of the whole Court, should take thread and needle, and cobble the patent together again.' We strongly suspect that the king here spoken of must be one of those early monarchs whom only Scottish historians mention, and the best proof of whose personality is found in those Holyrood portraits, for all of which 'one patient individual must have sat.' Some anecdotes of Sir Thomas More, of Bacon, and of Jeremy Bentham, anecdotes either well known in this country, or else of a very trivial character, together with a translation from the principal Jack Cade scene in the Second Part of King Henry the Sixth, furnish almost the only remaining curiosities of British parentage ; the greatest curiosity we find in them being, that Bacon, four years after his condemnation, was declared innocent, 'and obtained a seat in Parliament.'

* Is it necessary to say, that *la faim* (hunger), and *la fin* (the end), are pronounced alike !

We return, therefore, to France, and there let us select something which is not only amusing, but intended to be so. 'President Rose had married his daughter to a grave magistrate, who sometimes came to him with long complaints of his wife's frivolity and extravagance. Tired, at last, of such petty remonstrances, Rose said, one day, to his son-in-law, "Tell my daughter, that if again she gives you cause to complain, I will disinherit her!" After that the husband complained no more.' Another and longer story about another grave magistrate, M. de Saint-Fargeau, whose gravity seems to have been of the pompous kind. On the 24th February 1775, the Viscountess de Laval asked and obtained a private audience of this high official, and announced to him, that on his granting the favour she was about to ask, depended all her happiness in life. 'Promise, Sir, that you will not refuse me.' 'I am persuaded, madam, that you will ask nothing of me but what is right: moreover, you know the duty imposed on me by my office, and what justice requires: consequently, madam, you must know how much I may accord, and what it is incumbent on me to refuse.' 'Sir, without compromising yourself in the least, you have it in your power to render me the happiest of women; to place me on a very pinnacle of happiness!' 'Well, madam, but pray come to the business; please to explain.' 'I will not till I have your promise.' After a quarter of an hour's solicitation, fairly worn out by it, the wearied President promised; and no sooner had he done so, than his conscience reproached him for his weakness. But — 'Sir,' said the Viscountess, 'I have seen several delicious dresses which are to adorn the *fête* at Court on Monday next.' Judge of the effect which such a beginning had on the mind of the serious magistrate! The mincing lady continued: 'Sir, I wish to distinguish myself at that *fête*, and to secure my ornaments carrying off the palm; I have had the idea of wearing a furnishing of parrot feathers: I have already laid under contribution the parrots of all my friends: you have promised not to refuse me: I require six feathers from your parrot: it is the very colour I want.' 'Ah, madam!'

cries the President, much relieved: 'why did you not say so sooner?'

Here is a little story which Louis XVI., who is referred to in it, was fond of hearing told by the illustrious Malesherbes, whose bad handwriting it concerned. Malesherbes, on resigning the office of Secretary of State, travelled incognito for some time, and, on one occasion, chanced to hand a few words in writing to a person of rather abrupt manners, to whom he was not known personally. 'What an execrable scribble!' said the gentleman. 'You find my writing bad!' returned Malesherbes. 'Ah, detestable!' 'Well, it may be so, and yet it has not hindered my being secretary to a very great lord.' 'A very great lord! He must have been a very great fool!' This calls to mind an anecdote told of the Bishop of Fréjus, afterwards Cardinal Fleury, who was the tutor of Louis xv. He sent from one room to another, at Versailles, a note to the young prince's governor, Marshal Villeroy, who could not decipher it. 'Tell your master to write more distinctly,' said the marshal to the bishop's messenger; 'if, at least, he wishes me to know what he wants.' The bishop, on receiving this intimation, wrote his note over again, and as well as he could; but wishing to show his friend that his words had been rather rude, he added as a postscript, 'Let us keep this little incident to ourselves, lest it should be said that the king has a preceptor who cannot write, and a governor who cannot read.'

The following is not bad: A magistrate, on leaving court one day, invited one of his brethren to dine with him. The other, after accepting, said, 'It was I who should have invited you, but I happen to have nothing good at home to-day.' On this, his servant, who was following, and had overheard him — 'Excuse me, sir, but you have a calf's head and brains!' Another of the same vintage: An advocate, opening his case, commenced thus: 'The matter in dispute concerns a cart-load, gentlemen, of straw.' This reminds us of the 'Diamond Beetle Case,' well known formerly, at least, in Scotland: it is a burlesque on the Judges of the Court of Session, some fifty years back, one of whom, in caricature of his strangely involved dio-

tion, is made to begin the delivery of his opinion thus, 'We heard a little, my Lords, ago, that'—and so on. One more story of an amusing kind, and one in which a countryman shows real wit. The countryman, 'having killed, with a halbert, a dog which had attacked him, was summoned by the owner of the dog before a magistrate. He excused himself for having killed the animal, on the ground that it would have bitten him.' 'You should have turned your weapon,' said the magistrate, 'and have struck the dog with the butt, and not with the sharp end.' 'So I would,' returned the countryman, 'if he had rushed on me tail foremost!' But let us return to more serious matter.

French lawyers, and the most eminent among them, seem to have lived in a very humble way formerly. 'Guérin was chancellor under the reign of Philip Augustus. When he travelled, he was allowed for himself and his suite only seven sous a day, and that allowance was struck off when he was lodged in convents or other places where he was put to no expense. It need not be said that the sou of that day was worth much more than the sou of this, but even when the difference of value is considered, the chief magistrate of the kingdom must certainly have expended very little.' We may form a comparative notion of a French judge's income in the year 1329 from the following: Jacques de Brulart, First President of the Parliament of Paris, received at that epoch ten sous from the king every time he took his seat on the bench. 'Two oxen and two bulls then cost only twenty-nine livres.'

'Francis de Montholon, Keeper of the Seals under Francis I., lived with his whole family at the corner of the Rue St. André-des-Arts, in a house which had only one chamber and a kitchen on the ground-floor, two rooms on the first floor, two on the second, and a garret on the third.' In the reign immediately following, 'Giles Lemaire, First President of the Parliament of Paris, stipulated in the lease which he granted to the farmers of an estate he had near Paris, that on the four great *fêtes* of the year, and also at vintage-time, they should provide a cart with fresh straw in it for his

wife and daughter, and an ass or she-ass for their maid.' He himself rode before on his mule, accompanied by his clerk on foot. Again, 'The wife of Geoffrey Camus de Pontcarré considered as too great a luxury, and would not wear, a pair of silk stockings which one of her aunts, a lady about the court, had presented to her as a Christmas gift.' This, however, was just about the time when James VI. of Scotland wrote to one of his subjects for the loan of such a pair.

Next take the following account of that distinguished jurist, Charles Dumoulin, born in Paris 1500, died 1560. 'Those who esteem a great man the more because he is of illustrious extraction, will be pleased to hear that the celebrated Dumoulin was of excellent nobility, and a relation of Elizabeth, Queen of England, by the Boleyns; who, though they had long been established in England when Henry VIII. married Anne, are of an ancient French family. The wife of Dumoulin was the companion of his labours: her goodness, her gentleness, and her attachment to her home, were a great comfort to the jurisconsult in the midst of the storms by which he was almost constantly tossed. For he suffered much persecution for his resistance to the encroachments of the Roman See, and for the advice he gave against the Jesuits. His simplicity was charming. In his works he sometimes interrupts the most learned dissertation with a remark such as the following: "Here my wife came to inform me that there was no more money in the house. I therefore went to the Palace (of Justice) to give some consultations, and I brought back money enough for several days. I resume my dissertation."'

With this, before passing to another class of anecdotes, let us contrast the following letter written about a century later by President Champ-Rond to his bailiff in the country: he seems to have been a rare miser indeed:—

'PARIS, 2d September 1657.

'MASTER BONNART,—As I perceive that the sentence of condemnation passed on the appealing criminal will be confirmed by the court, and that he will be sent for execution to my lands of Olé, I write you this to say that I remember to have seen an old tree

near the church-yard, and that I desire you will have it cut down and stripped, and that of the said tree you will have a gallows made for the execution of the said criminal, and that you will have the clippings of the said tree put aside under the shed of my court-yard. If my officers had but condemned this hang-dog to be whipped, the sentence would have been invalidated, and he would have been hanged on the Grève in better company. As it is, you must arrange with the Châtres executioner, whom you will see on my account, and bargain with, for the lowest charge you can. It seems to me that I have seen about the place some rope and a ladder which might suit him. If, by chance, the said executioner should be disposed to charge too high, I shall make him understand that he might be compelled to perform this execution gratis, since he receives at Châtres and in the neighbouring marches, a fee called the *droit de harvage*. I leave to you the management of this affair, and am, your good friend, PRESIDENT CHAMP-ROND.'

It is added with regard to this brute that to save expense, he himself and in his own carriage took down the prisoner for execution, and that in order that he might be able to do so he caused the sentence to be respited for some time.

From this we turn with pleasure to one or two anecdotes more honourable to the profession of the Law. 'Claude de l'Anbespine, after having worthily filled several public offices, wrote as follows to Stephen de Nully, First President of the Cour des Aides: "Sir, you are seeking to be appointed Provost of the Merchants: so am I, too. I know that, to obtain the preference, you have endeavoured to make the king suspicious of me. Now, to ruin you in his Majesty's good opinion, it would be sufficient for me to lay before him two letters which you wrote to me about him when you and I were friends. Those letters I now return to you, in order that I may not be tempted to abuse the confidence which at that time you placed in me." This was generous, yet only after a fashion. To return good for evil is well, but to do so in such a style, and with an assumption of such superiority, is far

from well. Here is a different and better case: 'The celebrated advocate Anthony Lemaistre had gained a cause which secured for his client an estate worth two millions of francs. The successful litigant, who was one of the first noblemen in France, and even previously of great wealth, thought he could not offer his advocate, as his *honorarium*, a less sum than 150,000 francs, an enormous sum in those days.' Six thousand pounds or so, let us remark in passing, would be considered, we should imagine, a very fair fee even in our own days, and at our own bar. But to proceed: 'Anthony Lemaistre, on receiving this handsome tribute, immediately ran to the advocate of the party who had lost, and said to him, "The Duke of —, my client, has sent me these fifty thousand crowns for your client: he gained his suit according to right and justice, but he does not wish that his success should be the ruin of a family which he esteems and honours." This sublime act of disinterestedness and greatness of heart was never divulged by Lemaistre, nor made known at all till thirty years after his death; and then it was made known by the nobleman to whom he had ascribed all the credit of it.' Of Lemaistre we also read: 'After acquiring great reputation in his profession, he assumed the name of Dranssé, and retired to Port-Royal-des-Champs, where he undertook the office of steward for the institution, and as such purchased the provisions for it. On one occasion, at the fair of Poissy, he had bought a few sheep; the seller raised some quibble, and brought an action against him; each pleaded his own case before the bailie of Poissy, Dranssé maintaining his rights with all the eloquence that had made the reputation of Lemaistre. He appealed to common law, to ordinances, to statutes, with a degree of learning that, naturally enough, astonished the bailie-judge; and also naturally enough, with such success that the decision was in his favour. After pronouncing, which, the bailie, with some penetration, thus addressed him: "Mr. Sheep-dealer, I see that you have not always followed your present trade. You must have been an advocate formerly; your tongue is so well hung, that it must be so: you know law

well : your words are words of gold : I advise you to give up trading, and go back to the Bar. You may yet acquire as much renown there as the celebrated Lemaistre."

"The fairest name ever borne by a private individual," says M. Warée, "is that which was given to John de Montigny, a First President of the Parliament of Paris in the fifteenth century. During a famine, he had brought corn into the city, and so saved the lives of twenty or thirty thousand fellow-beings. Out of gratitude they called him the Baker—*le Boulanger*. And, in the end, his family altogether gave up the name of Montigny for that of Boulanger ; just as a distinguished family in Rome assumed the name of Frangipani (bread-breakers), first bestowed on their house for having distributed bread to the poor during a time of scarcity." But let us come to a fair name of a more modern date : that of the elder Dupin, which we should think must be well known in this country ; for not only has that gentleman published a remarkable work upon England, but the wit, the learning, and the integrity which distinguish him, have secured him a reputation which deserves to be European. He aided in the defence of Ney, of Savary, of Caulaincourt, and of other political prisoners under the Restoration ; he defended Béranger ; he also defended Sir Robert Wilson and his friends, when they were tried for aiding Lavalette to escape. He was President of the Chamber of Deputies under Louis-Philippe ; after the revolution of 1848, he presided over the National Assembly. Great were the efforts he made to maintain order in that foolish and tumultuous body : he foresaw, doubtless, what their disorder and folly would lead to. The approach of the Empire, in the hope that it would put an end to anarchy, and in the belief that it alone, for the time at least, could put an end to it, he, like M. de Montalembert and others, probably regarded with satisfaction ; but long before Montalembert he withdrew his support from it, the immediate occasion of that withdrawal being the iniquitous sequestration of the estates belonging to the Orleans family. Why the author before us speaks of him only incidentally, and merely as

being 'the illustrious brother' of the younger Dupin, we are rather at a loss to understand ; for few men in the France of this day are more celebrated than he for original humour and pithy sayings, and a collection of these would indeed almost make a book of itself. His younger brother, Philip, who died in 1846, seems to have been not unlike him in character, and this pleasing anecdote is told of him by Mr. Warée : 'An officer for whom he had been counsel brought him a bag containing three hundred francs, all he had been able to save out of half a year's pay : "You are a prodigal !" said Philip Dupin, "keep that money, and make a better use of it."' "

The following, though not very creditable to lawyers, would make even them smile : 'John le Camus, who had been forty years at the Châtelet of Paris, and of whom Mercier says ; "Who knows the depths of the *coutume de Paris*, if John le Camus did not ?" naturally thought he could draw a will, and so drew his own ; but with what effect ? It was set aside as null, not on one ground only, but on several.' So also the will of Peckius, who had written a work *ex professo* on testaments, was broken on account of non-observance of some merely technical forms. Again, 'A young notary, thoroughly ignorant of his profession, and who indeed had only followed it, because his father had been successful in it, was called upon for his first piece of business, to draw up a marriage-contract. Looking among his father's papers for one to guide him, he found a lease ; and after reading it carefully, came to the conclusion that it was just the thing. Accordingly he drew up a contract, binding on the future couple for three, six, or nine years, at the choice of either party.' This, we think looks rather like an invention, but still more so does the following : 'A notary had drawn a contract of marriage, the parties were assembled to hear it read, and all went well till he came to the words—"And in case the future wife shall survive the future husband, the said future wife shall take back her rings, ornaments, and jewels, *et cetera*." But here the lady, thinking, he said, "*et se taira*," interrupted him with protestations that on no account would she ever sign anything

which might bind her to hold her tongue.'

Here are some stories at the expense of the inferior magistracy. 'The people of Beaune having one day offered up prayers for rain, obtained what they desired. The local authorities, however, who had not been consulted about the prayers, were indignant at the omission, and published an official order declaring them *null and of no effect*.' Again, 'Some butchers having complained to a certain small judge that the country-people brought no calves to market, he made the following order: To satisfy the complaint made to us by the butchers, in which they allege that there is not a calf in the market, we ordain *that we shall go there ourselves*.' And again: 'A judge having fallen asleep, the president of the court, who was taking the opinions of his brethren, asked him for his. "Hang him! hang him!" said the roused sleeper. "But it concerns a meadow!" returned the surprised president. "Mow it, mow it!" cried the other.' There is a somewhat similar story extant of a Scottish judge, who, having been asleep, wakened up just as the counsel pleading happened to say, 'Now, my lord, there is a lien on the property.' 'If there is a lien on the property,' interrupted the somnolent, to show that he was attending to the case, 'decidedly it ought to be chained.' But here is the last story of the kind we shall offer. 'A young judge, newly appointed to an inferior court, having had a cut-purse before him, adjourned the case in order that he might take advice as to the punishment assigned to the offence. He was told that the criminal should be condemned to lose an ear. He accordingly drew up the sentence himself, and next court-day proceeded to read it: "We have condemned and hereby do condemn the said criminal to have his ear cut off." Upon which, "Which ear?" asked the prisoner, sharply. The judge, taken by surprise, replied, touching one of his own ears, "Why, this one." "Very well, very good," said the criminal: "I shall not appeal; and, what is more, I will cut it off myself, if you like!"'

We shall now note one or two instances where the law comes in contact with the church. 'Nicholas Brulart,

who was Procureur-Général in the middle of the sixteenth century, disliked greatly to see a bishop absent from his diocese, and when he found one of them in Paris, would ask him with authority, what brought him there? If it was a suit; "I will attend to that; return to your diocese," he would say.' We are not told how the bishops were wont to take this hint, admonition, and interference from the civil power. Here, again, is an anecdote of Montesquieu and a bishop. Montesquieu was at Rome. Pope Benedict XIV., by way of showing his esteem for the illustrious stranger, granted him permission to eat flesh at any time for all the rest of his life. Montesquieu thanked the pontiff and withdrew. Shortly after, a regular bull of dispensation about the flesh-eating was brought to him; but, along with it, was presented a heavy bill for the document. Whereupon Montesquieu, not feeling inclined to be at the expense, returned the bull to the secretary, with the remark, 'I am much obliged to his holiness for his kindness, but I do not require this deed. The Pope is such an honest man! I will trust his word.' An ecclesiastic of the thirteenth century we also find meeting his match, as thus: a man having been appointed to undergo the ordeal by fire, declined it, saying he was not a charlatan. An archbishop who was present remonstrated with him. He replied, that he was quite willing to take the hot iron, provided it was handed to him by the archbishop. The archbishop had the good sense to decline the proposal, and the proof was not exacted. The church, however, had its revenge sometimes, in its own way; here is an instance. Peter de Cugnières was a magistrate of so high a character, that Philip of Valois called him his 'great counsellor,' and that churchmen have stigmatized him in their writings as a man 'of infamous memory': nay, farther, to show their hatred of him, they had a figure of him sculptured in a corner of Notre-Dame, the nose of which figure served to stick tapers in, and the rest of the countenance for extinguishing them upon.

There was some fun in this malice; but fun was to be found everywhere in the olden time. See, for instance,

what was called a *cause grasse*. Such cases were fictitious and absurd cases, debated, not in a corner or a tavern, and by men, to say the least, more merry than wise, but formally and in open court, before the chancellor and the masters of requests, by the most distinguished advocates. As to the term 'causes grasses,' they were so called because they formed part of the carnival amusements, and were pleaded on one of the last *jours gras*. As to what the nature of those 'high jinks' was, the following passage will serve to show: 'In 1608, on Shrove-Tuesday (*Mardi-Gras*), Julian Peleus pleaded before the Grand' Chambre on behalf of a certain Swallow-the-Wind, —Prince of Fools, whose kingdom had been seized by a creditor; the said kingdom extending over the whole surface of the globe; with the exception of one portion which was situate in the Théâtre de Bourgogne, and consisted of a box there.'* The President de Lamoignon, appointed to his presidency in 1658, could not bear these grotesque pleadings, and abolished them, being an austere man. They were renewed, however, after his death, nor do we know when the last of them was heard. We may mention that the speech made by Julian Peleus for the 'Sieur d'Engoulevent,' is even now extant, having been published, first separately, and afterwards amongst his serious works.

But causes of a still more extraordinary description—and they not confined to France as the *causes grasses* seem to have been—were those in which the inferior animals were made parties, solemnly and seriously; and often for capital offences; and not unfrequently with a capital issue. This curious subject is one to which alone a whole article might be devoted, and perhaps we may return to it on another occasion; here, however, we content

ourselves with giving an abstract of what M. Warée affords us on it.

'Up to the seventeenth century,' says he, 'the jurisprudence of almost all Europe allowed of prosecutions being instituted against animals. By numerous sentences, pronounced from 1314 to 1601, horses, oxen, swine, were condemned to be hanged or burnt, in atonement for murders of which they had been found guilty: they were executed with all formality by the ordinary executioners,* who had as their fee the body of the sufferer, except in the case provided for by the text in Exodus.' The text in Exodus here referred to, is the twenty-eighth verse of the twenty-first chapter. It will presently be seen, however, that it was not only against animals, and those of them which had committed some particular and distinct offence, that the justice of those days exercised its rigours. 'When grasshoppers, caterpillars, or other noxious creatures happened to infest a district, the inhabitants could think of no better way to get rid of them than by having them condemned by the authorities to banishment from the scene of their misdeeds. Proceedings were accordingly taken against them with all the gravity possible: the prosecutors were heard, and also, through an advocate appointed to them by the Court, the accused: sentence was then pronounced in proper form. But as such sentences were not always easily enforced, recourse was generally had to the thunders of the Church, and the excommunication of the accused animals was sought; nor sought in vain, though the ecclesiastics would candidly admit that the best way for the people to avert such plagues was, to pay their tithes regularly. Here is an adjuration pronounced by a predecessor of Talleyrand in the bishopric of Autun: 'Ye rats, snails, and caterpillars, and all ye other unclean creatures which destroy the fruits of our brethren, leave the locality ye have been desolating, and betake yourselves

* There is here an allusion which M. Warée has not explained. The theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, pulled down in 1784, was the real cradle of the French drama, having been leased by the 'Confrères de la Passion,' when the farther performance of their mysteries was prohibited, to a company of comedians called the 'Enfants sans Souci.' Now, the *Fraternity* reserved to themselves the right to two boxes, called the '*Loges des Maîtres*;' and the head or manager of the 'Enfants' bore the title of 'Prince des Sots.'

* We have read, in curious old French, 'a full and particular account' of such a case. It contains all the items of the expenses incurred by the execution; amongst others, there is one charging so many 'sols of Paris' for 'white gloves to the executioner.'

to places where you can do harm to no one!' Then followed an invocation which we must omit; and then came the excommunication in case of non-compliance within a given time.

Among the works of Chassaneux, a learned juriconsult of the sixteenth century, is to be found a dissertation of immense prolixity, in which the essential points as to the prosecution of animals are discussed. He had been consulted by some intending prosecutors, and his opinion was adverse to the accused, which in this case were a species of locust called in old French '*hurebers*.' Without farther reference, however, to mere arguments on the one side or on the other, let us transcribe from the pages before us some notes of a few cases which actually occurred, and the dates of their occurrence:—

1314. The judges of the county of Valois tried a bull which had gored a man to death; and, witnesses having been heard, they condemned it to be hanged.

1394. Pig hanged for having mangled and killed a child, in the province of Roumagne, viscounty of Mortain.

1451. Leeches excommunicated by the Bishop of Lausanne, for having destroyed the fish.

1474. Cock condemned to be burnt, by a sentence of the magistracy of Basle, for having laid an egg.

1497. Sow condemned to be knocked on the head for having eaten off the chin of a child. The sentence also ordered that the flesh of the sow should be cut up and thrown to the dogs, and that the owner and his wife should make a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de Pontoise, 'where, on the day of Pentecost, they should cry, *Thanks!*—of having done which they brought back certificate.'

1499. Bull condemned to the gallows, for having in his rage killed a young man—'*pour avoir, en fureur, occis un jeune homme.*'

1585. The grand-vicar of Valence causes the grubs to be cited before him, assigns them a proctor for their defence, and finally condemns them to quit the diocese.

1590. 'In Auvergne a district judge appoints a curator for the caterpillars: the cause is fully debated: they are ordered to retire to a small locality,

there to pass the remainder of their miserable lives.'

1610. A prosecution begun against a horse which had been trained by its master somewhat as horses are now trained for the circus. 'It was sought to have both horse and master burned.' Witchcraft had probably been suspected. It would seem, however, that in this case the prosecution failed; the belief in witchcraft having begun to fade in Europe by the beginning of the seventeenth century, notwithstanding the efforts of the Solomon then on the throne of these islands.

So much for animals, and it is ridiculous enough. But what shall be said of the following? 'In 1498, during the assault made on the convent of St. Mark to drag Savonarola from his shelter there, the bell of the priory had sounded the alarm and summoned assistance to the besieged. By a sentence of the magistrates this seditious bell was condemned to be carried about the town on the back of an ass, in order to stamp it with infamy!' Yet why not this, and why not more? If leeches and caterpillars can be excommunicated though they may not be baptized, why not bells, which may?

But our space is nearly exhausted, and we shall conclude with a few miscellaneous articles which will call for scarcely any remark. 'In 1591, it was held by the Parliament of Bordeaux that noises made by ghosts in a house offered sufficient grounds for rescinding the lease of it.' Another decree is cited by which a tuneful weaver who lived close to a college, and whose songs were said to disturb the students, was forbidden to sing so loud, unless he chose to go and sing somewhere else. He preferred the latter alternative. 'A merchant, blind from his birth, pleaded his blindness as a sufficient reason for refusing to take up a bill payable at sight.' We must remark that the judgment in this case is not reported by M. Warée, nor does he give any dates or names in regard to it. We do, however, find dates and names given in the following record of democratic justice. In 1791, a suit, in which two villagers of Montreuil were the litigants, came before the revolutionary tribunal of the Minimes, over

which a certain Leroy Sermaise presided. A small property was in dispute; one of the villagers had it in possession, and the other claimed it. The claimant produced some titles, which, however, evidently did not relate to the land in question. The other simply founded his right on a sort of prescription, the land having been long in the unchallenged possession of his family from father to son. 'For how long?' asked the judge. 'Citizen President, for eighty or ninety years, I should say.' 'In that case,' was the reply and the decision, 'you ought to be content, my fine fellow. Every one in his turn; you have had yours, and now it is your neighbour's!'

'It takes seven years to make an Old Bailey lawyer,' has been offered as the English equivalent of '*nemo repente fuit turpissimus*;' and the term 'Old Bailey lawyer' again, finds its French equivalent in the French '*avocat de prison*.' The manner in which such gentlemen conducted their business is exemplified by the following: One of them, being mockingly told by some of his brethren that, as the thief he was defending would certainly be found guilty, he would receive no pay for his trouble, replied with great coolness that Guilty or Not Guilty made no difference to him, for that 'it was the gang that paid.' Another such, having had his watch stolen in the Court itself by a novice who did not know him, went and complained to the captain of the association. He was asked the precise time and place when the accident occurred, and next day his watch was sent him. In another case it is the wife of 'M. Leb—' who has a diamond brooch stolen from her at the opera. The husband complains next day to one of his clients, the chief of a band, who, addressing one of his lieutenants, asks carelessly, 'Who was on duty at the opera last night?' and being told, 'Make yourself easy, M. Leb—,' says he, 'it is all right.' Two hours afterwards the brooch was restored. But a somewhat similar state of things, it would seem, exists at the present day, at least in that well-ordered country the kingdom of Naples; for we lately read that a cousin of the Pope, having been repeatedly victimized by

pickpockets, was advised 'to insure,' and did so, and with the desired result: that is to say, by paying a sort of black mail to a thief-chief, he was secured from the operations of that chief's clan, and, if robbed by others, had either the article or the value of it returned to him.

What a famous robber thought of the legal profession and his own comparatively, is shown by an anecdote told of Cartouche, which, if not true, is well invented. 'How have you been employed hitherto?' asked that practitioner of a young man who wished to join his troop. 'I have been two years an attorney's clerk.' 'You are admitted, and that time will be counted to you as if you had been serving under my own orders.' Here is a very shameful theft: A fellow presents himself at the House of the Pères de la Doctrine, and asks for one of them to confess him. Now these worthies kept open shop for absolutions, and found it comfortable to grant them in their own rooms, by the chimney corner. 'Come in, brother,' said the holy man at whose chamber-door the penitent had been directed to knock,

What would you? To confess? Then approach with confidence; the treasure of indulgence is ready for all who render themselves worthy of it by suitable contrition.' Here the thief, for such he was, pocketed the watch of the half-dozing father, it lying quite at hand on a table. Then — 'Oh, reverend sir,' says he, 'the enormity of my deeds overwhelms me with shame. I have stolen—' 'I cannot listen to you till you have made restitution.' 'It is a watch; will you take charge of it?' 'Certainly not: go at once and return it yourself to the owner.' 'But, father, I have already offered to return it to him, and he has refused it.' 'Ah; in that case you may keep it: go on with what you have to say, and I will absolve you.' The rest of the confession was of course short. Of course, too, absolution was granted for the theft of the watch.

'You do me much wrong by keeping me in prison at the time of the St. Germain's Fair,' said another impudent thief to the Judge who sentenced him; 'I should have done a good stroke of business there!' Quoth a third, on being sermonized after con-

viction by some one who told him that instead of thieving he should have followed some good trade, 'Was there ever a better trade than mine if the law had not been jealous of my success in it?' A fourth, on the way to execution, begged that he might not be taken by a certain street, as the plague was known to be in it, and he greatly feared the plague. The last we shall notice also objected to being taken to the gallows by a street he named, 'Because he owed money in it,' he said, 'and was afraid of being arrested.'

Here we are naturally brought to 'the finisher of the law' himself; and with him, in a few words, we shall finish our article. His profession is not in good repute, and this is natural: nevertheless, it is, perhaps, not just; and a philosopher might think it strange that the judge, who 'leaves' a criminal for execution, shall be held in the highest honour, while Mr. Calcraft, who merely deals with what is left him, is yelled and hooted at. The hangman seeks his office? So does the judge his. The hangman is paid for his services, for putting men and women to death? But does the judge perform his part of the work for nothing? However, it is needless to argue against such prejudices; and if few would fail to approve of a judgment delivered by the Parliament of Rouen in 1782, by which a fine was imposed on certain persons at whose

instigation an executioner's children, having gone to the theatre, were insulted, beaten, and turned out, fewer still, we suspect, will be favourably influenced towards the *bourreau* by the following passage in the 'réquisitoire' made by the procureur-général on the occasion, or by the spirit of a royal decree which also we shall quote. 'The profession of executioner,' said the procureur-général at Rouen, 'can be odious only to the man whose heart, naturally disposed to vice or to the idleness which is the mother of vice, revolts against the very idea of the pains and penalties, the fear of which restrains him.' 'The king is informed,' says the decree, 'that it often happens that the executioners of judgments pronounced in criminal matters, are improperly designated by the name of *bourreaux*. His Majesty, having taken account of the representations made to him on the subject, has deemed these to be well founded; and, desirous to make known his will on the point, His Majesty in Council, the report having been heard, has and does very expressly prohibit any one to designate henceforth by the name of *bourreaux* the executioners of criminal judgments.'

The date of this decree is 12th January 1787, and the king who signed it was consequently he who was to die, six years and a few days later, by the hands of the executioner Samson.

TWO STUDIES IN HISTORY.

I.—A MÆDIEVAL PICTURE: BROTHER JOHN OF VICENZA.

It has been the boast of politic Rome that she has allowed space within her borders for the development of individual character, and for the impulses of personal activity. So that the unity in the grand leading dogmas remain unbroken; so that the concession of submission to the authority of the Church be made by the eccentric enthusiast—his course may be as erratic as that of the comet, or as startling as the flight of the meteor. If the deferential bow to the representative of St. Peter be conceded, the new

impulse may spend itself in burrowing like a mole in the lonely heart of the desert, in preaching poverty and mortification to weeping multitudes, or in piling splendid gifts on the altar of her magnificent worship. The breast of Hildebrand, the monk of Clugni, is burning with the vehement fevers of ambition: the Church recognises the strength that lies in his indomitable will, turns his personal aspirations into fervent *esprit de corps*, and confides her present and future interests to the strong hand of her

champion in the person of Gregory VII. A young enthusiast, amidst the purple hills of Umbria, renounces the fascinations of worldly wealth and vows the vow of eternal poverty: the Romish Church will not suffer the young ascetic to lead off a fresh sect into the wilderness, but she places her own consecrated banner in his eager hand, and bids him preach repentance and self-denial to a breathless multitude, as her own well-beloved 'Saint Francis of Assisi.' Thus it has been all through the long chronicles of her history. If she can discover in any child, however eccentric may be his character, the one saving element of unquestioning obedience to her rule, she forthwith endows him with her own delegated authority, and sends him out into the world to beat up for raw recruits and to enlist undisciplined volunteers. Her outlaws have been those who have doubtfully asked to see her own credentials, or who have dared to seek out for themselves the principles of their faith in the revealed Word of God, rather than in the decrees of councils or the edicts of popes.

Amidst these singular groupings which these irregular forces of the Romish Church present, there is one remarkable figure with which the English eye is much less familiar than the force of its outlines and the boldness of its attitude deserve. In order to obtain a nearer view of this striking object, a stand-point may be made of one of those beautiful hills which bound the plain that spreads in glowing luxuriance around the Lombard city of Vicenza. More than six centuries of past time must be counted before we arrive at the right era. It is about the year 1233. Wars and rumours of wars are echoing shrill and sharp from the whole circuit of purple mountains which melt into the clear blue of the horizon. The notes of preparation or the clamours of conflict are ringing from the Euganean hills on the east to the silvery grey mountains of Friuli, which are dying off into the distant west. The vine-clad Vicentine heights take up the wild sounds which are flung from the hills of the Este; and the *cordon* of war is completed by the reverberations from the retiring Alps of the North. There are wars which

have sprung out of the rivalry between the Emperor Frederic II. and Otho IV. There are the burning jealousies between the Lombard cities, and the powerful nobles who are ever watching their opportunities from the bastions of the neighbouring castles. There are the undying feuds amongst the great lords themselves; and there are the fierce struggles between opposing factions within the fortified towns, for ever hateful and hating one another. There are the heart-burnings created by the withering excommunication pronounced against Frederic by the infuriate Pope because, arrested in his course by sickness, he had not set forth on crusade against the Infidel on the pre-determined day. There is the renewal of the Lombard league in the heart of all these disturbances; and that league between the cities is taken under the special protection of the Pope, Gregory IX., in order that it may be worked as a powerful machine against the contumacious emperor. It is confusing only to count up these various distractions. When the charmed traveller now visits the scene, laughing with almost tropical luxuriance, he finds it difficult to believe in the reign of past disorder. The roads which have replaced the old 'Via Æmilia,' are bordered with mulberry-trees laced together with festooned vines. The tulip-tree hangs out its handsome blossoms over the way, and the rich trumpet flowers of the crimson bignonia droop over the walls of the abounding villas. Noble avenues of plane-trees point the way to off-lying towns; and hedges of rare exotics inclose the splendid villas with which Palladio enriched his native city. Within the city itself, many magnificent palaces preserve the name of the same skilful architect: and there, too, stand the twin pillars that Venice loved to plant in every city which 'the lion of St. Mark' had once struck with his broad paw. The Bacchiglione, which washes the stately old city, is one of the few Italian rivers that run clear and sparkling to the sun. It is a foamy, petulant stream, and, in its excited moments, its passion is uncontrollable.

Now look again through the windows of the past, and see Vicenza as it was in the thirteenth century. There

is a Dominican monk meditating in his cell, on the distractions of the times and the miseries of the people. He fancies that the air is full of the sobs of the suffering and the wails of the oppressed. Would that he could do something to heal the wounds of the people! But what is one against a multitude? He would be but as a pebble in the bed of the roaring Bacchiglione, utterly powerless to stem its furious course. He will try the might of love: the strength that lies in that last appeal. Whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, he will exhort the maddened factions 'to love as brethren, to be pitiful, to be courteous.' The impulse is so strong upon him, that 'Brother John of Vicenza' leaves his cell and goes forth into the cities and plains of Lombardy, to bind up the sores of the bleeding people. He has no great breadth of understanding; no clear appreciation of gospel truth: he is bound to his church by the usual narrowing bonds of subserviency, and can only see one small section of a subject at a time. But into this one division of the truth he throws the whole power of a fervent nature. The fire is glowing in his breast, and his lips are burning to speak. He begins his preaching at Bologna. The passers-by are arrested by his thrilling words. A crowd of citizens gathers round him. There is an earnestness in his tone, a light in his eye, an abandonment in his manner, which convince the coolest observer that 'Brother John' is at least sincere: and an earnest sincerity is a fruit-bearing thing—it does not remain alone, but it speedily begets the ready answer of sympathy. Let an eloquent man firmly believe in his own mission, and a crowd of fellow-believers will soon gather about him. But 'Brother John' had never suspected that within him lay, hitherto sealed up in silence, a fountain of eloquence sufficient to flood a whole country, and to drown all opposition. From this mysterious well he is beginning to draw, on this eventful day of the year 1233, in the ancient city of Bologna. His mouth is like the curved lip of one of those marble Italian fountains, over whose sculptured edge leaps the live stream in a gush of freshness; or else, in obedience

to the changing pulse of nature, slips gently over, in cool and noiseless lapse. The stream is leaping like a torrent now! and the ardent 'Frate Giovanni' is carried away in the flood of his own marvellous eloquence. The rumour that a great preacher had arisen, and was forbidding the people to bite and devour one another, spreads through the neighbouring villages, and rings along the purple steepes of the Apennines. The peasants leave their trelised vines and their mulberries, and hurry into Bologna. There they see the municipal soldiers, and the men-at-arms of the nobles, hemming the preacher round with a living belt of eager faces. They are all with one accord enrolling themselves under his banner of love, and are ready to fulfil his every commission, even at the precious cost of all their cherished revenges and life-long hatreds. The vast crowd sways to and fro at his will: and see, here come the magistrates of the republic bearing the statutes of the city, which they lay at his feet, praying that 'the blessed Brother John of Vicenza' will remodel them in accordance with 'the new commandment, that they should love one another.' He boldly strikes out of the statute-book every element which he thinks may serve as fuel for old enmities and new rivalships.

Bologna is pacified: and Brother John moves on to Padua.—'Padova la Forte,' as the Italians love to call it, though already deserving the loftier name of 'the learned,' because of its rising university. His name and his fame precede him; and a long array of municipal authorities advances beyond the gates of the city to meet him. In the midst of the procession appears the '*carroccio*,' a sort of triumphal car, which symbolized the power of the state in each of the Italian republics of the middle ages. The car stops; the magistrates approach the poor Dominican monk, constrain him to mount the almost sacred vehicle, and the peaceful conqueror enters another subject city in triumph. Here similar crowds press around him, hang on his words, lay down all their old differences at his feet, whether public feuds or private animosities, and eagerly bring forth the statutes that he might wipe from their pages all that could

offend. As he had done at Bologna, so did he at 'Padua the Strong.' So did he also at Feltre, at Belluno, and at Treviso.

But besides these public exhortations, he has a series of private conferences to hold with the great lords, who are watching this astounding turn in the tide of affairs, from the jealous towers of their fortified castles. These were calls of no very safe or pleasant a character ; but the bannered hall of the haughty marquis or of the fierce count is the same to ' Brother John' as the council-chamber of the republican city. He soon has his plumed and mailed hosts at his feet : they make him the arbiter of their hereditary feuds and their personal quarrels ; and the simple Dominican crushes out with his sandaled foot, the fiendish life of the *vendetta*,* which commonly descends as a cherished heirloom from father to son. The same extraordinary success awaits the ' Frate' at Verona, proudly standing on its rushing river Adige—' Verona la Degna' (' the worthy'), according to the fond name given to their city by its people. Even in this year, 1233, it was the *old* city of Verona—for there were Roman remains, a thousand years of age, standing amid the hot and eager life of the thoroughfares—and there they still stand. The great family of La Scala (or Scaliger), which was to become so powerful in Verona, as to claim for themselves a broad page in history, had already struck its root for at least two hundred years in the soil ; and we must suppose that some of the rising members of this remarkable house were amongst the crowds which came to lay down their enmities at the feet of the eloquent preacher. The same extraordinary scene is here enacted as in the sister republics ; and the Dominican monk is empowered to rescind old laws and to make new ones, for the more peaceable government of the State. Mantua does the same ; so does Brescia : and now the circle of his mysterious influence is completed by the triumphant establishment of ' Brother John's' power in his own city of Vicenza. One would expect the magic ring to break here,

if anywhere : but no ; Vicenza is his, and the reign of love is established all around him. The reign of love ? How long will it last ? But we must not anticipate the winding up of this singular history.

Having thus finished his triumphant progress, the monk John convokes a solemn assembly, which is to meet on the 28th of August in the succeeding year, three miles from Verona, where spreads the inviting plain of Paquara, on the luxuriant borders of the river Adige. Factions and feuds sleep all through the winter ; surely they will awake under the stimulating heats of summer ? No ! they are slumbering still ! the people are loving like brethren, and only rouse up to keep the grand jubilee of Paquara. The populations of some twenty rival states pour out to keep the tryst of reconciliation. Verona, Mantua, Padua, Brescia, and John's own Vicenza are there. Venice is represented ; Ferrara, Reggio, Modena, Treviso, Parma, Bologna, all have their numerous delegates. The Patriarch of Aquileia is present, and so are the bishops of nine of the leading cities, the little republics sending their sacred *carroccios* to the rendezvous, in order to give full official significance to the acts of the assembly. More than this ; here come the haughty lords of Romano, and the Marquis of Este, riding at the head of their trained vassals, and spreading their proud standards to the breeze. A contemporary historian, Parisio di Cereta, states that more than 400,000 people were gathered together on the plain ; but Tiraboschi, as quoted by Sismondi, considerably reduces the number. And now begins one of the most extraordinary scenes in all history, the details of which it would be difficult to credit, were it not for the respectability of the various Italian historians who have preserved the records of the day. The monk of Vicenza had erected a lofty pulpit in the midst of the plain ; from thence his clear ringing voice, pitched with perfect skill, so as to command as wide a circle of hearers as possible, appears to penetrate almost the whole of this vast host. His text is preserved—and it is this : ' Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.' His eloquence on this the crowning day of

* *Vendetta*, revenge. Practically to carry out this principle was looked upon as a family duty.

his life is as living fire. When he depicts the horrors and the miseries of war, it is like nothing less than a stream of flowing lava, scorching up the souls of his breathless hearers. Then, changing his tone, he melts all hearts by describing the peaceable fruits of righteousness. And now, gathering fresh power, he parades the sanction and authority of the papal see, with which he is directly arrayed by letters from Gregory IX. himself. Then, 'in the name of God and of the Church,' he commands the Lombard States to renounce all their enmities for ever; and from his lofty seat he dictates a 'treaty of universal reconciliation.' And lastly, Rome-like, he seals the act of mutual reconciliation by denouncing withering curses, temporal and spiritual, on whomsoever in time to come shall dare to break the conditions of the general peace; the soul of that profane person is devoted to everlasting misery, his harvests to destruction, his flocks and herds to mortal contagion, his vines to perpetual blight and barrenness. Muratori has preserved one of these acts of pacification, whose conditions are little more than the reciprocal pardon of wrongs. As a symbol of peace, the brother John then insists on the betrothal of the daughter of Alberic, one of the haughty lords of Romano, with the stern Marquis of Este; and with this expressive sign of friendship the brilliant assembly of Paquara dispersed, the citizens returning with joy to their peaceful homes, the nobles winding their way back to their quiet fortresses.

Thus far the mission of this remarkable man was beautifully worked out, as far as it went. There was something strangely foreign to the fierce hour and to the hating people in the gentle message which he delivered from lips of such sweet persuasion—preaching peace and brothers' love to devouring factions, moving about and pleading with something like gospel authority between the bristling hosts of contending armies, constraining the mailed hands of enemies to clasp each other with the thrilling pressure of reconciliation, and rival to fall upon the neck of rival, with the irresistible impulse of new-born friendship. But to man, power, even the power over

hearts, is an intoxicating thing, unless he be kept humble by the pure doctrines of Christianity, and the balance be preserved in his mind by Divine grace. John of Vicenza now proved himself to be very human by imbibing the poison without turning to the antidote. The lesson marked by the further steps in his career is so teaching, that it must by no means be withheld. His honourable career culminated on the plain of Paquara; and on the evening of that day commenced the decline which ended in the fall.

He returns to his own city of Vicenza, demands the concession of absolute power over the little state, and, monk as he is, absurdly insists upon being endowed with the secular titles of 'Duke' and 'Count.' The beguiled people put great faith in his power to reform all abuses, and to initiate a golden age of happiness, justice, and peace. But no: the results disappoint expectation. The restless cowed lord of Vicenza goes on to Verona, and is there also endowed with irresponsible power by his own arrogant demand. He is filling the neighbouring castles with armed garrisons, exacting hostages from those factions which he cannot trust, promulgating novel edicts at will, and actually burning in the public square of Verona no less than sixty heretics, whom he has himself condemned to this horrible fate! Is *this* the gentle apostle of love? the meek missionary of peace? where is the consistency of the Christian? Volatile as ether, it has evaporated in the vulgar intoxication of vanity. This is one-sided Christianity truly. Brother John can excuse a sinner, but he cannot forgive a saint. The saints must burn, because, daring to think for themselves, they have opened their hearts to the truths which have crept over the steep sides of the Alps from the hidden valleys of the Albigenses. Those condemned heretics belong to the best families of Verona.

While these miserable scenes are enacting in the neighbouring city, his own people, the Vicentians, are beginning to rebel against the capricious rule of 'Count John.' Padua is also rent with disaffection and jealousy. There is a 'Brother Jordan' there,

prior of Saint Benedict, who cannot calmly see all secular power gathered into the hand of one man; and so 'Brother Jordan' determines to supplant 'Brother John.' The latter hastily collects some troops, and hurries to Vicenza. He recovers the municipal palace, and gives it over to pillage. But the Paduan troops pour into his seditious city, overcome his followers, and throw the great pacificator himself into prison. That turning of the lock upon 'Brother John,' effectually destroys the prestige of his name. He is only a factious monk now—his matchless oratory is silenced—his eloquent lips are sealed—his wondrous mission has shrivelled up into the narrow dimensions of a dun-

geon cell, whose door can only be unbarred at the powerful remonstrance of the Pope; and then the 'fallen angel' creeps out and glides away to hide his dishonoured head behind some compassionate screen at Bologna. The crop of 'serpents' teeth,' whose harvest had only been delayed for a brief space, springs up again all over the plains of Lombardy; and the lesson remains upon our hearts that amiable impulse is but a sorry substitute for sound principle, and that sweet sentiment is little worth unless it be based on pure Scripture doctrine. 'Brother John' had no right to borrow the text which sounded from the field-pulpit of Paquara: 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you.'

II.—NORTHERN LIGHTS.

In the year 1519, six hostages, representing the first families of Sweden, are pining in the dark dungeons of the castle of Copenhagen. Several of them are dying, inch by inch, and day by day; for, freeborn sons of the north as they are, a prison is to them a tomb; prison fare is bitter as poison, and the sound of the key as it groans in the rusty lock, is drear as a death-knell. It was treachery that flung them down into these hideous depths of misery; for Christian II., king of Denmark, who has worthily earned for himself the name of the 'Nero of the North,' had broken the agreement which he had made with Sten Sture, Regent of Sweden, and had nevertheless carried off the six noble hostages who were the pledge of amity betwixt them. Five of them are drooping or dying; but one, a youth in his nineteenth year, is still holding himself erect. That lad is born a hero, and he knows it! He is keeping himself alive on hope. He eats every crumb of the black rye-bread which is doled out to him, in order to keep up his strength for the future. He will not crouch in the damp corners of his dungeon like his heart-broken fellows; but he paces the wet flags for exercise, to keep his limbs straight and his muscles supple, for the fulfilment of a great destiny.

His name is Gustavus Ericson Vasa. He is grandnephew of a former king of Sweden, Charles Canutson; and his father Eric, whose name he bears (Ericson) is a noble of the first rank. The 'Nero' remembers that he holds such a youth in his dungeon, and sends a messenger down the slippery steps to offer great things, if Gustavus Ericson will join his party. The boy steadfastly refuses. He loves his country; and how can he strike hand to hand with her savage oppressor? Then down comes another message-bearer bringing dreadful threats if he will not obey; but the courtier goes back from prison to palace bearing the same reply. And then 'Nero' goes into a rage, and orders the bow-string to be used as the ultimate argument. But the officer who received the royal commission to assassinate the brave boy in the dark of his dungeon, humbly asks to be excused, and sets forth such a good array of reasons why it would be wiser policy not to kill the lad, that Christian consents to keep him a close prisoner instead. At last a Danish nobleman with a kindly countenance comes to Gustavus, and says, that he has obtained from the king permission to undertake the charge of the impracticable young Swede, in order to convert him to a better mind. But he also

tells him that he has become surety for his safety to the extent of 6000 crowns. This communication somewhat takes off the shine from his brightening prospects, because it touches his honour, and seems to bind his limbs against any attempt to escape; but it unbars his dungeon-door, and Gustavus gladly walks forth beside Banner, his generous deliverer.

They go together to Banner's castle of Calo, amidst the heaths and sands of Jutland; and he is now intrusted with a fair amount of personal freedom, while favours and kindnesses are showered upon him in the household of Banner. It would be a pleasant life enough, hunting over the limestone moorlands, or shooting in the beech-woods, or fishing in the silver network of lakes, could Gustavus forget his country. But he cannot. He determines to rescue her if he can, and to settle afterwards with his kind host about the crowns. Now he is waving a farewell:—'I ride to the forest; and he rides for life and liberty! At last he encounters a peasant: 'Change garments with me; thine is the better bargain.' He dismounts from his horse; and for three days he is on foot, traversing pathless mountains or threading lonely byways in the wilds. At last he sees the towers of Flensburg, and presents himself, wayworn and footsore, before the gate. Here there is a new peril; the governor may detect the high-born fugitive through the thin mask of his peasant garb. But here comes a wealthy Saxon drover, conducting his fine Schleswig cattle towards Lübeck. He joyfully hires himself to the cattle-dealer, and busied with his troublesome charge, enters Lübeck in safety. He must have driven his oxen under that remarkable 'Holstein gate' which still presents to the eye so beautiful a specimen of the quaint rich architecture of the fifteenth century. But Banner, seeing that the young hunter returned not, is off on his track: 'My friend and my crowns! my crowns and my friend!' He cannot afford to lose them both; and he searches until he finds the runaway in the free city of Lübeck. Their meeting is not without its sharp reproaches. But the critical position of the fine youth helps out his gift of natural eloquence, and Banner returns

to his fortress of Calo, pacified by the promise that his 6000 crowns shall be restored. 'I have lost the son of Eric!' said Banner, and Christian of Denmark is as much alarmed as he is transported with rage. He sends out scouts who hunt the land for the missing prey; but all the while Gustavus is safe in Lübeck. He makes a firm friend of the principal ruler in the prosperous Hanse town, but can make little way with the remaining members of the regency; and though he at last obtains a vessel, the treacherous captain, instead of landing him at Stockholm, as young Vasa had stipulated, puts him on shore at Kalmar on the bold coast of Sweden, just where it faces Oland. But there is no rest for him in Kalmar, and not a single friend will stand by his side. Worse than this, the suspicious and oppressed people threaten to give him up to their terrible conqueror, unless he speedily relieve them of his presence. Christian's spies are spread abroad over the land, at every turn of the roads, at every corner of the streets, on every pier of the harbours. Gustavus is in greater peril than when he threaded the bypaths of Schleswig, or when he drove his cattle from Flensburg to the 'Holstein gate,' or when he had tried to keep warmth and hope alive by pacing the damp pavement of his Copenhagen cell.

There is a waggon, loaded with hay, lumbering heavily along over the well-watched roads, and through the very quarters of the Danish army. After long travel, it stops at the gate of an old castle in Sudermania, belonging to the family of Vasa. The hay heaves and falls asunder; and a handsome youth in the dress of a Swedish peasant, leaps from the waggon and enters with firm step his own ancestral hall. He now writes letters to his friends, and entreats them for love of country, of home, of freedom, to join hands and to break the belt of Danish forces which were beleaguering Stockholm, still held by Christina, the heroic widow of Sten Sture. Cold answers come in reply: no one will move; and young Gustavus Vasa is alone in the land. And then he cautiously moved about amongst the peasantry, asking if they 'did not care for freedom?' 'Well! Freedom was a good thing; but then

they had their herrings and salt under the rule of King Christian ; and any stir would make matters worse ; for peasants they were, and peasants they would be, whoever were king.'

In the meantime, the affairs of his distracted country were becoming more and more hopelessly involved. Sten Sture, the Regent, was dead. He had been allured into an ambush, and mortally wounded in the struggle which ensued. Counsels were divided, and there was no head in the land. The Danish Nero was marching through the country with sword and fagot, indulging his disposition by inflicting the most frightful cruelties on the helpless people. The widow of Sten Sture had been obliged to capitulate, and the metropolis was now his. And then followed the celebrated tragedy of Stockholm. Christian had just been crowned at the cathedral as king of the conquered country, by the hands of the fierce Gustavus Trolle, Archbishop of Upsal. That man was a monster of cruelty ; a fitting coadjutor of the northern Nero. It was he who had first committed to Christian of Denmark the execution of a decree of excommunication, which he had obtained from the luxurious Leo x., against the late Regent, Sten Sture, and his adherents. The archbishop had been besieged in his own castle of Steckle, had been degraded by the Swedish diet, and stripped of his benefices. Enough : he is athirst for revenge ; and now the time is come for drinking his fill of the poisoned fountain. But the incensed primate and his royal bosom-friend will go to work gently, caressing their victims to the last. They go to the cathedral, and the Dane swears that he will govern Sweden with 'the beneficence of a prince who has been called to the throne by the voice of the people.' Then follows a grand entertainment, at which he feasts and flatters senators, prelates, and grandees, for three days together. At the close of the last day's banquet there is a little movement at the royal end of the board : the primate rises ; and he gently reminds his Majesty that when granting a general amnesty, he had forgotten that no deference had been shown to the Pope ; and he (the primate) must be allowed to claim satisfaction in the

name of His Holiness Pope Leo x. This is the preconcerted signal. Danish soldiers instantly fill the banquetting hall, and the astounded guests are all seized and led out to die ! The primate condemns them as malignant heretics : a scaffold is forthwith erected ; and thereon perish no fewer than ninety-four nobles and distinguished persons, the flower of the Swedish aristocracy ! 'The people have lost their heads,' thought Christian, 'they cannot revolt any more for lack of leaders.' Yes, Christian ; but tyrants now and then reason rightly from wrong premises. Old Eric Vasa was one of the noblest of thy victims on this terrible day of extirpation ; but where is the son ? Ay, where is Gustav ? Remember he has never yet been caught, for he is light of foot as a young hart upon the mountains. He is twenty years of age now. Let us return and see what he is doing.

Gustav is perpetually changing his haunts for fear of pursuit. See him now hurrying along the lofty plains of the interior, 3000 and 4000 feet in elevation, now climbing up the piny sides of the grand barrier-wall of snow-topped mountains, which divides the hardy Norwegian from the Swede ; now hunting the elk and the deer for subsistence, in peril of bears, and of the horrid troops of yelping wolves ; and again catching a shot at the snow-white ptarmigan and great capercaillie for a meal. Sometimes see the youth taking an egg from the nest of the sea-fowl on the narrow ledge of some grand headland that looks upon the Bothnian waves. Now he is helping the red-haired peasant-folk to drive their little hornless cows, and their coarse-wooled sheep to the thin pastures of the uplands, thankfully accepting the hard cake of rye-bread in lieu of wages. He is fain sometimes to shrink into the shadowy corner of the hut, in the long twilight, when work is done, because the soft blue eyes of that fair-haired peasant-mother are marking his tapering fingers, and comparing them with the stumpy hand of her good Olaf, who is chanting old runic rhymes at the other side of the hearth. At last the blue eyes brim and silently run over (as her own little lake is apt to do when the skies are tearful), for she has read high

birth and deep sorrow in the noble features of the stranger youth, and she lays her finger meaningly upon her lips, in token that they will never tell. 'Some lady-mother is grieving for her hunted son,' she thinks : and Stenna is right.

At last Gustavus overhears some peasants whispering to each other a wondrous tale, which makes them shiver with horror. He listens : and now he knows that his honoured father Eric Vasa, and his noble relatives and friends, have perished on the scaffold of Stockholm ! Then for the first time the spirit of the young man failed within him, and he wellnigh sank into utter despondency. But he rouses himself again, and bethinks him that he will fly to the forests and mountains of Dalecarlia, to see if a spark of patriotism can yet be kindled in the deep heart of the mines. A peasant is willing to guide him, and his offer is gladly accepted. Pity that young Gustavus did not better understand the symbolic language of character as written in the expression of man's truth-revealing face, or he would have seen that it was by no means safe to intrust to that sturdy Scandinavian, with the long red hair and the little twinkling grey eye, the poor wallet wherein he had stored his little all of property—the small scrapings of his ruined patrimony—the little capital with which he is to begin life—the funds wherewith he must start in his struggle for the northern crown. On they toil together, however, through province after province ; Sudermania, Nericia, Westernmanland. But the sulky guide can entertain the wild journey of the northern wayfarer, by singing fitful snatches from the fine old Eddas of his country. When the sun of the short summer shines in festal beauty, the man chants the marriage of Odin with his flower-crowned bride, the earth. And when he just bends his golden head towards the shining ice-fields that silvered the mountain-tops, to raise it immediately again, with the joy of a fresh day-spring, he sang how Odin bathed nightly in the ocean, in order to invigorate himself for the next day's glorious circuit.

But now the last wearisome ridge is crossed, and the travellers dip down into Dalecarlia—the 'Valley-land,' as the name imports. The forests become

more dense, the thickets more impenetrable, the lakes more gloomy, save that expanse of serene blue that looks upward so lovingly to the northern sky, and which the natives fondly call 'the eye of Dalecarlia.' Gustavus sees before him a grand but rugged district, arranged into three great valleys by the stern disposition of three or four ranges of gneiss, granite, and porphyritic mountains. Ice-bound as are their defiant brows, they nevertheless submit to be swathed about their feet by bands of dark forest, where the pine and the oak harden themselves as best they may against the quick return of winter. He sees how the river Dal wanders through the whole length of the province, amongst the stony pastures where both man and beast are taught thrift and hardihood by the stern economy of nature. He sees how this rude training has made the Dalecarlian stalwart and noble in his bearing—his blue eyes deeply set, glacier-like, in the hollow beneath the shaggy brow ; his thin lips sharply cut and compressed by the force of the strong will within ; his forehead high and broad, following the mountainous type which prevails around him. He makes the woods ring with his stirring old ballads about liberty ; and when he talks in his simple freedom with his superior, he says 'thou' to him in the quaint manner of the olden time.

At last Gustavus beholds those yawning mouths in the face of the hills, and the black breath of the great blast-furnaces, which showed him that he was approaching the subterranean world of the mines. Here all beauty in nature drooped and died, mortally poisoned by the fumes of the copper-smoke. But his guide, his fellow-traveller, who has eaten of his crust and knows his secret—what has become of his trusty guide ? Gone ! and the wallet, the little treasury of a kingdom 'in nubibus' ? Gone too ! cruel ! But Gustavus is not the youth to sit down upon the nearest stone and wring his hands in despair. There are many roads to greatness besides the royal one that is paved with gold, whereon walk stately men that were born in the purple. Misfortune is no new acquaintance, and he will try if his path of life, which has dipped down into a dungeon and successfully emerged

therefrom, may not just as ominously plunge down into the yawning throat of a mine, and return just as triumphantly to the light of day. Something must be done to earn a meal, and that speedily, for he is wellnigh famished. And so the hungry youth presents himself amidst the groups of dark figures, and hires himself to work underground as a common miner. There, fathoms deep, beneath the stony face of the 'valley-land,' he wrought patiently and laboriously with pick and shovel, approaching the citadel of greatness, like a 'sapper and miner,' by blind galleries and underground passages. The while he digs, he talks with the mine-folk so eloquently, and upon such stirring themes, that they pause, lean upon their tools, and think that they could listen for ever to the fine youth with the bright eye and the silvery speech. He has such a noble mien, also, such a stately carriage, that they are never weary of watching him. At length (it is a woman's eye that makes the discovery), it is noticed that the collar of his shirt is elaborately embroidered. That is enough; the embroidered collar fits well with the stately graces of his fine person and polished speech. Rumour that there is a persecuted noble hiding amongst them, runs like fire-damp along the winding galleries and scales the shaft, until the upper world is moved by the echo. A gentleman who lived in the mine neighbourhood, caught a whisper about the handsome youth who was stirring the strong hearts of the people below, and he went down to see about it. He looked, and saw by the light of memory and of the flaming torch, that it was young Gustavus Vasa, with whom he had studied some few years since at the University of Upsal. Gustavus sees that his secret is deciphered, for his old friend turns sharply away to hide a gush of tears, but not a word is said between them. Night comes and brings a message from the Dalecarlian gentleman. Gustavus makes his way to his wooden mansion, and there joyfully accepts his offer of a home, of friendship, and of protection. In this pleasant hiding-place he tarries for some time; but the college friend, faithful as he is to all the passive duties of friendship, has no mind to move actively in the desperate un-

dertaking of delivering a conquered country, and of restoring a lost kingdom, which the untamed young enthusiast is perpetually urging upon him. No: the cautious friend would rather wait until he see hopeful signs of prosperity breaking upon the land, like the sudden summer of the north, born in a moment, to gush in an overflowing stream of beauty and gladness over the frozen earth. No: he would wait until the summer-tide of good fortune should set in. This sober policy suits not Gustavus Vasa; his country is down-trampled and wretched; there is a price set upon his own head, and his heart mis-gives him about the fate of his mother and his sisters. They must be in the power of Christian of Denmark, and he can know no rest until he learn their safety. He leaves the pleasant home of the college friend, and journeys to the house of another acquaintance of former days, whom he has discovered. Peterson receives him with every demonstration of cordiality, and agrees to raise his vassals in order to help forward their common cause. Gustavus's trusting nature must have been easily imposed on; he has mis-read *this* face also. Peterson slips out of the house; to rouse his people, of course? Not so; but to reveal to a Danish officer *who* it is that is eating at his board, and sleeping under his roof-tree. The Danish commander instantly orders out a troop of soldiers, who steal up in extended line, and then close round the house, until the two ends meet. Is the noble quarry caught in the toils at last? No: woman's kindly heart and ready wit have saved him. Peterson's wife had discovered the treachery of her lord, warned the poor guest of his mortal peril, and sent him off to the house of a friendly priest, before the two ends of the deadly circle had met; and so, when they joined, it was as the serpent biting its tail with rage. The priest shuts him up in a little cell within the walls of the church itself, locks the door, and quietly walks home with the key in his pocket. The scent is lost, and the hunters are baffled. But now and then the priest leisurely walks into his church, unlocks the closet, and nourishes the poor captive with a little food and a little sympathy.

Solemn thoughts must have passed through the mind of the young man, now about twenty-two years of age, as he lingered within the narrow hiding-place in which he had taken 'sanctuary,' in perpetual danger of discovery, and in uncongenial inactivity. Could he fail to perceive that God's 'goodness and mercy had followed him all the days of his life?' that it could not be for nought that he had been thus rescued from so many perils? that there must be a lofty mission in store for him, which he must work out with a lowly mind? It would be interesting could we learn the history of his conversion; but certain it is, that somewhere about this period he embraced the religious tenets of the great German Reformer: and when power and responsibility afterwards came together to him, he made the Protestant religion the law of his life and of his land. Luther had just emerged from his friendly prison, on the lonely height of the Wartburg, carrying in his firm hand the manuscript of Holy Scripture, whose rendering into the heart-searching tongue of the fatherland had been the meat and drink of his 'Patmos' retirement. One of his disciples, Olaus Petri by name, full of love to the great cause, and fired with zeal for its diffusion, was secretly labouring at a kindred work. Olaus Petri, like his beloved master, will emerge by and by, when the right hour comes for the beaming of the Northern Lights; and he will carry in his hand the version of the Bible into the beautiful tongue of the Swedes—the fruit of his own earnest toil.

But this is an onward glance; for at this moment Gustavus and his friend, the priest, are conferring in the little cell about the safest mode of exit, and the most direct means of opening a communication with the heart of the people. 'Go to Mora,' said the priest, 'and talk to the peasants face to face: thou hast a persuasive tongue and an eloquent countenance. The village folk of all the valley-land will presently gather together at Mora, to hold their annual feast. Go to Mora;' and to Mora, on the great lake Siljan, went Gustavus Vasa. The priest was right: the people replied to the words of the young patriot, as touchwood replies to the spark. They resolve instantly to

throw off the galling yoke of the Dane. Their enthusiasm is tumultuous and irresistible; the more so for this favouring token, that while their late fellow-worker in the mine was pouring forth his stimulating eloquence, the wind had suddenly shifted round to the north. 'A sure omen of success!' cried the old men with joy; 'Saint Eric has shifted his cap.*' Gustavus avails himself of this first burst of enthusiasm, and leads the miners against the castle of the Danish governor. Pity that the garrison was put to the sword, when the stronghold was taken. Gustavus Vasa has been called, and not very unworthily, 'The Swedish Alfred:' but our own great king would not have slaughtered a beaten foe. Most probably he would have put pick-axes into the unwilling hands of his captured Danes, and sent them down into the great mine of Falun, to dig their way into a new destiny, and to work themselves into a better mind. However, this success was supposed to be the result of the capful of northern wind which had blown so propitiously over the field of the great 'palaver' at Mora. Peasant-men and mining-men came trooping to the standard of Gustavus, and soon he had 50000 Herculean forms around him. Money came pouring in also, to fill the empty coffer, and some gentlemen of station joined his cause. Christian hears that the lost youth has sprung up to the light of day from some unknown hiding-place in the heart of the earth, and he sends reinforcements forthwith to Dalecarlia; but Gustavus and his peasants defeat them. The terrible Archbishop of Upsal, Gustavus Trolle, is also in the field, making desperate efforts to overcome the son of the murdered Eric; but young Gustavus Vasa is now more than a match for old Gustavus Trolle. The young hero now ventures to attack Stockholm; but this is an undertaking which he is not yet strong enough to carry to a successful issue, and he is beaten back with loss. However, the tardy Lübeck friends, seeing that peasants from all parts of the kingdom are now flocking round the standard of revolt, think they may safely venture to assist their young

* The origin of the sailor's expression, 'a capful of wind.'

acquaintance, the drover-lad, and they send him some welcome reinforcements.

And now, Christian of Denmark again drew himself up to his full stature, as the veritable 'Nero of the North.' The mother and sisters of our patriot are put to death by his order, with circumstances of horrible barbarity; and the noble race of Vasa is now represented by Gustavus alone. But this savagery worked no good to the cause of Christian. It only gave greater firmness to the attitude of the Swedes; and Gustavus was soon after publicly recognised as Regent of the kingdom, by the States which he had summoned to meet at Wadstena. Thus, endowed with the sanction of legal authority, and strengthened by promises of general support, he went forth with the assured step of confident expectation. There was hard work before him; harder than when he delved in the mine; for Soren Norby, 'Nero's' general, is no despicable enemy. The struggle between Dane and Swede is still a desperate one; and the 'Swedish Alfred's' marvellous power of endurance is yet further tested by bitter disappointments, loss following hard upon loss. At last Norby was suddenly paralysed by hearing that Christian's own people, the Danes themselves, unable longer to endure the load of such a frightful tyranny, had unanimously risen and driven him ignominiously out of the kingdom.

And so Sweden is free! Gustavus Vasa is elected king by the Swedish Diet, with such wild acclaims of enthusiastic gratitude, that to take the votes in regular style was simply impossible. This was in the year 1523, when he was twenty-three years of age. Now was the time for Gustavus to declare his attachment to the Re-

formed doctrines; and, taking the Swedish Bible from the hand of good Olaus Petri, he spread it abroad throughout the whole kingdom—an open Bible in the home-language of the people. More than this: he invited out of Germany men learned in the Scriptures, to expound to his subjects, so long kept in the dark that they could but dimly see, the enlightening doctrines of the Reformation. In the year 1527, warm debates took place on the subject of religion; but Gustavus nobly declared, that he would lay down his hard-earned sceptre and retire from the land, rather than rule a people doomed to be perpetually enslaved by the Pope. This was enough; and by solemn decree of the States, in Diet assembled, the Lutheran faith became henceforth the established religion of the country. One more boon he asked of the States, in the year 1542; and what could they refuse to their noble deliverer? He asked that the crown should be declared hereditary in the House of Vasa; and the Diet said, 'Amen.'

Peace and truth established in the land, Gustavus turned his vigorous mind to the cultivation of learning and to the spirited encouragement of commerce. Favourable commercial treaties were made with England and Holland; and Eric, the handsome, but worthless son and heir, was even commissioned to try if he could woo and win the maiden Queen of England. But of course Elizabeth Tudor only coquetted with the Scandinavian suitor.

At last, in the year 1560, when Gustavus Vasa had numbered his sixty years, this bright light faded from the northern sky; to be followed, after a gloomy interval of darkness, by the brief flash of a yet more brilliant 'Aurora.'

ALL THE BITERS BIT:

A LOVE STORY WITH NO LOVE IN IT.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

NOT quite a hundred years ago lived in one of our large midland boroughs

a certain draper and haberdasher, by name Jonathan Goadley. He came of

a 'serious' stock. At first a Methodist, he left that body because they did not give (as he phrased it) 'sufficient and scriptural importance to that great cardinal doctrinal of final perseverance.' Interested members of the body declared that the *real* reason of Mr. Goadley's departure was the recent conversion to Methodist principles of two heads of families of a higher social standing than himself; the result of which conversion became painfully manifested to him in a growing devaluation of his own theories and advices. Such ingratitude, such blindness, Mr. Goadley could not endure. He made the dogma of 'final perseverance' a plea for rupture; and riding off upon that singular hobbyhorse, shook off the dust of his feet against his deluded co-mates.

The only explications his life afforded of the manner in which he understood this dogma were somewhat peculiar explications. He persevered to the end in making money. He persevered to the end in marrying. Indeed he seemed to perceive some inherent and necessary connexion between these two actions, and to contemplate the latter as one of the main and primary agencies of the former.

For his first wife, dying early, left him £600 and one little daughter. He very soon showed his determination to persevere in the responsibilities of wedlock by marrying again; and to keep in view the end (as he apprehended it) of wedlock, by marrying a young woman with some property in houses and lands. And although this second wife continued only eleven months in this 'vale of tears' (as he called his house and shop in the High Street), this did not decrease or mortify his perseverance. He proceeded in a very little while to court a third. And his perseverance was again rewarded; Widow Holstone gave him her hand, and therewith her inn, stock, and farm on the highroad between two central midland towns.

The third Mrs. Goadley, like the second, had no children. But she was continually expecting a child. This bright anticipation of hers cast an unpleasant reflection upon Miss Susan Goadley, at present sole representative for the coming generation of the wealth of the Goadleys. She seemed block-

ing up the way, and silently demanding the half or more of that mass of riches which Mrs. Goadley was anxious to see accumulated by her spouse and herself for the glorification of her own unborn sons and daughters.

Mrs. Goadley was sleek and oily-minded. She wanted to remove her step-daughter from her present fortunate vantage-ground; but she wanted also to do this in a manner which should appear beneficial to the removed demoiselle, and maternally considerate in the remover. Now there was only one way of effecting this, and that was to find her a rich husband. When once settled in splendour and luxury, it would be easy and natural to say to Mr. Goadley, 'How happily dear Susan is provided for; we need give her nothing of ours; let us leave it, my dear Jonathan, to our other child or children.'

No plan could have been pitched upon (the above-mentioned *purpose* of it being kept in silent reserve by her loving step-mother) half so pleasant to Miss Susan herself. Whenever step-mamma the second, with a smile of looking-glass-learnt affection, with a gush of endearing interjections, suddenly broke out to the young lady, saying, 'I must find you a nice, rich, handsome husband, my duck,' the duck simpered, reddened, and inwardly rejoiced.

'But, ah!' she would soon begin, doubting in herself, 'where can he be found? Have I not dressed, and danced, and flirted, and given the broadest hints in the world, whenever and wherever I have been in company with a marriageable young man? Yes. And what is still the result? Why, Susan Goadley, aged twenty-two, spinster.'

'Yes, indeed, my duck,' her step-mother would rejoin, 'but you had no experience; you wanted a helper. Now, you see, I have [was she going to say, 'hooked two men?'] married twice, and so am more practised in the minds of the other sex. We shall manage it.'

It was the custom of the Goadleys during the summer-time to exchange the air of the house over the shop for the pleasanter air of the inn which the lady had brought into the family. Mr. Goadley went every morning into town

to business, and returned at night to sup and sleep. The stewardess of the inn and farm, a masculine lady, and an excellent ploughwoman, was sent to guard the relinquished home; her brawny strength, and a supposed partiality for fist-exercises, making her good against pick-locks and burglars. Mrs. Goadley, dressed in warm and fiery colours, served out ale, and charmed her customers herself. Miss Goadley sat apart, shining like a very red conspicuous star, in a place where she was visible to every user of their celebrated house. These principally consisted of a set of travelling horse-dealers, men of both good, middling, and indifferent position, who put up here in preference to any other place, partly because it occupied the most convenient halfway between the great towns they chiefly visited, partly because the land and stabling was excellent for their horses, and partly because the late husband of the landlady had himself been a horse-dealer, and was always full of advice worth taking, and of news worth hearing.

Very frequently came among the rest a young north countryman of pleasant manners and gay dress. He was reputed by many to be very rich, and held by all to be something of a

wit and a beau. Indeed, so superior were his manners to those of ordinary persons resting at that inn on business, that he had even been taken for a highwayman and a lord. His real name was Henry Mallet; but as his declarations of his own and his kindred's wealth were now and then so monstrous and extravagant as to be incapable of being swallowed by any except the most wide-throated gulls, he was known amongst his intimates by the cognomen of 'Young Hal Brag.'

Mrs. Goadley admired the person and manners of Mr. Mallet excessively; and, it is said, that on one occasion she made him an offer of so much of her heart as her husband had not taken with him into heaven (which was no great portion), and her inn. She always accepted his own report of his social standing; of which belief, indeed, her open offer was a most convincing proof, for it was one of her most frequently uttered maxims, that half-a-dozen for six is dead loss!

Mrs. Goadley left their town-house at the end of spring, with a full determination of returning thither early in the autumn, with this gentleman as the prisoner of her own stratagems, and her step-daughter's loveliness.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Mrs. Goadley's step-maternal anxiety was tried to the uttermost. They had lived at the Inn two months; May had passed by with its blossoms, June with its flowers, and yet Hal Brag, who had been wont in the days of her widowhood to call there every week, and sometimes twice or thrice in the week, had not once visited them.

She would have felt exceedingly vexed at this neglect, had it not been for that implicit and indubitable compliment to her own beauty and attractiveness, which she chose to draw from it, which she pleasantly persuaded herself underlaid it. *She* had been the star and the pearl of that inn. Mr. Henry Mallet had bubbled and cried for that star like a baby in secret; though, like a silly male flirt, he pretended he did not want it when it was openly offered; fancying, doubtless, that it would be offered again. But no! She was now a lost pearl to

Henry Mallet. He felt it; and why should he come seeking where there was nothing for him to find?

She interrogated her customers about this old acquaintance. They gave her a less pleasing but more probable reason for his absence. He had recently, they said, been so hotly and incessantly roasted about his bragging assertions of his immense property and his great county influence, that he had suddenly taken to use an inn where he was less known.

Mrs. Goadley thanked them satirically for driving away one of her best customers. She also resolved, to her own content, that the cause they gave for Mr. Mallet's absence arose from their intense conceit. They thought *themselves*, as she knew herself, the authors of that result. She asked them, if either of them should meet Mr. Mallet, to give her respects to him, and say that she had come back, that

she felt neglected by his absence, and by the removal of his custom to another inn; that she wanted to see him; and above all (and here she dropped and lengthened her voice), that she had a *young* lady with her who very much desired to see him.

Fortunately, a few days after this request of the landlady's, one of the regular customers at the inn, and regular taunters of Mr. Mallet, met that gentleman. He delivered the lady's message.

Mr. Hal Brag affected to despise it. He smiled, winked, and drew a satirical whistle. 'Humph, humph, haw,' he stuttered; 'I'll see. Perhaps I may come: it's hard to refuse a lady; goes against the grain with me. But it depends on business; I'll see.'

His tone and expression denoted a resolution to comply with the request, and that he would do so with satisfaction, and his companion perceived it. But Mr. Henry Mallet liked every one to imagine that he was a creature of very arbitrary and singular impulse, and that whoever had anything to do with him, must be willing to take the consequences of this singularity, and be kept faith with, or be broken faith with, just as it pleased his whimsical excellency. Indeed, he very often made a boast that when a certain expected sum of money came into him he intended to change the family crest to a weathercock. The acquaintance, however, who had just delivered Mrs. Goadley's message, had long ago seen the shallow bottom of these affectations. Being quite used to Hal Brag, and understanding all the twists and tortuosities of his nature, he read his mind by unintended signs; hence, he told the landlady that her old friend and customer would very shortly pay her a visit.

This good news excited and aroused Miss Susan. She felt all the thirst for conquest; made rapid preparations for war. She went into the town with her father, and chose the very grandest of his silks, and his rarest laces. She rushed to the most fashionable milliners, two ladies in opposition, and obtained the best work from each, by telling them that the best artist should win, as a prize, all her future millinery; which both of them considered, by the instalment she sent them as a test of

their cleverness, a really covetable piece of business.

She also set up an ammunition of complexion preservers. She bought no end of blushes in a rouge pot, for days when her cheeks were too pale; and lily powder, for when they were too flushed. She purchased little artifices for soft hands, and for white teeth. When she looked at herself in the glass, with all her armour on, she could not help asking herself if any pretty fellow of sense and money could withstand such charms. And overwhelmed by such accumulated evidence, she herself answered, 'No, indeed.'

One Saturday afternoon, some ten or twelve days after the invitation, Mr. Mallet arrived. His first impulse had been to come the day after the invitation was given. But when he reflected how greatly his importance would be enhanced if he delayed his coming, as it would give rise to expectation, doubt, and talk, he put away such a very foolish impulse.

He selected that particular Saturday because he knew that most of his fellow-dealers would be absent at a fair where he had nothing to sell or see: for he felt he should make an impression upon the young lady (if worth making an impression upon), with great difficulty, had he to do so under an adverse fire from sceptical bombs and shells, and the brisk cannonading of irony, and the rifle shot of small sneers.

The moment Mrs. Goadley espied him entering the door, she ran up to him, seized both his hands, nearly deafened him with welcomes, and literally dragged him into the private sitting-room. There she left him, while she ran off to fetch Miss Susan. In half-an-hour that young lady entered, appropriately ribboned and sacqued, profusely scented, and prepared to strike blind the heart's-eyes of our hero with her personal graces at the very first encounter.

And, indeed, a mutual impression was made that very evening. The gentleman's habiliments being as elegant and distinguished as the lady's (for he had taken good care to come in that very suit which had once caused him to be apprehended, so he said, for the most famous highwayman on any of the midland roads of this nation),

the lady concluded that he was as grand as his talk. Accordingly, she became very fluent and winsome. Her tongue ran upon balls, *fêtes-champêtres*, levees, and assemblies; upon the Duke of N—e, my Lord M—d, the Earl of C—d, and every noble or notable whom she, or any acquaintance of hers, had over seen. The gentleman rang the changes in a very extensive and amusing manner, upon his father's mansion, park, and stock; upon his own singular freak of choosing horse-dealing, merely as an amusement; upon his uncle's pack; and upon the enormous riches of a maiden aunt, whose favourite he was.

When it was growing late, Mr. Mallet reluctantly arose to go into the stable and see after his horse. But Mrs. Goadley would allow no such thing. She pulled him down upon his chair in her own pleasant and enchanting manner.

'To-morrow,' said she, 'is Sunday, and I know you won't desire to be doing any business then. You can stay and spend the day with us. In-

deed you must; I have given orders to prepare a room for you upstairs. Besides,' she added, with a modest droop, 'I want to introduce you to my husband. He expects to find you here nearly every night on his return. You will stay on the footing of a friend, Mr. Mallet.'

'Indeed, madam, it is the most painful thing in the world for me to disobey a lady, but I—I'—and Mr. Harry Brag began to deprecate staying in a tone which convinced the lady that he meant to stay.

'Now you take Mr. Mallet's hat and whip from him, my love,' said she to the beautiful Susan.

Miss Susan sprang up, advanced toward the young gentleman in a mincing and irresolute manner, with a simpering and mock sweet expression spread all over her face. Mr. Mallet was quite overcome by the grace and magnificence of that action. He drew back, made a leg, handed up the insignia of departure, and reseated himself, excessively pleased with all parties there and then present.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

As soon as Mr. Mallet got up stairs, he laid down upon his bed in clothes (for which the bedmaker duly abused him to the cook the following morning), and putting his palms behind his occiput, after the manner of the idly contemplative, began to think over the state of affairs. He was silent for about a quarter of an hour, introducing, analysing, arranging, comparing, concluding; at last he delivered his judgment out loud.

'To be a bachelor is the best thing for comfort and liberty, if one has the money. At all events, 'tis the best thing till one is five-and-thirty or so, and then to marry. But I have not the money, there's the rub. My suing has to be a very short suing. So perhaps for me the best thing is matrimony. A nice girl, too. She would show well.'

The delivery of this judgment appeared to have the most comforting effect upon Mr. Mallet. He sprang up, pulled off his clothes, and was soon in the bed, soundly asleep. His dreams must have been a prolongation of his waking thoughts, for the first thing

he did when he opened his eyes to sunshine of Sunday, was to cry out—

'Ay, ay; but I must just find out what the old fogey is inclined to give her.'

Meanwhile, in another bedroom, a consultation had been going on upon the same subject, the interlocutors being Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Goadley.

'Well, my dear,' said she, clapping herself upon a chair, the moment their door was shut; 'did you see his eyes. Haven't I managed it well?'

'I doubt it, Missus,' answered her lord. 'As I was driving home I overtook Joe Pilcher, who used to be a stable-lad here in your late husband's time. "Joe," says I, "would you like a lift?" "Thank you, sir," says he, "I won't say no." So he got up. Well, I began of course to question him all he had heard of this Mester Mallet of yours. He told me that they found out from folks of Mallet's own town, that the fellow has no property at all, and lives in a sneaking little house not worth ten pounds a year. Now, if he can't put as much money as me to the settlin' of it, he won't have my daughter.'

'As much, my dear? As much?' shrieked the lady. 'I say if he can't put everything, he ought not to have her. Fancy anybody asking for money with such a fine girl as our Susan! If she marries a wealthy husband, she ought not expect a farthing of yours; nor he neither, if he's a man.'

'I don't quite see that, missus; did I marry you out of *romance*, think you?'

'That has nothing at all to do with it, sir,' said Mrs. Goadley, sharply.

'But I believe he is quite well-doing, and something more too. Who but you, Goadley, would ever take the word of a stable-boy against such a gentleman as Mr. Mallet? Look at that waistcoat he had on to-night. How, could he get such a thing if he hadn't got guineas to throw away?'

'Bah! Who but a woman would ever be done by a smart waistcoat? I don't believe him; and I'll put it to him closely, I can tell you. He shall show me his stock before he has my gal.'

'Well, you're quite right, Jonathan, to be safe and sure about it. I know that he'll satisfy you.'

We have still to look into a third bedroom, and to examine the condition of the young lady's heart beating therein. Was it throbbing in the direction of Mr. Mallet?

Well, it had been set in the direction of all eligible gentlemen who came near it for the last few years; consequently it set very decidedly in the direction of Mr. Mallet. And in a general tending that way, each of Mr. Mallet's special virtues drew her inclinations more closely around him. He was young. He was not ill-looking. He was well dressed. He spoke like a book. He moved like a lord. She would have had him had he wanted all these graces, if he had been rich. She was very thankful, therefore, for his possession of them.

The occupants of these three rooms met one another at the breakfast-table with the most unsuspicious faces. It being Sunday, Mr. Jonathan Goadley, who held in union the responsible ecclesiastical offices of senior deacon, lay-pope, oecumenical council, and treasurer, to the Valley of Achor Chapel, went off immediately after breakfast to that tight little building. He had built it entirely at his own expense, and paid the salary of its mini-

ster also, receiving nothing in return, except the pew-rents.

His singular religion, however, was not of the least trouble to his own family. He had approached step by step to so firm a belief in the 'glorious doctrine of everlasting reprobation,' that he knew it was no use for a weak mortal like him to endeavour to turn aside the Divine decrees. If his wife and daughter were not reprobated, they would be converted some day, and come regularly on Sunday mornings to the Valley of Achor; if they were reprobated, all his efforts to lead them along that pleasant road would be gratuitously useless. For his own peace he thought it best to leave them both to run their own way.

What their own way should be that day, Mrs. Goadley and Susan had already agreed with him before breakfast. Mrs. Goadley was to go to church; a thing she rather disliked, but which she was compelled to suffer every second or third Sunday, in order to keep the rector, who always had the best port, and the rich Methodists, who were equally good judges, from going to the other inn. She was to ask Susan, in the presence of Mr. Mallet, to accompany her. The young lady was to refuse, because of the length of the service, and a little headache, or faintness, which she intended to have for the moment. Mrs. Goadley would then reply that a little walk would do her good, that as Mr. Mallet had never been in the neighbourhood before, except on business, he would no doubt enjoy a walk also; perhaps he would allow Susan to take him up to the Stony Clouds, and show him Ilkeston, Stapleford, Harcourt, and the pretty view. She would manage it all.

This was the snare twisted, a cord apiece, by the family of Goadley, for entrapping the apparently covetable Henry Mallet. It succeeded admirably. Mr. Goadley started for the Calvinistic, Mrs. Goadley for the National, Miss Goadley and her willing victim for the Deistic temple, at the same moment. I shall leave the divided pair at their worship, to look how the younger pair carry on theirs.

No one could say that the piety of either was Pharisaic. They did not make any public exhibition of themselves at their prayers. They did not

display in ostentatious unction those religious lessons which they perceived in the sky or in the fields. Mr. Mallet simply talked of himself; every now and then squeezing the young lady's hands between his ribs and his forearm in a very speaking manner; while Miss Susan simply talked of herself, now and then encouraging his squeezes by a delicate pressure with her forefingers. I must add, that this conversation assumed the most exaggerated form of self-recommendation.

'I must give him some encouragement,' said Miss Susan to herself, 'if he is to propose to-day.'

Mr. Mallet, on the other hand, was wondering what he should get with her, supposing he put himself into the position of a lover, and calculating also the chances of any half-brothers or half-sisters being born to Miss Susan.

They wandered to the side of the Trent. A boat was standing at the ferry-house, with the oars lying in it, and no man was near. It struck Mr. Mallet that an hour's row would be a very pleasant manner of passing away the time, with so well-dressed and good-looking a girl sitting opposite to him in the boat. And not only so, but rowing also was one of the accomplishments upon which Hal Brag peculiarly prided himself; and he believed that an exhibition of his talent at that exercise would aid him considerably in that conquest which he flattered himself he was carrying on. His only fear was lest Susan should be unwilling to trust herself with him, being unacquainted with his experience. She, noticing his silence, and quite unsuspecting of his thoughts about the boat, was saying over to herself: 'I wonder if he will propose before we reach home?'

He made up his mind to invite her. He arrested their steps with a sudden impulse; turned, looked on her, and slipping his hand upon hers, as one does sometimes on introducing a new subject, said: 'Miss Susan, I have a favour to ask you. Will you?'

Susan seized hold of his hand with

both of hers. She pinched it between them until it literally pained him. She turned away her face, as if her young and virginal modesty was too deeply tried by that question.

'Ask,' she faltered out; 'ask my dear pa' and ma'. If they will consent, I am yours.' And she burst into a noise like the noise before tears; but as Mr. Mallet could not see her face during this exciting incident (for she bashfully and lovingly hid it upon his breast), he could not tell whether she was really weeping or not.

The victimized gentleman was never so taken by surprise in his life. There had he been, only a moment before, standing coolly upon his cunning; holding a suspensive affection; determining not to advance a single step further, until he could clearly see what he might gain (in addition to a wife) by marrying. But she had been too loving for his cunning. Her innocent unsuspecting affection had painted him her hero (and he could not wonder at it); and she had—O wonderful metamorphosis!—construed an hour's row into a partnership till death. He feared to accept, he feared to reject, on the spot. He feared too to set himself right by an explanation, as that would be sure to involve the one or the other.

He attempted, indeed, at first to stammer out a kind of explanation; but it was of no use. The lady did not mean to understand, and he was too prudent to declare the actual nature of his unfinished request. He resolved to put it off, to reserve his choice or rejection until a little later. At all events, he would not compromise himself any further while out alone with the fair damsel.

'I see you are too excited,' said he, lifting up her drooping head; 'let us put by this subject until a calmer moment.'

'We will, dear Henry.'

Dear Henry winced. 'She has taken me, then, it seems,' he said to himself; 'and puts in her claim tolerably strong!'

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

As soon as ever the divided couples met in the house, the state of the countenances of the younger couple

revealed in a moment to the elder pair that something significant had transpired. During their very silent walk

homeward, Henry had been carefully weighing all the chances; and, as the result, he determined to throw the balance on the side of Miss Susan, and to guarantee by his acts that somewhat rapid assumption of the young lady, that he had really made her an offer of his hand and heart. The radiant face of Susan was indication enough to the parent and parent-in-law what course matters had taken. So Mrs. Goadley began very promptly to assume the stiffness of a mother at that trying and painful crisis, the giving up of a cherished daughter; and Mr. Goadley exhibited himself in the fit and conventional severities of a father under those circumstances. The room, which at breakfast-time had been so exuberantly merry and jovial, was at dinner-time actually silent and lugubrious. Both parent and parent-in-law showed themselves aggressively and half-mourningfully loving toward the daughter. They seemed to be hinting over and over again to themselves, to one another, to her, and above all to Mr. Mallet: 'What a rare and precious child it is!'

Immediately after dinner the two ladies left the room. The expectation of this moment—the certainty that it must come, had entirely spoilt Mr. Mallet's appetite; but it was come, and he felt that it must be gone through. So he jumped at once, like a clever rider and bold adventurer as he was, *in medias res*, and gave Mr. Goadley such an account of that morning's doings as the young lady would have had him give.

The father and host professed that he was astounded. 'So sudden, so unexpected. I have nursed her on this knee,' said he, slapping his right thigh vehemently. 'It seems only yesterday; a mere child, Mr. Mallet. And to be asked to give her up, to pass her over to another! Guess, sir, what a father's feelings must be! Ah! you can do nothing except guess!'

Mr. Mallet said that he flattered himself that he should make an affectionate husband.

'I am sure you would; I am sure you would, my dear sir,' rejoined the other; 'but—'

A gentle tap at the door brought Mr. Goadley upon his legs. He walked across and opened it. It was the lovely

Susan. She did not advance so much as her nose into the room; but Mr. Goadley indicated her presence to her suitor by a series of loud smacking kisses, meant at the same time to give him an insight into the depth of his own paternal affection, and also to raise a thirst in Mr. Henry for the same kind of thing.

'Dear pa,' she cried, 'the pigs have got into the garden, and are scampering about, rooting up everything.'

'O dear, O dear!' shouted he; 'the pigs are out: my poor tulips! Excuse me one moment, Mr. Mallet; I must see after them.'

As soon as he had closed the door, he espied Mrs. Goadley standing with a significant and impatient expression at the end of the hall.

'Never mind the pigs, Goadley,' she cried. 'We didn't want you for that. I let them out, and Jack has driven them in again. It's something else.'

'He's begun, my dear; he's begun; make haste with what you have to say. I want to get back.'

'We called out to warn you. I and Sue have been talking with old Wildage, who came in for a bottle of hantz. He says that the property in Yorkshire is all a lie. So don't be wheedled by the young man's talking, but make a condition that he shall bring you some of his horses, and we shall know then whether he has all the number he says.'

'Don't fear me, my dear,' said her spouse-in-law, 'I'll be ready for him.'

Mr. Goadley accordingly re-entered to his expectant guest (whom he surprised arranging himself before the mirror) carrying the condition. He looked to be none the more burdened than when he left the room. But the moment that he set down his invisible weight before the mind's eye of his would-be son-in-law, that young gentleman started and exhibited very perceptible surprise. Mr. Goadley seeing it, and fearing any unlucky result, assumed at once a smooth and deprecatory manner.

'Not of course,' said he, 'that I doubt for a moment your integrity or your position. No, indeed: but folks talk, you know, Mr. Mallet. A man of your business habits is not deaf to that sort of thing, sir, eh?'

Mr. Goadley's palinodes gave the young gentleman time to recover and collect himself. He begged that no apologies might be made. He quite sympathized, he said, with the views of Mr. Goadley, and perceived their reasonableness. He would comply with his conditions with delight. But he also should desire to make one little condition if Miss Goadley would not object to it.

'Oh, of course, sir,' said the father; 'tis but fair. What is it?'

'Well, you, sir, who have undertaken marriage more than once, must know that it isn't always pleasant to be dangling about courting: besides, if my father learns of my engagement in time to stop it, ten to one but he will stop it; whereas, if he finds it marriage, he'll talk against it an hour or two, and then laugh over it and say, "As it can't be cured, Hal, it must be endured; I wish you joy." Now, I want the marriage to be as soon as possible.'

'Quite right, sir.'

'I am going into the north for a fortnight. But at the end of that time, two weeks from to-day, I'll be

back with the horses: how many? Twenty, Mr. Goadley?'

'Quite enough, sir.'

'Say thirty. I'll come with the thirty horses, and I should like the marriage to take place the day after. Eh, sir?'

'Suit the gal and my wife, it will suit me, sir. I wish you happiness and the blessing of Providence. But you young folks would like to talk about it to one another, I know. I'll go to the missus, and send Susan in to you.'

So Miss Susan entered, her face brilliant with a mechanical affectionateness. But as the chatter of lovers who have not the least love for one another is anything but interesting, I shall not attempt to report the tender things which Henry Mallet and Susan Goadley said to one another in the hour of troth-plight. She was delighted at the prospect of a change of life: Mrs. Goadley was as pleased at her own acuteness in having suggested a test which brought such ease to all four minds; and Mr. Goadley rejoiced in discovering that his son-in-law's property was really tangible and visible.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Duly, at the end of the month, Mr. Mallet arrived. With him came a dozen gipsies, men and lads, each of them having the care of two or three horses. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Goadley were in raptures at his appearance, and perhaps in still greater raptures at the appearance of so large a number of his own quadrupeds. 'I am about to live in a very *tonnish* manner; I shall keep my own coach,' said the young lady. 'None of our money will have to pass away from my own dear children,' said the other lady. 'My pockets will not have to be bled,' said the head of the household.

Mr. Henry Brag found the preparations for the wedding a little less forward than he had expected. The solemn event had to be put off until that day week, instead of taking place on the morrow. It was impossible for Miss Susan's splendid *trousseau* to be ready in so limited a time; many of the materials for it had to be brought from London. It was to no

purpose that Mr. Harry *almost* lost his temper in the faces of his affianced lady, her father, and her mother-in-law; and *quite* lost it behind their backs. It was to no purpose that he assured Miss Susan that his love and faith was too deep to be affected or altered by the material of which her wedding dress was made, or by the exclusion of any intended ribbon, jewel, or furbelow. She strenuously declared that, as she might not be married more than once in her whole life, she intended to be married in good earnest that one time.

However, during the week preceding the marriage, Mr. Harry Brag lived in clover. Every evening, when Mr. Goadley arrived, he brought forth from his bag some delicacy from the town for them, and Mrs. Goadley opened the oldest wines in her cellars, such as indeed never saw the daylight, nor tasted superterranean air, save on those rare occasions, when the Duke of Rattlebrush, my Lord Swishtail,

Sir William Tallyho, and other gentlemen of the hunt, chanced to draw up their fagged horses at Mrs. Goadley's door.

On the evening before the wedding the bridegroom gently signified to his father-in-law in perspective, that he wished to have a little private conversation with him. They accordingly shut themselves up together in a small parlour, when, to Mr. Goadley's horror and surprise, the young gentleman coolly demanded what dowry he was about to give his daughter. He had not asked him previously, he said, because he had perceived from the first that he was so generous and affectionate a parent, so regardful of his daughter's comfort and happiness, that there could be no doubt it would be a sum of magnitude; 'and, indeed,' he added, 'I should not have asked you now, Mr. Goadley, only I have some documentary business to settle before my marriage, which makes my knowledge of the sum absolutely necessary.'

Mr. Goadley began to stammer out, 'that he was really unprepared for such a demand; that it was a thing the very farthest both from his own and from Mrs. Goadley's thoughts; that they had never encouraged their daughter in any such expectations; that he was afraid the world thought him far better situated in regard to funds than he really was; that from Mr. Mallet's silence he had concluded that he took his daughter solely and only on the score of affection.'

'Quite right, indeed, sir,' said Harry.

'Well, could you not, now, put off any such settlement until after marriage? It must be a *very small* one, really it must,' he added, with an affectionate smile.

'It is not possible, my dear sir. My desires are not at all extravagant. If you only gave your daughter a couple of thousand—'

'What? what?' shouted, or rather shrieked Mr. Goadley.

'If only a couple of thousand,' went

on Harry, without seeming to notice these interjections, 'I should be quite content. Mercenary views, I believe, in matrimony, poison all the happiness of wedded life. But I have informed my father of my engagement, and he strictly demands that I shall marry no girl who is the daughter of a tradesman, or who has less than four or five hundred a year of her own.'

'You had better give up our family at once, sir.'

'Love is not so easily stifled, my dear Mr. Goadley. The old gentleman will overlook the first objection when he sees my Susan.'

'I can never comply with the second. Oh, my poor girl! what a disappointment! what an expense—'

'For nothing, you were going to say. No, sir, I will not draw back. Let my father disinherit; but no! put down five hundred pounds now, that I may tell the old gentleman I have received a very handsome sum with the lady, and he needn't know exactly what it is. Why need he? Besides, cannot I reimburse you at some time or other?'

Mr. Goadley sank back in his chair, and sat silent, working out invisible sums, for at least a quarter of an hour. To Mr. Mallet it seemed three or four hours. That ardent lover walked up and down the narrow room, counting the boards, playing with his fingers upon the wainscoting, biting his nails, plucking at his lace, and every now and then stopping short to deliver his cogitations aloud, such as—

'Everything is in father's hands.'

'Yes, a beggar, a beggar; the old gentleman could really disinherit me if he liked.'

'I haven't one farthing if he should choose to pluck me.'

'Lovely Susan!'

At last Mr. Goadley sprang up. 'I consent, Mr. Mallet, but—'

'Now, sir, call me *Henry*; *Henry*, if you please.'

Mr. Henry; but mind, never a word of it to my wife.'

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

I must confess that it is quite beyond my power to describe the wedding of Susan and Henry. Indeed, if it

were not, the description would be very dull. For, granting that both bride and bridegroom were decked in the

very extreme of the fashions of *that* time, is only saying that they would appear very old-fashioned in *this*.

Besides, if any one cared to realize all the environments of the nuptials of such unhistorical personages, they may do so by studying the thousand and one Epithalamia in the magazines of that period, making a *cento* from these, and eliminating all such foolish and imprudent words as 'love,' 'affection,' 'for ever,' 'blushes,' 'tremors,' 'tears,' and the like. Miss Susan, in particular, did not let one stray sign of weakness escape her from the time she arose in the morning, until, by her mock-modest but decided 'I will,' she suddenly found herself Mrs. Henry Mallet.

Up to that moment the generally cruel Fates had appeared specially kind. They seemed to have folded their hands and smiled, in grim satisfaction at this wedding.

But (realizing the proverbial mischief of quiet folks) they were all the while preparing ill elsewhere. They had hung invisible lead to every fetlock of the two horses of a certain middle-aged gentleman and his companion, who had been endeavouring (with all the vanity and exertion of one who runs in a dream), to reach Mrs. Goadley's inn by eight o'clock that morning; and they took that lead off when the horsemen did reach the inn at ten o'clock, and asking for Mr. Mallet, heard with astonishment that he was gone to the church to be married.

'How far is the church?' asked the older man of the bar-maid.

'About a mile and a half, sir.'

'What a pretty lass,' said the other; 'I must get down and have a can of ale and a little chaff.'

The elder hoped he might be ruined here and hereafter if he did; and to prevent him from the chance of that fate, ordered him to spur hard to the church, as they might be in time.

They came up to the old grey building just in time to find every essential part of the matrimonial office carried out. The priest was in the middle of the final exhortation as they put their heads in at the door.

They did not appear to be much

used to the kind of behaviour customary beneath the holy roof. They took off their hats indeed, but at the same time they advanced rapidly, and with a quiet and determined step along the aisle, up the chancel steps, up even to the altar-rail; and the elder man of the two actually seized the bridegroom by the collar of his coat, utterly regardless of his rich and beautiful lace; and shouting louder than the priest, who dropped his prayer-book in surprise, cried out—

'Henry Mallet, I arrest thee in the king's name!'

Mrs. Mallet fainted. Visions of horses, carriages, the tour to France, all melted in a moment into thin air.

Mr. Goadley groaned out, 'Five hundred pounds!'

The guests crowded round shouting 'Villain! scamp! good-for-nothing rascal!' Some of them meaning the officer, and some Mr. Mallet, but neither of them quite certain which was most to be blamed.

'What for?' cried Mrs. Goadley.

'*Horse-stealing, marm.*'

The crime explained all. This was why he was in so great a hurry to be married. This was why they must be off toward France that very day for a honeymoon trip. Mrs. Mallet was carried out of the church as unwilling a wife as she had entered it a willing bride. The guests departed to their own homes, declaring, of course, their long-formed convictions 'that there was always something suspicious about the fellow.'

Thus four sharp biters were all of them deservedly bit. Mr. Mallet escaped the punishment due to his crime; for it appears that he had left pledges that he would return the horses when he had made his exhibition of them as his own. Mr. Goadley, too, for the sake of his own name, strove hard with the prosecutor to get him to give up the prosecution, and was at last successful.

The unlovely couple lived a wretched life. Poor Mrs. Goadley died childless, and left her inn to them. Henry felt to the last that all the money he spent came from his wife, and the whole neighbourhood believed that he was pecked to death.

THE CHAPLAIN OF LUCKNOW.

OF contemporaneous events some appear greater at the first moment of their occurrence than they do afterwards, whilst others never lose aught of the importance and impressiveness which they possess for us when we first hear of them. The triumphs of art and the acquisitions of science fall under the first of these categories. A great result has been attained; a great and new faculty has been acquired: mankind after a short while come to look upon it as their rightful inheritance, and the anguish which was gone through in bringing it to the birth is remembered no more. But the victories which man wins, not over nature, but over himself or his fellows, have their magnitude and importance placed but in a clearer light as years remove them to a distance from us. Time and space are annihilated by the electric wire; the old and new world sing paeans for a moment, and thereafter wonder, not how such an addition to their means for happiness and progress was ever made, but how it was that the world had ever got on without it. It is not so with the great results which reward the struggles of man's moral nature; the crown of glory which surrounds them never grows old. This is because the history of the struggles of mankind after social, political, or moral good is ever instructive, as such struggles are ever repeating themselves; whilst the victories won from nature are final, her concessions being, like her Author's gifts, 'without repentance.' The Atlantic cable once laid down has made all subsequent attempts of the same kind easy: Lucknow successfully held makes no such subsequent defence an easier matter. The first result once attained postulates for all future time but a certain skill to insure a similar result; the second bates not one jot of its demands on all who come after, for equal strength, equal endurance, equal faith. It is not so easy to say why results of this latter class should so often appear less to the eyes of contemporary observers than they do to those of posterity, though both alike

compare them by the same standard, save by referring this under-estimate to the working of a certain fault and corruption which exists in the nature of every man. Why else should it be left to posterity to say there were giants in the world in those days, to whose greater than ordinary proportions their contemporaries were blind? Will posterity have to find out for us that in 1857 there were living men as great, as brave, as good as any former ages had brought forth? Was God among us and we knew it not? Did the feeling, 'Sit licet Divus dummodo non vivus,' make us rate the 7000 who defended Derry, higher than the 600 who held Lucknow? We shall be much to blame, if we allow ourselves to be thus blind to the real merits and the true place of the heroes of our own time. Neither Derry nor Numantia, neither Kars nor Saragossa, saw braver struggles nor greater endurance than were witnessed, within a few short months from the time at which we write, within the Residency of Lucknow. It would not be difficult, nor need it be thought invidious, to show that in this latter case a greater stake was played for, and with less of odds in favour of the lesser numbers, than in any of the former. Surely the cruelties even of Rosen are gentle when compared with the tender mercies of Nana Sahib. The reception which awaited Sir John Inglis, when he should surrender, would have been far other than that which Sir William Williams met with. To the besieged in the Residency there was no alternative between death and deliverance. Cawnpore had clearly shown, even to those most ignorant of native character, that no compacts could be made with their swarthy enemies:

'ὅς οὐκ ἔστι λείωνι καὶ ἀνδράσιν θύρα πιστὴ.'

The siege of Derry lasted 105 days: from the battle of Chinlout up to the arrival of Sir Coliu Campbell, 140 days elapsed. But, for the last six weeks of Derry's siege, the English fleet was lying in the Lough Foyle, and hope, if often disappointed, was

yet never wholly absent: the month of August, and the first three weeks of September 1857 were black indeed and full of despair to the defenders of Lucknow. Derry counted her warriors by thousands: Lucknow hers by hundreds. If one half of the men of Derry had been put *hors de combat* before that memorable 30th of July, of those who fought for the Residency 400 lie buried within the precincts. Still the history of the two sieges presents more points of coincidence than of contrast, and it is difficult to say which shows the more strongly how much may be looked for from the stern self-reliance and the fierce but fast-holding courage which is proper to English blood.

The book before us* is made up in great measure of the letters which the Rev. Henry Stedman Polehampton, one of the two garrison chaplains in Lucknow, wrote home to his friends during the eighteen months of his life in India. His letters, it is obvious, were intended to serve as a diary of his life to his friends in England; and this purpose they must have met most fully. To a perfect stranger they give a clear view, continuous and intelligible,

'Of all he thought, and loved, and did,
And hoped, and suffered.'

The last entry, which we find in a diary strictly so called, bears date but two days before his death, which took place from cholera, July 20th, whilst he was to all appearance recovering from the effects of a bullet-wound received by him within the walls of the hospital almost a fortnight previously. His narrative, therefore, brings us up to a time when the mutiny was far advanced and fully pronounced, and it throws no less light on the state of things in India during the whole year preceding the outbreak. Some of its short yet life-like notices of passing occurrences we will here give:—

'Lucknow, April 7, 1856.—The people are as civil as possible. I

walked the other morning through the city about three miles. I was alone among thousands. If the English had been unpopular, should I not have been insulted? Nothing could exceed the well-mannered behaviour of the natives.'—P. 88.

At p. 96 he remarks: 'This is the first time a Queen's regiment has been quartered here. It was sent in anticipation of a row on account of the annexation of Oude. I do not think it will remain more than six months. Indeed, if the people remain as quiet as they have been hitherto, it is not improbable that the Company's regiments will be taken away, and the protection of the country intrusted to two or three regiments which are now being formed out of the late king's army, in each of which regiments there will be only three English officers. . . . I believe that there is no doubt that the people are only too glad to be under English rule.'

Suspensions of a coming insurrection seem to have been entertained so early as September 1856; and we find, at page 133, the following notice:—

'Sept. 20, 1856.—There is a suspicion here that at the Mahomedan festival of the Mohurru, which took place last week, there was to have been an insurrection. Five hundred men of a native infantry regiment were marched into Lucknow, and the 52d had orders to hold themselves in readiness at a moment's notice. And since the festival, which passed off very quietly, a great rajah, who lives half-way between this and cantonments, and has, as I think I told you, a brace of tigers at his gate, has been put under arrest, and has a cordon of Sepoys all round his house.'

After a fall from his horse, he writes, 'Suppose I had been alone among the natives! Mr. W., of the 13th Native Infantry, had a fall from his horse, while riding a good way in the rear of his regiment, on the march to Cawnpore. He broke his leg and collar-bone; he called some natives to his assistance, but they would not go near him, said they were not his servants, &c.; and he actually managed to crawl to his horse, and he got on it and rode to his regiment without any assistance.'—P. 156.

'February 26, 1857.—I found that,

* A Memoir, Letters, and Diary of the Rev. H. S. Polehampton, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, Chaplain of Lucknow. Edited by the Rev. EDWARD POLEHAMPTON, M.A., and the Rev. THOMAS STEDMAN POLEHAMPTON, M.A., Fellows of Pembroke College, Oxford. Second edition, 8vo, 10s. 6d. London, Richard Bentley, 1858.

during my absence (at Seetapore), there had been a row at Fyzabad, an English station, some sixty miles from Lucknow. A fakeer had been preaching a holy war against the English; ten men armed had joined him. The Commissioner went and reasoned with them kindly, but to no purpose, and at last one of them drew his sword on him. Upon this he sent for a company of Sepoys; there was a fight, and the Sepoys bayoneted eight of the ten men, killing three, I think, on the spot.—Pp. 201, 202. Still, until fully two months later, the threatening warnings of a coming storm were not rightly read, but on April 30, 1857, we find him writing thus: 'The Sepoys and natives generally are just now in rather a disagreeable state of feeling towards us. . . . In proof whereof, the other day, because the doctor of the 48th here *tasted*, in hospital, a bottle of medicine, which was to be given to native patients, the Sepoys set fire to his bungalow.'—P. 229.

But if these letters tell us plainly and vividly, what the Rev. H. S. Polehampton *saw*, they show us none the less clearly what the man *was*. Love for his fellows, for his duty, and for his God, seems to have marked his whole life, and the thoroughness with which he carried his principles into action, won for him the praise of men the most unlike each other; of the private soldier and of the general in command; of the Bishop of Madras, and of Deprat, a reckless Frenchman of the true Zouave type. But his editors have done wisely in not omitting the expressions of yearning after the manly sports of Eton and of Oxford, with which his letters are replete; and this, not merely because by an opposite course they would have marred the truthfulness and completeness of their picture. In the ordinary delineations of what is called 'Muscular Christianity,' the muscular element is often detectible enough, whilst the Christian is by no means so obvious. The life of Henry Polehampton will show the two elements harmoniously combined. The same letter (May 12, 1857), which relates the first decided outbreak of the mutiny at the Moosa Bagh, contains also the following sentence: 'To change the subject, I am right

glad to see that Oxford has beaten Cambridge so easily in the boat race. It is now eleven years since I pulled in it.'—P. 238. Similar proofs of the manly interest he took in the pursuits of former days, occur at pp. 99, 122, where he relates, with evident enjoyment, how he pulled stroke on the Hooghly to a crew of eight Hindus. Occasions, however, for the exercise of courage and manliness more serious than such as these awaited him at the Residency of Lucknow, and we find him (p. 322), with his pistol in his hand, bringing up five coolies to dig a grave for some children who had died of cholera, and he himself takes a part in the work, while the enemy's bullets are flying overhead. The following extract from his Diary will be read with interest:—

'Sunday, May 31st.—It was impossible to have church this morning; people were in such a state of excitement and alarm. Nothing new occurred till towards two o'clock. Then Major Banks brought word that a rising was hourly expected in the city. He said, that if he sent a Suwâr with a message to cantonments, he would take a very long time going, and he could not trust one of them. He also said that he doubted whether the ladies ought not now to leave Mr. Gubbins' house, as he did not think it tenable, in case of a regular attack, by so few of us. I offered, if he liked, to drive down to cantonments, tell Sir Henry Lawrence of the intended rising, and ask Mr. Gubbins what he wished to have done about his house. Major Banks accepted my offer, but told me that I might get fired at from any house.

However, as it was clear that a messenger was wanted, I went. I fear I left poor Emmie in a state of anxiety; but it was a time when, if a duty came before one, it was to be done without fear of consequences. So off I drove, asking, as I went, the protection of God. When I got to the top of the bridge, I saw a man riding towards me, with a gun in his hand. He seemed very like a runaway mutineer. He looked hard at me with a troubled countenance, and brought the muzzle of his gun round towards me. I took up my revolver, keeping the muzzle pointed towards him, but

without presenting it. He dropped the muzzle of his gun again, and rode on. I fully expected that we should have exchanged shots. On the road I met several suspicious-looking characters armed; but they took no further notice than by staring at me. I delivered my message to Sir Henry Lawrence, &c.—Pp. 268-9.

Some fifty pages are filled with the letters and diary of Mrs. Polehampton. Her merits have been acknowledged in the ever-memorable account of the siege given by Sir John Inglis, and testimony less lasting, perhaps, yet not less warm than that recorded in his matchless composition, is repeatedly borne to the value of her services as a nurse, in the several memoirs of these events, which have recently been given to the world. 'She was ever to be found,' writes Mr. Rees, 'where she was most wanted. No sister of charity could have acted more kindly.' At the beginning of the siege she had offered her assistance as an hospital nurse, and her husband, on his dying bed wrote, 'I will only say, how proud I was to see my dear wife going about the wards, on her message of mercy. I could not look at her without my eyes filling with tears.' Gentle and retiring by nature, no horrors could unnerve her when the wounded or the dying required aid; and her own simple and unpretending record of the events which she witnessed, and of the dangers she shared, cannot fail to be read with additional interest by those who remember the noble work in the midst of which her great sorrow came upon her. The dangers of the Residency hospital depended not less upon 'the pestilence which walketh in darkness,' than upon 'the arrow which flieth at noonday.' It was in the hospital that Henry Polehampton met with the wound which led indirectly to his death. He gives us himself, in his Diary, written when he began to regain strength, and just before cholera attacked him, the following account of the occurrence:—

Wednesday, July 8th.—Early this morning, I received a note from Miss —, saying, that her father was dead, and asking me to come and comfort her mother. I went with much difficulty, and F. C.'s assistance; I got Mrs. —, to leave the room, and washed and

laid out the body. Went home. Had just finished shaving, and was stooping down to roll up our bed, when I felt a sudden stunning pain, and after a second or two knew that I had been shot. At first I thought it was a spent ball, from the smarting of the place, but on looking I saw a hole in the flesh. I then feared that the ball was still in, but Mrs. Barbor found it on the floor, to my great joy. . . . The examination was soon over, the wound pronounced not dangerous, and I was put to bed in the front ward of the hospital'—P. 324.

In Mrs. Polehampton's diary she writes (page 334):—'Henry and I shared a small room at the back of the hospital with Mrs. Gall and Mrs. Barbor, in which we had to sleep, dress, and have our meals. As this room was on the most exposed side of the building, we were obliged to be very careful in arranging ourselves, both at night and also at our meals, so as to avoid the bullets, which were constantly coming into the room. There were two windows, and we took out all the glass from them, to prevent the danger of being struck by the flying splinters. We all slept between the windows under the protection of the wall, and we seldom woke in the mornings without finding several musket-balls near us: once or twice they lay within a few inches of where our heads had been.' Again (page 336) we read: 'About the time that Henry was wounded, the atmosphere throughout the hospital was daily becoming more poisonous. Bullets were flying so constantly through various parts of the building, that it was necessary to have all the doors and windows closely barricaded, excepting only those of the front ward. Consequently the heat being at this time very oppressive, the wards low and much crowded, the wounds of all kinds and in all stages, it may not be difficult to form some idea of the state of our inner atmosphere. . . . The flies, too, at this time, were one of our chief annoyances. It seemed impossible in any way to thin their numbers; they literally swarmed throughout the wards, and of course much aggravated the sufferings of the wounded.'

'On the 1st July, Miss Palmer (the daughter of the colonel of the 48th

Native Infantry) was wounded in the leg by a round shot, which passed through the window of the room she occupied in the Residency. . . . She only survived amputation a day or two. . . . During the first week of the siege, Maggie Macdonough, a little girl about twelve years old, the child of an English sergeant in the 71st Native Infantry, came one day into the hospital, saying that she had been struck in the head by a bullet. She was able to tell her own story with perfect calmness; and little thought, poor child, how serious an injury she had sustained. . . . She bore her sufferings with wonderful patience, and for a time appeared to be going on well; but in less than a fortnight she was seized with fits, her whole body becoming paralysed, and shortly after these came on she sank rapidly. She was one of Mrs. Barbor's especial charges, and was most kindly and carefully tended by her up to the time of her death. She was a beautiful child, and had been one of Henry's special favourites amongst the children in the Artillery school in cantonments, which she had regularly attended in old times.—Pp. 337-8.

Thus the risks of the Crimean trenches were combined in Lucknow with those of the fever-wards on the Bosphorus; and not only hardy men, but delicate women and young children, were their victims.

But Mrs. Polehampton's narrative is intended chiefly to fill up the outlines and perfect the continuity of the moving picture her husband's Letters and Diary constitute. The purpose of the book, like the wife's affections, centres in the showing forth of the husband's life and goodness. A few details have been added by his brothers, the editors, in a memoir of his early days. Succinct as they are, they have yet been so judiciously arranged as to make the story of his life more interesting, more complete, and more instructive.

The tough, plucky, Eton boy, ripens through the trials and probation of Oxford, into a manly and genial, yet deeply-feeling and hard-working clergyman. During the cholera epidemic in England, in 1849, his labours and zeal are conspicuous side by side with those of a host of other workers.

Under other influences and other suns he is still the same man, his aims are only higher, his labours are only more abundant, because a wider field is opened for them. The same fatal disease, which first drew upon him the admiration of his parishioners in Shrewsbury, awakens his energies and draws forth his kindness and sympathy in his new sphere of duty at Lucknow. 'It has been melancholy work,' he writes at p. 106, 'for the last fortnight. The 52d have lost on an average, three men a day, from cholera. I have buried two, three, and four men a day, and have been here by half-past five in the morning for nine consecutive days. I am happy to say that the men in hospital seem very grateful to me, and that my ministrations seem to have the effect of soothing them.' 'Between June 16th and July 16th, the 52d have lost, as nearly as I can tell, forty-seven men by cholera, and several by apoplexy and dysentery.'—P. 108. 'I am certain cholera is not catching, or I should have caught it long ago. Many a dying man's hand has been in mine; and the men who attend on the cholera patients run far greater risk; but I don't think one of them has died.'—P. 110. 'However, all that goes on around me teaches me forcibly the most needful solemn lesson, "Be ye also ready;" and I hope I shall so be found if cholera or anything else comes and hurries me into my grave, literally in eight or ten hours.'—P. 111. 'No one,' wrote the gallant Captain Fletcher Hayes, 'who has been acquainted with him, or has witnessed his noble devotion to the poor soldiers in the late pestilence, can have failed to honour him for his zeal, energy, and true Christian labour for the good of his fellow-creatures.'

The history of the last eighteen months, the most important of his life, as they are by no means the least important in the history of this empire, occupies by far the greater part of the book. That that life ended, as that of a true soldier and a true Christian alone can end, may be seen from these words, the last he ever wrote to England:—

'May 28, 1857.—Very likely this will be my last letter for some time; it may be my last altogether. I hope

not ; but, come what may, I am prepared ; and, whatever you hear of me, it will not be that I have disgraced myself.' No ! disgrace must ever be far from the name of one so simple, so manly, so resolved, in reliance on his God, to do his duty. No wonder that men write home from India now, and say that the soldiers like to have a chaplain with them. They will meet death, whether by sword or pestilence, all the more readily when they have learnt from lips such as those of Henry Polehampton, to realize the truth,

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee' (see p. 111). Of other chaplains it may be written as of him (*Memoir*, p. 30): 'An officer, who was wounded, and in the hospital at the same time with him, said that, while he was dying, his cheerfulness and composure were the support and comfort of all the sick and dying around him.' There was glory, and not disgrace, in such a life and such a death. And fitly has it happened that his body lies among those of heroes. An interesting sketch of the city-church and graveyard, prefixed to the work, shows the spot where he

rests. At his feet lies Major Banks, of whom Sir Charles James Napier wrote years ago, when passing through the territories he governed, 'I felt proud of my countryman.' At his head lies Sir Henry Lawrence, the great and the good, distinguished no less for the large-hearted philanthropy with which he sought to promote the social and religious wellbeing of the natives in India, than for the courage with which he fought, wherever the interests of England were at stake.

Men such as these pass away—of how many, alas ! have the last two years deprived us—but their lives are not without profit. They leave behind them 'footprints on the sands of Time,' shall we not rather say, 'inscriptions on the Rock,' telling how they journeyed through the wilderness of life, strengthened by the promise of future peace and joy, when all earthly struggles should be over, if only in simple, trusting faith, they should be found to have done the work allotted to them, in that spirit in which men act who, forgetful of self, labour for the good of their fellows and the glory of their God.

THE ORATORS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

THASCIUS CÆCILIVS CYPRIANUS.

THE claims of the grey Fathers of the Church to the notice of *Titan* and the modern world, will be disputed by those who regard the patronage of Martyrologists and Ecclesiologists as the stamp of superstition and imbecility. A free discussion of their merits will meet with no favour at the hands of those who, engaged in a bootless attempt to make humanity perform a crablike pilgrimage into mediæval and patristic darkness, have closed their own shutters, lighted their candles, and made the hands of their own clocks point as many centuries as possible back.

The Fathers, however, belong to the universal Church and to humanity. They are the property of no particular sect ; and while we decline to serve ourselves heirs to their errors, it is but filial duty to enshrine them among our Lares and Penates, and honour them

for whatever goodness, nobleness, or power they displayed. It is natural for us to wish to view them from our own stand-point ; and to be curious to see how they look, when transferred from the dim religious light of stained cathedral windows and sepulchral cloisters, to the light by which we think, and work, and scrutinize other men, living or dead.

Their difference from the moderns is sufficient of itself to make them objects of interest. Of the genus Bishop, for example, there are in the present day many species extant ; as also of martyrs, preachers, and saints. Yet what ecclesiastical naturalist will have the hardihood to identify any of them with those of the first centuries of Christianity ? While they generically resemble, there is a specific difference between them as strongly marked at least as that between the Nautilus of

the present age and the extinct Ammonite. It is certain, notwithstanding, that the peculiarities of the Fathers have often been exaggerated. In the attempt to make them the objects of superstitious admiration and reverence, they have been placed beyond the range of our sympathies by the suppression of all that in them seemed to savour of human weakness, and by plentiful additions of marvel and myth. Hence upon the whole the modern age has been about as little moved by the recital of their virtues and miracles, as were Longfellow's jovial monks, when draining their wassail bowl, by the voice of the Reader, as he

* Droned from the pulpit like the murmur of golden bees,
The legend of good St. Guthlac and St. Basil's homilies.'

It must, however, be the fault of the biographer, if he fails altogether to invest with interest a sketch of the most eminent of ecclesiastical disciplinarians, the greatest Christian philanthropist of his time, its most eloquent orator and glorious martyr, the man who, though bishop of an African see, was virtually Head of the Western Church, and who by Tractarian, now Popish Newman and Evangelical Joseph Milner, is held up as a model bishop, the most perfect incarnation of the episcopal ideal, and by others as a headstrong and overbearing ecclesiastical despot.

All this Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus, Bishop of Carthage, is said to have been, and without great talents and force of character, he never could have earned such a reputation. The contradictory opinions formed of him may be accounted for partly by the spite, humorous or malignant, at reverend and ecclesiastical personages, which delight in hustling and nudging them as Prince Kaunitz did the Pope when showing his Holiness the pictures at Vienna; partly by the severe justice which has the same rule and measure for saints and statesmen, bishops and generals; partly by the blind veneration which some have for churchmen and canonized martyrs, rather than by the paucity of materials for forming our judgment. For these, though scanty, are valuable, and not only sufficient to furnish hints to

enable an active imagination to construct a representation of the good bishop similar to those corporeal restorations of the saints, in which all that is genuine, is a rib, or a tooth, or a few hairs, the rest being of wax, but sufficient to enable one who aims at working after the manner of the scientific palæontologist, who, by the help of a few fossil bones, can tell the structure and habits of the living animal, to say with tolerable accuracy what manner of man Cyprian was, and to give to the age in which he lived its form and pressure.

His literary remains, consisting of fourteen treatises, and eighty-one epistles, with a short memoir from the pen of Pontius, his deacon or personal attendant, are our chief sources of information.

In the first half of the third century, there lived at Carthage a celebrated teacher of rhetoric. His profession brought him honour and emolument, and, if tradition may be credited, political, or at least, civic influence. This was the future bishop, the subject of our present sketch.

It is difficult in any age for one whose occupation is either to teach or study classical literature, to be anything but a heathen, as can be verified by the experience of the days in which we thumbed our Virgils and Homers, when Jupiter and Apollo were to us as real as Paul and Peter. But Christianity, though uncrushed by oppression and martyrdom, was not yet in the ascendant, and had in this century to endure some of the fiercest persecutions to which it has ever been subjected, and Cyprian, till he was forty-five years of age, was a worshipper of the gods of his ancestors. Little is recorded of the heathen period of his life. But it appears he was gay and somewhat dissolute.

Pontius, his deacon or confidential beadle, with whom, in defiance of the adage that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet, Cyprian is the greatest of bishops and most glorious of martyrs, passes by this period entirely, with the remark that a man's actions should be recorded not from the time of his *first*, but of his *second* birth. He gives us no assistance in tracing the steps that led to his master's conversion. This event, in his

short memoir, is represented not only as supernatural, but miraculous in its suddenness as well as completeness ; and Cyprian's career as a Christian, as there related, is not the rise and gradual culmination of a star, but the transit of a meteor in a line of supernatural light, with no waxing or waning, but springing from the darkness at once in full splendour, and vanishing as suddenly as it came.

'In him,' says the deacon, with more than Boswellian admiration, 'all things incredible meet together ; in him the threshing anticipated the sowing ; the vintage, the tendril ; the fruit, the firm root.'

Making, however, all allowances for the colouring of the marvellous thrown around it by Pontius, Cyprian's transformation from a heathen to a Christian strikes us by its thoroughness ; and while the discovery of the invisible links between the first forty-five and the last twelve years of his life, would make Cyprian more interesting as a psychological study, it would not, in our decided opinion, take his conversion out of the category of events supernatural and divine. The suddenness of such conversions as Cyprian's, we believe for the most part to be only apparent. Those mighty upheavals, which shatter old habits, prejudices, and opinions, are generally the result of forces that have been silently generating and operating for long periods, just as waters accumulate gradually in subterranean reservoirs, until at last the upward pressure overcomes the resistance of the superincumbent mass, and the ground is rent and covered with ruins. It is evident from a passage in his treatise on 'the grace of God,' that he had speculated on conversion long before he became a Christian ; and that when sunk in fashionable pleasures and vices, he had begun to entertain vague wishes of rising above them, although he despaired of being able to do so ; at least so suddenly and completely as those that were regenerated in baptism were said to have done. Cæcilius, a presbyter between whom and Cyprian there existed an intimacy, was his spiritual father, in token whereof, moved by reverence and gratitude, he adopted the name Cæcilius.

To become a Christian in those

times was not merely to substitute one creed for another, or to take a serious turn. Even those who are most thoroughly changed in heart and habits by Christianity, in a land where manners and society have been for ages influenced by it, in the abandonment of carelessness and vice for the paths of virtue and piety, can scarce conceive of the wrench suffered by converts from the idolatries of Greece and Rome, in exchanging the temple for the upper room or the Basilica ; in turning their backs on the hopes of political privilege and advancement, and embracing the prospect of the martyr's crown ; in abandoning the impure habits of heathenism for the sanctity of the gospel. Cyprian was not the man to do things by halves, or halt between two opinions. His part taken, it was taken decidedly. He became a changed—a new man. The wealth that he had freely spent on his pleasures was now entirely sacred to the widow and the orphan ; to the service of God and the good of man. He sold his gardens near the city ; a delicious retreat in which he used to take refuge from the heat and bustle of Carthage. These, however, seem to have been restored to him ; for his first treatise on 'the grace of God' is dated from this spot. It was written in A.D. 246, shortly after his baptism. A few months after this event he was made a presbyter of the Carthaginian church, in which capacity he continued for about two years. In the following year he wrote a short treatise on the vanity of idols, and, as is generally supposed, in the next his compendium of Scripture texts against the Jews ; as also, perhaps, his treatise on the 'Dress of Virgins.'

By these we can see that, despite the assertions of his deacon, he was no exception to the law by which there is first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. In the first of these pieces, the hand of the rhetorician is manifest. It smacks much more of the class-room of *belles lettres* than of the pulpit. It is flimsy, gaudy, and stilted, and does not contain a single text of Scripture. The second is a mere fragment of very little value, likewise without a quotation from Holy Writ. The third is almost all Scripture. The last is the only one

of these which gives any intimations of what Cyprian was to be. It is evidently an imitation of Tertullian, whom he closely followed; and gives the sanction of high authority to Canon Stowell in denouncing the modern make-believe bonnets, and recommending those of coal-box dimensions. He scolds the dress-loving virgins somewhat cavalierly, yet with all earnestness and gravity; and it may not be amiss to give our fair readers some idea of what the ladies of Cyprian's flock had to listen to. He roundly ascribes to the teaching of the devil the most of the operations of the toilet. The apostate angels, he says, 'taught to paint the cheeks with a dishonest tint, to dye the hair with false colouring, and to make away with all truth of face and forehead.' 'I consider,' he says, 'that the married also, and all females whatever, ought to be cautioned that what God has made and fashioned, ought in no wise to be tampered with, whether with yellow dye, or black powder, or rouge, or any other preparation at all, which undoes the lineaments of nature.'

But it was not long ere he found matters more serious than the dress of virgins to occupy his thoughts and his pen.

The see of Carthage was vacant, and the eyes of the people were turned towards him. He concealed himself in his house, and would gladly, as Pontius tells us, have escaped from the window in a basket, as Paul had done. But retreat was impossible: he was seized by the crowd that besieged his door, carried off, and made Bishop of Carthage in A.D. 248.

Half a century of comparative quiet had made work enough for a reformer. The picture which Cyprian gives of the Church is truly deplorable, and shows the urgent need of one to wield a whip of cords and cleanse the temple. The external development of the Church had been at the expense of its internal life. The orders of clergy had multiplied, while ecclesiastical rule had become weakened. Degeneracy and disorganization were everywhere visible. There were not only bishops, presbyters, and deacons, but subdeacons, acolytes, readers and a variety of helps. But deacons kicked against the authority of presbyters, and pres-

byters rebelled against bishops. Many of the clergy were not only idle and luxurious, but rapacious and stained by scandalous crime. Clerical personages and others who had vowed celibacy, lived with virgins under similar vows, cherishing, however, as they most strenuously affirmed, only a Platonic and spiritual love for each other, and united only in a wedlock of souls. He set his hand to the work of reform with energy and decision, although he had to proceed with caution, as he was counteracted and undermined by five factious presbyters, who had opposed his election. But dark days were at hand. With the exception of the two years, from 235 to 237, during which the edicts of Maximian against bishops and ministers were in force, there had been no regular persecution against the Church, in the first half of the third century, although in the provinces, Christians were liable to be harassed by superstitious, rapacious, or bloodthirsty governors. In the year 249, however, the edicts of Decius came forth, ordering the extermination of the Christian faith. Recantation or death were the alternatives. The bigoted and infuriated multitude, thirsty for blood, hailed, with savage delight, the imperial edicts. Cyprian, from his former celebrity and conspicuous station, was a marked man; and the cry, 'Thascius Cyprianus to the lions,' was raised too often by the mob to allow him to dream of the possibility of escaping martyrdom, if he remained in Carthage. Flight was both possible and allowable. To leave his flock in the midst of persecution, with so many internal abuses, and to incur the suspicion of timidity, cost him a pang; to remain among them was certain death, and involved, therefore, the renunciation of all hope of reforming the Church. Accordingly, with a sorrowful heart he bade adieu to his dispirited and distracted flock, and remained in concealment for about two years.

Degenerate as the Church was, many chose to languish and starve in prisons, or bare their necks to the headsman's axe, rather than deny their faith. But the number of the apostates was great. Multitudes sacrificed to the gods, or by bribes procured

certificates stating that they were idolaters. From both classes sprung serious troubles, which all the tact and decision of Cyprian could scarce have obviated had he been on the spot, but which could only be mitigated and checked, in some degree, by his letters. Of these, during his retirement, he wrote 395, and did more by them, to guide, to soothe, to calm, than most men could have done by their presence. He superintended and directed everything. He wrote to the presbyters and deacons, exhorting them to see to the supply of the confessors' wants, to visit the sick and bury the dead, and directed them how to conduct their visitations to those that were in prison, so as least to attract the notice of the authorities. He addressed to the confessors exhortations breathing all the energy of his own intrepid soul, a noble disdain of terrestrial things, and glowing anticipations of immortality, which nerved them with strength to march with firm step to the death, and inspired them with a sublime ambition to cast off their emaciated bodies that were rotting in prisons, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

To stand fast when so many fell away, showed a strength of piety and principle, which was largely appreciated and lauded, and by none more than by those who had lapsed through fear. The martyrs and confessors were held in the highest esteem, and were made the objects of injudicious and hurtful attentions. The lapsed flocked to them in prison, or wrote to them letters entreating their influence in procuring reconciliation with the Church. No patron ever had greater crowds of clients than the martyrs and confessors; no minister ever had more importunate solicitations for places, than they had for readmission into the Church. The flattery with which they were addressed was most fulsome; the supplications made to them most abject. First, the body of confessors addressed the bishop in respectful terms, requesting him to consider their recommendations when he should return and meet with his clergy; and had not some of the factious presbyters on their own responsibility admitted some who were furnished with these recommendations,

the evil that afterwards was so hurtful would not have arisen. Cyprian was alarmed at the contempt shown by these presbyters to his episcopal authority, and resolved to crush the mischief in the bud. He went to work with characteristic tact and decision. He wrote the confessors, requesting them to make very special inquiry into the cases of all to whom they gave letters, and, instead of saying, 'Admit such a one with his friends,' to specify the name of each individual whom they wished included in their recommendation. He wrote the laity in a mild, persuasive tone, counselling them to use their influence with the lapsed, to make them wait with patience his return.

His letter to the clergy is more authoritative in its tone, and reflects severely on those presbyters who had been guilty of setting aside the discipline of the Church, and ignoring the power of the bishop, by the readmission of those that had lapsed. He felt the critical posture of affairs, and wrote the presbyters at Rome, giving an account of what he had done, and thus obtained their concurrence in the steps he had taken for preserving the purity and discipline of the Church, and maintaining his episcopal prerogatives.

But the factious presbyters disregarded his injunctions, the lapsed were clamorous, the confessors assailed by adulation, and encouraged by the rebellious presbyters, proceeded to still greater lengths. Lucian, who, by the orders of the emperor, was condemned to starvation, had come to believe that he carried the keys of the kingdom of heaven in his girdle. In virtue of a commission delegated to him by the martyr Paul just before he sealed his testimony with his blood, he granted peace to all and sundry who applied to him, and in the name of all the confessors. He signified to Cyprian, and through him to all the bishops, that they had granted peace—this is their phrase—to all of whose conduct the bishop should be satisfied, thus at once superseding Cyprian's authority, and putting upon him the invidious responsibility of revoking the pardons they had granted, and expelling from communion those whom they had readmitted. Cyprian

saw at a glance the difficulties of his situation, and took alarm at the insubordination of both clergy and laity, which threatened to bring into contempt alike the wholesome restraints of ecclesiastical discipline and the authority of the bishop. It was not in his nature to sacrifice either. Whatever else is signified by the word *bishop*, to Cyprian it intimated oversight and authority. The episcopal office was, in his view, the very keystone of the ecclesiastical structure, the representative of apostleship, the fountain and head of authority. He was a born ruler, and carried authority in his brow. His manners, as Pontius tells us, though pleasant, were grave, his dress plain, but not sordid, and his whole air and bearing fitted to inspire reverence as well as affection.

The tradition that he had been a senator wants authority; but it is certain that in the council of prelates, in the chair of his own presbytery, in managing the delicate and difficult public questions with which he had to deal, and controlling popular movements, he exhibited not only decision and fearlessness, but much statesmanlike tact and wisdom.

The reins were in a firm hand, otherwise the affairs of the Church would have rushed into utter confusion, although all his efforts could not prevent an open insurrection. There is no crushing men such as those factious presbyters, who are too cunning and clever to be managed by policy, too insolent and vindictive to submit to the restraints of authority. They speedily brought on a crisis by seceding under the ring-leading of Felicissimus, who threatened to excommunicate all who should obey the bishop. Cyprian retorted at once, by pronouncing sentence of excommunication on Felicissimus, which the latter had richly merited, not only for his turbulence and insubordination, but for other scandalous crimes. The clergy of Carthage were also instructed to excommunicate all who should adhere to the schismatical faction. The schismatics got some ragamuffin bishops to meet and ordain to the episcopal office Fortunatus, one of their number. Cyprian was in a position well

fitted to try the temper of his mind. He was the butt of odium and invective. He was abused as headstrong, intemperate, and overbearing, tyrannical to his clergy, and merciless to penitents; he was maligned as a coward, who had shrunk from persecution through fear. He burned to dash into the thickest of the fight, that he might stay the dastardly rout of apostasy, and tread out the newly-kindled sparks of a schism, that, by offering salvation on cheaper terms than the Church, was subverting discipline and ruining souls. But he knew that the church at Carthage needed less a martyr than one who at safe distance could direct operations, and animate the courage of all who were engaged on the right side.

In A.D. 252, we find him again at Carthage. Almost immediately after his return he summoned a council, in which the vexed question of the readmission of the lapsed was settled in such a way as to preserve a mean between the laxity of the party that had already given him so much trouble, and the excessive rigour of those that adhered to the Novatian schism. The rise of the latter division is a curious instance of the facility with which certain minds can pass from one extreme to another, and of the effrontery with which those whose inclination or interest it is to pick a quarrel or seize on any pretext whatever. Novatus, one of Cyprian's recreant presbyters, who, along with the others, had found fault with his bishop for being so severe a disciplinarian, came to Rome and was brought into contact with one Novatian, a disappointed candidate for the Roman see; whose Christianity was blended with the rigour of the stoical philosophy, of which he had previously been a disciple, and whose opinions about the re-admission of those who had apostatized were diametrically opposed to those of Novatus, and the sect to which he belonged. The two, nevertheless, coalesced, the Carthaginian embracing the opinions of the Roman, and the latter was ordained bishop by three ignorant Italian bishops, who were said to be in a state of intoxication when they performed the act. As a good Christian, Cyprian hated division and strife; as a staunch churchman, he had a

horror at schism, then a new portent in the Christian world; as a genuine prelate he regarded opposition to the bishop as a heinous sin. Accordingly he rushed to the aid of Cornelius, whose episcopate was menaced, and whose see was disturbed by this formidable schism. He wrote to the confessors at Rome, who had been led to join it, captivated by the purity of membership which it was the object of the Novatian strictness to introduce into the church. Cyprian's letter, aided by the discovery of some pious frauds practised by the Novatians, gained back the confessors to the rule of Cornelius, and thereby weakened most materially the influence of the adverse party. With equal vigour, though not with equal success, he opposed the Novatians in his own province, where, despite all his efforts, they struck their roots deep and wide. He had to defend the church from attacks on two opposite sides. But while in combating his assailants he refuted their diverse ideas on doctrine and discipline, he took up a position from which he could direct his fire against both parties at once. They were both alike schismatics, and his treatise on the Unity of the Church was a two-edged sword which most unmercifully smote Novatian and Felicissimus. This production, in which is developed a theory of the church and the episcopate, which does not want abettors at the present day, must have been difficult to refute, at a time when the distinction had not been drawn between an external and internal unity, between a church visible and a church invisible. The church, according to Cyprian, is the fountain of light and grace,—the mother of the faithful,—the seamless robe of the Redeemer. Schism therefore cuts off the stream from its source—alienates from the chaste spouse of Christ—joins to an adulterous mother, and rends the seamless coat. Of all sins it is most fatal and damnable. It expels the holy dove, and introduces instead 'the fierceness of dogs, the deadly poison of serpents, the cruel fury of wild beasts.' Schismatics are more guilty than the lapsed, and fit only to be ranked with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and with the traitor Judas. He involves all separatists and dissenters in one indiscriminate condem-

nation, excluding alike from the kingdom of heaven, not only the most pestilent heretics that had disowned or been disowned by the church, but all who seceded from her communion. The Novatians come in for the largest share of his denunciation, evidently because theirs was the most powerful schism, not because their tenets were most unscriptural, for they were perfectly orthodox, both in rite and doctrine, the sole point of difference between them and the church being their refusal to readmit to their communion those who had been guilty of the grosser sins.

The tone of this treatise is harsh in the extreme; and although the bitterness of the opposing parties, and the mischief they wrought, may be adduced in extenuation, it is evident that Cyprian's ideas of church power were very *high*, and that he was morbidly sensitive in what touched the dignity and authority of the bishop.

The treatise on the 'Lapsed' was written about the same time. In common with the former it is cast in a rhetorical mould, and is more of an animated and eloquent oration than a dissertation. There is a fire in it which bursts through all its elaborate polish and superficial ornament; and it conveys perhaps a truer idea of Cyprian's head, heart, and gift of speech, than any other of his compositions. It combines with the most unflinching condemnation of sin the utmost tenderness for the sinner, and must have tended to soothe the irritated feelings of those to whom it was addressed, and bring them to humility and contrition. At the same time there are bursts of indignation and invective against those who, without any course of probation or evidence of repentance, admitted apostates to their communion. The peace they gave he pronounced delusive and pernicious. For by it, he said, 'the wounds of the dying are covered over, and a fatal blow resting in the depth and secrecy of the vitals has a veil of concealment drawn over its pregnancy. Men turn from the altars of Satan to the holy thing of the Lord, with foul and tainted hands; still overcharged with the poisonous idol feasts, their jaws breathing their crime, and fresh from

the deadly infection, they invade the body of the Lord.'

With redundancy of words, and plenty of conceits and false antitheses, Cyprian's compositions exhibit such copiousness, play of imagination, earnestness, deep feeling, and sense, that we do not wonder at the influence they had over the church in general, and especially among the North African clergy; and they clearly show that though his intellectual and theological culture was somewhat scanty, his oratory must have been pleasing and powerful.

But it is time to turn from the arena of strife in which he had such ample room for the display both of intrepidity and skill. Indeed, we should hardly have thought him worthy of a niche in *Titan*, had he not signalized himself in a different way. The plague, which on his return from exile he found raging at Carthage, gave full scope for the exercise of his benevolence, his oratorical gifts, and his power of organization. The description of this fearful visitation in Cyprian's treatise on 'the Mortality,' recalls to us the details of Thucydides' graphic picture of the state of Athens during the plague. Time had evidently not ameliorated the genius of heathenism. We learn from Cyprian that the dying were plundered and deserted in their last agonies, the dead were left unburied, and in sullen recklessness and despair, the living said, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' Then even from amid the chaotic elements of which the church was composed, emerged the fair form of Christian philanthropy. It was a crisis fit for the display of the loveliest aspects of Christianity, its brotherly love, its heroism in suffering, and the power of its glorious hopes. The church awoke into life, and gladdened and blessed the plague-stricken city. The sick and dying, Christian and heathen, were tended, the dead buried, the famished fed, and an incense-perfume of life and immortality breathed from the sanctuary through the tainted air.

Cyprian was the soul of this movement of mercy which was twice blest, blessing not only its objects, but its agents, by making them forget their own woes in ministering to others, and exchange the morbid gloom and in-

action of sorrow for the healthful and gladsome throb of heart, which is the never-failing concomitant of active benevolence. His success in this noble work was due in great measure to his knowing his place and keeping it, and keeping all others in theirs. His work was to get resources, to procure labourers, to find them work, and keep them at it. He was bishop, overseer, superintendent, and he knew that he could do more by planning and preaching, than by carrying with his own hand medicine or food to the houses of the sick and hungry. He left such ministries to his presbyters, deacons, and beadles. He was daily in the pulpit, and amid farewells to the dying and sounds of frantic mourning for the dead rung out the clear, soul-stirring tones of his voice like that of an angel of mercy. His words filled with light and music that sad scene of sorrow and death; they bore the fire of his spirit into a thousand hearts, and set them aglow with the flame with which his burned. He was liberal of his own money, but a thousand times more was needed than he could give; he was willing to devote his personal efforts, but it was little that one pair of hands and feet could do. He had, however, what the crisis needed, an eloquent tongue, that opened the purses of the rich, and obtained the services of the poor. Never was oratory employed in a better cause or crowned with more success. Nowhere can we find a more pleasing proof that the pulpit might easily lead the vanguard of all philanthropic movements, and that the Christian orator can bring forces into play, which are beyond the reach of others.

The works of mercy performed by the Christians during the plague must have done much to remove prejudice and recommend their faith to the heathens, who attributed the terrible scourge by which the city was wasted to the anger of the gods on account of the dishonour done by the Christians to their worship. Cyprian thought it necessary to refute, or rather to retort this accusation in a treatise addressed to Demetrianus, a heathen of some consequence, and asserts that the pestilence, and all the other calamities under which they groaned, were judgments from the one living and true God, on account of the sins of idolaters.

It is denunciatory rather than persuasive or argumentative, and though it was fitted in some respects to reach the heathen conscience, must have told far less favourably than the good works of its author on the worshippers of idols. His address to Christians on the 'Mortality,' written about the same time, was intended to cheer and animate those who had sunk into despondency and gloom, by producing contempt for this world, and a longing for a better. The idea is very prominent in both these treatises, and indeed throughout Cyprian's works, that the world was drawing near its end. To Cyprian everything seemed to portend that its doom was at hand. The enumeration of the signs of its decrepitude and decay will at once show the misery and gloom of the times in which he lived, and serve as a specimen of his style. 'The world itself attests its own ruin in the tottering estate of all things. The showers of winter fail for nourishing the seeds; the sun's heat in summer for ripening the corn; nor in springtide do the fields display their usual growth, and the trees of autumn are barren of their accustomed issue. Mountains disembowelled and ransacked yield a shortened store of marble layers; the exhausted mines send up but a scanty wealth of silver and gold; their impoverished veins day by day are narrowed and minished, while the husbandman languishes in the fields, the sailor at sea, the soldier in the camp; honesty sinks in the mart, justice from the tribunal, love from friendships, skill from the arts, and discipline from conduct.'

In the conclusion of his treatise on the 'Mortality,' while he looks on the world as a crazy building from which a speedy escape is desirable, and life a weltering and tempestuous sea in which shipwreck was inevitable, unless the vessel arrived speedily in port, no shade of gloom darkens his intrepid soul. He closes with a burst of noble eloquence, similar to that in the Tusculan disputations, in which the soul of Cicero kindles at the prospect of immortality, and of meeting all the renowned and virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of former ages in the home of the blessed, the region of pure ether above. He pictures the bliss of Paradise, the Christian's native land, and

the rapture of joining the noble army of martyrs, and all the brotherhood of the saints, in language worthy of the great Roman orator, and with a faith and hope to which the latter was a stranger. From this time to his martyrdom his activity was incessant, but his history during that period may be very soon told. His benevolence was not confined to his own diocese. Numidia having been visited by war, and a number of the Christians taken captive, Cyprian immediately assembles a council, and set on foot a subscription, to which he contributed largely himself for their ransom. This subscription, which amounted to £807, 5s. 10d., he sent to the Numidian bishops, with a letter full of sympathy.

His influence over the African bishops was shown in a controversy which agitated the church for a considerable period, regarding the validity of heretical baptism. Stephen, Bishop of Rome, with considerable arrogance, took the liberal side, while Cyprian, and the whole of North Africa with him, insisted that all those who had been baptized by heretics should, previous to their admission into the Church, be re-baptized. He threw his whole soul into this war, and although his moderation and charity towards Stephen and the others who took a different view, are praised by Augustine, his wrath at the Novatians knows no bounds, and his ideas on the church and the bishop appear full-blown. He got the question taken up at three successive Councils of African bishops and carried his own way. At one of these no less than eighty-seven bishops were present. No account is given of the discussion, because, in all likelihood, there was none; but Cyprian has preserved the formal opinions delivered by each bishop, in which there is sufficient diversity to show that every man spoke his own mind in his own words, and the lack of logic is made up by a redundancy of asperity. The document in which these are preserved is a curious relic of ecclesiastical antiquity, and one of the few monuments that we have to help us to form an estimate of the abilities and qualifications possessed by the early bishops in general.

Augustine afterwards completely

demolished the positions taken up by Cyprian and the African bishops in this controversy, which would have rent the Church in twain, if Cyprian and those who agreed with him had not, with great good sense and moderation, abstained from retaliating on Stephen, who hastily and intemperately excluded them from his communion.

But Cyprian's end was drawing nigh. He had escaped unnoticed apparently during the persecution of Gallus, the successor of Decius, who, after a brief pause, disturbed the peace of the Church; but under Valerian, who had been the protector of the Christians during the first three years of his reign, and during the last three years and a half of it was their merciless persecutor, Cyprian, in A.D. 257, was brought before Paternus, the Proconsul of Carthage. In his examination he conducted himself with dignity and presence of mind, and was treated with courtesy and kindness. He was exiled to Cntrulna, a pleasant little town on the coast about fifty miles from Carthage, where he lived in private lodgings, and was treated with great kindness by the citizens, for eleven months. At the end of this period he was recalled by Galerius Maximus, who, in the meantime, had succeeded Paternus, and took up his residence at his own gardens. A dream which he had at Cntrulna, related at length by Pontius, had made him look forward with certainty to martyrdom as his divinely appointed doom. He was prepared to meet it with firmness and heroism, but determined, if possible, not to die out of Carthage. He concealed himself while the proconsul was at Utica, lest he should be sent for and martyred there. On the proconsul's return to Carthage, Cyprian repaired again to his gardens. On the 13th of September, A.D. 258, the chief-jailer and marshal of the guard apprehended him and conveyed him in a chariot to Sexti, a place about six miles from Carthage, whither Galerius, who was convalescent, had gone. The news spread through Carthage, and drew out the whole Christian population, who crowded around the gate of the officer's house, where the bishop was confined till next day. On the morrow he was

brought before the proconsul in the criminal court. The last act of the drama was short. Cyprian was firm, and the council reluctantly pronounced sentence. When the proconsul read aloud, 'It is the will of this court that Thaseius Cyprianus be immediately beheaded,' the martyr replied, 'Thanks be to God!' and a shout arose from the crowd, 'We will die with him.' He was marched at once to the place of execution, a field near Sexti, under a strong escort. It was a plain thinly planted with trees, which many of the immense concourse that had collected climbed, to see their bishop die. He laid aside his cloak and knelt down in prayer, then rising took off another upper garment, ordered twenty-five gold pieces to be given to the trembling executioner, bade him do his office quickly, covered his face with his hands, and calmly awaited the fatal stroke.

His death was worthy of his life. His brave soul passed away exulting in the glory of having won the martyr's crown, after manfully and zealously finishing his work, and doing as much for the Church in his brief episcopate of ten years, as probably all the rest of his contemporaries put together. His letters and treatises are interesting not only as specimens of the literary taste of his times, but as throwing light on the state of the Church of the third century: and they and their author together form invaluable materials for a commentary on past and present, which might rival in interest the story of Abbot Sampson. The history of Cyprian is, in fact, the history of the Church during his day; a period of glorious martyrdom and ignoble intestine feuds, of deeds of heroism and benevolence worthy of the times of the apostles, and scandals at which their most degenerate successors blush. The permanent impress he left on the Carthaginian Church is a noteworthy monument of the power of 'God's great ordinance of speech,' and of his equally great ordinance of discipline. He was cumbered with little learning either sacred or profane, and had no philosophy. He had no combats with metaphysical Apollyons, and had neither the time nor the turn for discussing speculative questions. In

theology he was very much a *man of one book*, and distilled his religious opinions from Tertullian, for whom he had such veneration that he used to ask for his works by saying, 'Hand me the Master.' But though he entered on office a mere novice in Christianity, and equipped only with the slender intellectual furniture of a mere rhetorician, he had those gifts which bear to the highest posts of

political and ecclesiastical influence, and which have made him the envied model of aspiring churchmen.

On the whole, we must pronounce him one of the true *Titanic* breed that usually come to earth singly and at considerable intervals, and of whom one at a time is all that in general there is room for in any one department.

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.*

A TALE.

* O beware, my Lord, of jealousy.'

OTTO LUDWIG has chosen for the subject of his book a very narrow sphere in humble life, and within the limits which he has prescribed, he confines himself to the development of the inner, not the outer life; and in that inner region it is the moral, not the intellectual life of which he treats. We think it is a truly artistic triumph to clothe with so much poetic interest topics so trite. The author may well be proud of the power with which he carries his reader from the beginning to the end of his simple story; and the glimpses he gives us of his plot never diminishes our interest in its development. At home we have the great masters of the realistic school; in Germany they have numerous followers. Many of Hackländer's thousand and one tales have been translated, and are well known; they all profess to paint life as it is. Freytag's popular novel has had a wide circulation among us, and owes this chiefly to its being a picture of German life, both social and political. His book is a medium for conveying his views as to the rise of the middle classes at the expense of the nobility, and the final ascendancy of steamocracy. The importance of the subjects which he treats, and the vigour with which he handles them, has secured for his novel a popularity which it hardly would have gained from any interest in the

tale itself. It is a social and political miniature painting, but vigorous and true, though somewhat one-sided; and has been the text of many a political discussion where great questions have been clothed in the garb of romance. *Zwischen Himmel und Erde* is written in a very different spirit. It has not been translated, nor, if it were so, is it likely to obtain a wide circulation among us. It is addressed to the feelings of the few, and by them we think it must be enthusiastically admired, though in an English dress it would necessarily lose much of the charm which it owes to its quaint and graceful diction. Leaving all public questions untouched, the author confines himself within the smallest possible grounds, to the development of one passion, and the contrast of two characters. In the delicacy of his delineation dwells the wonderful charm of his work, for he boldly begins by telling the end of the story; as much as to say to the reader: 'Do not hurry to the end; here it is for you. Come with me at your leisure; I have somewhat to give you from the wayside of life, even if its termination presents only a picture of rest and passionless repose: not the rest of gratified love reposing after the heat and struggle of the day; but the calm which follows passions subdued, duties fulfilled, which accompanies a conscience void of reproach; the tranquil rest of a heart which has learnt to find all its gratification in self-abnegation and in doing good to others; that peace and

* *Zwischen Himmel und Erde*. Erzählung von OTTO LUDWIG, aus Eislefeld. Frankfurt a.-M. Verlag von Meidinger Sohn und Comp.

rest which can warm a childless and lonely old age, and which sheds a light around it.

The story opens with the picture of an elderly man living in a small house within a garden. His sister-in-law, a woman of nearly the same age, with the remains of great beauty, inhabits the same house with her son and daughter. The flowers in the garden, the stones of the wall, are given with the minuteness of a Dutch picture; and one can see the mild countenance of the master of the house as he sits in the garden bower on a Sunday, while the church-bells are calling to prayer from the old tower of St. George's Church. He was a man silent, grave, and mild, with the light of truth beaming in his eyes, unquenched by age. He lived a still and methodical life, and had no intimates; but when he went forth into the town, great was the respect with which he was greeted by all. At home there was a sort of mixture of reverence and devotion in the manner of both the mother and the young people towards him: he to them was almost more than fatherly, and to her it was respect, devotion, with a somewhat of reserve which was never overcome. The deportment of the simple artisan towards Christine had a something almost chivalrous in it. Neighbours wondered at their quiet ways, for they were in many respects unlike other people; and so still, all went like clock-work in that house with the green window-shutters. Many years had passed since his brother's sudden death had left Christine a blooming widow; and no one could understand why he had not married her. The custom of the country sanctioned the connexion; his old father, who was alive then, wished it exceedingly; Christine did not appear disinclined, and he evidently preferred her to every one else; and yet it never took place.

It was quite natural that the good people should wonder, for they knew not what had once passed there, within four human souls; and had they known, they would have wondered all the more. The peace of a Sabbath-day had not always dwelt in that house; that peace which now spread its broad wings over the dwelling. A time had been of bitter regrets for ravished bliss,

and wild desire to repossess it; ay, the shadow of murder and murderous thoughts had fallen on the threshold of the homely dwelling, where despair had wandered, with wild lamentations, up and down the little stair, through the friendly rooms, into the garden-bower, into the workshop, into the stable—no place was exempt from her doleful presence. In former days a tall and strong form used to repose in that garden-bower; but no touch of mildness softened the pride of that hard face. When he arose, and crossed the street, the children paused in their merry games; but no friendly look greeted them, perhaps because those eyes were closed for ever. Nevertheless, stern old Herr Nettenmaier was a much-respected man; he demanded and received the esteem of his fellow-citizens. He was a man of rigid honour; only too rigid, alas!

All that had taken place within these walls—all that had nearly broken the hearts of the inmates, and the dark thoughts which had begotten darker deeds—all this was passing even then through the mind and memory of the man with whom we have now to do. It is Sunday, and the bells from St. George announce, in slow and solemn sound, that the worship of God is about to commence. They call one forth from the quiet garden, where, as was his wont, Herr Nettenmaier sat in the morning. It is thirty-one years this day, since after a long absence he had returned to his native town. Even thus had the bells sounded that day, when through the snow he had once more beheld the old tower of St. George. There it stood now, its long shadow cast across the neighbour's garden. He gazed at the slanting roof, which seemed to look down upon him. Memories of the past crowded into his mind; the feelings of that day seemed to return. Even thus had the bells sounded; even thus he had gazed at that roof, little divining then that a mysterious destiny connected his fate to that tower; even as now all the memories of the past are linked to it. For—but I forget; the reader does not know what I allude to: it is, in fact, what I am going to relate.

Such is our introduction to the hero of the story. Having given us a

glimpse of the end, our author returns to the commencement of his romance ; and nothing can be simpler than the materials with which he engages our sympathies. Old Nettenmaier is a slater, and pursues his trade along with his two sons in a small country town. They have a lovely neighbour, called Christine ; and these four are almost the only individuals who are mentioned in the book, except their old servant, Valentine, so narrow are the limits within which the author has confined his graphic pencil. The old man is a great tyrant with a sort of heathen sense of honour ; one who would have had a real pleasure in the part of Brutus, and would have slain his sons with his own hand joyfully to clear the family honour from stain. He is a hard-working, upright, honest, stern old heathen, without one touch of Christian charity or love ; yet with a high sense of right and justice—justice, but no mercy. His sons are very different. Fritz, the eldest, begins by being weak and envious, and coveting Christine merely because his brother loves her. But envy begets jealousy, and jealousy hatred ; and murder's grim form appears, and the mind, given up to one base passion, finally loses itself in the ravings of a maniac. There is no religious discussion in the book, nothing that can be called preaching ; but every now and then, as it were, the church-bells' call to prayer is heard above the raging of human passion ; and Apollonius Nettenmaier is given as the type of the spiritual man, even as his brother is the image of the carnal. He is from the first of an unsuspicious, open nature, and believes all men because he himself could not deceive ; but it is only by inward struggles—the history of which are not given—that he finally becomes the purified hero, who sits in his garden bower, waiting patiently for the hour when the knell from St. George's tower, with its slow and soothing sound, will tell to the few who remain below to mourn that one pure spirit has left its abode of clay for a higher and happier sphere.

The trade of a slater is not a very romantic one, it seems to us but a commonplace matter to lay slate upon slate, and tile upon tile. But old Nettenmaier esteemed his calling very

differently ; he used to say that no man was worthy of the work, who valued his life, or had a drop of coward's blood in his veins. As the soldier risks his life in the battle, so the slater perils his on the strength of one rope, on the steadiness of his head and hand—one false step is certain death ; and in the old man's thinking, a death met with in this peaceful but dizzy trade is as honourable as on the blood-stained field of victory. Let us take one extract from the author, and we shall, I think, agree that the rough and toil-worn mechanic, hammering on the roof there, is not without a certain poetic interest :—

'Between heaven and earth lies the kingdom of the slater. From far below rises the murmuring tumult of the wanderers on the earth ; far above, the wanderers of the heavens, the quiet clouds, pursue their silent and majestic path. Months, years, centuries have passed, and there has been no dweller here save the wild jackdaw's restless and screaming brood. But at last one day, a narrow door of egress, far up in the church tower, is opened, and unseen hands force out two rusty bars. It appears to the spectator from below as if they wished to build a bridge of straw in the heavens. The jackdaws have betaken themselves to the pinnacles of the tower, and the top of the weathercock, and flap their wings in terror. The scaffolding projects some feet, and the unseen hands cease to thrust out more boards. A hammering begins within that chamber in the roof. It wakens the sleeping owls, and sends them hooting and terrified into the giddy light of day. The jackdaws hear it with horror ; the children of man on the firm earth below hear it not, and the clouds in the blue expanse above pursue their course unheeding. The knocking goes on a long time, and then ceases. Across the projecting beams two short boards are thrust, behind them appears a human head, and a pair of strong arms. One hand holds a nail, the other wields the hammer, till the flying scaffolding is complete. It may prove a path to eternity to its maker—who can tell ? Upon the scaffolding a ladder is erected, the tower is high, ladder upon ladder, tier over tier. Nothing holds them together but two iron hooks ;

nothing holds them secure on the scaffolding but four human hands and the pinnacle on which they lean. Once above the little door, and bound with strong cord to the pinnacle, the bold workman ascends without fear. The giddy mortal who looks up from the firm ground, sees, as it were, a ladder made of straws, a child's toy; the thought of ascending it makes him shiver, and he commends his soul to God. There it is, right "betwixt heaven and earth." If the man makes a false step, or the ladder swerves ever so little, down he comes to certain death; the very stroke of the clock below him may startle him. The spectator below draws in his breath, and involuntarily clasps his hands; the daws above, driven from their last retreat, fly screaming round and round the bold workman's head; the clouds above pursue their path unmoved. The clouds alone? No, the bold man on the ladder is as unmoved as they. He is no idle boaster who wishes for applause. He goes his dangerous path in his calling; he knows the ladder is firm, he himself constructed the scaffolding, he knows it is strong, he knows his heart is strong, his step secure. He looks not down to the green earth's enticing bosom, he looks not up where the ever-drifting clouds' ceaseless motion may bring fatal giddiness upon his brain. The centre of the arch is the limit of his vision; for him there is no heaven and no earth, but the beam above, and the ladder which he binds to it with cords. And the knot is tied, and the spectator draws a deep breath, and goes on and tells in the streets what the bold man is doing there, up between heaven and earth. And for many weeks the children imitate in their play his giddy trade.*

But to return to the story. Young Apollonius loves the fair Christine—Walter's Christine, as she is called. In his own shy and youthful way he has left a flower in her path which she has encouraged him by accepting, and giving him one in return. He thinks that they understand each other, and in an evil hour he confides in his brother. About this time the old man had commanded Fritz that he must no longer love a certain Beate, and he is too much afraid of the old Spartan to dispute his will, or ask a wherefore;

and he gives up his love with some compassion for her, but a comfortable assurance that he will find another. Unfortunately, Walter's Christine makes a deeper impression on him than the forsaken Beate had done, and the fact that his brother loves her, and that she seems inclined to return his love, gives zest to the pursuit which he commenced, as he said, and perhaps really meant, to forward his brother's views. At the village dance, he persuades Apollonius to trust his cause in his hands, and he dances with the girl that he may praise his brother, and he walks home with her, that he may tell her all the good he has done. Next day, he suggests to the old man, that it were well that young Apollonius should see the world. The old man had ever been accustomed to say so, and it was done. The same evening, while standing under the old pear-tree in his garden, and cleaning the moss from its branches, he called Apollonius to him and said, 'Make ready your things to-night, for at break of day to-morrow you are to go to our cousins at Cologne.' At the dawn of the following day, when the clock in St. George's Church was striking four, the door of the old house with the green window-shutters opened, and the two brothers stood on the threshold. Fritz was eloquent in his promises to woo Christine for his brother; Apollonius confided a letter to her to his care, and believed him. So the brothers parted. Four years later Apollonius stood at mid-day on the same spot, on his return. The untaught artisan, who had gone forth into the world simple and strong, returned to his home strong and simple, but also learned. The artisans of Cologne in that period were artists in their way. The carved stones in that city witness to this day what men they were, who, unknown, and in the humble rank of the stone-cutter and mason, worked out the noble design to the great architect, '*The Unknown*,' who conceived the plan of the Dom Kirche.* Even the men who carried

* In the Walhalla, which Louis of Bavaria has erected on the banks of the Danube, to commemorate the great men of his country, amongst much that is in doubtful taste, there is one touching monument, a plain marble tablet, inscribed to the memory of the unknown architect of the Cologne Cathedral.

the stones and mixed the mortar, must have had some spark of the master's genius; and had that marvellous structure never been raised, there is enough of Romanesque architecture in that picturesque old town, to cultivate the intelligence of the working-classes, and refine their taste. During these four years, a whole intellectual world had opened to Apollonius, but his heart was still the same, true and trusting. He stood before his old home, no longer the timid youth, but the skilful, self-reliant man. He stood there, and paused before he crossed the threshold. He has himself changed, but the change was still greater within these walls. His father is blind, and this is the reason of his return, but, affectionate and dutiful as he was, still he forgets it while he remembers that Christina is within, the wife of his brother, and the mother of his children, and but a few steps divide him from her. He paused to realize the meeting; and in his modesty he felt that it was quite natural that she should have preferred Fritz, who was so gay and jovial, to a silent, shy man like himself, and no doubt of his brother's truth crossed his mind. He felt that he had conquered his passion, and could look on her as a sister; but that she should hate him, as Fritz said she did, that was a bitter thought.

He entered. Fritz Nettenmaier received his brother with boisterous spirits, but nothing could be colder than the greeting of his wife. Christine was altered; a something of her husband's expression had crept into her fair face. 'As the husband is, the wife is.' He has not grown like her, but she has lowered to him. A heavy cloud sits on her fair brow, when her brother-in-law took her hand, and begged her to receive him as a brother. The children clung to him, and they alone were unembarrassed. All at once Apollonius remembers with shame that his father was blind, and that he, his son, had forgotten his misfortune. He hurried into the garden, and realized for the first time the full extent of his father's affliction. The hard old man is unsoftened by his calamity, and wrestles with his infirmity. Even his strong will cannot resist disease, but his proud heart will not own its power. He despises sympathy, and is more

imperious than even in former days. He had been listening eagerly for his son's footsteps, but when he comes, he receives him as if they had parted yesterday. 'My eyes are somewhat weak,' he said, and spoke of other matters. His son stood before him speechless with emotion, afraid to offer assistance to one accustomed only to command.

Apollonius finds himself utterly alone at home. His father neither will receive nor evince affection; his brother is boisterously kind, and full of regrets that Apollonius *must* leave them so soon, that he has attractions at Cologne, and such like. Christine is cold and sullen. The little children alone return twofold his love and his caresses. Naturally his thoughts begin to return to Cologne, to his wise and skilful cousin, his fatherly friend, and the kind daughter, so sisterly and good; to his fellow-workmen, a brotherly band of earnest men; and he longed for a wider circle of intelligence, a warmer breath of human love than his home afforded. The helpless state of his father makes him hesitate about leaving, and the daily growing conviction that his brother is unfit to conduct the business of the family, decides him on remaining, to devote his talents to the good of his native place, and to the support of his relations. Bringing all the skill and knowledge he has learned afar, he soon takes a high place among the men of worth and skill at home, and is chosen by them to give his opinion on all weighty matters.

About this time the roof of St. George's Church required to be repaired, and there is a meeting of all the wise men of the small place on the subject. Fritz Nettenmaier is forward and loquacious, and patronizing towards his brother. Each one gives their counsel in turn, and when Apollonius speaks, all agree that his is the best, and he is chosen to superintend the work; but he will only act on condition that his brother is appointed nominal head. The poison of jealousy had entered into Fritz's heart at home, and instead of being disarmed by this generosity, the cauter eats in all the deeper from this public acknowledgment of his brother's merit. This engagement permanently fixes Apollonius

at home, and he gives himself to the work with his whole heart. Daily he soars with the birds of the air to the roof of the old building; and labours, by his simple life and learned ways, to gain an influence over his fellow-workmen, and inspire them with emulation in their calling. The purity of his mind and manners affects those around him, and he raises their standard of taste and morals, and inspires them with a spirit of self-respect and culture, which ennobles them and their occupation. He feels, as it were, that he has a mission to perform, and he performs it. Bringing into the detail of every-day life-labour the ennobling idea of duty, he dignifies his calling, and raises his class; he reaps the fruits of his hands in the love of his fellow-workmen, and in the consciousness that he is benefiting them, and doing the duty which lies nearest his hand. Up among the jackdaws in the roof, working, teaching, preaching as it were the practical sermon of example, he is perfectly happy. At home, when he returns to the 'old house with the green window-shutters,' the cloud falls on him again. He is permitted but not welcomed; he comes, no one greets him; he goes, and no one says, God speed him! His father has a sort of grim, unacknowledged pride in his success; and Fritz, the deeper the canker of jealousy is eating into his heart, the louder and bollower his mirth, the more facetious his remarks, the wider the cleft becomes between them. So he lives for his work, and enters the house only at meals, and for his night's rest; he has a kingdom of his own on the church tower. He does not see, nor for a moment guess the real state of matters within that house; nor does he dream that his brother is jealous of him, because he knows how he had wronged him, and had robbed him of Christine under false pretences; and how he had defamed him and her, and that his brother is in an agony lest some day this will come to light, that Christine will read his honesty in his pure face, and loathe the man who cheated her into his arms. Fritz, judging his brother by his own guilty soul, is tortured by jealousy; he hates his company, yet will not leave him one moment alone, that he may watch

him, and ascribes unworthy motives to his simplest actions. Fritz sees a double meaning in everything; he thinks he has experience, and knows life, and can read secret motives. Alas! like many other bad men, 'he thinks he knows the world, and he only knows himself.' To such a one there is no such mystery as a simple, straightforward, candid nature. He endeavours by inventing stories against him, to keep up his wife's hatred for Apollonius, when one day in the garden bower, Christine overhears a conversation between the two, which discloses her husband's falsehood. He feared that his brother's more honest face would give the lie to his assertions, and now he has betrayed himself! Christine's whole heart rises against the husband who has deceived her, and she tells him so. One day Apollonius entered during a violent scene between them, and she rushed away, in horror as he supposed, at his presence. It is the first time that he sees the cold equanimity of her demeanour at all moved. And now the family dispeace becomes great. Fritz knows that his wife despises him; she is dutiful, with the proud, defiant look of an injured woman; and by a sort of mesmeric influence he reads her heart, and sees it turn towards his brother; not that a friendly word to him escapes her lips, but her thoughts follow him; this her husband sees, and the children, too, divine it. They cling to their uncle, and the little Aennchen says to him one day, 'Uncle, mamma is not so angry with you as she used to be; go to her, and beg pardon, and say you will be good, and she will give you sugar.' But Christine had learnt to know her own heart, and her sense of duty to her husband made her even colder in her manner to Apollonius, than when she had been really indifferent to him. The family life becomes daily heavier and heavier. Fritz forces his wife into gaiety, and at home he strikes her, he strikes the children. Apollonius goes on his work, and never dreams that he is the shadow in the house, the skeleton on the threshold. A feeling of deep compassion has replaced the indifference which Christine's coldness had produced. He sees in her a patient suffering woman, and a loving mother.

That he has ever been, and still is dear to her, never crosses his mind; but thoughts of her and of her children follow him to his daily task. And when Fritz's intemperance has brought ruin on the family, he cheerfully takes the debts upon himself, and undertakes the support of the whole household. He does not himself know how happy it makes him to work for Christine. When Apollonius is at home, Fritz is close beside him, but when he is safe away at his giddy trade, Fritz betakes himself to taverns to cut jokes with his boon companions about his brother, and his want of skill, and how he Fritz had to do everything, to plan everything. No one believed him; but by dint of telling it often he believed himself. He was a merry fellow, Fritz! The quarrel between the parents affects the children, and the little Aennchen droops. One evening she was very ill, and Apollonius came just in time to bring a doctor and medicines for the sick child, and to speak some words of strength to the mother; as he left the room Fritz entered from his night's carousal. The sight of his brother in that room prevented him from being able to see that his child is really sick. Christine's heart is softened towards her husband, she hears him enter the room, and sit down by the window; speaking to her child, she makes a tender appeal to him. She does not know that he is boiling with rage, and only restrained by the presence of the old Valentin from breaking out. The servant left the room, and he staggered up to the little bed, and struck the mother in presence of her dying child. All that night in his drunken sleep, he is haunted by the dead and the dying, and before he is really awake a strong feeling of horror is on him, and he hears suppressed voices of weeping, and rises, and sees lying before him clad in white, and crowned with flowers, the corpse of his little Aennchen.

'Last night she had longed for him to speak, now he spoke to her. "Give me your hand, Christine," said he. She drew her hand convulsively back, as if he had already touched it. "I have sinned," he said; "I own it, I see it, I will do so no more." "The child is dead," said she in a hollow

tone. "Leave me not in my misery without hope. If I am to be reformed, it can only be now, if you will hold out your hand and raise me," said the man. She looked at the child, and not at him. "The child is dead," she repeated. Was it that she was indifferent as to his fate, he could not bring the child to life by his repentance? or was it that she heard him not, and spoke to herself? The man raised himself hastily, and grasped her hand with passionate emotion, and held it firm. "Christine," he said convulsively, "here I lie like a worm. Do not trample me under your feet; do not. For heaven's sake, have compassion on me! I shall never forget that I have lain in the dust before you; think of that! Oh, think! You have me now in your hands. You can make of me what you will. I make you responsible. I take Heaven to witness yours is the guilt of what may happen now." At last she wrung away her hand; while he had held it she had shrunk with a loathing shudder from him. "The child is dead," she said. He understood her; she meant, Between me and the murderer of my child, there can be nothing more in common, neither on earth nor in heaven! 'He rose. One word of forgiveness might have saved him then. Perhaps! Who knows?'

Apollonius goes on with his work; his brother's affairs go to ruin, he takes the debts on himself, and supports the family; but Christine and he are as much strangers as ever. Though 'she hates him,' he will work for her and for his brother's children; and she goes about with despair in her heart. And Fritz? the spirit of Cain becomes daily stronger in him; finally, he can combat with his feelings no longer, he seizes a chisel, and cuts once or twice half through the rope by which were suspended the frail boards on which Apollonius was wont to sit, when, hanging between heaven and earth, he went on with his work on the church tower, and by which he could swing himself like a bird, near all the curious carvings. The next day Apollonius set out at the dawn for Brambach, a neighbouring village, where he was to work. Part of the injured rope was left, and the old servant detects the criminal.

Christine also at once perceives the fulfilment of her husband's threats, and takes the whole blame on herself. She is almost frantic, and wishes to give herself up to the hands of justice; death would be welcome rather than such misery. The day was already far spent, the deed already probably accomplished. Fritz was at work in the church of St. George, and Valentin in despair goes to the old man his master, and tells him all.

The old man was sitting in his room; the friendly inquiries for his health, which greeted him in the garden, had driven him to seek this further seclusion from human sympathy. He knew more of what passed within the house than they imagined; and his brain is ever active where the family honour is concerned. If it is preserved in the eyes of the world, all human feelings are as nothing to him. He forms a sudden resolve worthy of a Roman, and in all the spirit of the old heathens; he arises, and he who for years had not quitted his garden, commands them to lead him to the church tower. But Valentin must not come, he must remain with Christine, he must force her to control herself, he must see that no one is a witness to her emotion, that her woman's tongue does not betray her husband's guilt. At this moment an apprentice from the smith's enters; he brings the garland, which with music and festivity was to be placed on the summit of the nearly completed tower. The blind man turns to him, and to the usual inquiry gives his reply: "I have somewhat weak eyes, but it does not much matter." Had another blind man spoken so, the lad would have smiled, but there was something about old Nettenmaier, which overawed all who came near him. "Have you time to give me your arm," he said, "as far as the church of St. George? I wish to speak to my eldest son, who is working there about the repairs," and they went forth together. No doubt it was about a repair that he wished to speak; but not the repair of the church roof, though that was the spot, and the only spot, where the words could be spoken. As they went their way, the quick ear of the blind man discerned a something unusual in the streets, a hurrying to and fro,

a gathering together of people, and now and then an exclamation, such as, "Have you heard? When did it happen?" . . . Herr Nettenmaier did not require to ask what had happened—he knew it as well as if he had been told; but he made no remark. The lad asked a passer-by what it was. "A report has come that a slater has fallen from a scaffolding at Brambach, and been killed," was the reply; "the rope broke, but nothing more is known." Old Nettenmaier felt the arm of the youth tremble, and he knew that the thought had occurred to him that he was perhaps leading at that moment the father of the unfortunate slater. But he only said, "It has been at Jambach, not Brambach; people are always making mistakes." The lad did not know how to account for the old man's composure; yet he had a red spot on each cheek, and went muttering to himself between his teeth, "It must be! it must be!" So the lad led him as it were in a dream, to the church tower, and up the winding stair of St. George's. People certainly were right who said, "Herr Nettenmaier was a peculiar man."

'As the old man was led up the winding steps, Fritz, his son, was working at the church roof; high up between heaven and earth. Fritz Nettenmaier came here to hide himself from the eyes of men, which seemed to glare at him; to escape in bodily labour from his one thought; but he brought hell within his bosom: and as he worked and laboured, the sweat stood on his brow, not the warm sweat of toil, but the cold drops of anguish. He hammered slate upon slate, as if the safety of the world depended on his work. But his thoughts were not with his work, they were full of confused images of falling men, and broken cords, and crowds of ghastly slaters, gazing at some horrid sight. Sometimes he stops, and it seems to him as if he must scream, "To Brambach! tell him not to try the ladder, tell him not to trust the cords." And then he thought all those below, who looked like a multitude of ants, turned and mocked him, and stared at him in horror and disgust; and he thought he heard the feet of the messenger of justice

on the stair; and, perhaps, it was already too late! And then he clasped his hands over his tools, and vowed if his brother was not killed, he would become a better man. Alas! his repentance was only remorse. He hears a step upon the stair! is it the messenger of justice come for him? No, that is impossible, he has told no one, and "who dare accuse me of anything?" he says to himself with a sort of glee; when suddenly he hears a voice which strikes on his heart like an iron hammer; it is the only voice he never could have expected to hear there. Will it ask him, "Where is thy brother Abel?" No; he thought, "He has come to tell me my brother is hurt; I must work no more on this day of misfortune. And were he to ask, is not the answer ready? is it not as old nearly as the race of man: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" He remembers with comfort that his father is blind; he will not have to meet his eye. He thinks of flight, but there is nowhere to go. He hears the old man on the stair, chatting to his companion. "My compliments to your master," he hears him say, "and here is something for yourself." Fritz does not turn, but he knows that the old man is seated on the flat ledge of the outlet, and that his form fills the whole entrance. "Fine weather," said the old man cheerfully. His son understands his wish to know if they are alone. "Fine weather," repeats the old man; but no one replies, and Fritz hammers and hammers. "Fritz," cries the old man; he repeats it twice, still Fritz hammers. He thinks of the question, "Cain, where art thou?" and he says, "Here, father," and hammers on. "That slate is firm," said the old man, in an indifferent tone, "it does not ring." "Yes," said Fritz, his teeth chattering, "it will let in no water." "They are better placed, and deeper set than formerly," continued the old man. "Are you alone?" a "yes" dies on the lips of the culprit; the "deeper the firmer," says he. "Is there no other scaffolding near?" "No!" "Come here, then, here before me." "What shall I do?" "Come here; what must be said must be said low." Fritz Nettenmaier stood trembling before his father, and though he knew that he was blind, he turned to avoid

his gaze. The old man struggled with his emotion, but no trace of it was observable on his wrinkled countenance, only his long silence and his deep-drawn breath denoted the combat. The clock ticked slow and loud. Fritz suffered agonies. Had his father discovered him? Why should he speak low? What would he do next? His face was convulsed. The old man kept silent. The sound of life from the streets below came up more faintly, and long purple shadows marked the hour of sunset; its last rays touched the little car upon which Apollonius used to ascend and descend to his work. A long lazy flock of pigeons passed, heavy with grain from the corn-fields. It was an evening full of the peace of God: the broad green fields below; and above, the blue heavens, like a crystal cover to the precious earth. The evening air brought the solemn tones of a distant bell, softly it brought them, as it kissed the roof. Far away on that green rising ground lies Brambach. It must be the evening bell from Brambach. The heavens above, the earth below, are full of repose; the very air brings a sense of rest, of peace. Only on that spot, in mid air, on the church roof of St. George, there is no touch of the Divine influence. A father and a son are there: one filled with a maniacal idea of honour, the other suffering the tortures of the damned.

"At last the silence is broken. "Where is your brother?"—the expected words. "I know not; how should I know?" "You know not?" the old man only whispered, but every word seemed loud as thunder to his unhappy son. "I will tell you, then. He lies dead at Brambach. The rope gave way above him. You cut the rope yourself. A neighbour saw you do it. You threatened your wife you would do it. The whole town knows it. The first who comes up this stair will be the messenger of justice for you." Fritz sunk down, the boards cracked under him. The old man listened. If the miserable man were to fall over the edge of the scaffolding by chance! then all would be over! what had to be done would be done! A lark arose from a neighbouring garden, and poured out its joyous carol.

The labourer leant upon his spade, and listened to the distant song, and young children tried to watch the flickering speck in the sky, from whence came the glorious melody. The old man listened, but not to the lark, it was a sliding struggle on the roof, a cry of anguish that he wished to hear.'

The old man has the frantic idea, that Fritz's death by apparent accident would redeem the family honour, and prevent his being known as his brother's murderer! and he gives him the choice of throwing himself voluntarily over, or he himself will be his executioner; he tells him that a slater who is killed at his post, leaves behind him a name as honoured as the soldier who falls on the battle-field. He tells him to pray, and that he will count fifteen, and that if he has not thrown himself down from the height by the time he has done, he, the powerful old man, will grasp him, and they shall go down together, in a death-embrace; and then people will say, he died assisting his father, who had missed his footing. And he began to count, one, two: the poor wretch cowered before him, but he knew all appeal was fruitless. His whole life passed through his mind in one moment. He thought, was there in it any one action to which he might appeal as a plea for mercy at the Eternal throne. Alas, not one! The agony of his feelings overcame him, and he fainted before the fatal number was reached. The old man also stopped, not because his son was lying senseless before him, but because his quick ear detected approaching footsteps; and a workman comes up with some common-place message from Apollonius, who had just returned to the town, and did not know what had happened. One of Fritz's wicked companions had stolen the injured rope, and had fallen the victim.

Christine, meanwhile, believes Apollonius to have been sacrificed to her husband's jealousy; and her despair knows no bounds. She feels as if she had murdered him herself. Valentin does not know how to compose her, and is thankful when she found relief in tears; he had feared for her reason, and was thankful to hear her sobs. At length she roused herself, deter-

mined to go forth, and face all that was before her. She opened the house door, and there she beheld Apollonius approaching through the garden, calm, and unconscious of all that has happened. With a wild cry of delight, she rushes forward, and throws herself into his arms. The woman who hated him, and whom he adored! But no, she does not hate him; and in all the tumults of her emotions, she pours out, amid sobs, and tears, and smiles, and caresses, all the tragedy of her life; how she had loved him, and given him the flower; how Fritz, at the ball, had told her he mocked her, and boasted of the flower to his companions; how Fritz had robbed her of him; how he had told her stories against him, and she had begun to hate him; and then, how she had found all his letters to her in the desk, which Fritz had kept from her, and the withered flower, and the farewell letter, and she had read them over and over again. And Fritz had threatened her that he would kill him, and had not he cut the rope! and had not a report come that he was dead! and was he really alive! and was she alive! and was she speaking to him, to him, the beloved one, thus! what happiness, what bliss! Poor Apollonius, the whole history of his wrecked happiness disclosed to him at once, and lying within his grasp! He gently laid her down. He bent over her, and said, 'Thou art my own good sister. Thou art better than I am. And over us and thy husband is God. Go now, my sister, dear and good sister:' and he led her by the hand to the house, and Fritz stood at a distance, and saw them.

We cannot prolong our story, but must hurry to the end. The old man orders Fritz to prepare for an immediate journey to America. He is to go, and to go alone. The heavy weight that lies on the family hearth that evening, is drawn with great power. There is no confession, no explanation—every one knows too much, and divines more. Apollonius reads the workmen's ledger to the old man; but it is a mechanical operation, his mind does not follow the calculations: he can hardly refrain himself from uttering the familiar names. The old man is not listening, he is trying to

decide how much Apollonius knows of the truth ; to think if it is possible that the injured rope can be traced to his eldest son, and so the family wholly dishonoured. The unhappy Fritz roams about, living through his whole past life in that parting hour. 'None are all evil,' and but for the one corroding passion to which he had yielded up his soul, he might have been a good-natured commou-place sort of fellow enough. Miserable, and weak, and wicked as he is, the agony of that night excites our pity.

He wandered restlessly up and down, from the house to the workshop, and from the workshop to the house ; now with clenched fists and teeth close set, then again stealing along like a criminal. Wild and tumultuous thoughts rushed through his mind ; at one moment a falling leaf made him start, then the next instant he drew himself up proudly, determined to remain come what may, to dare and to confront all ; and not to leave his brother triumphant. As he made this resolve, the old man's threats seemed to sound in his ear the words of the accuser ; and he seemed to hear the rustling of chains, to draw his breath heavily within the damp walls of a prison ; he stretched forth his hands passionately to burst his bonds, to gain one gasp of fresh air. The vision passed, and he realized the whole misery of his position. Golden memories of the past then arose before him. Here he had played as an innocent child—people loved him then—and here the soft tender voice of his mother had called him from his play. No one loved him now ; could he but feel that one human heart regretted his departure, he would go and would try to become another and a better man. He remembers his little, loving, tender Aennchen, and now he understands the depth of her love, which he had rejected ; now, had she been spared, she would have been a ministering angel to him, but she is dead, and through his means. Sorrow for the lost child for a moment makes him forget his present woe. His heart yearns for a word of love, and his arms open that he may clasp to his heart some one thing that he can call his own. He rises and enters

the house, and taking a night-light with a shade, he goes to find his children : Anne is gone, but there are others left. Beside the first little bed he knelt down, and in unwonted tones of tenderness he whispers the name of his first-born—"Fritz !" He will embrace his children, he will receive their caresses—and he will go, he will go and become another and a better man. The little one awakes, he thinks that his mother had called him, and awakes smiling,—and is terrified. At the man who is beside his bed he is terrified. It is no stranger, it is only a too well-known face ; is it not he who had so often looked at him in a rage ? is it not he from whom the mother had often sheltered him, and had shut him out of the room that he might not see what that man did to her ? But he had stood trembling behind the door, and had listened, and had clenched his little hand in impotent rage. The child had not learned to love him ; oh, no. "Fritz," whispered the father tenderly, "I am going away, and I am not coming back again ; but I will think of you day and night ; and I will send you beautiful apples and picture-books." "I don't want them," cried the child, half afraid. "Uncle Lonius gives me apples, and I don't want yours." "Do you, too, not love me," said the father in faltering tones, and turning to the second little bed. The little George sprung into his brother's bed ; there the children clung to each other ; and the little one gaining courage looked up with his large childish eyes and said, "I love mamma, and I love Uncle Lonius ; I don't love you ; go away, or I will tell Uncle Lonius."

We shall not follow the horrors of that night. Next morning Apollonius had to place the leudeu garland on the summit of the church tower, and so complete his task. All morning he worked hard, and remained during the dinner hour when the other workmen were gone. All at once he felt himself seized from behind, and turning he beholds his brother's face, the face of a maniac, glaring at him. There is a struggle for life. In his last extremity Apollonius springs across a chasm and reaches firm footing ; but, in his doing so, his brother loses balance, and a dull heavy sound of

something falling against the stones, tells Apollonius that his enemy, his brother, is lying a shapeless, crushed mass on the cold earth below. At this moment the clock of St. George's Church struck two.

From that dreadful hour Apollonius was smitten with giddiness; he could no longer ascend a ladder; but his trade has been so increased that it does not require his personal labour; he conducts a large correspondence, and busies himself among books. But he cannot hear the clock strike two without a shudder; the sound awakens him in the midst of slumber. He cannot think of standing on a height without being filled with indescribable emotions of confusion and horror. He knows the garland was not completely fastened on the tower, and some of the wood-work was left uncovered, but he does not even think of returning to examine it. Besides this physical weakness, the balance of his mind is unhinged; and he suffers from the deepest despondency. Christine's passionate disclosure had raised the wildest, most tumultuous wishes; from that moment he avoided her presence. His brother's death now left her free, and his father, after a time, openly expressed a wish that he should marry her. But no one knew how awful that death had been; turn where he would, that maniac face haunted him, and he felt the gripe on his throat. No doubt it was but in the instinct of self-preservation that he had freed himself from his hold; still that dull, heavy sound was ever in his ears, and he felt that his hand was not clean from his brother's blood. He might have married his brother's widow, but not the widow of Fritz Nettenmaier. The struggle after peace in the good man's mind was long, but at length successful; daily labour, daily duty, in time masters evil thoughts. Apollonius had hitherto gone his way in quiet simplicity, now a veil has been raised from his eyes; he sees that he, too, has corruption within, and he has to be purified in the fire of inward strife. In an active and useful life, supporting his blind father, and Christine and her children, he finds strength. At his father's urgent request he began to think of marrying Christine,

but peace only comes when he has determined to give her up, and to relinquish the desire of his heart. As long as that giddy horror haunts him, he feels himself under a curse. And the prayer of his heart is that he may be relieved from it; and that his hand may be found worthy to work out some good still for his fellow-townsmen. His earnest desire is granted. We have no space for the graphic description of a winter thunder-storm; but we must give some extracts. The whole population of the place has been roused at night by the unusual phenomenon of wind, snow, thunder, and lightning pouring out their fury together.

'The square before St. George's Church was full of people, gazing anxiously at the tower roof. The grand old building stood like a rock, amid the conflict of elements which raged around it; light and darkness struggling for the mastery. Now surrounded by a thousand flaming arms, until it seems to glow with their heat; then invisible for a moment under night's dark mantle. Each flash disclosed a multitude of white faces gazing upwards, and lost in the next moment's gloom. And the storm howled and swept everything before it; and as the falling snow reflected the lightning, it seemed like a shower of fire. And like the appearing and disappearing of the people, so was their confused speech. Some cried one thing, some another: certain it was that were the church set fire to, nought could save the town.'

The tower is struck by lightning, and a general cry arises for Nettenmaier.

"Where has it struck?" cried Apollonius, who came up at that moment. "On the Brambach side," cried one. Apollonius forced his way through the crowd, and strode up the stair. The watchers in the tower could give him no information. It had not really been struck, they said, and they were gathering their things together in pale haste to leave; only one of them could answer a question. Apollonius seized a lantern, and hurried to the roof; the ladder no longer trembled under his foot, but excitement prevented his remarking it. There also he could find no trace

of the lightning, nor even the smell of sulphur. He turned to call his companions to come up, and at that moment a blue flame filled every corner of the old tower, and at the same instant a peal of awful thunder rent the air. Apollonius felt as if struck dumb, and clung to the railing; next instant a suffocating cloud of smoke arose; he rushed to the nearest loop-hole for air, and then cried to his companions to follow him.

To reach the point of danger, he is obliged to go to the very spot where his brother perished. He is able to go to that fatal place, and to thrust his ladder out where there was no scaffolding to support, and to hook it on the projecting slates, a prey to the wild sport of the wind. Hanging on by this frail hold, he crawled like a fly up the wall to the roof, where the fire raged. During this perilous attempt the church of St. George struck two, and he planted his foot firmly on the burning rafters: his hand steady, his head clear, amid the war and confusion of the elements. Now, God be praised! the curse has been taken off him. Let us give in the author's words the feelings of the spectators:

'The crowd below kept crying, "Where! where!" as the lightning struck a second time. There was a moment's silence. "God be praised! it has not struck," cried one. "No, no! it burns this time; may the Lord have mercy upon us!" cried another. When the lightning ceased for a moment, small tongues of flame were to be seen under the slates. The storm howled, the wind blew everywhere, and then ceased to recommence with double fury. The flames increased slowly. But fast went the cry of fire through the town. Every eye was riveted on the one small spot. "Help, help! it is still possible to extinguish it." And again the cry, "Nettenmaier! where is Nettenmaier?" rose above the storm. A voice said, "He is in the tower," and people felt comforted. Few knew him, especially of they who called loudest. It was a moment of utter helplessness, and the multitude called out his name as one man. Some thought they showed their courage by even speaking of help in such a case. Others only thought to pass the anxious moment.

"What will he do?" cried one. "Help us! rescue us!" said another. "Yes! if he had wings; but, in this wind, no one dare try it." "Nettenmaier will." But the last speaker had as little hope that it was possible as the first. The conviction that the flame might be extinguished if it could be reached, made the universal feeling far more painful than the dull sense of resignation which inevitable necessity compels. When the little door in the wall opened, and a ladder was visible, and it became certain some one was to try the daring deed, it seemed as if a second thunderbolt had fallen. And the ladder hung by the hooks, and vibrated to and fro; and the man clung to it amid blinding snow, and begirt by flames. He clung to it; he climbed it: a ladder, as it were, made of splinters of wood, and swaying over the abyss like the pendulum of a clock! Every pulse stood still. A hundred different faces gazed with the same expression at the man above. They hardly trusted their eyes. It was like a dream, and yet true. No one quite believed what he saw; yet each one felt that he himself was on the ladder, swaying about with every blast of the storm, amid thunder and lightning, high up "between heaven and earth." They stood on the firm ground, and gazed; and yet, should the man fall! it would be to each as if he himself fell. Each man grasped involuntarily his hands, his stick, or something, as if to save themselves from danger. So they stood it seemed a lifetime, and yet it was but a few moments. They forgot the fate which threatened the town and themselves in the peril of the man above, whose danger seemed their own. They saw the flames extinguished, the danger to the town averted; they knew it, as it were, in a dream, when one knows one is dreaming; it was a thought without living reality. Only after the man had crept down the ladder, and vanished at the little door, and pulled in the ladder after him, and as they ceased to clasp their hands tight, and relaxed their grasp of what was nearest to them, only then admiration took the place of anxiety, and the exulting cry, "Oh! the brave man!" rose, instead of the torturing words, "He is lost!"

An old man's trembling voice began to sing :

" Now thank the Lord our God,"

and as the old man reached the line,

" For He hath rescued us,"

then, first, each one felt fully what had been saved. Then men who were utter strangers embraced each other, and friend grasped friend. Every one joined in the hymn, and the voice of thanksgiving arose from the whole town, from the streets and from the market-place, where men had stood and trembled, and it reached the innermost chambers of the houses, and rose from the house-tops. The sick heard it on their lonely bed, the aged in the chair where weakness chained them ; they, too, joined the song of praise, and children's young voices joined in the jubilee, who neither knew what the danger had been, nor who it was who had so daringly averted it.

' And now the reader knows all the history of the old man, whom we left, at the beginning of the book, listening to the Sabbath bells from his garden bower. That peaceful bower,

round it the roses blossom, and their perfume fills the air. One can hear the hum of the bee, and the sound of insect life. Christine goes through the garden, she shakes the bean blossom, and she gathers the dark beet-root leaves. It is summer-time ; her son has brought home his wife ; there is joy and young voices in the house. Warm drops of rain are falling, the rich verdure drinks them eagerly, and all speaks of peace. What men call happiness or unhappiness is but the circumstance in which they are placed, the raw stuff, the material, as it were, out of which they have to hew their lives. Heaven does not send happiness, it sends men the power to form it within their own hearts. Man ought not so much to strive to reach heaven, as to bring heaven down to dwell with him. He who has not happiness within himself, alas ! seeks it in vain elsewhere. Let faith and conscience guide your steps. Turn not from the world as it is, listen to the inward voice, and seek to walk uprightly yourself in it, then all will be right within, and in this sense your walk will be

' BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.'

Drawing-Room Troubles.

NO. XIV.—THE SHY YOUNG MAN.—PART II.

BY MOODY ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

In morning calls the shy young man
Exhibits most his shy young plan ;
Long his silence, long his stay,
Too shy to talk or go away.

The shy young man in common calls
Just at the time of expectation
That 'fore a walk or dinner falls,
And throws you out of calculation
As to your day ; your patient powers
He tries by sitting on for hours.

A fair young lady sat one day
Alone, and waiting with a modest hope ;
Her friends were all perchance away,
And scarce she dared to give her wishes scope
That *one* would call ; at least to say farewell,
Who, ere he went, would something have to tell.

Another day, and then he sails,
This was the last and only chance he had ;
 And if he not himself avails
 Of this, he leaves her weeping, hopeless, sad ;
 On these few hours her grief or joy abided,
 Or cometh he or not, her fate's decided.

Of course she watches with a beating heart
 Each noisy summons at the door :
 At last there comes a knock—oh ! gladden'd start,
 She sits and listens more and more ;
 He is announced !—what meets her anxious scan ?
 Good lack ! the simper of the shy young man.

Her cheeks grow pale, and then indignant burn,
 She bids him sit, with hesitation ;
 In *two* hours more her sisters will return,
 But *three* his usual visitation :
 Why bid him sit ? for once she might be rude ;
 Alas ! she's done it, and she knows he's glued.

She gazes at him with a vacant stare,
 A des'rate faintness at her heart ;
 'Why sits the fool ; the stupid simp'ring there,
 'Oh ! if a girl might take her part,
 'She'd make her fingers tingle on her ears.'
 She struggles hard to stem the tide of tears.

Some minutes more, her Eustace may arrive,
 And this great booby in the way.
 She feels bewild'rd, yet she must contrive
 The means to end his further stay ;
 She at him stares, unnerved to form a plan,
 But still talks murmuring on the shy young man.

What shall she do to rout this project-spoiler ?
 Another man would take a hint ;
 She might as well upon an iron boiler
 With her soft palm attempt a dint,
 As hope the sharpest words her lips could utter
 Would rouse his spirit to the smallest flutter.

What shall she do ? Or shall she go away,
 Or scold him well, or call out 'fire !'
 And yet she dare not such manœuvres play,
 Nor dares she for a space retire,
 For fear, if such expedient were tried,
 Her Eustace might arrive, and be denied.

She gazes, heedless of his commonplaces,
 And so intent she looks in fear,
 At last he thinks his talk has caught the graces
 Most pleasing to a lady's ear :
 A loud outlandish knock her friend announces,
 And in before the man he on them bounces.

Of course he takes her hand with warmest pressing,
 But greets the other with a stare
 And something else low mutter'd—*not* his blessing ;
 His looks the other really scare
 Who casts his timid eyes upon the ground
 Nor dares to raise them, or to look around.

It was but natural that the loving pair
Should keep their conversation to themselves,
Nor heed the silent shy one sitting there,
Counting the books upon the crowded shelves ;
So on they went, and growing more devoted,
Forgot that by a third their acts were noted.

All those who've held such dialogues must know
The smallest trifles serve to raise a laugh ;
Not that much fun from off them ever flow,
But that the cup of happiness we quaff ;
The timid mistook the laughs for wit,
And thought he heard a very pointed hit.

The young enamour'd mariner was nearing
By skilful tacks the harbour of his rest ;
His words were growing more and more endearing ;
The lady blush'd and laugh'd as on he prest ;
Just at the last, the shy one thought he saw
The point, and broke out with a loud guffaw.

The lovers woke to earth, and with a start !
'S-I-E'—cried the sailor, springing to his feet,
Quitting the lady snatch'd from off his heart,
Who interposed in time to calm his heat ;
The trembling shy one quoth, ' I beg your pardon,'
Which sent the damsel blushing to the garden.

Of course, she's quickly join'd by one at least,
Whose conversation is a perfect feast ;
Again by shorter tacks he nears the port.
Wild as his native sea, unbound, untaught,
His love breaks forth in one strong rushing tide,
When, lo ! he sees the shy one at her side.
'Great earth and heaven,' he savage thinks,
'Must this young bore still grieve us ?
Will he not take the plainest nods and winks ?—
It would be only kind to leave us.'
He thinks of some revenge in any shape,
Or, better still, some outlet for escape :
Taking advantage of a luckless trip
Of the poor lad, they sharply give the slip ;
Through the dark walks they gallop, more they wander,
And gain quite blown the villa's cool verandah ;
He sat beside her ready in a chair.

One moment more the shy young man was there ;
Also half out of breath, to stop their wiles
With a new harvest of his simple smiles.

The loving couple sit in silent huff ;
The gallant thinks of saying, ' Sir, enough
'We've had of this fine game ; you ought to know
That you're particularly ask'd to go.'
But then he felt such plain revealings
Might be ungrateful to his sweetheart's feelings ;
He had no right to say, whate'er his guess,
That her response would be a loving ' Yes,'
And she, poor girl, in common not a coward,
On this occasion felt herself o'erpower'd ;
So delicately placed she dared not say,
'My dear sir, I wish you'd go away.'

Once more they tread the garden in despair,
 The shy young man attending them with care.
 The lovers mute,—the intruder talks
 With softest murmurs as he walks ;
 Happily unconscious as the dead,
 Of all the maledictions on his head.

They heard the clock within the neighbouring tower
 Chime forth the coming of the parting hour ;
 One half-hour more, and they must say good-night,
 Their chance gone by of making things all right.
 The seaman feels with bitterness the blight,
 Nor comfort takes in thinking he may write,
 For when so far to go, it would so tell
 To take a more material fare-you-well ;
 That form, those cheeks, those hands, those cluster'd tresses,
 Had been so long in thought connected with caresses.
 He'd hoped when far away on sternest duty,
 To bring to mind some touches of her beauty ;
 Recall the hallow'd honey of her lip,
 In the close bosom of the narrow ship ;
 Or cherish in his heart some tender words,
 That should amidst all perils be rewards.
 But now it was not so (oh ! he shall rue it)
 Because this lubber wouldn't let 'em do it ;
 What shall he do—thrash him !—that with ease ;
 Or tie him up extended 'twixt two trees ?
 Or with his needle-like umbrella stick him ?
 Or lengthen out his nose or kick him ?

By luck these desperate designs
 Were changed to torture for five mortal hours.

The party went to view the vines,
 And forcing-houses for exotic flowers,
 Built by the lady's father, who
 Indulged a sort of horticultural dream
 Of growing tropic plants by force of steam,
 But not of that it came to do.

Now when they were the hottest house to leave,
 The shy one linger'd far behind ;
 A sudden thought of vengeance and reprieve
 Struck on the sailor's vivid mind.

He turn'd the steam-cock to its fullest tide,
 Shut in his foe and lock'd the door outside ;
 Then joined his sweetheart with a careless air,
 As if unconscious of his victim there.
 I need not say he wasted not a minute
 In op'ning out his heart with all then in it.

When he had heard his fond one's love decree,
 He meant, indeed, to set his victim free ;
 But now immersed in passion, happy, blind,
 The boiling booby vanish'd from his mind,
 Gave his last kiss, forgot the steam to alter,
 And went off joyous on his road to Malta.

Meantime the shy young man had smiled
 At what he thought was merely meant as joke,
 Nor till some time he had beguiled
 In looking at the plants, to danger woke,

Nor thought the deed was meant for any harm,
Until he felt unnaturally warm.

The tropic plants from Afric's torrid shore
Began to droop their petals more and more,
The boiling steam their strength had fairly done,
Accustom'd as they were to boiling sun.
The youth entrapp'd, now watch'd with eager eyes
A small thermometer still rise and rise.
The ' blood-heat' bound'ry pass'd, small spaces sever
The climbing metal from the mark of ' fever :'
It reach'd the feverish point, and now a quarter
Of the dread space 'twixt that and boiling water.
What shall he do ? it is no time to think,
The lively mercury never slept a wink,
The dreadful oven waxed hot and hotter,
In trouble never an experienced plotter.

His sole device was charging at the glass :
He downward bent his head,—he charged,—
His head went out, the little shiver'd gap, alas !
Between the sturdy frames, became a trap ;
His head was out, his hat thrust down upon it
In that position that we call the ' bonnet.'

His shoulders stopp'd the way, and nothing more
Could be put out, or any part withdrawu ;
Outside, an eastern wind his face was freezing,
Inside, the air was hotter than was pleasing.

Some hours pass'd : then by another way
The owner of the hot-house came to stray
Amongst his loved exotics ; in his hand
He held a lamp, for night was o'er the land :
The over-heating of the place he soon detected,
And in an instant that defect corrected ;
And slowly gazed around, without a word,
Two spectacles on nose, and here a third,—
What strange mysterious growth now met his sight,
Was it some mighty fungus of the night ?—
Some new production from the power of steam,
All indistinctly seen in vapoury gleam ?
His cautious touch was answer'd by the tones
Of hollow grunts, and deeply mutter'd groans ;
Although not superstitious, sudden dread
Comes o'er him as the fungus groans—he fled !

A FACT VERSIFIED

Being a Paper from the Portfolio of the late ABEL LOG, Esq. of Ivynook,
Author of *Whittlings from the West*, *Memoranda by a Marine Officer*, &c.

HIGH and haughty since her marriage,
She sat stuck up in her carriage,
Feet on earth, but head among the constellations ;
As she scornfully looked round her,
All the men exclaimed, ' Confound her !'
While the ladies murmur'd, ' Oh, I have no patience !'

Said the crusty village rector,
 'May heaven soon expect her,
 For in every parish pie she'll have a finger !
 But I hush each dark misgiving,
 Or she'd snatch away my living ;
 That were sad while in this vale of tears I linger.'

Let us call her Lady Morgan.
 Said she, 'Why have you no organ
 In this church of yours, you stupid country-people ?'
 Said they, 'Can't afford to buy one ;'
 Said she, 'Then I will supply one,'
 And drove off—with feathers higher than the steeple.

'Twas a new thing in the village,
 Rustics left their teams and tillage,
 As her butler bore it in and set it going ;
 The churchwardens were delighted,
 So were all of those invited,
 For the music was so clear, and rich, and flowing.

The next Sunday, when in action,
 It gave wondrous satisfaction ;
 All approved, except the rector, Dr. Derman,
 For it played the first psalm neatly,
 And the second very sweetly,
 And four verses of the hymn before the sermon.

But a fifth one was not wanted,
 Though it gave it, nothing daunted,
 Very gravely, too, began another after.
 Then the doctor looked offended ;
 Lady Morgan wished it ended ;
 Followed whispers, looks, and coughs, and smothered laughter.

Verses four, five, six, and seven,
 Verses eight, nine, ten, eleven ;
 Tried to stop it both schoolmistress and schoolmaster ;
 Up went beadle in a hurry,
 Up went clerk, all fume and flurry,
 Poking at it ; but it only played the faster.

Verses eighteen, nineteen, twenty,
 Just as though they'd not had plenty,
 As though music for the million it were playing.
 There was quite a crowd around it,
 'Twas supposed they'd overwound it,
 And how long it meant to go there was no saying.

Fiercely sat down Dr. Derman,
 Fiercely shut he up his sermon,
 Red and wrathful looked he under the infliction ;
 Lady Morgan, warm with fanning,
 Called her butler, Peter Manning ;
 'Take it out,' she cried, and brooked no contradiction.

Up went Peter, roughly grasp'd it,
 In his great long arms he clasp'd it,
 Not a single note or cadence would it smother ;
 It would not be put so soon out,
 It would have its little tune out,
 It could grind as well in one place as another.

Down the stairs you heard them winding,
 There was no end to the grinding,
 It went through the book of Psalms without assistance ;
 Grinding up the church's centre,
 Grinding out where people enter,
 Till it died upon the ear in the far distance !

Then, with choler effervescing,
 Rose the rector, gave his blessing,
 Blessed the people, beadle, clerk, and Lady Morgan ;
 And there does not lack a rumour,
 That, not being in good humour,
 He was also heard to bless the barrel organ !

A SEQUEL TO 'NOTHING TO WEAR.'

PART I.

FLORA (after drying her tears with a minute section of French cambric set in a broad framework of lace)—

Perhaps, Monsieur Henrie, you thought that my heart,
 When you heard my loud sobbing, from you couldn't part
 Without all these tears. Ah, don't flatter yourself,
 It didn't cost one to put you on the shelf.
 And what's more, I'll go to the Stuckups' grand ball ;
 Out of vulgar bravado ! Oh no, not at all ;
 But just because like a true woman I choose
 To show *I* can afford a rich lover to lose.
 I'll have *something* to wear though, and now let me think,
 What shall I look best in, blue, yellow, or pink ?
 Ah ; why not all three now, pink, yellow, and blue,
 And three hoops to bring three skirts more plainly in view ?
 Now for once I'll economize, I'll use up two
 That I haven't worn here yet, the pink and the blue ;
 The pale pink below, with a very large hoop,
 The second, the blue one, held up with a loop ;
 Ah no, I forgot there'll be hoop number two,
 A trifle less large for the edge of the blue ;
 Then the last a pale gold colour, no one could dare
 But with *my* complexion that colour to wear.
 These two dresses to use up is so much 'clear gain,'
 They must go with the new one, to Madame Mainspleines ;
 She'll say that I give her short notice for one,
 But of course I shall tell her *I must have it done*,
 If her work-girls are tired, they're paid for their duty,
 I work hard enough without pay as a beauty.

Ah, I smile when I think how *ce pauvre* Henrie
 Said that *I* shouldn't wear hoops, they didn't suit me,
 That he liked flowing robes, with a dignified grace,
 To fall round such a form, and show forth such a face,
 He said something absurd about studying the antique
 (I'll as soon take to studying Latin or Greek).
 I observed to my then lover, 'Surely, my dear,
 You wouldn't have *me* look as "outré" and queer

As an old bit of sculpture ; robes flowing and free
 May suit nymphs and graces, they wouldn't suit me.
 And the human shape is so peculiar, you know,
 That I wouldn't for worlds make myself such a show.'

PART II.

Miss Flora outshone all the Stuckups that night ;
 Her polking in three hoops with movements so light,
 Raised the envy of some and the wonder of more,
 Who perhaps asked themselves, whether two feet or four,
 Like those of a sphynx, might be under that bell,
 Which would cover such *lusus nature* so well.
 Her smiles and her flirting said plainly, 'I care
 Not a feather for Henrie, my love's light as air.'

PART III.

Next morning, at mid-day, she'd just had a cup
 Of tea, and was thinking about getting up,
 When her maid at her bedside stood with an account
 For plain work: 'It is but a trifling amount,
 Miss M'Lean says she knows, Ma'am, but if you could pay
 It at once, it would be a convenience to-day ;
 She has medicine to get for her lame little brother,
 Who is worse this cold weather, and so's her sick mother.'
 'Ah, well, I've no doubt she can easily borrow
 What she wants from some neighbour, and tell her *to-morrow*
 I'll look over her bill, but to-day I declare
 That really I haven't a minute to spare ;
 And, come back directly'—(exit and re-enter maid.)

'That charming signora,
 Who called me last night "*la bellissima Flora*"
 (My chaperon, you know), will be here before two,
 To take me to see a *chef-d'œuvre* now on view.'
 'And what's a *shay-dove*, ma'am ?' 'Oh, some work of art
 Of a wonderful kind, this one is a part
 (Worked in wool) of a picture by some noted master,
 So they call those old painters. Pray dress my hair faster.'
 'A l'impératrice ?' Yes, put some gold dust upon it,
 And get me that new blue and white Paris bonnet,
 Which lies at the back of my head "*comme il faut*,"
 Without disarranging so much as the bow
 On the knot of my hair, my red velvet mantelet,
 And my sables ; no, give me the ermine to-day.
 This brown *moiré* dress is not quite the same shade
 As the sables, you see, and the new one's not made.'

Flora descends to the drawing-room. Enter man-servant.

'If you please, ma'am, my master, before he went out,
 Said he felt something like to a threatening of gout ;
 He'd be glad if you'd copy these papers, he said,
 For when he came home he'd most like go to bed.'

Flora (to herself)—

'Ah, poor dear papa, I dare say he's not ill ;
 Only nervous.' (To the servant) 'Yes, tell him, I certainly will,
 When I come again ; put the papers up there,
 For just now I haven't a minute to spare.'

PART IV.

O Flora, fair Flora, did no little bird,
 Within your heart's ear, make its piping voice heard
 Above all the talk of your charming signora,
 Saying, 'Careless, cold, cruel, undutiful Flora?'
 Ah, Flora, fine Flora, I wish you would come,
 Not now, for your best place would now be at home,
 But I wish you would just pay a visit to-morrow,
 To those whom you thought could so easily borrow.
 Here's a poor sickly woman in helplessness lying,
 Near her lame little boy, who is fretfully crying;
 A daughter and sister, with face wan and weary,
 Essaying to make the poor room look less dreary.
 She has pawned her one shawl to get medicine and fuel,
 And a morsel of sugar to sweeten their gruel;
 She had hoped to have got her poor mother some tea,
 But to do that she needed the money, you see,
 That you owed her, for work done a long while ago,
 The bill she has called for so often, you know.
 We all know that bills, so exceedingly small,
 Are trifles not worth looking after at all
 By the debtors; but oh, for the creditors poor,
 Prompt payment may just keep the wolf from the door.
 The pale children of want with thin fingers are threading
 Their needles for you, while your proud feet are treading
 The broad way of life, but that way hath an ending;
 And whither, ah whither, are your footsteps tending?

There's a narrow way, too, that becometh the poor,
 The proud may not enter there, still at the door
 Humility stands, with a welcoming face,
 And charity yearning the poor to embrace,
 And hope, with her twin-sister faith, by her side,
 In readiness waiting poor pilgrims to guide
 To a country beyond, bright and fair.
 Ah, earth's richest garments to wear,
 Earth's cry, 'Not a minute to spare,'
 And earth's selfish love light as air,
 Won't suit the inhabitants there.

GETTING ON.

CHAPTER IV.—PRIDE AND HASSOCKS.

BEHOLD, it is the Sabbath morn!

How will it be passed in this English village? Respectably, most respectably. The day is not God's day in England, but respectability's day. People will not sing or dance, be they ever so joyous. They will drink and be drunk, perhaps, but only in the evening when they have fully sacrificed to respectability, put on their best attire, idled their time in sulky calmness, slandered their neighbours, talked of the world, and eaten their fill of

Sabbath dinner. But who will give the day to God? Who will turn his thoughts from the world? who clothe his mind as he clothes his body, in its purest, least sullied garment of high and heavenly thought? They will worship respectability, go to church for its sake, sleep, or at least drowse through the service and the sermon; they will read what they call a good book, which they will long to shut again from the very moment they have opened it; they will add one or two

prayers to the family worship, and they will go to bed satisfied with themselves, thinking little on death, less on eternity, least on the terrible questioning, when they shall stand defendants accused of all this laxity in the one dreadful day. 'True religion,' said a holy man, 'is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction.' True religion is active; it picks the ass out of the pit, and fetches the stray sheep home on the Sabbath. It seeks out the poor, the sick, and the sinner. It leads them to church, or the church to them; and it consoles them, and feeds them, and makes the Lord's day a day of hope and joy to them. The Sabbath hath its work—it is not an idle day; but that work is work for God, while the week's work is work for ourselves. Who is there in this respectable English village that does God's work on this day? Nay, what is that which you do do? We accuse Popery of formalism, but we only stand between it and the Quakers: our church-going is degraded into a mere formality, a matter of habit and superstition. Shall I tell you it is all formality, mere formality? that you go to church and have your family prayers, that you sit round in that dismal circle, each repeating a text, as if texts alone could save you or aid you; and some one or other unable to remember any except 'Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them;' or, 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity?' that you sing your doleful psalm from a silly hymn-book, and think you do God service, all to no purpose? Why is it dull and dismal? Because your hearts are not in it. Give your hearts to God, and the forms will soon come of their own accord. Want prayer before you pray, feel praise before you sing, let your hearts be bursting with love and gratitude before you dare, presumptuous hypocrite, to kneel and thank God for mercies which you claim as your right, and grumble if they are withheld!

Oh, blind delusion of Sabbath-keeping in a cold indifferent people! Surely Satan has not a more trusty servant to his work than that demon with a comely face, Respectability.

The Sunday best is taken out and donned, the Sunday newspaper skimmed and left to be finished after lunch. There was *Bell's Life* for Sir

Tattenham, *The Illustrated* for the ladies, the *Saturday Review* for Mr. Eden. Mr. Crispin in his lodgings had the *Guardian*, and that well-beloved *Union*.

The joyous bells high up near heaven!—how like the voices of good angels calling us to prayer and praise! Heigh-ho! for nine-tenths of the village-folk they have no voice at all. The cottager and his wife sit in their low dark room, and let the gentlefolk go by to church. They are not wanted there, sure, for there is no place for them. They have no family pew, and if they are poor, they are proud, and won't worship God on benches. Or what do they know of God at all, that they should worship him? Who tells them about him? Once a month, indeed, the Rev. Mr. Crispin comes round to smile, to gossip with the strong, or lecture the weak, for he is not courageous, but even if that recal them to a sense of their duty, they have no good clothes to go in, and of course their garments must be good, whatever their hearts may be. Where, where are the rags in church? Oh, sweep the hedge-rows and byways, you who call yourselves His servants! Bring in the low, the sinning, the ragged, the dirty, the outcast; bring them, I say, and let us glory in seeing God's house crammed with dirty rags and humble hearts. A mean creed that of Dagon Respectability! He will not have you here without a good coat to your back. Oh, he's a trumpery fop, a deceitful, smooth-faced, sweet-mouthed liar of a god—that big modern idol of Christian England, Respectability! Curse him, beggars and ragged! curse him, tavern-haunters and prostitutes! curse him, outcast and gipsy! curse him with all your lungs and hearts, for he it is who shuts the door of heaven against you; he it is who makes it impossible for you to repent, and tramples you into hell!

The church stood in God's acre amid the dust of the sleeping. The dead sleep without, the living sleep within. Near the gate of the churchyard stood all that remained of an old cross—there are remains of one in every churchyard in the western counties—knocked down by indignant Puritans. Let those reach the hand to the Japanese, who destroy the simple sym-

bol of our joy. The island heathen trampled it under foot, the island Christian hewed it down.

The church within has all the hideous comfort of last century's indifference. The baronet's pew takes up half the nave, is raised a foot above the rest, is carpeted, has a stove in it, and soft hassocks and easy cushions. Why should he be less comfortable in God's house than in his own? Why should his rank and position be forgotten there where there is no respect of persons? Dives must change his easy chair for a cushioned bench and hassock; Lazarus his worried sores for a hard seat in a draught, and the stones to kneel on. Well, he may kneel more lowly than the other, and through the sorrow of his knees, the humble heart rise higher. There is a huge gallery for the poor. Remove these parlour pews, and poor and rich might pray together arm to arm. They are children of one Father; wherefore should they be kept apart? Though he is a cripple, and bowed down with age, would you take him—you, a gentleman—into your warm soft pew? Fie, fie! Caste to the last. Caste in God's house, and the vanity of man even in worship. It must be. The altar of respectability stands higher than the altar of your Maker. Oh that I might hew it into pieces, and grind it into dust, and set up brotherly love among you all, you false hypocrites, worshipping here in form but not in heart!

Come, Pegasus; wo there, steady!

The Rev. Mr. Crispin is called High Church. He wears an M.R. waistcoat; he trims his hair round his head till you almost believe him to wear the tonsure; he perks his head forward, casts down his eyes, folds his sleek white hands before him, and has a suave, sweet, alto voice. He would have done much here, and been as high church as a Cuddesdonite, but that he tampers with the world, and yields a little to the baronet, his master. So the pews have never, and will never be done away with, and the clerk will still make mockery of the responses, and sing amen like a player of Punch and Judy, and the children will still squall, and the congregation still be sleepy and easy, and leave prayer and praise to him, the clerk, the sexton, and the children.

And so it is. They go through the forms—some kneel, all stand up, all sit, at the proper times; but there is not a lip opened to echo prayer, or pour out praise, books are opened, but neither mouths nor hearts.

What sham solemnity, what mockery of worship!

Let us take the baronet's pew for an instance, and go through each case in it.

It's not fair to quarrel much with the Rev. Sir Tattenham, because he did not choose to kneel with the rest. First, he was a baronet, and if a baronet may not be lax in religion, who may, forsooth? Next, he was advanced in life, stout, and gouty, and though his knees were supple enough and strong enough to cling to the saddlesides, as his huge mare flew over the bulfinches, they could not be tasked to bend in worship. Lastly, he was a retired clergyman, and just as the Enemy finds his best opportunity as we come out of church, so he takes easy possession of those who, for their own comfort, renounce its service. Few men are so indifferet as your ex-priest. He feels that he has done his quantum of duty, and as religion is a duty to him and not a work of love, he gives a sigh of relief, and settles down to comfort for the rest of his days. How different from old Zacharias, well-stricken in years, yet serving still in the course of Abia! how different from some of our old curates, bent and grey, yet still in their places!

Then Lady Lorimer, too, was stout, and comfortable, and haughty. It would detract from her dignity to move when she was once settled in her corner, with the scent-bottle, handkerchief, fan, and parasol all arranged by her side. Eden, again, was too well bred to do more than his neighbours. He had sat in St. James's for years, and had always understood the word 'people' in the rubrical directions, in its literal sense, namely, the lower orders. He thanked Heaven that he had always worshipped in good society, and until that society should take to the forms of worship he should certainly not alter his course.

But I do blame Harriet, who belonged to a modern generation, and had a sweet voice of her own, that she made no attempt to join in the praises

which others seemed to sing, but chiefly seemed.

As for Phil, his religion was a poetical one. He maintained that he could worship better in the sunny fields, and on the breezy hills, than in a close pew. He would willingly have joined in the solemn canticles of a Romanist cathedral; he did not even despise the picturesque adoration in the mass; but to sing with charity children was too much to ask, as if praise was not as sweet from the cracked voice of a rustic as from the throat of a dissolute opera-singer. He thought the liturgy a beautiful compilation, admired, but did not feel with it.

Mark alone, of the whole party, prayed and praised with a heart. He would not be our hero otherwise. He was not ashamed of the fine old psalms, nor afraid of ridicule because his voice was heard alone in the vast nave. He did not kneel only because it was an appointed form, but because the awe and reverence within him impelled him into the attitude of humility. He strove, too, not to judge his neighbours, but the zealous cannot but fret at the indifference of the cold.

Well, Crispin has read the service, not with the honest boldness of one who feels it, but with an affected twang which satisfies his conscience as a compromise between reading and intoning. He has preached a most judicious sermon, which could not possibly shake the nerves or offend the prejudices of any one. He never thought that it was his duty to strengthen those silly nerves, or to remove those absurd prejudices. They existed, and he thought it more prudent to give in to them. The clerk, with a note like a damaged cornet, has duly responded in harmony with the school-children, with the voices of penny trumpets. The organist has thumped and stamped, and paid much more attention to his pet voluntary, which was no part of the service, than to the accompaniment of the songs of praise. He has made, too, under Crispin's direction, that judicious compromise between what newspapers call 'a plain old-fashioned' and 'a full choral' service. Even the chanting of the canticles has been managed in such a manner as to lead to no suspicion of Puseyism. Lady Lori-

mer has given her last snore for that morning. God's house has been sufficiently polluted with worldly and uncharitable thoughts, and everybody being satisfied, the congregation has risen to depart.

How is it and why is it that the rich refuse to leave church until the poor are gone? Of course I mean in the country; for it must be said for London, whatever be its faults of centralization, it is one of the most certain levellers. But in a small village, where you would suppose that peace, and love, and friendship reigned throughout the community, they cannot even in church forget their puny rules of caste. The labourer must go first; the butcher and baker will not budge till he is gone. The squire, and those who ape the squire and boldly assert their equality with him, will not tread too near the heels of the butcher and baker. O for a well-knotted scourge to drive these petty pridelings out among the smocks and fustians, till they know that they are equal in the sight of the Master of that house which they are leaving!

Well, I promise you to bluster no more. I have done.

Among those who ought to have come first out of the church, but that physical infirmity made unwilling aristocrats of them, was a woman leaning one hand on a thick rough stick, and the other on the arm of her daughter. This woman was really in middle age, but some terrible disease was eating her away, and she looked old. Yet the face, wan, pale, and shrunk as it was, bore still the traces of no common beauty. Nay, even this ruin had its own sad loveliness. You saw the oval still round the small chin, you saw the sharp chiselling of the nose; in the large eyes there was a look of meekness and melancholy that told of a life of suffering. And yet there was a most sweet resignation there. There were other old women tottering from church; but in this one there was a grace, a manner, and a delicacy which belied the coarse whittle and the common black bonnet, and told of education and a refinement of yore.

The sufferer and her daughter had just emerged from the porch when Sir Tattenham's party passed out. In the figure of the maid, Daisy had already

recognised the gleaner of yesterday. Now Daisy, as we have seen, theorized against caste. Would he practise his theories? He longed to, indeed, for he had a contempt for that cowardice which dares not act up to its opinions; but education and the world were strong foes against resolve, and he mistrusted his own spirit. There was a struggle then within him, but the strong will conquered, and when he came up to the pair, he deliberately turned round, blushing at his own boldness, and spoke to the girl.

'I hope you got home safely last night?' said he.

'Quite, sir, thank you.'

Then she whispered her mother.

'You must allow me, sir,' said that lady, in a weak low voice, 'to thank you for the kind care you showed to my daughter yesterday. Believe me, such kindness is not lost even upon our class.'

'Not at all,' said Daisy hurriedly, for already there were movements of surprise among his own party. 'I hope I may have the opportunity of serving you far more yet.'

Then Master Daisy, the son of the squire of the place, with a native good feeling, raised his hat a little and bowing to the bent sufferer, passed on.

When he turned it was to see his mother and sister sweeping somewhat grandly on, to see his father's face red with laughter, and Mr. Eden's sallower than ever. This gentleman turned his head away directly, and hurried to join Lady Lorimer. When Daisy, with Phil by his side, looked round, he saw that the pair had stopped; that the mother was leaning heavily on her daughter and covering her face with her thin worn hand. What did this mean?

'What on earth were you saying to that girl, Mark?' asked Sir Tattenham, laughing heartily.

'Eh? Oh, I had to take care of her yesterday in a row, and I asked her if she had reached home safely.'

'You might be rather more select in your acquaintance. At anyrate the church-door is not the place to talk to pretty girls at; ha, ha, ha!'

'This is the Mrs. Morgan that Crispin was telling us about yesterday.'

'Oh! is it? I wonder she is not rather more careful of her daughter

then. But perhaps as she ran away with a gardener she wants her daughter to run back again with a squire. Not a bad dodge for hedging when you've lost position; ha, ha!'

Her ladyship wishes to speak to you, sir, in the study,' said the Plush to Daisy as he went in.

He went straight to the study.

'My dear Mark,' said his mother, who was seated waiting for him, 'you know that I and your father have never opposed those eccentric opinions which you have picked up, whether at Oxford or elsewhere I cannot say.'

'Not at Oxford, my dear mother.'

'Well, no matter where. We were vexed to see them in the heir to a name and estate which hold their due position in the county; but your father was wisely of opinion that time and a little more acquaintance with the world than you can possibly have at your age, would tone them down.'

'Or at least give them the right direction,' interposed the son. 'I have no such faith in the truth of my convictions, as not to know that time and experience may temper them. If the blood heats not when we are young, when can it heat?'

'I am glad to hear you speak so sensibly, Mark. I wish you would act with as much common sense. I have heard of your strange conduct yesterday, but I have no intention of commenting on that. I speak of your absurd measure this morning, and I must beg that you will be careful never again to annoy your family by such an exhibition of your eccentricities.'

'But, my dear mother, where can be the harm to you, or any of my family, in speaking to a poor girl, for whose security from annoyance I was somewhat concerned?'

'You know, my dear Mark, that this is mere nonsense. Young women of that class can always take care of themselves. You must see that we have a dignity to keep up towards the lower orders. If we infringe this, we must necessarily sink in their estimation, and it is necessary for the preservation of society, that the people should respect their betters. In the strange familiarity of which you gave us so unpleasant an instance this morning, you were forfeiting that respect, and I must request you

to remember, that your notice of this young woman cannot but be injurious to her character.'

'There is some truth in that,' said Mark, sadly. 'To think that caste should have brought us to that pass, that one cannot even show a common kindness to one of a lower class, without being suspected!'

Lady Lorimer tossed her head and said nothing.

'Well, my dear mother,' said Daisy, who could not bear to be at ill-will with any of his family, 'I will promise you, that in public, at least, I will not again notice this person.'

'That is all I ask. You can go, Mark.'

CHAPTER V.—WHY THAT CLUB-MAN LOOK SO CADAVEROUS.

Mr. Eden ate no lunch. Mr. Eden ate no dinner. Mr. Eden drank more wine than his good breeding would generally permit, but still remained too well-bred to let it affect him. Mr. Eden drank much tea, but still did not eat.

At ten o'clock, Daisy made the usual sign to Phil to come and smoke a weed in his snuggery, but Phil was just then by the side of Harriet, who was singing in a clear sweet voice, but without any expression, a song from the 'Traviata.' Phil did not, or would not see the invitation, and Daisy was about to retire, when Mr. Eden finished very adroitly his conversation with Lady Lorimer and followed him out of the room.

'Talking of smoking' (nobody had mentioned it, but Mr. Eden had always his *a-propos*), 'I haven't smoked a cigar for these two years, but I have an idea that one would do me good to-night. Can you give me one? I think when one feels drowsy a cigar does an immense deal of good!'

'By all means, join me,' said Mark. 'I can offer you a pretty good Havana—one of Bryant's best. For my part, I stick to the calumet.'

They were soon seated in the snuggery, Eden twirling the weed in his fingers, and pretending to light it, but not smoking, for to say truth, he could not; Daisy puffing away lustily at a *ehibouk*, and talking about things in general.

'We were discussing caste last night,' Mr. Eden suddenly broke in, 'and it was rather curious that your good curate should have mentioned a case about which I happen to know something.'

'Oho!' thought Daisy; 'the mystery is coming out.'

'I think you spoke to some one at the church-door this morning; was that the Mrs. Morgan you mentioned?'

'Yes, it was.'

'You seem to have some acquaintance with her? May I ask you what you know of her?'

'Nothing more than Crispin told us last night. I came to know her—or rather her daughter—from having rescued her yesterday from a very ignominious danger—to tell the truth, from being kissed more than she cared for.'

Eden forced a dry laugh.

'Poor girl! What trials that class of people is exposed to! She seems pretty, though I scarcely saw her. Have you any idea of investigating the case, as a curious instance of the mixture of classes? It might interest you with your really original and very courageous views on the subject.'

Oh, Mr. Eden, it won't do to flatter Master Daisy.

'Well, now you mention it, I think it might be interesting.'

'I really wish you would. As I was saying, I know something about this Mrs. Morgan. The fact is, that I was an intimate friend of her father's—Mr. Davenport of Bayle Hall—when I was quite a young man, only nineteen. To be open with you, I was then the heir-expectant of a wealthy uncle, who is since dead, leaving me a bare sufficiency, and the greater part of his fortune to an hospital. Davenport was not rich, and he thought that he saw in me a good *parti* for his daughter. To tell you the whole truth, there was some foolish boyish feeling to my part for Mary Davenport. She was a great beauty, and of a character somewhat too strong, perhaps, for her happiness, as the event proved. I fancy Davenport insisted a great deal on the match, and one morning, when I was staying in the house, we found that the misguided girl had left it during the night.'

You can imagine the rest ; she was privately married to this low person, who, I believe, treated her most shamefully, nearly killed her, in fact, and was eventually convicted of some iniquity or other, and transported for twenty-one years. I daresay Mary Davenport's pride supported her for some time, but it is really sad to think of a poor creature, of her excellent connexions, suffering not only from the disgrace of her position, but from very narrow circumstances, and cruel treatment. Of course, her father has never seen her since her fall.'

'Brute !' said Daisy, with more indignation than politeness. Mr. Eden could not afford to be offended.

'You see, my dear Lorimer,' he said, 'that had he taken any notice of her, it would have been extremely detrimental to the prospects of the family.'

'In other words, they sacrificed their natural affections to doubtful worldly prospects.'

Mr. Eden smiled pityingly.

'We have not all of us your *high-minded* views on this subject, but that matters little.'

'But, of course, though he would not see his daughter, this man made a provision for her.'

'He offered, it through a third party, but it was refused, unless Mr. Davenport would consent to be on the same terms as before with his daughter. Of course he could not agree to that, and so the allowance was never accepted. Mrs. Morgan and her wretched husband removed to a distant part of the country, but poor Mr. Davenport could not endure the disgrace, and was determined to get the obnoxious couple out of the country. He pursued rather a foolish policy with this object. He wished to bring them to some terms, and in order to do so, he did all he could to prevent the wretched husband from obtaining any employment ; then, when they were reduced to the greatest penury, he got some old friend to offer to pay their expenses to Australia, and the sum of £200 to set up with in the colony. This offer was refused. Mr. Davenport increased it to £500. Of course, any sacrifice would have been better than the disgrace of such a connexion—'

Daisy pished and frowned.

'I believe the man would have accepted gladly, but his unfortunate wife was probably too proud. Soon after, the man was charged with being implicated in a burglary, with violence, resulting in the death of a servant in the house they attacked. Poor Davenport could stand it no longer, and retired to the south of France.'

'Tell me no more about this man,' cried Daisy, vehemently, 'unless you wish to hear me rejoice in his disgrace, as you call it. Here, indeed, is an instance of that false pride of caste leading to unnatural cruelty, and driving a persecuted man, whose only fault was being of a lower order, into a horrible crime.'

'I confess Davenport's mode of proceeding was ill-judged,' replied Mr. Eden, soothingly, 'but you will admit the difficulty of the case.'

'Not at all. Even if I entertained no such contempt for caste as I do, mere worldly prudence, or at least the affection of a parent, would have led me to raise the husband, to sacrifice something to his education and refinement, and to have admitted him to my family circle, until the world should have ceased to deplore the match. But to reject your own daughter, and then persecute her, and drive her husband into crime, all to satisfy your worldly pride, deserves all the suffering that the crushing of that pride could bring. I daresay the poor fellow was not a bit more of a boor than any rich, young, hunting squire, who might have married Miss Davenport.'

'Let us waive this point,' said Mr. Eden, swallowing his indignation, 'and ask now, if anything can be done for this wretched woman. I had not seen her, of course, since the fatal step was taken, and I should not have recognised her this morning had not your excellent curate prepared me for the possibility of seeing her in church, and when you spoke to her, my attention was naturally drawn to her face. The change, I must confess, affected me most deeply. When I remember Mary Davenport, the beauty of the county, young, fresh, and haughty, I can scarcely believe that this poor suffering thing can be the same per-

son. I think there can be no doubt that she is in great want of means, and my object in entering on this subject with you is, if possible, to alleviate her distress by some means or other.'

'Mr. Elen,' cried Daisy, warmly, 'I am delighted to hear you propose this. Excuse my saying that it raises you immeasurably in my estimation. You must forgive me for having spoken with so much of the heat of youth before.'

'Do not mention it. However much our views may differ, I respect your zeal in promulgating your own; and on the present occasion, if you were not unwilling to lend me your aid, they will doubtless considerably further an object which seems to me highly desirable. You will easily understand that I cannot see this unfortunate person myself, nor is it at all to be desired that she should know that I took any interest in her. If, therefore, you would have the kindness to visit her, to discover in what

position she is at present with regard to means, and could delicately offer to aid her, as if on your own account.'

'I cannot do that,' said Daisy. 'I will gladly be the bearer of anything you may wish to send her, and I will take care that she does not discover the real donor; but I must not take to myself the virtue of an action not mine.'

'I respect your scruples; but I know that if she suspected the offer to be mine, her pride would lead her to reject it.'

'Leave it to me, Mr. Elen. Trust me to arrange it in the most delicate manner.'

'Good; thank you! I must leave, however, to-morrow.'

'Then it shall be done to-morrow morning.'

After some less important talk, Mr. Elen retired much more cheerful than before, but leaving his cigar unfinished. Undoubtedly our good actions, or even good wishes expand and raise us, besides making us happy.

CHAPTER VI.—FROM THE HALL TO THE COTTAGE.

Soon after breakfast the next morning, Daisy set out for Deadman's cottage.

There are guide-books in plenty for England, as well as the red volumes of foreign direction, and I shall not trespass on their province by a description of the scenery of this county, which is not among the ugliest in the United Kingdom, being certainly preferable to the fens of Lincolnshire, the so-called 'forest' in Sussex, and the wolds of Hampshire.

But I may tell how bright looked the hills in the morning sun, how blue the distant line, how fresh the waving branches, where many a bird was swinging. Happy praisers of God, those birds! O for a throat that should sing none but such sweet melodies, and never utter cruel word or tone of hate! The butterfly and dragon-fly are beautiful in the air, things half of heaven, half of earth; but the bird is given to charm the worn-out ear, and he is the angel of the firmament.

Daisy too went singing over the soft grass, but he sang:

'Cophetua sware a royal oath,

This beggar-maid shall be my queen;'

and thanked the laureate for the thought. Many a line of that laureate is deep in our hearts, stored up to be brought out on occasion.

To say truth, Mark was not sorry to be sent on this missive. The sweet face of the poor girl had interested him at first sight, and now to add to this there was a tale of life in which he gloried. Elen was not wrong when he said that this case was an instance of the mixture of caste, which was as curious as it was romantic. Daisy would judge for himself whether it had failed or not; but even if it were a failure, the fault was less in the mixture of caste than in that too deep reverence for it, which had actuated Mr. Davenport to drive his son-in-law into crime.

Across the park went the young enthusiast, revolving in his mind how to introduce himself, and, it must be confessed, a little bit nervous about his reception.

He passed through a wicket gate, down a green lane, with a streamlet trickling at its side, and came at last in sight of a little cottage, which, in its simple way, was a palace of beauty. It stood alone far from the rest of the

village, and under the shadow of a rising hill. Thickly clustered the rich elms round its low dark-thatched roof, all yellow, brown, and red, with those jewels of decay, the lichens. Thickly clustered a blush-rose over the front of the little building, and covered half the roof besides. The little garden in front had long been neglected; a standard rose or two in ragged blossom, some flowering shrub in rich profusion, and that was all the gaiety it could boast. But the empty ground had been lately weeded; the little walk was neatly swept; the overgrown box had been clipped into trim, and all was tidy at least, if not yet cheery.

Daisy's heart beat as he opened the little gate. Lack-a-day, what a damper for his romance when he got to the cottage door. Down on her knees, in a very old gown, with a coarse canvas apron all round it, and a sloppy pool of dirty water all round that, and a big scrubbing-brush in her good red hand, and her pretty face all a-flame with the work, and there she was scrubbing the red tiles for very life. Heigh-ho! why should it be a damper? Woman has her work in the world as well as man, and is it unlovely to see her do it with a heart? Is she not as beautiful making bright her home, though it be with a scrubbing-brush, as when sitting at the frame, making arabesques in worsted for the delicate feet of the Rev. Mr. Crispin, or vandykes in thread to hang on her own petticoat?

So loud grated the scrubbing-brush, and so zealously did the maiden ply it, that she did not hear the stranger coming up the walk. He watched her a moment, as he quashed his silly scruples, and just then she had to shift her place and her pail, and in dipping the brush in she happened to look up and see the new hero of her young life standing on the threshold.

Up she leaped, unpinned the coarse apron in a moment, dropped the brush in the pail, pushed this back and came forward, dropping a curtsy, and glowing ruddy, half with the work, half with modest pleasure.

'Please to come in, sir,' said she: 'mother, here's Mr. Lorimer come down. Mind the step, sir.'

'I am afraid I disturb you,' said

the young man hesitating, yet doffing his hat.

'Oh, no, sir!' said Mrs. Morgan from within. 'If you do not mind the confusion here, pray come in, and sit down.'

Mrs. Morgan was breaking sticks, as she sat by the little fire. Just as the kitchen is always more cheerful than the drawing-room, so the low dwelling of the poor is more home-like with its blazing grate than the large draughty rooms of Dives yonder. Surely the story of all climes that fire was stolen from heaven is not at all a fable, but a grand rich truth. Fire and a kiss are the only stolen goods which we enjoy with a free conscience.

'You seem cozily lodged here, Mrs. Morgan,' said Daisy, taking unconsciously the only other chair in the cottage, while the girl, that he might not notice that he had done so, busied herself with disposing of the pail. Mrs. Morgan smiled.

'We are beginning to be very comfortable here,' she said. 'Kate is very active in getting the cottage into order, and I ought to thank Sir Tattenham Lorimer for having done so much to it when we first came into it.'

There was a refinement in the low melancholy voice of the poor woman that made Mark think it more and more difficult to introduce the object of his visit with proper delicacy.

'Have you been long here?' he asked.

'About a month only.'

'I ought to have called on you before, but—'

Mrs. Morgan smiled somewhat bitterly.

'I mean that—' he added, seeing this smile, 'that as you are my father's tenants, and some day may be mine, it behoved me to know all about you, if by any chance I might be of service to you. I think it is the duty of every landlord to be acquainted with all his neighbours and tenants.'

'You adhere, Mr Lorimer, to the best principle of the feudal system,' said Mrs. Morgan. How strangely inconsistent did this language of education appear to be with the coarse clothes of poverty. Yet it should not be so. If the poor were educated, the rich would love them more, because they could be more their companions. If ever, again, the representative sys-

tem is to be a sensible reality and not a corrupt sham in this country, every elector ought to know something of the history of his native land, and the principles on which it has been and is now governed. This knowledge, far more valuable than that of how many miles there are between sun and earth, planet and planet, would result from a sensible education, which is what we who have it *owe* to the poor, far more than we owe our wealth. And this is an argument against that wild cry for an extension of the suffrage. What has universal suffrage done for France or America? Certainly not given them liberty, for it has set up a tyrant to cramp the energies of the one, and an advocate of slavery at the head of the other, which calls itself the freest country in the world. The ignorant and the blind are so easily led into breaking their own necks, that you must either not give them the chance, or, what is better, open their eyes and minds. Extend the suffrage by all means, *when* you have given the masses a proper education, and taught each man the real value of his vote.

'I have found in a long experience,' continued the old lady, 'that the poor are always happiest where the feudal system is not quite extinct. Wherever there is one rich landlord in a parish we are better cared for than where there are a number of middle-class families only in the neighbourhood.'

'Yet I trust,' replied Daisy, 'that you do not regret the feudal system, Mrs. Morgan? I hope you do not hold even the comfort and happiness of the poor as of higher importance than their liberty?'

Mrs. Morgan smiled.

'When people talk about the liberty of the lower orders, they can have very little acquaintance with them. All the liberty that we want is of the commonest kind. We want freedom to roam, if we please it, and, of course, to marry as we like, and complete personal freedom. But liberty of opinion, or even of conscience, are thrown away upon the agricultural poor. You talk about the liberty of opinion, but if we are uneducated of what use is it to be free to think as we like, when we cannot think for ourselves? We must think either with

our employers or our benefactors. Poverty, sir, takes away all such apparent liberty. Then, again, unless we are educated in religion much more than at present, it is as absurd to give us the liberty of conscience as it would be to announce that we were free to wear the royal livery or anything of that kind. Do you suppose, sir, that it is a religious scruple which induces one poor man to go to the dissenting chapel and another to church? We are only guided by fancy. Some of us go to the chapel, because the clergyman has, as we fancy, offended us; some of us go to church because we like the charities of church people. The dissenting ranter amuses us, and the clergyman, perhaps, sends us to sleep, and so we become nominally dissenters.'

'Yet liberty is the strength of a nation.'

'I do not deny it, sir; but to give us liberty without the knowledge how to use it, is only throwing pearls before swine. It would add much more to the strength of the nation, if we were raised in the social scale, and some regular means of supplying our minds and bodies alike, were devised.'

'You have the parish for that, and the clergyman.'

'Yes, sir, but the parish would deprive us of the power of migrating; while the clergyman is an arbitrary distributor, extremely partial in his distributions, and often extremely prejudiced. What we really need is that the rich of the parish where we may be, should provide as far as they can for the poor, independent of the restrictions of parochial, and the injustice of clerical relief.'

'In many cases they do this.'

'Oh, yes, sir. Do not think that I am complaining of the upper classes. I am not insensible to their charity, of which I have received my fair proportion, and accepted it too, not because I think that I have any claim to it, but partly because I know it does every one good to give, partly because giving alms is only fulfilling a part of the great responsibility which the wealthy are under to the poor. But, sir, what we need far more than any alms is a little generous confidence. You cannot understand how much we poor are inclined to love the rich,

They seem to us to have a gentle temper, a kind smile, and a happy look which are winning to people soured by bad food and narrow means. Well, sir, forgive me for saying that with all your breeding the poor are more courteous to the rich than the rich to the poor. We take off our hats or drop our curtsy, and it is a painful slight to us if this well-meant respect is not returned by some little notice. I have often longed to exchange a few words of respectful conversation with some wealthy neighbour, and if I ever had the courage to begin, I have often been cut short by a stiff reply. Oh, sir, this is not the way to raise the poor, or increase the love that there should be between God's children.'

Lorimer hung his head. How often he had acted in this thoughtless manner, and yet it was not exactly pride, but rather habit on his part.

'But, sir,' continued Mrs. Morgan, 'what makes the greatest breach between us is the want of confidence the rich show to us. They seem to take it for granted that because a man is a pauper it is difficult for him to be honest. We admit you freely to our cottages, and it is a mistake to suppose, as I myself *once* thought, that we are not glad, and even proud, to see you. But how differently you receive us! If you do not bid your servants turn us from your gates, at least you send us haughtily to the kitchen. You listen with undisguised annoyance to our requests. You give us no encouragement or kind words, which are often far more precious to us than money. We leave you disappointed, and bitterly reminded of our inferiority, to return to a wretched home, where we have little comfort even in those nearest to us. Oh, sir, you do not know—I trust you may never learn with the bitter experience that I have gone through—how humbling and crushing is our poverty; you cannot tell how easily you might bless our sad lives with a kind word or two! Oh, sir—'

But the bitter memories were too much. The poor weak sufferer had to wipe away rising tears.

'O mother,' said the daughter, coming to her side and bending gently over her, 'do not take on so. It is not kind to the gentleman to speak

like this. I am sure he is very good to come at all to see us.'

Daisy's head was bowed on his breast. These humble reproaches smote him bitterly. He felt their truth.

'Sir,' continued Mrs. Morgan, wiping her eyes, 'it is because I know your kind intentions that I speak to you so unreservedly. I may be pardoned, perhaps, because I have been guilty of the same remissness in my day. Perhaps you do not know, sir, that I once belonged to the same class as yourself.'

'I heard it from Mr. Crispin,' said Lorimer.

'I have no wish to remember it,' replied the poor woman. 'I trust I have taken a just view of the position I chose to embrace, and though I have—have suffered—suffered most bitterly, I do not regret the step.'

'Believe me, Mrs. Morgan,' said Daisy, 'that your words have done me good. I am always glad to be reminded of the great duties of my position, and indeed I try to fulfil them a little. My visit to you to-day was with a view of learning in what way I could be your friend.'

'Ah, sir, after all our conversation, you would think me a very clever beggar if I accepted your offer of sympathy.'

'Well, Mrs. Morgan, will you be open with me, and let me know how I can aid you? What means of support have you, if the question be not impertinent?'

'Not at all. I will tell you exactly. When we left L— we had saved up about £10. I was then able to work, and I and my good hard-working child here' (the honest face flushed up) 'took washing and did well enough. I must tell you that there was good reason for our leaving L—, though it is not necessary for me to enter into particulars. We sold our furniture there, and so managed to buy what little we wanted here. But the expenses of getting into a fresh cottage have diminished our store very much, and my child has not been able to get any work. If you could recommend her to any of your friends, sir, you would do us real service.'

'I certainly will,' replied Daisy, 'but in the meantime will you accept some present pecuniary aid?'

'I am not proud,' replied the poor woman, whose face brightened up. 'But may I ask if it is to come from yourself?'

This was just the difficulty which Daisy had dreaded.

'No, not exactly from me,' he replied, 'though I shall be glad to add my quota; but money has been placed at my disposal for you.'

Mrs. Morgan looked searchingly at him.

'Pardon me, Mr. Lorimer, if I put a somewhat curious question to you. Have you not a Mr. Eden staying at your house?'

'Yes, certainly,' replied Daisy, confused.

'And has he perhaps spoken to you about me?'

Kate Morgan looked from one to the other anxiously.

'I must not deny that he has; but what of that?'

'You say money has been placed at your disposal. I have no right to ask by whom; but if by that man I refuse it.'

Mrs. Morgan's voice and manner were completely altered. She spoke with a dignity and severity that sat strangely on so weak and stricken a woman, and Daisy was quite taken aback by her determined manner. As for the girl, she looked most anxiously at Lorimer, as if expecting him to set this matter to rights.

'Mr. Eden is, I am sure, most kindly disposed to you, Mrs. Morgan,' said Daisy soothingly.

'Yes, yes,' replied the poor woman in a subdued tone; 'but if you knew all; if you knew what I can never tell you, you would not wonder that I should refuse his alms.'

'But the affair is so long past. Time at least should have softened this—this rancour.'

'I feel no rancour to him. But the poor have very little in this world, and they will cling obstinately to what they have. I have long since forgiven all that Mr. Eden has done; though it was his wounded vanity which brought my husband—; well, no matter, I have forgiven him, but this little pride I must cling to. His alms I cannot, will not accept.'

Daisy scarcely knew how to act.

'Then, at least, you will not refuse what I have to give.'

'No, on my daughter's account it would be wrong and mere wicked pride to refuse anything, but, but *that*. But sir, if you would offer it, if it would not bore you, a visit from time to time, the opportunity of speaking to an educated person as freely as I have done to-day, would be the greatest kindness you could show us. Kate is a good girl, and works very hard for us both, but Kate—come, child—has had no opportunities of education, and I have made a point of giving her no more than was suited to her position.'

The girl kissed her mother's forehead.

'Ah, sir, she is sent me by God. But when Kate is left quite alone, who, who—?'

Tears stopped the words.

'Mother, mother,' said the girl, stooping to kiss her again.

Daisy felt the tears rising into his own eyes, and got up to go.

'Be assured that I shall come often to see you,' he said, 'and in the meantime shall do all I can to alleviate your sufferings.'

Mrs. Morgan took his hand and bent over it. Poor Mary Davenport! kissing the hand of a boy benefactor! She who had once been a proud county belle.

Daisy hurried away, and the girl slipped out after him.

When they reached the wicket she turned her large blue eyes and blushing face up to his, and seemed to implore him.

'Oh, sir,' she faltered, 'do not listen to what my mother says. I assure you that we have great need of anything, whoever may offer it. My mother has not told you all, sir. You see she is very ill, and what with medicine and wine, we have spent all that we had when we came here, and I do not know how to buy proper food for her; for indeed she wants much more than we can afford. I have tried for work but can't get it, and in a few days we should be quite without food if she still refuses this gentleman's offer.'

'Do not be afraid, my dear girl,' said Daisy; 'I shall discover some means of inducing her to accept it. Could you suggest any? Have you, for instance, any friend who has more

influence with your mother than I, as a mere stranger?'

Kate looked down and thought a moment. As she looked her face gradually became suffused and she hesitated a good deal, as she answered: 'There is one person, a lad, who has been very kind to us since we were here; the only person we know to speak to. Perhaps you might know him, sir, as he goes to the night-school, and he has spoken to us about you—William Jones.'

The name is nowhere exactly one of note, but in this western village every third man who was not a Harris or Williams, went by the Welsh cognomen. Daisy was at a loss to know which 'lad' it might be.

'Well, I shall see him to-night,' he said, 'and will have a talk with him about it. Has your mother said anything to you about this Mr. Eden?'

'Nothing, except that yesterday when we came from church, she warned me that if he should ever speak to me, I was not to answer.'

'Ah!' then diving his hand into his waistcoat pocket, he drew out the last half-crown he had. It might inconvenience him a little to part with it, but what of that! 'For your present wants to-day,' he said, putting it into the red handstill moist from the scrubbing-brush.

'Oh, sir!' said the girl, blushing up, and unable to thank him, for this was indeed a godsend.

Just then they heard the poor sufferer within coughing violently. Without another word the girl ran in, and Daisy strode back towards the park.

'Oh, mother!' cried Kate, 'he has given me half-a-crown. His own money, mother. I can go and get you some brandy now. I'm sure you want it.'

It is no shame to either of these women to say that their faces brightened up, and that they delighted over this dirty silver effigy of that sheep-faced maniac George the Third. Certainly to give is more blessed than to receive, but we must not forget that to receive raises up a love and gratitude within us, which does good to our souls, bringing them nearer God. Let no man be ashamed to receive a gift. Only let him blush at the *pay* of mean unfriendly deeds, the pay of fawning and spittle-licking, the pay

for work he has never done or never means to do.

So these women awhile were happy. Thank God that so little can bring happiness to the hungry, that the greater the misery the easier its cure, the lighter the sacrifice that bids it rise from its wallowing in the gutter. Have I not seen many a face light up with new hope, with a fresh pardon to life when only a great round greasy penny has pressed their palm? Who knows but that for that penny they would have slain that life they hated, and who knows whether the slayer of his own life slays not his eternity with it? God forbid that I should hate or despise money, if it can rescue from crime and misery and despair. What I do hate, is the sole thirst of money, that makes a god of it, and does not see that is only an angel, fallen on one side, heavenly on the other.

But the blessing to the giver is a purer one. Mark walked on happy in the consciousness that he had rebaptized happiness for others.

Why was—ah, why was it!—Master Daisy, that you felt as you went a certain tiny little twinge of jealousy of that same William Jones, the honest lad? You say that I must answer this; answer it in the story.

He told Eden as much of his interview as concerned the proffered gift. The knave of clubs was really touched. True, he had seen many a poor wretch in London streets, far more stricken with penniless misery than was Mrs. Morgan. True, he had heard many a sadder tale than hers, and heeded neither the one nor the other. But Mrs. Morgan—poor Mary Davenport—had once belonged to his own caste, and her suffering touched him much more keenly.

But Mr. Eden did not show his grief. That would have been ill-bred. 'Well,' said he, 'I leave it in your hands. I am anxious that this woman should suffer no more from her misconduct, for which she has already been punished enough. I will leave you this, and depend on you to pass it to her with as much delicacy as possible.'

So saying, he drew out four £5 notes, and an hour afterwards in the Express to Dorby, near which he was about to stay with some other friends, he actu-

ally wiped his eyes when he thought of his own sacrifice in assisting the poor creature he had once loved, and helped to ruin.

CHAPTER VII.—AMADIS TURNED SCHOOLMASTER.

Of Mr. Eden it is but just to say that he was in no sense a *bad* man. He was not always the mere worldling that Daisy and others imagined him. He had once loved, and love ennobles. Mr. Eden was spoiled entirely by the world. I do not mean the bad world—not the world of dissipation, and riot, and God-forgetting; not the world that lives only for itself—but that far more dangerous world of respectability, which never is accused, never shames for its own narrowness.

Mr. Eden's one sorrow had 'left him dry,' as our laureate sings. Many young men when 'left dry' take to drink as a natural remedy; at least to cards, or what not of worse folly than even morbid despair. Mr. Eden was far too respectable—too good a man, they said, for this; but he had abetted Mr. Davenport in his cruel persecution of the man Morgan; he had helped to make that man a convict, and no wonder that Mary Davenport's early dislike of him had grown into ripe hate. Mr. Eden is now gone to new friends, to talk of people more than of things; to sneer at his late host, and hint that Sir Tattenham took too much port; to let fly sly surmises about Harriet and young Trevelyan; to talk up Sir Howard Leslie Howard Trevelyan, his father, and so on. Yet in the eyes of the respectable, Mr. Eden is by no means bad. Let him go now till he is wanted, and turn we to a purer life than his. It must not be thought of Mark Lorimer that he was a mere theorist, a mere enthusiast, a mere iconoclast of the mould-gods of this age. His mission was a vague one, but he knew that he had a mission, and this was half the glory. His life was not to be 'a life of nothing, nothing worth.' He was not to go down under sod with a lying epitaph of all his virtues, when one word would have summed up the dead's character and that word—Self. He might have coveted fame, have thirsted for the glory of a great good man, have longed to stand out like Lot or Wycliffe, bold

and pure, in an age of craven impurity, to rebuke it. But he knew that these aspirations were selfish, and for ever thwarted them in their workings. One thing alone was blameless—to do good in a high name.

He indeed aspired to do good on a great scale, but he knew that preparation and opportunity were needed, and he pushed forward this ambition to a far day. But meanwhile he could not be idle. He had emerged from the wastefulness of Oxford with the worthless degree he had worked for. He had amused himself with the first efforts of literature, and had danced with joy to find his thoughts in print. But this was not enough.

He longed for action; to do, not to dream. In the Rev. Mr. Crispin he found some slight encouragement. The satisfactory curate was too much of a lick-spittle to urge him openly to assist him in the parish. He knew Sir Tattenham well; knew how he sighed that his son and heir was not as jovial a hunting squire as himself; knew how he despised this son for his strange opinions, and regretted that it was too late to oust him now from his birthright. But he also knew the value of the young man's favour. The living would one day be in his gift, and Crispin longed for the independence, of course, I do not mean the emolument of a benefice.

So when Mark proposed to go round the parish with him, to become the friend of every poor man and woman in it, the curate acceded, and the young Oxonian was ere long visiting the sick, the widow, and the reprobate, and freely giving his loose cash, and his warm sympathy or hot reproofs.

But when the youth proposed to set up a school for grown-up dunces, to be held at nights when their work was over, and when Crispin, sounding the baronet over a bottle of bran-lain port, found that his patron laughed and pool-pooled at the idea, he could not go along with the young man.

So Mark did the good work single-

handed. At his own expense—and he was too free to be ever flush of coin—he hired a room in a farmhouse, bought a stock of candles, of copy-books, of Dublin reading-books, of pens, ink and paper, slates, and slate pencils, and set to work to collect the unlettered lads of the village. A very clod-hopping set they were, to be sure. Great hulking bodies, ill-kept rather than ill-made, with great stupid grinning faces, without an atom of intelligence in their piggish eyes; wearing dirty corduroys and dirtier smocks, and coming just fresh from the stable, the cow-shed, or the plough, and gathering some of the character as well as much of the dirt, from the clods they toiled upon.

Daisy addressed himself first to the masters. The farmers and small employers were glad enough to humour the young squire, though they had little idea that much benefit was to be derived from his exertions, and they willingly recommended their boys to listen to his proposals. But the lads themselves were shy. Yes, they would like to read; they thought it would be a good thing to be able to write to father and mother, when they left home; they knew it was wise to be able to count their money, when they got it, and prevent themselves being cheated; but noa, noa, go to school at their time? why, the children would be jeering at them.

But Daisy persisted. He described the value of the three R's in glowing terms, read them stories out of the reading-books, and made them ambitions of reading the like themselves, told them of the power of education, and when he gave in so far to their prejudices as to fix an hour after dark for their meeting, at last succeeded in winning some ten or twelve of them over.

The boy-schoolmaster began with writing. It was one of his *crochets*, that writing should precede reading. He knew that the mechanical part was at once the easiest and the most interesting. He knew the deep joy that men feel in creating—though it be only pot-hooks and hangers. Art, said he, should show the way to science. The boys learnt their alphabets by writing them, and to spell by making visible words. Thence to reading, and so on to arithmetic.

Beyond this he did not care to go in the first year. He knew, that if a boy can read well, he can, if he will, educate himself, and, therefore, he aimed chiefly to make them ready readers. The pen-work soon became a mere relaxation.

Ere long the school swelled and began to pay its own expenses. There came to him old men who at two-score years had never learned a letter, or had forgotten, from disuse, the schooling of their childhood. These made rapid progress, and Daisy, who delighted in nothing more than seeming paradoxes, was pleased to find, that the older one grows, the easier it is to learn, though the world for ages has said the contrary.

On the night in question, he entered the school-room punctually at eight. Ere long the whole number was assembled. He shook hands with each, had a merry word for every comer, and then composing his mind, knelt down to open the work with prayer. It was his custom to deliver a single extempore prayer, and no more, and practice in this matter had at length given him confidence.

Then the boys ranged themselves in small classes, according to their proficiency, slates and books were given out; and while some stumbled through a tale, others nibbled one end of their pens, and with the other scrawled sentences from Master Daisy's original proverbial philosophy, while the rest, labouring tediously at the elements of that wonderful science of numbers, assisted their mental if not bodily digestion, by chewing the luxurious slate-pencil with all the gusto of the real schoolboy.

So outwardly; but inwardly, the heavy, ungreased, rusty minds were working and turning and getting up the sluggish steam of reflection.

To interest and aid the readers, Mark discoursed cleverly enough with all the simplicity he could tame himself down to, on the subjects suggested by their tales, and then proceeded to put simple questions. To these, of course, he got few and painfully weak replies, but there were one or two lads who answered sharply and sensibly. One of these, a tall, handsome young fellow of nineteen, with an honest, pleasant face, turned out to be William Jones.

After an hour of the three R's, no small toil for a single master, who has to look over every line of writing, and correct every step in the sums, and that more carefully and individually than with children in a class, the whole number rose, and with Mark leading them, broke forth into that beautiful, simple little prayer, the Evening Hymn. When this was over, several of the lads had to leave. The rest came round and handed their slates to Mark. On each he rapidly drew some familiar object, a horse, donkey, cart, chair, or what not, in mere outline, and then set the lads to copy these on the lower parts of their slates. This was, of course, a great amusement, and, at the same time a great improver. Nothing teaches men to observe God's handiwork so closely as the attempt to imitate it; and nothing teaches us God so well, in his power, wisdom, and goodness, as the close observance of his creation.

But still greater was the privilege reserved for one or two of the more praiseworthy, to break the ear-drums of the rest with hideous scrapings on cat-gut, which seemed to convince one that the ghost of the feline quadruped itself was hovering round the remnants of its own ill-used intestines; or to puff vehemently with reddened cheeks and protruded upper-lip into the touch-hole of a flute, emitting from to time to time, after physical exertions scarcely outdone by the ascent of Mount Blanc or Ararat, a single or rather double note, beginning in a squeak, and ending in a low, plaintive wail.

Such as yet was the musical treat reserved for the proficient few, but of course, time would mollify the harsh inharmony of these wild notes, and make the players happy in the production of soft melodies.

'Which, do you suppose,' said Mark, as a more than usually wretched squeak, painful almost as a railway-whistle, issued from an unpractised flute; 'which do you suppose is the happier, the man who makes or the man who listens to music?'

A grin and half a laugh followed the appropriate question, but Daisy seriously waited for an answer.

'I should say, sir,' answered Wil-

liam Jones, 'that the player liked it the best. Leastways, that style don't seem to give much pleasure to the listeners.'

Another guffaw followed this sally.

'Well, but suppose Jenkins, instead of that horrible squeak, was playing "My Mary Ann," or the "The Girl I left behind me," you would like that, wouldn't you?'

'Oh, yes, sir,' said several.

'Well, but he, having the labour of it, wouldn't care so much for the music.'

'Naw, sir,' answered Jenkins; 'it's the fun of making it that I likes.'

'Ah, there you hit the right nail on the head, Jenkins. The pleasure of playing and the pleasure of listening are quite different. The first is the pleasure of creating; mind that, boys. It always gives pleasure to man to create, and I'll tell you why. Because creating is a faculty of God, and, therefore, creation is a portion of our Divine character; do you understand?'

The lads did not seem to understand much, and looked serious.

'You see, lads, animals do not make anything. Making is reserved for God, and to a certain extent for man, therefore we men enjoy making anything so much the more. It is a high pleasure, but it is the same as God enjoys. God is always creating. On the other hand, listening to music is a more earthly pleasure, because it is more sensual, it pleases the ear, and soothes our minds. Now, which do you say enjoys music most, the player or the listener, eh, Jones?'

'The listener, sir.'

'Right, Jones, right. The pleasure of the listener is greater, because it is more natural. But the pleasure of the player is higher and purer, because it is more godlike, more divine.'

In this way did Mark raise their minds to the level of his own, by first lowering his own to theirs. This is the true secret of education. Besimple, but rise. Do not warp your ideas by struggling after simplicity; let the thoughts be as high as you like, only let the vehicle be simple. Too often teachers mistake inferiority for simplicity, and so never raise the minds of the taught, but only lower their own to theirs.

But it was strange to see this young

man little more than a boy, exerting such influence and wielding such authority over lads of twice his size, and men of twice his age. Was it education alone that gave him that weight with them, or was it not also caste? The question bothered him, because he could not but think that caste had something to do with it. His chief object was to induce his lads to think for themselves. Socrates pursued the same system. I don't suppose there ever was such an educator as that ugly old Athenian, or one who turned out more deep thinkers; yet his practice seems to have been chiefly to ask no end of questions on every subject that suggested itself, and to help his pupils to answer them. Say what you will, talk is always a better instrument of teaching than books. You may perhaps learn German or French without a master or mistress either, though undoubtedly the quickest method is to fall in love with a yellow-haired Tenton or dark-eyed Parisian; but you can't learn the important truths of life out of books, nay, not even from *Inquire Within*, or that wonderful repository of facts, Mr. Timbs' *Things not generally known*. Daisy knew this, and therefore he devoted two days of the week, Wednesday and Saturday, partly to religious instruction and partly to talk. It was in this talk that he felt his influence. It was when the weight of his mind descended on the listeners like an avalanche, awakening them from ancient prejudices and misconceptions, that they felt their own inferiority and his pre-eminence.

'You may go, boys. Good-night.'

'Goo-ad night, sirr,' from one after the other in regular order, like a file of soldiers firing.

'William Jones,' in a sharp short tone.

William Jones started nervously. He had at that very moment been engaged in the innocent pastime of pricking Thomas Jenkins with a steel pen between the shoulders, and he felt guilty.

'Sirr,' replied William Jones, hastily drawing out the steel pen, the point of which was considerably damaged by contact with the fustian of Jenkin's jacket.

'Stay behind; I want to speak to you.'

Jones got very red, and the other lads turned wide grins upon him as they departed. Only the patient and forgiving Jenkins retreated without the cruel derision.

'Jones,' said the schoolmaster, busied with putting away books, slates, &c., 'I have something very particular to say to you.'

Jones looked down, rubbed the top of his knee, a common trick of his, examined the steel pen, and became very uncomfortable.

'It—it—it harn't abroke the nib, sirr,' he faltered out.

'Eh, Jones?' said Daisy, still busy.

'I can write with him yet, sirr,' continued the culprit.

'Ah! very—' still absorbed in arranging his closetful.

'He seemed to go so nat'ral like into him, sirr. He did. I couldn't have kep he away if I had see the black man hisself standing afore me.'

Daisy jumped round, and presented a face of unmitigated amazement.

'What on earth are you talking about, Jones?'

The lad became amazed in his turn, and with his great broad shoulders on a level with his chin, began rubbing his knee furiously, looking the very picture of good-natured stupidity.

'Have you hurt your knoc?' asked Daisy, not knowing what he meant.

'Oh, noa, sirr,' with a great grin; 'but I think he be hurted summur else, he, he.'

'Now, Jones, listen to me.'

'So I be, sirr,' again at that knee.

'Do you know a Mrs. Morgan, Jones, who lives in Deadman's Cottage?'

Jones looked down, and composed his countenance.

'I knows herr.'

'Intimately?'

'Sirr?'

'Do you know her very well?'

'Oh, sirr, she be a widow woman.'

The look of virtuous indignation set Daisy laughing in spite of himself. He couldn't make out for the life of him why a widow should not have intimate friends.

'Well, you know her daughter very well; eh?'

Then went the hand at the knee again more lustily than ever. A great brown blush came over the boy's face, and he moved his head with a peculiar

oscillation, as if the words were twisting about inside his throat.

'She—she be s' proud, sirr,' he managed to stammer out.

'You mean she won't have you.'

'Well, sirr, it ain't for want o' will in me, doan't you see? I'se ready to keep company, but the lass, she, she be s' proud like.'

'Well, I tell you what, Jones; I've got a way to make her like you, if you can manage it. Mrs. Morgan is very poor, isn't she?'

'That doan't make no difference to me, sirr.'

'That's right, Jones; but you would like to see her better off, wouldn't you?'

'Well, sirr, yes. Kate, she's a good lass; and between me and she, the crust wouldn't want.'

'But, in the meanwhile, they must be supported. Now, what do you say to that?' displaying one of the fivers.

'What be he, sirr?' Honest William had never been dazzled with a flimsy before.

'That's a bank-note for £5. If you take that to the bank at H—, they will give you five sovereigns for it.'

'He, he, that's more nor I would if I could. Why, it ain't good but for lightin' a pipe with or so.'

'So it seems to you. But look here, Jones. Do you see this writing? That's a promise made by the Governors of the great Bank of England, to pay £5 to any one who takes them this piece of paper, so that this is worth £5.'

The lad examined it very minutely, too respectful not to believe the young squire, but secretly convinced that the five gold pieces would be a deal more satisfactory.

'Now, Jones, you say that you know Mrs. Morgan pretty well, and I hear that you have some influence with her, that she would do what you advised sooner than what I should; eh?'

'Naw, naw, sirr, not that. You see, sirr, she be a lady born, they says, Mrs. Morgan, they do; and the lasses about, they doan't bear with Kate, because she be too good for they. So they'se a worretting and a worretting of she, when they can, and it ain't right; that it bain't. So I sticks up for the lass; and Mother Morgan, she takes it very kindly.'

'Well, now, Jones, do you think she would accept this from you, if you took it?'

'Law, bless me, sirr, five pund! Why, she'd bounce at my neck, though she be a cripple; and she's a scholard too, sirr, and would know what he was worth.'

'Yes, but you must know, Jones, that she won't take it from me. She's rather proud about it.'

'Ay, ay, sirr. She be a lady born, a little too fine to take money. But maybe she wouldn't mind from me, leastways she'd be axing how I came by it.'

'Ay, that's it, and that's what you must conceal. You mustn't tell a lie about it, Jones.'

'Lord love you, sirr! I ain't telled one since I was that big.'

'I am glad to hear it. Now, I look to you to induce her to take it, or if not, her daughter, without letting her know where it comes from. There, I'll put it up in this bit of paper, and mind you take care of it.'

The lad stowed it carefully away in his waistcoat pocket, and the conference ended.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LOVES OF THE RUSTICS.

Didn't young William Jones whistle jovially, and laugh and chatter at his work the next day. The prospect of an excuse for going to see pretty Kate Morgan, and the chance, nay almost certainty, of meeting with her favour by virtue of his precious offering, so carefully wrapped in the little bit of paper, and so carefully stowed away in his pocket, whither, every half-hour, his

fingers stole to know whether it was safe or not,—made his heart as light as a bird's.

It was rather damping to his happiness when, on going home to supper in the evening, he found his father grumbling, and his mother 'nagging.' But no wonder. Jones *père* had been working hard and wearily all day long, as much for his wife and family as for

himself. A day or two before he had, at considerable labour, managed to earn a shilling or so more than usual, and had invested this in a piece of somewhat inferior beef, which he looked forward to as a treat for himself and family. But Mrs. Jones was a slattern and had no idea of cooking, and the piece of beef, instead of coming out tender and juicy, was set down as hard as a stone, for the wearied labourer's jaws to work upon. So Jones *père* grumbled, and Jones *mère*, as English wives are wont, kept on nagging at him, till he was weary of his home, sick of its dirt, disgusted at the loud tones of his spouse scolding the piggish brats.

And where was the fault of this? Want of education again, a proper education for woman, whose duty is to be a companion and a help-meet and a comforter to the man. Don't talk to me about the women of England, the wives and daughters of England, their rights and their wrongs. Until the women of England learn to educate their poorer sisters properly, they will do little good to the men of England, and I take it that the men are the strength of the country. The education we want for girls is one that will make them good housewives, and cheerful, elevating companions for their husbands. It is of no use to teach them all the capitals and all the boundaries of all the countries of the world, if they don't know how to cook a decent dinner when the man has been sweating his strength out to buy it; or how to keep his and their own and their children's clothes in good tidy order, and their cottages clean. These are the accomplishments that English wives should first learn, and it is the absence of these that sets the husband grumbling. Then the wife begins nagging and scolding, and no wonder that the weary workman slinks away from his comfortless home to the 'Three Jolly Waggoners' hard by, where he drinks with many a jocular companion, and whence he reels home late at night to beat his wife and make his children hate him. Englishmen are naturally brutal; but it is the fault of English wives if their brutality is called forth, and half the crime and immorality of this great immoral country is to be laid at the

door of those wives whose ignorance of their commonest duties makes home a misery, and whose tempers increase the misery to a hell.

After supper, Jones the father took his pipe and a sixpence he had intended to lay by, and slunk away growling and grumbling to a dirty little beer-shop hard by; Jones the mother sulked and scolded and slapped the children, sent them crying to bed, and then sitting alone over the embers, nursed her ill-temper and promised herself that 'she would give it him when he came home.' Jones the son fagged himself out in his best, and trotted down towards Deadman's Cottage, recovering his spirits as he went, in the prospect of a pleasant interview.

When he reached the cottage he was surprised to find the door shut. Was Kate then out? He did not much relish the idea of a solitary visit to the old lady, and therefore knocked diffidently. No one came and he knocked again. Presently he heard a light step over the sanded floor and the door was opened a little by pretty Kate.

'Oh, it's only you, William,' in a disappointed tone.

'Who did you think I were, Kate?' rather shyly.

'Not you, at anyrate.'

'Maybe you did not wish for me, Kate?'

'That I didn't; for mother's taken on very poorly, and you can't come in. What did you come for?'

Disappointed by her cold tone, William hitched up his shoulders and rubbed his knee vigorously, looking down very glum.

'I come to see you, lass,' he muttered.

'Well, now you've seen me, you can go away again.'

The youth turned on his heel, and began a low whistle to hide his chagrin.

But this was only Miss Kate's fun. She stole out of the cottage, laid her red hand on his big flat shoulder, and looking up into his face, said in quite another tone:

'I'm only fooling you, William, lad. But mother's very bad, so you mustn't come in. I'll leave the door ajar, so as to hear her if she calls, and walk a bit with you.'

'That's a right lass. I knew 'twere all fooling. Now give me a kiss, Kate.'

So saying he boldly put his stout arm round her slight waist.

'Hands off, Mister Impudence,' cries the girl starting back and her pretty face all a-fire with indignation. 'Who gave you leave to do that?'

The youth was again foiled and had recourse to the knee.

'You be too foine for me, Kate; a deal too mash,' he said whiningly.

'Not so long as you behave, William. You're very kind and we are grateful, but you mustn't look for too much.'

'I know summut,' muttered the youth bitterly.

'What do you know? There isn't much in that wise noddle of yours, you great old lmp, and what there is must be curious stuff.'

'Well, now you shows your ignorance,' answers William, much offended, 'for the young squire hisself says I'm the sharpest on 'em all at the school, and he always axes me the break-head things as no one else could answer.'

'Oh, you're all bursting with talent!' laughed the cruel maid, pulling his large flat ear with an affectionate pinch, which made him wriggle. 'I see it coming out all over you like a hay-fever. So what's this wonderful secret you know?'

'It ain't no secret or I wouldn't tell you. But I knows well enough that you wouldn't go to say noa to the young squire if he wor to ax for a kiss.'

The girl let go his ear-lobe, and started back in a fury.

'William,' she said, while the youth rubbed the knee and looked knowingly from the corners of his eyes; 'you're a fool, William. You ought to know me better, and you do, William, than to think I should do for him anything that I would not for you. Besides, he is too well-behaved to ask such a thing. He does not come here pretending to be kind to mother, like some folk, only for the daughter.'

She tossed her head, and poor William looked very sheepish.

'I to think of a squire's son indeed! Poor gratitude would it be for his kindness for me to think of him that way; a poor thing like me to whom

he gives his shillings; he so noble, such a good kind gentleman, so careful of the poor, so good to all of us, William, to you as well as to me.'

'I pays for my schooling,' granted the youth.

'What? what's that you say? You pay indeed! Your sixpence a week! And as if the money was anything to him. Why, it doesn't pay for the candle you burn, let alone the ink and paper. And who, I should like to know, would care to teach you for nothing, as he does, except he was a kind-hearted noble gentleman like Mr. Lorimer?'

William felt himself considerably smaller than before.

'No, no, William,' she went on, still excited, for she was speaking from the heart. 'No, you need not be afraid of Mr. Lorimer, William Jones. To you and to me, he's like an angel dropt from heaven. He has what you and me can never have, something like what I see in mother. I don't know what I should call it, but something superior to us folk. Do you think, if an angel came, William, I should presume to think of him? I might love him, but it would be more reverential-like; very different that would be.'

'Different as what?' said William, provokingly.

'Never you mind. All I say is, let Mr. Lorimer alone. If he come down here, it's for no harm. That I know, William Jones. And so, I suppose he's sent you to-night.'

'No, he harn't, there, now,' answered the lad, indignant in his turn. 'I s'pose I s'e free to come or stay away.'

The girl's good heart was touched, because she saw that her enthusiasm had hurt the youth.

'Come, let's be friends, William,' she said soothingly; 'you're always welcome, come fair, come foul, and you're our only friend.'

'Barring the young squire,' he put in wickedly.

She came up close to his side, and seemed to invite the very kiss she had refused a little while before.

William thought so, at any rate, and gave it her—a good smacking one, in which you heard as well as saw the love. The poor girl went rosy as the

morning sky. This lad had been kind to her and her mother, and she had some feeling for him, though to say truth, the young squire had well-nigh stolen her little heart, for all her protestations.

People commonly look very foolish after the sweet act of kissing, and to cover this, William pulled out the little bit of paper, unfolded it carefully, and displayed the fiver.

'What's that, lass?' he asked, doubtfully.

'Why, William, a bank-note. Where did you come by it?'

'Is it good?' he asked, still doubting.

'Good as gold. Where did you get it?'

'Telling's telling,' he answered oracularly.

'You didn't —?'

'What?'

'Steal it.'

'Oy! steal, lass? William Jones filch a single penny?'

'No, no, I know you wouldn't; but how did you get it?'

'There it is. He isn't mine, but he shall be yours.'

'Mine?'

'Ay; or your mother's.'

'That bank-note?'

'Ay. It was giv me for you.'

'By the young squire?'

'That I mustn't tell.'

'Oh William, are you speaking truth?'

'As I hopes for heaven, then, and I is.'

'That bank note was given you by the young squire for us?'

'I didn't say by the young squire. No matter who giv it me, it's yours, and you're free to take it now. Mind it doan't tear or burn. There now; it's well out of my hands.'

The young girl looked at it wonderingly.

'Mother will never let me keep it, if she don't know who sent it. Are you sure, William, it wasn't your own?'

'Sure enough. I wish and he were. How should I come by five pound, lass? But look here. If Mother Morgan won't have it, you must keep it and use it for she, so he as giv it me said I were to tell you.'

'William, I don't like to take it. Why, it's a fortune. Oh! poor mother, it will make her happy again! I must keep it, William, but I don't like it.'

'Well, keep it, says I, and use it well. There's more where that come from, I'm thinking.'

The poor girl turned it over and over. Blessed invention of the Bank of England, that a scrap of paper should represent so much happiness to the poor.

'I must keep it, William. It will make mother so comfortable. But it shall be a secret. She would never keep it if she knew of it.'

A feeble cry came from the cottage, and called the daughter back to the sufferer's side. She gave the honest lad her hand, and almost loved him.

'Good-night, William.'

'Goo-ad night, lass.'

The New Books.

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BRITISH FIELD SPORTS.

THE ruling passion 'strong in death' was never more strongly exemplified than in Mr. T. Shafto, a distinguished follower of the Raby hounds. He was on his way to Ireland with a sporting friend, when the captain of the vessel

came down to their cabin and informed them that all hope was over. Instead of giving vent to the ordinary exclamations of terror, he heaved a deep sigh, and thus apostrophized his companion in distress: '*I say, Bob, no more Uckenby whin*' (a favourite cover within the hunt).

It must be admitted that as much contempt of danger may be shown in following hounds across obstacles of this kind, as in mounting a breach; and the publications before us, Nim-

rod's in particular, abound with instances of extraordinary coolness, dogged determination, and intrepidity. Who can doubt for a moment that the gentleman commemorated in the following narrative, had he chanced to serve under Picton or Pousonby at Waterloo, would have been found in the thickest of the fray? 'If I were asked who it was that had shown the greatest contempt for the consequence of a bad fall that ever came under my observation, I should have no hesitation in saying it was a gentleman by the name of Stanhope, who was on a visit to Sir Bellingham Graham when he hunted the Atherstone country. On the Friday his horse fell with him and hurt his shoulder, but nothing was broken or displaced. The consequence was, he came out on the following Monday with his arm in a sling. We found a fox in the finest part of Sir Bellingham's Leicestershire country, and killed in fifteen minutes, during which Mr. Stanhope was in a very good place. Having had the pleasure of meeting him a few evenings before at Sir Bellingham's, I asked him if he did not find it very awkward to ride with only one hand, when he assured me he found little difficulty with the horse he was then riding, as he was so very temperate, and had never given him a fall. "That is dangerous to boast of," said I to him; and here the conversation ended. We found another fox, and had a fine run of an hour and ten minutes, and killed. About the middle of it we came to a brook, which we all got well over with the exception of Stanhope, who unfortunately pitching on a turn in the bank, and disdaining to look, did not clear it, and his horse threw him with great violence on the opposite side. I saw him lying on the ground, apparently as dead as if he had been shot at Waterloo; and it was upwards of five minutes before he showed any signs of returning animation. On getting back to Sir Bellingham's house—having been blooded at Bosworth—all necessary measures were taken, and the doctor would fain have persuaded Mr. Stanhope that some ribs were broken. He had a short husky cough, and two or three other directing symptoms which seldom mislead a skilful apothecary; but he resisted all such

insinuations, and assured him he should be well in a few days; and the Quorn hounds coming within reach on the following Thursday, he went to meet them, still having his arm in a sling! In the course of this day's sport, some of the party, among whom was Mr. Stanhope, got into a corner of a field, and were pounded. What is not very usual in this country, one of the hardest riders in England had dismounted, and was trying to pull off the top bar of a flight of rails, which did not otherwise appear practicable. "Let me try," said Mr. Stanhope, "I am on a good one." The sequel was, he rode at it and got a tremendous fall. On seeing him lying on the ground, Sir Bellingham rode up to him, and said: "Now, I tell you what, Stanhope, you are a good one, but by G—d you shall ride no more to-day! Go to Leicester and put yourself into your carriage, and get to town as quick as you can, and get cured!" He took his friend's advice, and when he arrived there Mr. Heaviside found that he had two ribs broken, and his breast-bone beaten in! This, we may also say, is not a bad sort of man to breed from.'

It would seem that Sir Bellingham was much more likely to give such advice than to follow it:—As is the case with most hard-riding men, Sir Bellingham Graham has had some severe falls; but on two occasions he very narrowly escaped destruction. The following rare instance of his pluck, however, should not be lost on the sporting world. He was killing his fox at the end of a sharp thing, when an ox fence presented itself. Three first-rate performers were going in the same line, but they would not have it. Sir Bellingham never turned his horse, and cleared all but the rail on the opposite side, which probably his weight would have broken; but, unfortunately his horse alighted to one of the posts, and was turned over on his rider's chest. Strange as it may appear, Sir Bellingham remounted his horse, and rode on; but he had not proceeded many yards when he was observed by Sir Harry Goodricke to be in the act of falling to the ground, but which he was fortunate enough to prevent. From that period—about twelve o'clock at noon till nine o'clock

the next night—Sir Bellingham never knew what had happened to him; and as he lay under the haystack, whither his friends removed him at the time of the accident, every moment was expected to be his last. The pith of the story, however, is yet to come. He was bled three times the first day, and confined to his bed five. On the seventh, to the utter surprise, and indeed annoyance, of his friends, he was seen in his carriage at Scraptoft, merely, as he said, "to see his hounds throw off." The carriage not being able to get up to the spinney, Sir Bellingham mounted a quiet old horse (placed there, no doubt, for the purpose), muffled up in a rough great-coat and a shawl, and looked on. The fox was found; and, unfortunately for Sir Bellingham, took a short ring, but returned, and his hounds came to a check close to where he was sitting upon his horse. Will Beck, the huntsman *pro tempore*, not being up with his hounds, the baronet cast them and recovered his fox. In three fields they checked again, and Beck made a slow but by no means a brilliant cast. Sir Bellingham saw all this from the hill; and, no longer a looker-on, he cantered down the hill, and hit off his fox again. Things still went on but awkwardly. Another error was observed; when Sir Bellingham, annoyed that a large field should be disappointed of their sport when there was a possibility of having it, taking a horn from a whipper-in (for he could not speak to them) got to work again. The hounds mended their pace; down went the shawl in the middle of a field. They improved upon it; down went the rough great-coat in another field. He then stuck to his hounds in a long hunting run of an hour and a half over a very strongly fencible country, and had gotten his fox dead beat before him, when he was halloo'ed away by one of his own men to a fresh fox under the Newton hills. Now, what was to be done? The excitement that had carried him thus far was gone, and it was all but who-whoop. With every appearance of exhaustion, and a face as pale as if he were dead, he sat himself down on a bank, and faintly exclaimed, "How I am to get home, heaven only knows!" . . .

Mr. Assheton Smith (*the Tom* Smith of the sporting circles) was a perfect glutton in his line. It was computed that he had from sixty to one hundred falls a year. He was once riding against Mr. John White, who arrived first at the only practicable place in a fence, but being unable to clear it, got what is called well bulfinched, and stuck fast. 'Get on,' said Mr. Smith. 'I can't,' said Mr. White. 'Ram the spurs into him,' exclaimed Mr. Smith, 'and pray get out of the way.' 'If you are in such a hurry,' said Mr. White, 'why don't you charge me?' Mr. Smith did charge him, and sent him and his horse into the next field, when away they went again as if nothing had happened.

It seems that Mr. Smith's horses are trained to stop at nothing, for once, when he was turning round in the act of encouraging his dogs, his gallant steed carried him into the middle of a deep pond. Like master like man, Jack Shirley, Mr. Smith's whipper-in, was once seen galloping over a piece of broken ground, downhill, and with the horse's head quite loose, whilst busily engaged in putting a new lash to his whip, and holding a large open claspknife between his teeth!

One of Mr. Lambton's whippers-in rode over a very high timber fence into a road, merely to turn hounds. Such was the force of the concussion, that the horse was unable to keep his legs, and fell floundering on his head. The rider, however, stuck to him, hanging at one time by his spurs, but he never ceased hallooing, 'Get away, get away, hounds!'

Another of these gentlemen had met with a good many falls in his time, but was never hurt in any of them. One unlucky day his horse fell with him, and rolling him (to borrow Nimrod's expression) as a cook would a pie-crust, nearly flattened all the prominences of his body. Getting up, and limping after his steed, he was heard muttering to himself: 'Well, now I be hurt!'

As a remarkable instance of presence of mind, we may mention the manner in which Stephen, Mr. Newton Fellowes' huntsman, extricated himself. Stephen charged the fence

at the end of Mr. Buller's park ; but when his horse got upon the banks, he found that, instead of 'going in and out clever,' if he once got in he should never come out, as the drop into the road was tremendous, and the road was newly covered with stone. Dreadnought (the horse) was not to be daunted ; but Stephen, exclaiming *no go !* caught hold of the bough of a tree which fortunately hung over his head, and suffered his horse to leap from under him. . . .

The best bit in Nimrod's spirited sketch of a run at Melton, is the crossing of that far-famed brook the Whissendine, the Rubicon of the Cæsars of the chase :—'Yooi, over he goes ! halloos the squire (Mr. Osbaldistone) as he perceives Marmion and Maida plunging into the stream, and Red Rose shaking herself on the opposite bank. Seven men out of thirteen take it in their stride ; three stop short, their horses refusing the first time, but come well over the second ; and three find themselves in the middle of it. The gallant "Frank Forester" is among the latter ; and having been requested that morning to wear a friend's new red coat to take off the gloss and glare of the shop, he accomplishes the task to perfection in the bluish-black mud of the Whissendine, only then subsiding after a three days' flood. "Who is that under his horse in the brook ?" inquires that good sportsman and fine rider, Mr. Greene of Rolleston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening. "It's Middleton Biddulph," says one. "Pardon me," cries Mr. Middleton Biddulph : "Middleton Biddulph is here, and here he means to be !" "Only Dick Christian," answers Lord Forester, "and it is nothing new to him." "But he'll be drowned !" exclaims Lord Kinaird. "I shouldn't wonder," observes Mr. William Coke, "but the pace is too good to inquire." . . .

The whipper-in ranks next to the huntsman ; and we shall quote a short biographical sketch of one who has done most to elevate the vocation, the famous Tom Moody, the hero of the hunting song, whose career is thus related by 'Martingale :—'Tom Moody was a poor boy, the son of a

poor widow. He was born at Brosely, in Shropshire, near the residence of Mr. George Forester of Willey, who then hunted the Shropshire country. Tom, when a lad, was employed by a maltster of the name of Adams, who resided at Brosely, to carry out malt. Among the customers of this maltster was Mr. Forester. One day, Tom, who little knew how much would hang upon the events of that day, had taken two sacks of malt upon the back of a horse to Willey, which he carefully delivered. In returning home, he came to a gate adjoining the park, and tried to leap his horse over it : he made many attempts, and failed ; but, determined to accomplish his purpose, evincing, at the same time, the resolution and energy which distinguished his future career, he at length succeeded, and rode his horse clear over the gate. This extraordinary proceeding on the part of a mere boy was accidentally witnessed by Mr. Forester. He was struck with his courage and perseverance, and made immediate inquiries who the lad was. He was told that it was the maltster's boy, and that his name was Moody. Mr. Forester, having marked him for his own, sent a messenger to ask Adams if he would part with the boy ; and that he wanted to see him at Willey. The maltster complied ; but when his mother learned that Mr. Forester wanted to see him, she was sorely afraid that Tom had been committing himself, and trembled for the consequences. The result was, that Tom was engaged as stable-boy ; and from his attention to his business, his courage in riding, and that extreme good-nature and kindness which always accompanied him, he was eventually made whipper-in, and placed under the direction of John Sewell, the huntsman. He was delighted with his post ; and performed his duties in a manner so satisfactory, not only to his master, but to every one who hunted with the hounds, that the fame of Tom Moody, as the best whipper-in in England, spread far and wide. And Tom was, undoubtedly, the best whipper-in that ever mounted a horse. Like him, no one could bring up the tail end of the pack from the closest, the most extensive cover ; like him, no one could preserve that equa-

nimity of temper and of bearing, which drew around him the hearts of all; like him, no one could sustain the long burst of a long chase; like him, no one could manage his horse in such a manner as to present circumstances that, however difficult may have been his position, however numerous the obstacles which presented themselves, there, at the death of the fox, with every hound well up, and without tiring his horse, was Tom Moody! Unfortunately, the brightest day is liable to be dimmed by some obscuring cloud. Tom Moody, the observed of all observers in the chase, respected by all who shared in the pursuit of the fox for his uniform civility and good-nature, even when the chance of success seemed hopeless, and disappointment the unavoidable consequence,—Tom Moody was addicted to deep drinking. Famed in all the country around, and respected by all who witnessed the display of his many good and superior qualities, his good-nature paved the way for this sad and daily growing evil. Tom, however much he might have drank, was himself again whenever he got astride his horse; and, under these circumstances, was never thrown, and never fell off. For some reason or other, he was induced to leave his post at Willey; and for two seasons engaged himself to Mr. Corbet of Sunder, near Shrewsbury. At the expiration of that period, he returned to his old situation under Mr. Forester, with whom he continued to live for the remainder of his days. Tom Moody stood about five feet eight inches high. He was a strong muscular man; and possessed extraordinary personal courage and untiring resolution. He was much marked with the small-pox; and had eyes as small and as quick as a ferret. He was a very superior horseman, and possessed a voice so shrill that his view-halloo could be heard at a mile's distance. Though addicted to liquor, he was the best-tempered fellow in the world, and uniformly civil and obliging to everybody. He never reached, nor indeed did he wish to reach the post of huntsman. He was never married and could neither read nor write.

THE INFLUENCE OF BIRTH UPON MANNERS.

There is an old saying, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. The rationale of this saying must be that some portion of the founder of a family's vulgarity will probably descend to his more immediate descendants who are brought up with him; and it is undeniably an advantage to be a member of a family which has been long enough in the class of gentry to have adopted their habits and modes of thinking in every respect. Birth may also exercise a considerable influence on manners in a way suggested by a popular novelist, who (in *Pelham*) makes two of his characters discuss the question, whether illegitimacy presents an insuperable bar to a man's being perfectly a gentleman. They decide that it does not, provided the individual has self-respect and strength of mind sufficient to subdue any consciousness of inferiority, which would be fatal to that ease and independence of demeanour which are absolutely essential to the character. The same train of reasoning obviously applies to low birth or low connexions. Spirits of the higher order experience no sense of degradation on this account; and, when they themselves have once fairly ceased to think or care about it, the circumstance drops out of notice, and speedily comes to be forgotten or disregarded by the world. But others are haunted by the reflection eternally, and thereby contract a manner alternating between pride and humility, the very worst it is possible to have.

DUICAL COURTESY.

Pride of birth will often lead a man to err on the side of stateliness, and so militate against blandness and courtesy. One of the strongest examples that can well be given is the late Mr. Huddleston, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, who believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstane, and consequently entitled to take precedence of all, including the proudest nobles, who did not equally partake of the blood-royal of the Heptarchy. Some of this excellent person's evidences bore a strong re-

semblance to those of the Scotchman who, in proof of his own descent from the Admirable Creighton, was wont to produce an ancient shirt marked 'A. C.' in the tail, preserved, he said, as an heirloom by the family; but Mr. Huddlestone's pedigree was admitted, and *Huddlestone* allowed to be an undeniable corruption of *Athelstane*, by many of the most distinguished amateur-readers of Gwyllim; amongst others, by a former Duke of Norfolk, who was sufficiently tenacious on such points. These two originals often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees, and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddlestone was dining with the duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sturdily repelled the proffered hand of the cadet: 'Never,' he hiccupped out, 'shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddlestone was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard.' 'Well, then, my good old friend,' said the good-natured duke, 'I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddlestone, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world;' so saying, the duke also took his place upon the floor.

DRAWBACKS TO SOCIAL DISTINCTION.

The first class of *millionnaires* rise superior to rules; but, generally speaking, a calling of any sort is against a man, with the exception of the aristocratic professions, and even these had better be avoided, for we incline to think that gentlemen *par eminence* should resemble Voltaire's trees, who, when a visitor was complimenting him on their looking so fine and flourishing, replied: 'They ought, for they have nothing else to do.'

By aristocratic professions, we mean the clergy, the bar, the higher walks of medicine, the army, and the navy.

With reference to the present topic, the clergy must be laid out of the account; for the times are gone when a *Duchesse de Longueville* could ex-

claim, on hearing that her favourite cardinal had missed the papal throne: 'Oh, how sorry I am! I have had all other ranks of churchmen—curates and vicars, deacons and archdeacons, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals—for admirers, and if *he* had but gained the election, I should actually now have a pope.'

With regard to the bar, the accomplished author of *Human Life* makes one of his favourite characters complain that he is never in a lawyer's company without fancying himself in a witness-box; and it must be owned that the habits of the bar are apt to militate against the loose, careless, easy style of thought and expression, the *grata protervitas*, which is most popular in the drawing-room. Yet the late Lord Grenville once remarked in our hearing, that he was always glad to meet a lawyer at a dinner party, because he then felt sure that some good topic or other would be rationally discussed.

The mere title of *Doctor* is against the physician, let him gossip as fancifully, and feel pulses as gracefully, as he may; but there is consolation in store for him, for it would seem that a sick-room may afford a rich field for *coquetterie*. 'I remember,' says the Doctor in *Human Life*, 'being once the confidant of a brother physician, who had conceived great hopes from his patient, a widow, having added muslin borders to her sheets during his visits. - But they were all petrified on her taking them off again, and never having renewed them. "Could I but see those flounces again," said he, "I might yet be happy."'

Military men have high pretensions, but it would be difficult to answer Dr. Johnson's objection: 'Perfect good-breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas in a military man you can commonly distinguish the brand of a soldier, *l'homme d'épée*.'

Sailors are favourites from their frankness and gallantry, and they have discarded the roughness which used to characterize them; but their mode of life is by no means calculated to give their manners the highest finish. One of the writers before us expatiates on the sensation produced

by the arrival of a distinguished naval officer at an archery meeting, who was pleased to descend the steps of his carriage stern foremost, as if he was descending an accommodation ladder.

On the subject of personal appearance—another preliminary consideration of moment—the American and English writers have done little more than copy or amplify a chapter in the 'Code Civil.'

'Art. 1. Before leaving your house to go to a ball or *soirée*, consult your glass twenty times, and scrupulously scrutinize each part of your *toilette*; thus assuring yourselves that there is nothing in contradiction to your age or the exterior that nature has given you.

'Art. 2. All men cannot be as handsome as Adonises; but they may at least endeavour not to appear uglier than they can help.

'Art. 3. If you have little eyes, without lashes, and bordered with red, wear blue spectacles. A man may have bad eyes; it is absurd to have them very bad.

'Art. 4. If you are diminutive, ugly, without grace or *tournoure*, give up all intention of presenting yourself in society. You would be the butt of a thousand pleasantries. All the wit in the world would not save you.'

Without altogether denying the wisdom of these admonitions, and fully admitting to the noble author of *Don Juan* that,

'Somehow these good looks
Make more impression than the best of
books,'

we must, notwithstanding, take the freedom to state that plain men, nay, ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success amongst the fair. Harry Jermyn, who carried all before him in his day, is described in Grammont's *Memoirs* as of small stature, with a large head and thin legs; and the redoubtable Prince de Condé had equal or greater disadvantages of person to contend against. Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: 'Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because

you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one.' He used to add that it took him just half an hour to talk away his face; a strong proof, if true, of the sagacity of the French proverb: 'Avec les hommes l'amour entre par les yeux, avec les femmes par les oreilles;' for if ever man exceeded the privilege *dont jouissent les hommes d'être laids* (the phrase is De Sévigné's), it was Wilkes. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

Balzac says that ugliness signifies little, provided it be a *laideur intéressante*:—Mirabeau's for example, who desires a female correspondent who had never seen him, and was anxious to form some notion of his face, to fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox. We rather think the whole philosophy of the matter is to be found in the concluding line of Spencer's description:—

'Who rough, and black, and filthy did
appear,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye,
Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by;
Oh, who does know the bent of woman's fantasy!

Indissolubly connected with the topic of personal appearance is the momentous one of dress, and it would be difficult to give a better illustration of its importance than an anecdote related of Gérard, the famous French painter. When a very young man he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais (the distinguished leader of the Girondists), and, in the carelessness or confidence of genius, he repaired to the (then) imperial counsellor's house very shabbily attired. His reception was extremely cold; but, in the few remarks that dropped from him in the course of conversation, Lanjuinais discovered such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that, on Gérard's rising to take leave, he rose too and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Gérard could not avoid an expression of surprise. 'My

young friend,' said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, 'we receive an unknown person according to his dress, we part with him according to his merit.'

A NICE POINT IN ETIQUETTE.

It is related of George IV., when Prince of Wales, that he was once observed to bow to every one in the street who saluted him, till he came to the man who swept the crossing, whom he passed without notice. The question whether he was right in making this exception is gravely discussed by one of these lawgivers, who finally decides in the Prince's favour: 'To salute a beggar without giving him anything would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would wear the semblance of ostentation in a prince.'

THE TOUCHSTONE OF GOOD MANNERS.

All agree in terming the salute *la pierre de touche* by which any given person's proficiency in good breeding may be estimated; and Gioja has devoted a long chapter to it, in the course of which he gives some amusing examples of its varieties and modifications during different periods and in different quarters of the globe. In some countries they rub noses; in others, they pull one another's ears; the Franks plucked out a hair and presented it; the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet. In some of the South-sea islands they spit in their hands, and then rub your face for you; in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend. In Europe we nod, bow, curtsy, shake hands, take off our hats, or kiss; and the science consists in knowing on what occasions, and with what persons, these respective modes of salutation are to be pursued. Our Italian authority confines himself to the philosophy of the subject. The French, English, and American are

more precise. The passage in the Code Civil runs thus:

'There are a thousand modes of saluting, and the salute must be respectful, cordial, civil, affectionate, or familiar, according to the person to whom it is addressed.'

'A fashion borrowed from our neighbours over the water is beginning to gain ground in Paris. We mention it as the only refinement in politeness to be found amongst them. It is dandy, when you meet a lady elsewhere than in a room, not to salute her till she has given some token of recognition.'

'When, after the salute, you engage in conversation with a superior or a lady, you should remain hat in hand until invited once, at least, to put it on.'

'The ladies salute indifferent acquaintances by an inclination of the head, and friends by a movement of the hand. Happy the man for whom a rapid glance supplies the place of form.'

The Philadelphian Solon copies most of this without acknowledgment, and proceeds:

'If you remove your hat, you need not at the same time bend the dorsal vertebræ of your body, unless you wish to be very reverential, as in saluting a bishop.'

It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street, until you perceive that she has noticed you by an inclination of the head.

'Some ladies curtsy in the street, a movement not gracefully consistent with locomotion: they should always bow.'

'If an individual of the lowest rank, or without any rank at all, takes off his hat to you, you should do the same in return. A bow, says La Fontaine, is a note drawn at sight. If you acknowledge it, you must pay the full amount. The two best-bred men in England, Charles II. and George IV., never failed to take off their hats to the meanest of their subjects.'

The Scottish Annual, 1849. Edited by C. R. BROWN. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

SONG: A LISTENER NEVER HEARS GUDE O' HIMSELF.

I LOST my auld wifie, an' felt me sae cauld,
I sought for a young ane, like Davie o' auld,
An' made my best bow to our braw village belle;
A listener never hears gude o' himself.

I wrote her a letter, saft, couthie, an' slee,
I bought her the brawest cheap shawl I could see,
Syne ca'd wi' my present my love tale to tell :
A listener never hears gude o' himself'.

There sat my braw joe and young Robin Affleck,
The deil weave a cravat o' hemp for his neck—
Baith gigglin' an' ettlin' my letter to spell :
A listener never hears gude o' himself'.

Her wizzened auld mither soon e'd me an' leugh ;
'Come in, frien,' quo she, 'am I no' young eneugh ?'
Syne losh sic guffaws, as I scunner't an' fell—
A listener never hears gude o' himself'.

The auld mither's taunt, and the daughter's guffaw,
The cracks o' Rob's horse-whip, I yet hear them a',
As I lie a' my lane, cowerin' eerie an' snell :
A listener never hears gude o' himself'.

THE ABBEY CRAIG AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Within the human period of the geologist, or during a late epoch in pre-Adamite history, the German Ocean united its waters with those of the Atlantic by a narrow inland sea, now denoted by the course of the river and firth of Forth. Of this old ocean, the board or sea-margin is distinctly traceable in several places on both sides of the carse or vale of Stirling. On portions of this sea-board, elegant villas are now being raised at the town of Stirling, and in the northern or upper part of Bridge of Allan village. The little hamlet of Causeway-head, at the south-western base of Abbey Craig, rests on the sloping margin of table-land formed by the ancient ocean. Three crags project amidst the level of Stirling carse, situated about one mile apart from each other. These had formed islets in the gulf; such as Inchkeith and Inchcolm in the existing estuary of the Forth. Of these islets of the old ocean, the most westerly is Craigforth; it is composed of a rich ferruginous ore, and is beautifully covered and surrounded by plantation. Stirling rock, though out of the line of the other two—being situate farther to the south—may be described as the central crag; and along its sloping ridge stands the old county town to which it gives name, surmounted by the older castle, and associated with so many tales of regal pomp and courtly chivalry. Abbey Craig, so named from its proximity to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, an erection of the

saintly David I., stands to the eastward of the other two; it retains much of its original aspect, being sparingly wooded, and save at the eastern base, untouched by the tool of the artificer; it is about one-third higher than Craigforth, and is forty feet more elevated than Stirling Rock. The view from the summit is, we should say, almost unparalleled. Nor, to give effect to this opinion, is it necessary to attach to it a story which, though sometimes associated with it, is in reality connected with Demyat, an adjacent mountain in the Ochils. The story is anyhow worthy of being related. The proprietor of Demyat, about the middle of the last century, was travelling on the Continent in quest of beautiful and romantic scenery. In Italy, and as some will have it, on the cone of Mount Vesuvius, he met with an English gentleman who likewise was on a tour of pleasure. Descanting on the beauties of Italy, and the interesting prospect presented from Vesuvius, the Englishman remarked, that the most imposing view in the world was to be obtained from a mountain in Scotland. On inquiring the name of the mountain, the English gentleman mentioned Demyat. 'Then,' said the astonished Scotsman, 'I must return home to inspect the only part of my estate which I have not yet visited.' He fulfilled his intention; and having ascended the hill, he ever afterwards took great delight in relating the incident, and in corroborating the opinion of his Mount Vesuvian acquaintance. The view from Abbey Craig is more circum-

scribed than that which, in the morning of a fine summer day, is to be obtained from Demyat. It is not on this account the less interesting. The mind fails to comprehend the breadth of the Demyat prospect, and the effect is consequently bewildering. The most exquisite landscape painter, perched on the cairn-peaked summit of Demyat, would be completely at a loss to select a point for his pencil, where all is so sublime and imposing. His hand would become paralysed. The panorama is so broad that the eye can hardly rest on any single object, while the spot is too elevated (1400 feet) to command distinctly any particular portion of the surrounding scenery. The crags in Stirling plain appear so many gigantic mole-heaps. Abbey Craig seems a rough piece of muirland rising awkwardly amidst a garden of vegetation. A prospect quite comprehensible and greatly more pleasing is presented from Abbey Craig itself. A plain of the richest variety of landscape, and teeming with fertility, is guarded on the north and south by undulating hill-ridges and pastoral heights, and bounded on the distant east and west by magnificent mountain ranges. Westward, the stupendous Grampians, crested by the lofty Benlomond, raise their majestic forms against the horizon. Eastward, the view terminates on the sloping hills of Cleish and Saline. The scene beneath is singularly enchanting. It has certainly never been contemplated by the poet or painter without emotion. Every point is replete with interest. The most fastidious scenery-hunter would be gratified with such a combination of hill and dale, wood and water, ancient ruin and modern villa, landward culture and heathy sterility. On the west is Craigforth, foliage-clad and standing forth in isolated majesty. There, a little to the north-west, is 'the lofty brow of Ancient Keir,' celebrated by the poet—the seat of a poet—and the most poetical in its decorations of all Scottish country-seats.

Bridge of Allan, just two miles distant, ensconced under the umbrageous shelter of the wooded Ochils, is a picture of cleanliness and comfort. The undulating Ochil heights, 'ever beauteous, ever new,' extend their picturesque masses far to the north-east. Immediately beneath the crag, and on the sloping base of the Ochils, is Airthrey Castle, with its fine park and lake, once the seat of the noble Robert Haldane, now of the ennobled House of Abercromby. Villages fringe the base of the Ochils far as the eye can reach, and the silvery Forth reposes serpent-like in the centre of the plain, having on both its banks a succession of elegant country-seats. On a peninsula formed by the river stands the hoary Tower of Cambuskenneth, rejoicing in its seven centuries of age. Southward, a few miles, are seen the Gillies Hill and the district of Bannockburn.

But the associations of the place surpass even the glories of the prospect. Around is the battle-field of Scottish liberties, while the crag seems a high altar, reared by Nature's hand and consecrated a memorial of the nation's victories. In Airthrey Park was fought the engagement which gave the Scots supremacy over the ancient Picts. Wallace stood on the crag, as he surveyed the southern hosts crossing Kildean Bridge, on the way to destruction and death. On the crag's summit might have been heard the shout of victory raised by the army of Bruce, after the glorious achievement of Bannockburn. At Sheriffmuir on the north, one bloody day terminated the first attempt of the House of Stuart to regain possession of a throne forfeited by crime. Stirling and its castle are fraught with reminiscences of stirring deeds. Every spot on the plain has been the scene of contention, and the present beauty of the prospect has doubtless been enhanced by carnage, which once imparted to the district an aspect of desolation.

Lays of Middle Age: and other Poems. By JAMES HEDDERWICK.
Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

FROM MY WINDOW.

ALL day the snow had fallen in a white
And blinding whirl. But that the flakes were fair
As tears of angels, the bewilder'd air
Had been a chaos of dull spotted night.

The roofs, the window-ledges, and the rails
Were furr'd with cold. A tree long obsolete
Even to the wooing of sweet summer gales,
Stood like fix'd coral. Through the muffled street
Stole clotted wheels, and many a shivering wight.

Towards eve, the clouds had wholly shaken down
Their wintry fleece. Above the pale roofs gloom'd
A leaden sky, with all its stars entomb'd ;
The frost fell bitter on the sheeted town.
At intervals a toiling horse went past
Puffing out fog. Back to my parlour grate
All warmth was scared. Homeward, hurrying fast,
Went many hungry souls, with slippery gait,
And blue pinch'd faces puckering to a frown.

The long thick night was stifling in its arms
The shrinking day. Ah me ! the homeless poor !
Ah straying sheep upon a lonely moor !
Ah weary travellers, ambush'd with alarms
Amid the whelming drifts ! My heart was moved
Towards all around to act a neighbour's part :
Had any knock'd, how fain would I have proved
How winter breeds a warmth about the heart,
Even as the mantling snow earth's bosom warms !

MIDDLE AGE.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought !
Quiet half-way hostelry on life's long road,
In which to rest and readjust our load !
High table-land, to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil !
Season when not to achieve is to despair !
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil !
Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought !

How art thou changed ! Once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines,
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs ;
But now these trophies ours, we recognise
Only a voice faint rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step as marks of eld.
None are so far but some are on before :
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossom'd hedges ! and the deep
Thick green of Summer on the matted bough !
The languid Autumn meadows round us now :
Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

TO A COQUETTE.

Lady, would'st thou learn of me
Love's designing witchery ?
Listen, I have learn'd of thee :—

Choose the youth whom thou wouldst win,
Woo him with thine eyes' sweet sin,—
Wherefore wait till he begin?

If he ask thy hand to dance,
Yield thou with a dazzled glance,—
Talk to him of old romance.

Let thy voice be low and meek,
That he scarce may hear thee speak,—
Listening, he may touch thy cheek.

Feign a sad unhappiness,
Something thou may'st not confess,—
Sympathy may soothe distress.

Tell of walks by soft moonlight,—
Should he say, 'Wilt walk to-night?'
Start half wishful, half in fright.

Wile him into window-nooks,
Flatter him with fervid looks,
Lean with him o'er pictured books.

Languish if he stay away,
'Aye be with me,' seem to say—
Man will never say thee nay.

Dear, deceitful strategy!
Cupid's slyest archery!
Thus may hearts ensnared be.

*Hollyoke Hall; or, The Heap of
Stones. An Enigma. London :
James Hogg & Sons. 1859.*

THE TRIPLE VICTOR.

NORMAN reclined dreamily in an easy chair. He had taken up a volume of Herodotus, and meeting with a passage that struck him, paused to pencil down a comment upon the margin of the page. The passage translated was as follows:—

'Mæandrius was desirous of proving himself a very honest man, but the times would not allow him.'

Norman was about to moralize on the subject a little, and was indeed already opening his lips to do so (for he had a habit of talking to himself), when Lady Hollyoke entered, and sailing majestically across the room, seated herself upon a stiff-backed oak-chair exactly opposite her grandson.

Lady Hollyoke was just as stiff-backed as the chair she sat on. She held her knitting upon a level with her eyes, and worked at it with a sort of calm spite. Lady Hollyoke was possessed of an excellent heart, but she had her prejudices.

'My dear Norman, you have not

taken your gruel to-day,' said she; 'Jacob must have forgotten it.'

'My dear and respected grandmother,' returned the patient, 'I am in perfect health, I assure you, and can now very well dispense with the gruel altogether.'

'I know better,' cried Lady Hollyoke, dropping one of the knitting-pins and recovering it with a snatch; 'your great uncle Sir Godfrey Hobber lived solely upon gruel.'

Norman cast his eyes languidly up to a cadaverous old portrait that hung over the mantelpiece, and replied, 'Really I should almost have supposed as much.'

'I have not the slightest doubt that this fit of illness has been attributable to some excessive imprudence on your part,' observed Lady Hollyoke, elevating her chin and surveying Norman from beneath her spectacles; 'you have most probably been exposing yourself to the cold night air, or reclining upon the wet grass, or committed some other absurdity of a like dangerous nature.'

'Now you remind me of the circumstance, my dear grandmother,' submitted Norman; 'I do recollect having sat for some minutes a few

evenings since upon a damp stump in the forest.'

'I thought so,' triumphantly exclaimed Lady Hollyoke, divesting herself of the tortoise-shell spectacles hastily, and surveying Norman again; 'and how could you be so monstrously incautious as to sit upon a damp stump? Have you never heard that one of your ancestors by the mother's side caught his death by merely riding out to hunt one day upon a damp saddle?'

'Ah! then I cannot have had the true version of the affair,' said Norman with a smile, 'for I was given to understand that the horse had been lying out at grass the week previously, and that old Sir Barnard, when he mounted him, felt the cold strike through.'

'To whatever cause the disaster may have been owing,' replied Lady Hollyoke in a tone of voice which betrayed a disposition to close the argument, 'you must acknowledge that old Sir Barnard did a very stupid thing, and at his time of life ought to have known better. Whither are you going, child?'

'I feel so well, and the afternoon is so fine,' said Norman, 'that I cannot resist the temptation of a walk through the shrubbery, and round the lake.' He spoke with a quiet desperation, for Jacob Elders had been expressly forbidden by the doctor and Lady Hollyoke to sanction the patient's indulgence in any such pedestrian excursions for the present; and, upon two prior manifestations on the part of Norman surreptitiously to procure such enlargement, he had been seized by Jacob, and a groom and lackey lying ready in ambush, and carried ingloriously back to his chamber. To Norman's surprise and satisfaction, however, Lady Hollyoke on this occasion offered no dissenting voice; but, ringing the bell for two great-coats, and sundry red worsted comforters, arranged them with her own hands upon the person and around the throat of her unresisting grandson, who did not fail quietly to disemburthen himself of them the moment he had interposed a tall holly fence between his retreating figure and the windows of the Hall.

'For what purpose can you possibly

require that frightful sword?' said Lady Hollyoke, as Norman buckled round his waist the implement named.

'It is perfectly harmless, I assure you,' urged he.

'Harmless!' cried Lady Hollyoke, moving to the other side of the table, and holding out one of the knitting-pins, to parry any sudden development on the part of the rapier; 'harmless! when your grandfather's unele had a brother whose friend was run completely through the body with one, upon the bloody field of Flodden! take it away, I beseech you.' Norman obeyed with unusual alacrity, and was soon buried in the forest, and pushing his way stoutly through the under-wood, in the direction of the hermit's cave; though not, by the bye, without an occasional apprehension that Jacob Elders and the silver-buttoned lackey were cognisant of his proceedings, and esconced behind some convenient bush near at hand, for the purpose of effecting his arrest.

Norman's apprehensions proved to be entirely groundless, and he had just begun to congratulate himself upon that score, when, as he was passing the two well-known oaks and lightning-stricken elm, he caught a momentary glimpse of a beautiful female figure, robed in white, gliding through the gloom; but it was so momentary that he had barely time to utter an exclamation, ere it disappeared, though not before he had recognised it as the one of which he had been so long in quest. It was in vain that Norman searched and researched every bush and brier which was calculated to afford concealment to the object of his solicitude; she was nowhere to be seen; and he was doomed once more to tear himself from the spot with his curiosity ungratified. Just then the sound of voices met his ear, and eagerly bending his steps in the direction whence it proceeded, he arrived on the bank of the little brook near the abode of the hermit, at the precise moment that Basil Taunton was insinuating himself past Father John, with the intention of entering the cell. In the twinkling of an eye, Norman had Sir Marmaduke by the throat, and exerting all his strength hurled him violently upon that mysterious heap of stones of which men-

tion has more than once been made. The knight, therefore, with a telegraphic assurance that he was only retiring to recruit, and would return anon, walked away, followed by Basil, who had every inclination to renew the combat, but withdrew for some excellent private reasons which we do not feel ourselves called upon at present to disclose.

Father John threw down his cudgel, and embraced Norman with the warmth of an indulgent parent embracing a favourite son. Norman felt pleased to see the old man again, and was just about to establish himself upon the fatal stump which had been the innocent cause of his recent indisposition and long separation from the hermit, when a sudden apparition of an innumerable quantity of basins of thin gruel dancing in quick procession before him, and of Lady Hollyoke and old Sir Barnard, flitting by, arm in arm, through the air, upon a damp saddle, closely pursued by the village apothecary and Jacob Elders, who were in their turn backed up by a host of warming-pans and long-necked physic bottles, flashing instantly across his mental eye, caused him to spring to his feet again with a bound as though a serpent had bitten him; and following father John into the cave, to avail himself of its rude bench, which promised superior comfort, and boasted the additional recommendation of being tolerably well-seasoned.

'It is long since we met, my son,' said Father John; 'too long.'

'I have been ill, father,' replied Norman, 'or, rest assured, I could never have denied myself even for a single day the gratification of seeing and conversing with you.'

The hermit bent upon the youth a searching look.

'Have my society and conversation, then, so great an attraction for you, my son?' inquired he; 'and do they form your only inducement to stray hither?'

'I will not conceal from you,' said Norman, 'that I have another motive in bending my steps to this solitude.'

The countenance of Father John brightened directly. 'I confess that it would have occasioned me much mortification and disappointment to detect you in a prevarication,' was his

rejoinder. Norman, then finding the way for his contemplated disclosure so neatly paved, unburthened his bosom at once of its long kept and dearly cherished secret. Father John listened with great attention and patience, while a host of different emotions, rushing through his heart, flung their shadows as they passed over his fine expressive face, and when Norman had concluded, continued to regard him with a moistened eye, and a smile of more than usual benevolence.

'And can you not then afford me some clue to the discovery of this mysterious being?' asked Norman impatiently, while his heart beat so rapidly that he had some difficulty in articulating the words.

'I cannot, my son,' was the hermit's gloomy response.

'Am I to understand that you are altogether unacquainted with the spot of her concealment?'

'By no means, though I am not authorized to divulge it.'

'There is hope then for me yet,' thought Norman, with a despairing thankfulness.

'You must ask no more questions concerning her,' said Father John, 'for I am not in a position to reply to them; at least for the present.'

Norman's countenance grew alternately bright and sad, hopeful and desponding, like the surface of a lake when the sun is sporting among the midsummer clouds.

'And I am to be denied even the pleasure of speaking of her,' said Norman, dismally.

'I have already observed, my son,' replied Father John, 'that my lips must be sealed.'

'And must my visits, too, be discontinued?'

'On the contrary, they afford me much delight.'

Norman felt that he ought to be happy. With a lighter heart, therefore, he bade Father John adieu, and the hermit resumed his book. Norman proceeded at a quick pace for a few hundred yards, and then paused to survey a rabbit, which, squatted upon its hind legs, desisted from the occupation of washing its head and ears with its fore-paws, and returned the stare with interest. Norman paused again, presently, to throw a stone at

a hawk which had pounced upon a weasel, and had rather the best of the battle. A third time he halted to listen to the lively song of a little bird upon a bough above him; a fourth time to regard a particularly fine slug, which was taking his customary evening stroll, and disputed the path with him; a fifth to watch the yellow sunlight sporting about the trunk and among the branches of a stately pine; and a sixth time—because Sir Marmaduke Travers and Basil Taunton sprang suddenly out upon him from a thicket, and before he had an opportunity of extricating himself, or drawing his sword, had hurled him upon his back and put their rapiers to his throat.

'This is courtly behaviour, gentlemen, by my troth,' cried Norman, with an ineffectual effort to snatch his blade from its sheath.

'You gave me a courtly thrust in the side,' gasped Sir Marmaduke; 'has that slipped your memory?'

'Nay,' exclaimed Basil Taunton, 'if he is to be called to account for that, Sir Knight, we must have him upon his legs again, sword in hand. I suspected our business with him to be of quite another nature.'

'I am happy to perceive, sir, that there is one spark of manly feeling yet unextinguished in your bosom,' said Norman, with a grateful glance.

'You possess a secret which I would share with you,' said Sir Marmaduke, pressing the point of his sword upon the throat of his prostrate foe.

'It shall die with me,' muttered Norman, 'if I am to be assassinated.'

'You have said quite sufficient, sir,' cried Basil; 'for myself, I think you a lad of spirit, and I am heartily ashamed of the part I have taken in this affair;' so saying, Basil Taunton freed the captive's wrists, thrust Sir Marmaduke aside with the toe of his boot—and Norman was upon his feet again. Quick as lightning his rapier flew from its scabbard, and that of Sir Marmaduke was whirled suddenly into the air. Norman caught the dishonoured weapon as it fell, snapped it across his knee, and flung the fragments into the knight's face.

'Have we any old scores to settle, sir?' inquired Norman, turning to Basil Taunton.

'A trifling one,' returned Basil politely; 'I liked your *terce* amazingly the last time we played together, and have longed for another bout with you.'

In a moment their blades were engaged. Norman purposely threw away a chance or two, his object being merely to disarm his adversary, but Basil was so expert a swordsman that he defeated the attempt with ease.

'I have touched you upon the breast twice,' cried Norman, after a fierce struggle on both sides; 'we had better desist, or the next time I shall be through your body.' At this juncture Basil made another pass, which was cleverly parried, and then happening to slip, he fell full length upon his face at his generous opponent's feet.

'I shall contend no more with you,' said Basil, when Norman had assisted him to rise; 'you have the advantage of me in three material points of view. You are a better Christian, a superior swordsman, and a more polished gentleman. If you are not altogether disgusted with me, give me your hand and friendship.'

Norman, who had from the first moment of their acquaintance been rather predisposed in favour of Basil Taunton, accepted the proffered hand, but thought he would consider a little about the friendship; so, as Sir Marmaduke had already disappeared, the two walked on together.

'There is blood upon your breast,' said Norman; 'I fear you are wounded. I think when you fell, my sword must have touched you.'

'But for your generous forbearance, sir,' returned Basil, 'I must have been a dead man; as it is, I have only sustained a slight scratch. I fancy I shall at all events survive until I reach the Abbey.' Basil laughed, and Norman, who had until then been ignorant of his companion's rank, said,

'You must return to my quarters with me, and have it dressed.' Basil Taunton raised an objection, but it was overruled, and arm in arm (for Basil felt faint) the pair marched through the forest, along the road, and up the shady avenue that led to Hollyoke Hall.

Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Miscellaneous. By PETER BAYNE, A.M., author of 'The Christian Life, Social and Individual,' etc. James Hogg & Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1859.

MODERN CHRISTIAN CIVILISATION.

THE commencement of the sixteenth century is one of the most singular and critical conjunctures in the history of Europe and the world. An immense addition of intellectual material had just been made to the stores of the West. The revival of letters in the middle of the fifteenth century had brought back the culture of antiquity into the general schoolroom of Europe. Printing, with all it even then implied, had lately been invented. America and the East Indies had been opened up. The immediate result was a vastly increased intellectual and artistic activity. But the direction taken by modern history could have been predicted from none of these things, and remains to all time one of those sublime providential lessons which have been so often given by God, and which man will not learn.

There is no fact in history more certain than that the revival of letters had no tendency whatever to renovate the Papacy, to re-awaken moral life in Rome and in Europe. The learned refinement of the Popes brought with it the moral apathy of that pagan lore on which it fed. 'Debauchees,' 'poisoners,' 'atheists,' are the words used by a writer of so temperate Protestantism as Macaulay, to describe the Popes who wore the tiara immediately before the Reformation. In a true and literal sense, the very Papacy was saved by Protestantism. It was actually falling back into Paganism; it was rotting away; and that at the very time when the treasures of knowledge, which so many more or less explicitly believe and avow to be the one means of moral life for nations, were poured, with unprecedented exuberance, into the lap of Christendom.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, two spectacles were presented on the stage of Europe. The proud Church of St. Peter's at Rome, was slowly rising, in pillared magnificence, towards Heaven, as if making its appeal for Divine countenance; and an

unknown Augustine monk, in the convent of Erfurth, his face pallid through fasting and watching, was on his knees, sending his earnest prayer to God for light. The fame of St. Peter's went over Christendom. Tetzel came selling indulgences to raise money for its completion. Yes; the somewhat puzzling progress of humanity had brought it to this: Christianity in the first century had been preached by Paul; Christianity in the sixteenth was preached by Tetzel! The supreme enlightenment of the Revival of Letters had produced this last remarkable version of the gospel, proclaimed with the warrant of the Father of Christendom, that if you paid so much money, your sins were forgiven you! But, as I said, Luther was on his knees. Over all the grandeur of St. Peter's, through all the noise which the furtherance of that grandeur made over Europe, above all the false enlightenment of resuscitated paganism, that still small voice went up—even to the throne of God. And from it came the shaping of modern civilisation! The Revival of Letters had not got near the heart of nations: on the 31st of October 1517, Luther posted his theses on the church-door at Wittenberg; and in six weeks Europe was awake. The philosophy, the arts, the poetry of antiquity, had once more risen before the eyes of men; and once more God brought life to the world out of a despised Galilee, out of the convent of Erfurth, out of the New Testament of Martin Luther. That enlightenment, which had been mere dead fuel, choking the life out of Christendom, now kindled by faith, burst forth into a true and dazzling illumination; and that Reformation epoch, which, dating from 1517 to 1688, is, I think, take it all in all, the *greatest* in the history of the human race, commenced. From this one fact might, I think, be deduced the main canons of history, and a philosophy of the human race.

The veil woven by human hands across the brightness of Christianity was now rent asunder from the top to the bottom. Those mighty principles which were from the first present in Christianity came forth from the slumber of centuries. Never before had they obtained so wide a national

extension. The Bible, in the vernacular tongues, was for the first time put into the hands of the people. Conceive the effect of that one change. 'To give the history of the Bible as a book,' says Coleridge, 'would be little less than to relate the origin or first excitement of all the literature and science that we now possess.' The idea of a priesthood specially privileged to confer salvation was again struck down, and man once more confronted his God. A Protestant ministry arose; and I think that, if the history of the Protestant nations since the Reformation is considered, it will be found that, however many its shortcomings, there has never yet acted on the human mind a moral agency on the whole so powerful and so benign as that of the Protestant ministry. But perhaps the most instructive of all the circumstances connected with the Reformation is the *completeness* with which it vindicated truth. We saw that Christianity introduced into civilisation mighty principles, not only of moral, but of social truth; that it raised man to his full stature, not only in relation to his God, not only as an individual, but in relation to his fellows. And the Reformation, in again unveiling the glories of Christianity, again addressed the whole nature of man. Moral truth sprung to life, and awoke its slumbering sister, social truth. Christianity led freedom by the hand, to bless the nations. Great Britain and North America, the centres of civil liberty for the world, are also, and have been, the great centres of Protestantism.

If we contemplate the epoch of the Reformation strictly so called—that which commenced with the posting of Luther's theses, and terminated with the close of the Puritan era in Great Britain—and if we embrace, as we ought, all the forms of intellectual activity exhibited by Protestant nations in that period, we shall find reason, I think, for the opinion I have expressed, that it was the greatest time, most abounding in great works and great men, that humanity has yet seen. Luther, Calvin, Bacon, Newton, Shakspeare, Milton,—these stand in the very foremost file of humanity. The Institutes of the Christian Religion of Calvin, publish-

ed at twenty-seven, the *Novum Organon* of Bacon, the *Principia* of Newton, the *Dramas* of Shakspeare, the *Paradise Lost* of Milton,—these rank with the solitary achievements of the race, the heirlooms of nations, the palladia of civilisations. And, beyond question, the spirit of the Reformation ruled and impelled this magnificent display of power. From the study of Newton to the camp of Gustavus Adolphus, from the slopes of Naseby, where Puritanism rolled resistless down hill after its Cromwell, to the midnight chamber, where the earnestness of Puritanism was being gathered into one strain of immortal music by Milton, there worked the same mighty impulse of re-invigorated faith and awakened intellect. Nor least, but perhaps greatest, of the manifestations of the Reformation spirit, was the departure from Delft Haven, in Holland, of that little ship *Mayflower*, which bore its desolate company of exiles to the deserts of North America, there to found that great Commonwealth, beside which all the glories of Spain's popish kingdoms of the south were to grow faint and pale, and which, be its faults what they may, was to exhibit the greatest number of self-governing men that the world ever saw.

The history of Europe since the Reformation has, as I said, been shaped out by that event. Yet a doubt will urge its way into my mind, whether we can really serve ourselves heirs of the men of the Reformation, whether we still breathe their atmosphere and inherit their spirit. We must not be too sure that advance of time has been advance in all respects. That progress of the species is a perplexing matter. Tetzel had certainly not progressed beyond Chrysostom or Ignatius. Modern Protestant statesmen seem really to have made no remarkable advance upon Cromwell. Christian poetry has not been carried far beyond Milton's Hymn of the Nativity. Perhaps we may even yet have something to learn from the times of the Reformation: *possibly*, the wave of Christian civilisation has receded, and is only now gathering for another surge. Let us glance along the intervening space.

Popery, startled by the shock of the Reformation, roused itself in the sixteenth century to a new activity. It

shook off the paganism of the Leos and Bembos. Protestantism thus, as I suppose even Roman Catholics would in a sense admit, was the means of saving Romanism from sheer putrescence and destruction. But the history of the Papacy since the Reformation has proved that the resuscitation of its life was no sound and complete resuscitation, but rather a specious, an outwardly imposing, but an indubitable lapse into a deeper disense. By associating itself with Jesuitism, it brought the abomination of desolation into the temple of God; and by allying itself universally, even in these days, with European despotism, it has denied the unity of truth—truth social and truth religious—and visibly abdicated its right to lead the human intellect.

Turning to Protestantism, the view is partly cheering, and partly discouraging. That intensity of faith which marked the period of the Reformation, and which has manifested itself at all the great epochs of Christianity, can hardly, even by the most ardent admirer of the present time, be said to be now equally general. And if faith has failed, the shortcoming is important; for it is in faith that all the mighty deeds of nations are performed. But within the last fifty years there has been a general and unmistakable improvement in this respect.

There is another defect in modern Protestantism, which is to me very evident, and which is of a serious character. Protestantism has shown a strong tendency to recede from the completeness of what I may call the Reformation idea of truth; to break up that association of political and social with religious truth which with the Reformers was indissoluble. The men who were in the van of Protestantism in the seventeenth century were the men to whom, under God, the world owes Anglo-Saxon freedom. The full development of the idea of intellectual liberty, of toleration, came somewhat later. But there has recently been displayed a tendency to lose, more or less partially, more or less perfectly, both the one and the other. This has been occasioned by certain remarkable circumstances in the general history of the last hundred years. Error and falsehood have, during that time, in two conspicuous cases assumed

the name of excellence and truth; and well-intentioned men have been startled from the real good by alarm at the counterfeit. Milton tells us that Satan, desirous to deceive Uriel, the regent of the sun, assumed the shape of a stripling cherub, an angel of light. No doubt the subtle fiend would have adopted the semblance of one of Uriel's well-known and trusted friends. Now, supposing this whole transaction real, one is tempted to ask whether, after having been once deceived, Uriel ever after, on the appearance of the angel whose shape Satan had assumed, fell into a nervous shudder, and looked with a suspicious, half-averted glance upon his friend. If so, his case corresponded precisely with that of certain modern Protestants. Freedom of judgment, searching of spirits, full and untrammelled use of reason, can be separated neither from true Protestantism nor from true Christianity. But Rationalism arose, and assumed the name both of Christianity and of Protestantism. The assumption of the name of Protestantism was essentially unjust. The Reformation was, as I said, a return to primitive Christianity: at all events, it was a religion. But the essential idea of religion is bound up with faith, and it at once loses name and nature if it *rests* on reason. Rationalism, whether in its childhood in Britain, its licentious youth in France, its aspiring manhood in Germany, or what is, I think, in certain respects its *second* childhood among us at this moment, has been and must always be, in virtue of its central principle of deducing everything from reason, not a religion but a philosophy. As a philosophy it may be good: when it offers itself as a religion it is infidelity. It has called itself, however, Protestantism, and maintained that it is only a development of the Protestant principle of freedom of judgment. Hereupon start up many good men, and hint an impeachment of freedom of judgment itself. Schlegel rushes into the iron embrace of infallibility and Rome. Other German divines, of perhaps stronger nature than Schlegel, cower closer and closer under authority and prescription. Among ourselves there could be pointed out indications of the same spirit. There is great talk of caution, of coming pre-

pared, of refusing to hear what has not been fairly approved and stamped by orthodoxy. Now the very firmness of my opposition to rationalism would set me against the use of such methods of combat it. The adoption of such methods is surely nothing else than a confession that rationalism is powerful. It is surely also in this country as weak a policy as it is an unprotestant and unchristian proceeding. The young men of Great Britain, I imagine, will be more apt to obey the apostolic precept of holding fast what is good, by being exhorted boldly to put in force the other apostolic counsel, of proving all things. Cowardice and unfairness will never guard the portals of the Protestant Churches from error; but there must be an insidious moral poison insinuating itself into the mind of him who would set them there. I do not say that an open and fair encounter of all forms of infidelity will in no case lead to submission to it. But, on the other hand, who that knows the truth but will avow that there lies in it a might, on a fair field, to vanquish error? And, whether or not, evil must not be done that good may come; Satan must not receive the right hand of fellowship though he present himself among the sons of God.

But not only has intellectual freedom been looked at somewhat askance: civil freedom, the full, symmetrical development of all those activities which God has implanted in man as a social being, was felt by the Reformers, specially by the Puritans of England and Scotland, to be naturally associated with an advance to a higher moral and religious truth. In this they merely brought out, in their own completeness, the principles which, as we saw in the outset, Christianity introduced into civilisation. But in the last century the name of freedom was defamed by being applied to Jacobinism, to wild anarchic Communism, to principles destructive of civilisation. The result has been, not, indeed, to put in jeopardy that Anglo-Saxon freedom which was bequeathed to us from the epoch of the Reformation, but to introduce into many Protestant minds a certain jealousy and apprehension of all political aspiration, a certain leaning towards political repression on the one

hand, and a certain apathy to political advance on the other; a favour for galvanized order and ignoble security; a vagueness in the conception of political duty. The Protestantism of such minds must be sickly and one-sided, not strongly sinewed, open-faced, and full-grown, as that which, at the Reformation, wedded civil to religious liberty. It is altogether too high an honour conferred upon falsehood, to permit it to make us dread truth!

I am profoundly impressed with the idea, that the comparatively shrunken and sectional look which attaches to our modern Protestantism is traceable, in great measure, to the causes I have now endeavoured to penetrate. Protestantism is no longer in possession of the broad fields of political life, and much of the intellectual activity of the age, much of the dominant literature of Protestant nations, has cut off its pervading influence. Once more Protestantism must assay the great Christian duty of making *all* things new.

But there are aspects of modern Christian civilisation which are of a highly encouraging character. In the first place, as in Germany the rationalistic infidelity was carried to its highest development, so in Germany it has been met by a counter-revolution, which has long been in process, and of which the perfect triumph is becoming day by day more certain. The modern evangelical school of German theology is one of the most cheering spectacles presented in the whole course of Church history. Infidelity has been made, in the wisdom of Providence, to serve what seems its natural end,—to lead to a more accurate study of Scripture than was ever before engaged in, and to broaden and deepen the foundations of all the defences of the faith. Had there been no Lessing, Paulus, or Baur, there might have been no Neander, no Tholuck, no Schaff, no Stier. And, let me ask, if these last had simply stopped their ears, and denounced without answering rationalism, would the result have been so consistent with the honour of man, or the glory or the law of God? The use of reason turned to shame the worship of reason.

But next, Christianity has in these last times once more vindicated its true essence, by embodying itself in

philanthropy, by again breathing in a soft south wind of love over the face of civilisation. Among the fathers of the early Church, the saints and martyrs of the olden time, might have walked the holy Howard. His influence is still amidst us, working in each of those countless schemes of beneficence by which our social evils are one by one attacked, which have always been blessed in their promoters, and which will, I believe, be more and more blessed in their objects. With the name of Howard, among the fathers of Christian philanthropy, may be associated that of Wilberforce. The same spirit which put an end to the agonizing atrocities of our prison system put an end to slavery in the possessions of Great Britain. Appropriate work! The Christianity that brought life to the gladiator in those first centuries, brought liberty to the slave in these last. And whether the deed was fully and consistently carried out or not by Great Britain, it cannot, I think, be doubted, that in the emancipation of Britain's slaves the death-blow was given to the universal system.

Last of all, among those cheering and vital symptoms of modern Christianity to which I can refer, our attention is claimed for the missionary movement. What Christian heart does not beat high at the thought of that mild but piercing radiance of divine light now glimmering visibly along all the borders of heathenism? The thick clouds are edged with white, and seem, after the long night, to be stirring on the mountain-side, as if to collect themselves for rolling up, and opening the valleys to the day. It has been said that 'Beside every group of wild men in the ethnological department of the Crystal Palace the missionary could place a contrasting group of their Christianized countrymen.' Again, 'The Old Book, the Book of our Redeemer's gift and our fathers' faith, . . . has been gradually ascending; taking to itself new tongues, spreading open its page in every land, printed in Chinese camps, pondered in the Red man's wigwam, sought after in Benares, a school-book in Feejee, eagerly bought in Constantinople, loved in the kloofs of Kafirland; while the voices of the dead from Assyria to

Egypt have been lifted up to bear it witness.' Among the millions of India there is a listening and a surmise; amid the strange fascinating roar of civilisation, advancing from the West, is heard the deep, still music of the gospel; a quivering here and there, a faint ruddy flush, as of life, seems to announce that the swoon of superstition, unbroken for a thousand years, may ere long pass away. The all-important preliminary victory that had to be won over anti-Christian prejudice on the part of the new lords of India is no longer doubtful. The change which has taken place in the way in which Indian statesmen regard, on the one side, the Christian missionary, and, on the other, the old superstitions, cannot be better indicated than by citing the words in which it has been expressed by one who is in every way qualified to speak, being himself an Indian statesman; I mean Baron Macaulay. In his speech upon the Gates of Somnauth, Baron Macaulay spoke as follows:—'Some Englishmen who have held high office in India seem to have thought that the only religion which was not entitled to toleration and respect was Christianity. They regarded every Christian missionary with extreme jealousy and disdain; and they suffered the most atrocious crimes, if enjoined by the Hindoo superstition, to be perpetrated in open day. It is lamentable to think how long after our power was firmly established in Bengal, we, grossly neglecting the first and plainest duties of the civil magistrate, suffered the practices of infanticide and suttee to continue unchecked. We decorated the temples of the false gods. We provided the dancing-girls. We gilded and painted the images to which our ignorant subjects bowed down. We repaired and embellished the car under the wheels of which crazy devotees flung themselves at every festival, to be crushed to death. We sent guards of honour to escort pilgrims to the places of worship. We actually made oblations at the shrines of idols. All this was considered, and is still considered by some prejudiced Anglo-Indians of the old school, as profound policy. I believe that there never was so shallow, so senseless a policy. We gained nothing by it. We lowered ourselves in the

eyes of those whom we meant to flatter. We led them to believe that we attached no importance to the difference between Christianity and heathenism. Yet how vast that difference is! I altogether abstain from alluding to topics which belong to divines. I speak merely as a politician anxious for the morality and for the temporal wellbeing of society. And, so speaking, I say that to countenance the Brahminical idolatry, and to discountenance that religion which has done so much to promote justice, and mercy, and freedom, and arts, and sciences, and good government, and domestic happiness—which has struck off the chains of the slave, which has mitigated the horrors of war, which has raised women from servants and playthings into companions and friends—is to commit high treason against humanity and civilisation.' Still farther east than India, China has heard tidings of a true celestial empire, from the lips of apostolic men, who have cast behind them all the refinement and social pleasure of Europe, as Paul cast behind him the philosophy of Greece and the lordliness of Rome. Beautiful is this return of the Christian morning from the West to the East. Christianity does not now go forth against heathenism, as in the old crusading days, clad in visible armour, and bearing an earthly sword. It steps gently like the dawn, its weapons the shafts of light, wearing the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation. Clothed thus in the armour of God, if faith does not waver, and love continues to burn, it *will* conquer.

New Pictures and Old Panels. By DR. DORAN, Author of 'Table Traits and Something on Them,' 'Monarchs Retired from Business,' 'History of Court Fools,' &c. London: Richard Bentley. 1859.

PICTURES OF RHINE-LAND AND ITS ROMANCE.

THE Rhine, from Rotterdam to Cologne, has never been inhabited by spirits. The favourite locality of the latter lies between Cologne and Mayence. All beyond is commonplace shore and wave. But within these limits, every reach in the stream re-

echoes a story of an elf or an imp, and every meadow on its shores is danced upon by gossamer fairies, or galloped over at the witching hour of night by ghastly ritters and skeleton steeds. Every mill has its kobbold, and every building its household spirit. From the cathedral at Köln to the most wretched Rhine-washed hut, beings supernatural rule and possess. From the devil, 'first in bad eminence,' down to the ghost of some erring deacon, every nook acknowledges the deep mysterious away. Churchman and knight, trembling nuns and ladies fair, truculent bishops and stiff-necked burghers, lord and peasant, emperor and beggar, in short, whole visionary multitudes of deceased generations elbow one another on the land, or swim in unsubstantial vessels, with transparent sails, upon the water. A majesty of gloom hangs over the spots where these spirits of the past most do congregate. Cologne itself lives upon a crowd of traditions more numerous than its steeples, of which there are said to have once been as many as there are days in the year. Not the least of them is, that Judas Maccabeus and his brother lie therein entombed. Stone figures of saints in Cologne have been known to accept half-munched apples from pious little boys, who afterwards studied hard, read much, and, as the old joke says, 'nobody the wiser.' Here lived Albertus Magnus the monk, who possessed the power of turning winter into summer, and of being pleasantly independent of the coal-market and its tariffs. Here, too, existed merchants who built churches by calculation, that the weight of the stones would exceed the ponderosity of their sins, and that the recording angel would strike a balance in their favour accordingly. Finally, here dwelt the famous Maternus, who was elected bishop after his death, and who walked from his grave rather than render the election void by non-appearance, and kept possession of the episcopal chair for more than a quarter of a century. To do the honest man justice, he always averred, after his attainment to the mitre, that he had never yet died—as far as *he* could recollect. But they who wanted a miracle had more convenient memories, and they ever asserted that

Bishop Maternus was, in good truth, the most ghostly of prelates.

Legend has paid the greatest possible compliment to Satan, by attributing to him the honour of being the original designer of the plan for that still unfinished cathedral at Cologne, of which Hood says so finely, that it looks like a broken promise made to God. There are only two other places on the Rhine where the Father of Lies still retains occupation. One is at Fahr, where he has a 'Devil's House,' in which he may be seen at night, drinking horribly hot-spiced wine with a long since deceased Prince of Neuwied. The exemplary pair often issue forth at night, after their carouse is over, and in the disguise of monks make convent cloisters hideous with the howling of their *gaillard* songs, or play such tricks with the ferrymen and their boats upon the river, that when morning dawns there is no man at his right station, and every boat is drifting towards the sea. But the Devil of the Rhine is sometimes of a better quality than is here implied. The perpendicular staircase in the rock at Loch was cut by him in a night, expressly to enable a knight to rescue his daughter from the lord of a castle in his eyrie above. Cavalier and steed trotted up at right angles to the surface; and in proof of the fact the people show you the saddle!

The legendary ritters are as restless as the traditionary Satan. At Rheid, if you only go where they are to be seen, you may discern a host of them in the tournament-field there, engaged in passages of arms, charging fiercely at each other, and galloping about 'like mad,' but all so silently and lightly that no sound reaches the ear, not a harebell bends beneath the chargers' hoofs, and indeed, if nothing be heard or felt, the legend can only be perfected by adding that there is quite as little to be seen. But do not attempt to say so to the people of Loch!

The Drachenfels—rock of the dragon—introduces us to the chivalrous Siegfried, who found it an easier task to overcome the dragon that carried off maidens by night, and breakfasted off young ladies in the morning, than to subdue the trueulent Queen of the Burgundians to the reasonable will of

that melancholy man, her husband. Altogether Siegfried, the horned knight, was more creditable to chivalry than his brother ritter, Graf Hurman. He used to take delight in riding through his tenants' corn, and, if any of these complained, he took the funniest imaginable way of intimating that he felt hurt at the little liberty they took with him. In fact, he had the offender tied to the antlers of a wild stag, and hunted to death by hungry dogs. But there is a Nemesis—and Graf Hurman is now nightly chased out of his grave by the vengeful spirits of his tenants, in the form of hounds, and these lead him such a life of it that it is a pity his descendants do not lay out a few kreutzers in masses, to insure his repose.

A knight of another class and reputation is he who has given fame to the height at Roland's Eck. There still stands the window whence he used to watch the nun he loved, in the island below; from which he beheld her borne to the grave, and at which he gently died,—the spectacle being too much for the nerves of a man who had scattered legions of Paynim Saracens by the might of his single arm.

At Daltenberg we meet with another love-stricken knight, who, after dinner, made a promise of marriage to a dead lady in a deserted castle. He subsequently found himself, he knew not how, in a ruined chapel; and when he beheld his cold bride with him at the altar, the ghost of her father rising complaisantly from the grave to give her away, and a bronze bishop beginning to read the marriage service aloud, he became so alarmed that he had but just sufficient strength to call for help upon the saints above, and barely sufficient power of vision to see the whole party disappear in snap-dragon flames, and a very suspicious smell of sulphur. At other points we fall in with ritters who are tossing their fathers' bones out of their graves in search of treasure, and expressing great sorrow at finding nothing. Others, in times of famine, play at nine-pins, with loaves for balls, and baked pastry pins to bowl at. Above Lahneck we enter the ground where the two brothers slew each other for the sake of a

worthless woman who cared for neither of them. At Sonneck, a company of ghostly ritters meet twice a month, at hours known to the initiated; their purpose is convivial, and their place of meeting a cavern, wherein, seated at an unearthly banquet, they eat fire, like conjurors, and drink boiling wine out of red-hot goblets. At Falkenberg, there is a ghostly knight of more solitary habits. When he was alive he used to spend his nights with a dead lady, much after the fashion of Goethe's young heathen with the Christian bride of Corinth. The knight, however, unlike the impetuous young pagan of the ballad, ultimately espoused a lady—alive, pretty, and as substantial as graceful brides of upper earth *should* be. The newly married couple speedily died of affright; and I am not surprised at it, for every night the cold form of the *other*, the dead but betrothed lady, lay between them, by way of mutely annoying reproach upon the infidelity of the bridegroom. The penalty of the latter beyond the grave is to wander for ever in search of both wives, and fall in with neither. One would think that Belphegor had had compassion upon him.

The well-known legend of the Mouse Tower may be classed with the ritters' traditions, for Hatto was as much knight as bishop. He was a monopolizer and a forestaller of corn, but an army of rats devoured the greedy cavalier-priest. Truth will have it that it was the corn and not the owner that was devoured,—but that would not have been half so interesting a circumstance to register. I prefer the legend, and invoke the fate of its hero upon the monopolizers of corn, who make bread dear for the people of England.

The ladies are especially lively in the legends of the Rhine. England alone furnishes eleven thousand for the single story of Ursula and her companions, who crossed the seas to marry as many German princes, and who were massacred at Cologne by a host of ferocious Huns, whose rough wooing had been deeply declined by these resolute ladies. The shy Kordula alone remained, and half a hundred Huns offered her their very dirty hands; but Kordula happened to look up, and

as she saw all her headless sisters gaily scaling the heights of heaven, she selected to be of the company, and was qualified accordingly. The Huns, nothing daunted by their ill success, broke into the nunnery at Nideswerth, where they found the entire establishment of noble ladies locked in each others' arms, fast asleep. The intruders were proceeding to rude measures, when a discriminating wind blew the Huns into the river, and the nuns into swift sailing-boats upon it, in which they descended the stream and found safety at Bonn. The unquietness of the nuns of Grau Rheindorf is, perhaps, in allusion to their particular peccadillo. They were excessively given to gluttony, especially in the article of fish; and fearfully did they suffer in consequence, from sleepless nights and indigestion. They rest as ill in their graves, but have not the same motive for leaving it as the phantom mother of Fürstenberg, who issues nightly from the tomb in order to 'nurse' an imaginary baby which she fancies is enradled in the neighbouring castle. Well! the poor mother is impelled by better motives than that terrible dead lady-in-waiting to a deceased duchess of Nassau, who *will* enter the young officers' rooms, where she says such dreadfully unexpected things that it turns grey the fair or sable locks of all who hear them. And this I readily believe.

There is a very lively company of ghostly ladies at Aberwerth. It comprises a troop of unmarried damsels who are doomed to dance for ever until they find lovers willing to marry them. Poor things! It is something too hard upon them that they should be condemned, when defunct, to endure the same round of toil for the same foolish purpose that moved them when living. But, the penalty is retribution. It implies that had the maidens waited to be wooed at their fathers' hearths, rather than bound about a ball-room to entice the wooers that would not come, their mission would have been better fulfilled. And there *is* something in that.

Of the other ladies who linger perforce by the Rhine, and there visit the pale glimpses of the moon, I can only allude to the lovely legion *en masse*,

Their separate tales are too many to tell, and what requires to be told is not always 'tellable.' Some of these spirits lead awfully immoral lives, and very few are exemplary characters. I suppose that originally their legends, like that of Hatto and the rat-tower, had some significance; but it were as profitable to try and weave ropes out of sand, or squeeze moisture from dust, as to extract edification from myths which deal in ladies and gentlemen who are employed in disreputable proceedings, which, had they indulged in them upon earth, would have made society shun them. Ghosts, at least German ghosts, do not appear to be half so particular; and grave No. 3, inhabited by the most serious of spirits, does *not* shake to its foundation at the character of its neighbours, Nos. 2 and 4. On the contrary, the spirits in all three roam abroad in company, and No. 3 sings hymns, and looks calmly on, while 2 and 4 are comporting themselves with anything but the strictest propriety.

The best of the ladies is one who partakes both of light legend and true history. I allude to the prophetess Hildegard, who was one of the nine wives of Karloman, and who went triumphantly through the process of being unjustly suspected by her husband. She traversed Europe, preaching the crusades, and uttering prophecies which will be fulfilled whenever they come to pass. She was famous for her healing powers, and invented 'spermaceti ointment for an inward bruise' (an invention which was patronized as 'the sovereign'st thing on earth,' by Hotspur's carpet cavalier); she, further, spread plasters, invented pills, and may be altogether considered as the patron saint presiding over patent medicines.

The legendary monks do not make so conspicuous a figure in the Rhine romances as the legendary ladies. Their spirits rather linger among the distant and inland castles and convents which, in the olden time, were renowned for their freedom from danger, and their abundance of good cheer. But, however, the river legends are not entirely silent with regard to the sons of the church. At Heisterbach, the last abbot of the community still wanders about the ruins of the abbey,

looking in vain for the grave which is denied to his canonized bones, until every vestige of the edifice shall have disappeared. The dead monks at Krenzburg, who lie in the vault there uncoffined, garmented as when they lived, and who look so very dry and dusty, are accused of being rather given to jollity and illicit sports about midnight. No one who has seen them would, for a moment, suspect them of levity. Even the old dead gardener, with his withered wreath about his skull, the last of the brotherhood there laid out to rest, has as severe a look in his silent solemnity as any of his more reverend brethren; and yet it is said of him that he sits upright on his stone seat at nights, and trolls such catches and tells such stories, and is so comic in manner as well as matter, that the dead monks regularly die of laughing,—until the descent of the night-dew awakens them again to their nightly revel.

What a far more respectable deceased churchman is the defunct and gigantic monk of Rheinbreitbach! His name is Hammerling, and his office is to nurse and feed poor miners who happen to get imprisoned by accident in the course of their perilous vocation. He is somewhat capricious and hasty, but compassionate withal,—and he keeps a good larder, too, or how could he have maintained alive, and even made fat, those seven miners who, by the falling-in of their cavernous workshop, were confined seven years, and were found much better than could be expected, at last! At Stronberg, a monk and nun are said to 'walk,' waiting to be married; the walking and waiting being their punishment for expressing a desire to be married when they were in the flesh. In the castle of Rheinfels, there is a more ghastly sight than that, of two youthful novices wandering in cold affection. The sight I allude to is that of the old chaplain of the Countess of Katzenellenbogen, who poisoned his mistress by putting arsenic into the sacramental cup. The penalty of the old murderer is to be always to be mixing the draught and drinking it himself. There are numberless spectral abbots, too, about this district, who bore no very good reputation when living, and who are a

perfect nuisance now they are dead ; active in mischief, and terribly seductive ; and there is not a poor peasant girl who leans solitarily against a gate, with her apron to her eyes, and something at her heart to keep it aching, who does not lay the blame upon these terribly Juanic ghosts, who go about in cowls, and are as licentious as when they were living ! At St. Goar, we meet, however, with the name, if not the spirit, of a respectable saint ; it is said of him that he could hang his cloak on a sunbeam and pass a whole year without food. The unseen spirit is active though invisible, and once, when Karloman passed the saint's grave without stopping to hear a mass, St. Goar was so irritated that, with a breath which *seemed* to descend, like a hurricane, from the hills, he overturned the boat in which the emperor and his courtiers were seated, and nearly drowned the illustrious passengers in return for their alleged impiety. Pepin, the son of Karloman, did not forget the insult, and when, at a subsequent period, his queen, Bertruda, visited the shrine of the saint, and was left without refreshment till she almost fainted, Pepin was so indignant thereat that he went down and horsewhipped the prior ! Karloman had shown less resentment than his son, and returned good for evil. He made a present to the monastery of that wonderful butt of wine, the liquor in which never grew less, although it was for ever running at the spigot.

Karloman shines among the legendary emperors, of whose doings, however, less is said than we might have expected. Even the Königstuhl, or coronation seat at Rhens, has disappeared, solid masonry as it was ; it could not withstand the hammering of the French republicans. Marksburg has its true stories more terrible than romance. It was there that Lewis the Severe murdered his wife, in a fit of jealousy as ungovernable as it was unfounded. He beheaded the poor lady in her own bedroom, and then flung all her servants from the highest turret of the castle, as accomplices in a crime which existed only in his imagination. With the exception of this trifling weakness, Lewis was an exceedingly proper knight ; stern, and apt to kill upon contradic-

tion ; but such little foibles tarnished not the lustre of his cuirass, though they have rather dulled the glory of his name. Heymon of Dordogne was worthy of bearing arms under such a master. This mirror of chivalry, according to the legend, once struck his wife to the ground with his gauntleted hand, and strode across her body to greet his newly-discovered son Reynold, whom he embraced with such a paternal hug that he laid the cartilage of the young fellow's nose flat upon his face ! Turning from him, he addressed himself to the countess, whom he had stretched upon the ground, and, with the appellation of 'heart's love,' politely requested her to arise. Reynold, in the meantime, smarting under his smashed nose, affectionately returned the excess of his father's warmth by protesting, 'so help him, Heaven, he was well-minded to lay his sire dead at his feet !' . . .

But it is, after all, the tricky spirits that lend life and loveliness to the Rhine and its legends. Who would not have liked to have belonged to the monastery at Günsdorf, that used to be visited every night by fairies of the most exquisite beauty and the lightest of garments, and who used to keep the reluctant old gentleman up and feasting till cock-crow ? Another fairy took the form and name of the Wondrous Harp of Luladorf, in the vicinity of which she was to be heard discussing such music as might melt the soul. There were other fays whose homes were beneath the waters, and who were very much given to entice young knights into the stream, and set up unblessed households with them in bowers below the crystal waves. The Lurley Berg is a height, the home-place of a million echoes. In the vicinity once dwelt a maid who was so exquisitely beautiful that she turned mad all who looked upon her, and despairing husbands of the gravest cast committed suicide after beholding her. The fatal siren was thereupon tried for manifold murder and witchcraft, but the archiepiscopal judge, the lawyers, the witnesses, and the spectators, fell so deeply in love with her, that, like the tribunal that absolved Phryne, when the nymph was unveiled before it, the court acquitted the accused by acclamation. Lurley still survives, in legend at

least; and no pilot who steers his bark round the headland called by her name is safe from being swept overboard, if he raises his eyes as his ears recognise the sound of her harp, and beholds her sitting in seductive beauty, singing him invitations to land. . . .

Werlau is the residence of the gnome king of shadows. In the valley is his dwelling-place, and it is said that when two young persons of the locality become attached to each other, there spring up in the valley two flowers, called 'soul-flowers.' These flowers may be made an unerring test of the affection that inspires the enamoured pair, by applying them to the heart. If the love be true and steadfast, the flower is instantly reduced to ashes!

'Steadfast heart o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power!'

With us, in the olden time of England, our romantic youth employed the *Ranunculus bulbosus* as a test of strength of affection. In those days, a swain was wont to stuff his pockets full of 'bachelor's buttons,' and, as they flourished or withered, so did he judge of his lady's love. Thus mine host, in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' says of Fenton's love for sweet Anne Page, 'He writes verses; he speaks holyday; he smells April and May; he will carry't! he will carry't! 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't!'

The Rhine has more legends than those I have told; but such as I have cited of each class will enable my readers to conjecture (if they care to do so) the quality of the rest. I will therefore conclude with an incident that belongs rather to history than romance. Bacharach is the scene where passed the bloody feuds maintained by the Palatine Herman and the Archbishop Arnold of Mainz: the Diet interfered, and condemned each to carry a dog on his shoulders a certain distance. The Palatine performed his share of the penalty, with many a wry face; but the Archbishop, being by far too venerable a person to be punished in any way but by deputy, a certain number of his vassals, were compelled, to their great edification, to do this good service for their lord! This species of punishment was not uncommonly inflicted upon those who

broke the peace of the empire, or who were notoriously tyrannical as vicegerents of the emperor. The nobles were compelled to carry a cur-dog, vassals a stool, and peasants a plough-wheel, on their shoulders, to the bounds of the adjacent lordship, and to endure patiently every insult offered them by the way. As we have seen, high churchmen could pay the penalty by representatives,—twenty vassals being accounted equivalent to one archbishop.

'And now, Mee Aughton,' said Smith, at the close of our session, 'paint us a picture in words that shall represent our occupation here.'

Thereupon Mee Aughton, with something of a satirical smile on his face, dashed off the following metrical sermon, to the great edification of his audience:—

LOST TIME.

One evening, as old Wisdom lay
Before his cool and mossy cell;
While round him softest airs did play,
And on him eve's last bright rays fell;
Then as the Sage lay musing there
On things above or 'neath the sky,
A sound arose upon the air,
A mingled, loud, and mournful cry.
More grief's sharp tone than joyous song,
Or lay subdud of Wisdom's clime,
From a mixed crowd who passed along,
Exclaiming, 'Time! we have lost Time!
Old Time, intrusted to our guard,
(O'er whom we held so light a sway.)
Hath, while we played, broke from his ward,
Slipped off his bonds and fled away.

'O Wisdom, tell us where to find
The truant who has thus escaped,
Who flies with wings more swift than wind,
And, of the way that he has shaped,
Leaves scarce a mark to trace him by.
We hardly thought he could have flown,
When o'er our heads we saw him fly,
And now we weep that Time is gone.'

And then again the crowd began
To shriek still louder than before;
From hill to hill the echo ran,
And died in murmurs on the shore.
Then some would sigh and some would scoff,
And some (most foolish) take to rhyme.
Then, swift as thought, the whole were off,
In search once more of missing Time.

Old Wisdom smiled, Old Wisdom frowned,
Old Wisdom pondered long and deep,
And, as at night he turned him round
Upon his healthy couch to sleep,
'Fly on! fly on!' the sage he said,—
'Pursue! pursue! but all in vain,
For Time, who from his bonds hath strayed,
Can never be enchained again.'

TITAN.

A STRANGE LIFE.*

DURING the long and gloomy period when the wings of the French eagle overshadowed Germany, amid national disunion and disaster and incompetence in high places, there were also some sunny spots on which the heart of the patriot still delights to dwell; when party jealousies and divided nationalities were forgotten, and one common cause was made against the foreign foe. Conspicuous among those who did well for their Fatherland was that band of heroes formed in Prussia during the war of the liberation, and known as the Black Riders, having assumed a black dress, and sworn to wear it until their country was released from bondage. Their ranks were filled from every class of society, from the roving artisan with his wallet on his back, to the hard-reading student and man of letters; from the raw strippling scarcely released from school, to the grey-haired man already standing on the brink of a new world. The cry of pain which rent the land woke an echo in every breast. The crowded events of the last few years have placed a chasm between us and the recent past; it is already a matter of ancient history; and our children read of the wars of the First Napoleon as they do *Cæsar's Commentaries*. Yet daily some one is dropping into the grave who played a part in that fierce struggle, or who was familiar with the actors, civil and military, of that momentous period. As each one departs

it wakes a faint echo of the past, and we are startled to think how much of the world's history can be lived through in one short human life. It is not to their deeds alone that the Black Riders owe the hold they have on their countrymen. Those deeds have been sung by their patriot poet in words which appeal to every gallant heart. Few men have had a career more brief and brilliant, or earned a more lasting reputation than Theodor Körner; he fell 'fighting and singing for his fatherland.' Wherever the German language is spoken his lays will be sung. Weber's music has made them a part of the voice of the people. Their sound accompanies the stroke of the axe, far in the wilds of America, where the emigrant lightens his labour with the voice of song; and at night, when he rests by the smoke of his log fire, he makes the woods resound with the wild chorus of 'Lützow's wilde verwegene Jagd.'

There are few of our readers who do not know something about Adolph von Lützow, who led and disciplined with so much skill and success the heterogeneous mass of volunteers who formed the band of Black Riders. Some thoughts have been suggested to us by reading the biography of his widow, Gräfin Eliza von Ahlefeldt, who died about three years ago, and whose life has lately been written by Ludmilla Assing, a niece of the well-known Varnhagen von Ense. We are not going to trouble our readers with political reflections nor with historic matter. For those who desire such information there is an excellent abridgment and translation of Varu-

* Gräfin Eliza von Ahlefeldt, *Die Gattin Adolphs von Lützow, Die Freundin Karl Immermann's*. Eine Biographie, von LUDMILLA VON ASSING. Berlin: verlag von Franz Duncker. 1857.

hagen von Ense's copious history of 'The War of the Liberation,' and those who wish for more can turn to the ponderous tomes of history. The book before us is in some respects a curious one, and affords a peculiar view of German life. It is not a very interesting volume, and has no pretensions to literary merit of any kind; but the simplicity with which the authoress narrates and views domestic relations, so very different from our insular notions, gives it a sort of interest and zest for us in spite of its tedious style, which induces us to offer our readers a slight sketch of it. We shall not trouble them with many extracts but give an outline of the story, and now and then add the authoress's simple commentary.

Eliza Davida Margareta, Gräfin von Ahlefeldt-Lauzwig, was born, A.D. 1790, in the castle of Fraunkijör, in Langeland in Denmark. Her father, Count Frederick, was the head of a noble old Danish family. He was rich and powerful, stood high in the royal favour, and was chamberlain to King Frederick VI. of Denmark, who honoured the old castle of Fraunkijör by the sea-side, with several royal visits, a piece of grace which may help to account for the rapid diminution of the Count's fortune. At Copenhagen he basked in the sunshine of royal smiles; the king loved his jovial subject. He was a handsome man, of a stately bearing and an excitable temperament; much given to the chase and to all sorts of manly pleasures. His wife, Louise Charlotte von Hedemann, though warmly attached to him, was of very different tastes. Of German parentage, cultivated mind, and quiet habits, she was not formed to accord happily with the Scandinavian propensities of her spouse. Eliza was the only one of their offspring who survived infancy. As a child she was treated with great tenderness by both parents, and somewhat of her wayward fancies may be ascribed to her having had six aunts, who rivalled each other in the pains they took to cultivate her bodily and mental graces. The authoress mentions this with honest satisfaction; we, for our part, give the child credit for having survived such treatment, knowing the amount of bodily and

mental pressure which consists with Teutonic notions. She seems, however, to have had an excellent governess, to whom she remained grateful all her life, and by whom, probably, she was rescued from the worst effects of family spoiling. Thanks to her care she grew up a very captivating girl, full of talent and culture, warm-hearted, *spirituelle*, and enthusiastic in temperament; not very tall in person, with charming large blue eyes, an abundance of fair hair, and a lovely skin, her sweet young face full of sunshine, and breaking out into smiles; she had hands and feet of unusual beauty, and moved with a grace all her own. This fairy could ride, and dance, and sing, as no other girl in Copenhagen could. No wonder therefore, with her freshness, and her loveliness, if the young heiress turned the heads of half the court, and had even princes at her feet. The disjointed style of panegyric in which our authoress indulges, as well as a very hideous little print at the beginning of the volume, might throw some doubts on the beauty of our heroine, were it not obvious from her history that she possessed that nameless charm, that union of personal and mental attractions which gives some women such a wonderful power to sway men's minds. In her case few who approached her could resist her influence.

The young Dane's first experience in life was unfortunately domestic quarrels. Her father, Graf Frederick, was, as we have said, a pleasure-loving man; besides the chase he loved also music and the drama; he turned his old hall into a private theatre, and filled his feudal castle with actors and actresses, and would willingly have made his daughter take a part also, but this she positively declined. He was not a man who confined himself to *les plaisirs innocents*; and as his jovial nature and lavish expenditure made the old castle attractive even to royal guests, it may be easily imagined that domestic happiness was not increased. The tie at the hearth was broken, and his wife thought it best to retire with her daughter, who was just grown up, and live in seclusion elsewhere. Eliza was at this time about sixteen or seventeen; she had spent one gay winter at Copenhagen, she now passed

one in perfect retirement with her mother. In spring, however, Gräfin Ahlefeldt thought, as every German would think so placed, that her health required her to go to a bath. She therefore set out, accompanied by her daughter and a young English friend, to 'make the cure,' as they express it at Neundorf.

Here our heroine met her fate in the person of Adolph von Lützow, afterwards so celebrated as the leader of the squadron of volunteers who played such a glorious part in the war of the liberation. Eliza's whole sympathies went with her German mother and governess, and she identified herself entirely with that suffering nation. Lützow had not yet a European name, but he possessed in a high degree those soldierly and manly qualities likely to kindle the enthusiasm and excite the feelings of a young girl, devoted with all the fire of youth to the cause of freedom and the fatherland, and full of hatred to the French. He already bore the scars of many battles; a wounded soldier, young and handsome, what could be more irresistible! and that he was poor, hardly entitled by his position to aspire to the hand of so great an heiress, completed the charm. The mother made no opposition to her daughter's wishes; probably her experiences at Fraunkijör had not tended to make her over-value rank or magnificence; but it was a difficult matter to talk over the Count; he had no idea of throwing away his handsome young heiress on a nameless Prussian officer. The young lady, however, was firm, the lover urgent; the father made conditions, to which Lützow consented—to what would he not have agreed to gain his beloved! The principal of these was, that he was to leave the Prussian service, and settle in Denmark: and he actually took some steps towards complying with this plan. On the understanding that he was to do so, they were united in March 1810.

After his marriage, Lützow took his bride to Berlin, where the Court was in mourning for the amiable and beautiful Queen Louisa. These were heavy years of public life, a full in the strife, but no repose; but they were years of domestic peace to our heroine, broken,

however, by the death of her loving mother, who closed her joyless existence at Copenhagen. After her mother's death Eliza never sang again, her fine voice left her; her whole heart had been with her German mother, and she mourned for her bitterly, finding consolation, however, in her husband being also a German, and much satisfied that he was still in the Prussian service and had not settled in Denmark. The dowry promised by Graf Frederich had never been paid, and their straitened circumstances rendered such a step impossible.

The cry of war which sounded through the length and breadth of the land in 1813, has left its echo behind it, sounding even now, through the tumultuous period which has followed it. 'Let the youth of thy people arm themselves to defend the fatherland,' said the king: and up rose the people like one man. The young man brought his youth and strength, the old man his experience, the scholar cast aside his pen, the painter forsook his palette, the philosopher his books; and the women came, as the Israelites of old, with jewels of gold and jewels of silver in their hands, and things more precious far—relics, perhaps, of those who were dead and gone; nothing was withheld from the altar of patriotism. That army was a motley crew: grey-beards of seventy, in strange old armour, coming like the knights of old, and bearing with them quaint devices, 'fresh, free, pious, and joyful,' one old giant wielding the sword of justice, as the only weapon he could find suitable to his huge hand; beside these, perhaps a troop of chubby boys. We do not attempt to give names. Each Prussian who can count an ancestor among them, does so with honest pride. Körner, whose short life was a poem, has made us familiar with their deeds; there were two friends, however, August von Vietinghoff and Frederick Friesen, whose romantic history must claim from us presently a few words.

With the enthusiastic approbation of his wife, Lützow undertook the task of disciplining this heterogeneous band. He was the right man in the right place; a bold rider, a fearless soldier, and famed for deeds of personal

daring. He possessed, above all, the quality of swaying masses of men, taken as they were from all classes of civil life, and of welding them into one solid and compact body of efficient soldiers, ready for every emergency, and each man inspired with zeal for the cause for which he fought. He had an able assistant in his wife; she was secretary, sick-nurse, counsellor, and sympathizer, wherever there was need.

It is easy to imagine the power which a beautiful and intellectual woman, with all the charm of high birth and polish, and all the ardour of her sex, had over these various men; and we believe that her husband owed no little of his great success to the magic of her presence. Her womanly influence touched the rude natures of many of the corps, while the more refined turned to her ready sympathy as to a real blessing. She accompanied her husband to Breslau, where the enrolment of the troops was going rapidly on; in the crowded town they could get no accommodation, except in a mean public-house, a sort of beer-cellar. There, in that low room, surrounded by sordid accessories, the fair young girl sat, looking quite glorified in her womanly grace and childlike matronly dignity, with a large book open before her, in which she inscribed the name of every recruit as he passed, and for each one she had a word of encouragement and hope; while her mild blue eyes beamed with enthusiasm. No wonder than the men adored her! and that Lützow's hussars were proud of bearing her name. She was her husband's right hand, and happy in his love; and until the eventful day of Waterloo concluded the war, she accompanied him through all the horrors of the campaign; assisting, by her presence, to kindle the zeal of the soldiers, sharing their hardships, and performing the woman's part of tending the sick with untiring diligence. The two younger Lützows, who served with their brother, bear testimony to her care of her husband, who, rash to a fault, never left a field unscathed; in fact, his wounds were so numerous that he was always half an invalid, and had generally to be assisted into his saddle, but once there his seat was perfect, he was the very model of a

hussar officer—'ohne Furcht und Tadel.' Now and then there was a short breathing-time, and many of the officers speak of those charming days at Cleves, when there was a brief respite, and when Lützow used to take them to a country house, where he lived, near the town, where his wife received them in a garden bower, and during the soft summer evening they talked over their well-fought fields, among green leaves, and tasted eagerly, for a brief moment, the sweets of peace and of friendship. No one spoke of the future, but many a brave comrade was remembered there, with the brief epitaph of love,—'The tears though few sincerely shed.'

We must digress a few moments, to give the little episode of Vietinghoff and Friesen's romantic friendship. It is the old classic story, clothed in modern life. Friesen seems to have been the beloved of all,—one of those rare natures seen just now and then, and generally cut off in their prime. He had a lion's heart, with a woman's softness, and almost womanly beauty. His brother in arms, the stout-hearted old Jahn, describes him as having been 'faultless in mind and body, innocent and wise, eloquent like a seer, a very Siegfried, full of gifts and grace.' Arndt, the poet, speaks of him as 'a beam of beauty.' His letters prove him to have been of a warm-hearted and manly nature, a good son and friend, not ashamed to own the despair he felt at his mother's loss. There is something very kindly in the conclusion of one of his letters written to Frau von Lützow during the invasion of Holstein,—'Do not forget us, good, kind Eliza; do not blame us if your countrymen are rather roughly handled; we pay for what we can. Does not Adolph owe the happiness of his life to this country, and do not I, too, owe to it the blessing of heavenly friendship?' In the excitement of a camp life, it is not wonderful that when each day brought its events, each night should also bring its visions, to a woman of highly nervous and excitable temperament. On the night of the 15th of March 1814, it seemed to Eliza von Lützow as if Frederick Friesen approached her bedside, pointing to his bleed-

ing wounds. The impression was so strong on her mind, that she awoke her attendant, who, of course, saw nothing.

Curious to say, five days later, on the anniversary of their marriage-day, they received intelligence that Friesen had been murdered on that very 15th of March near the forest of Ardennes. Lützow's grief was as sincere as her own, for he was the chosen friend of them both. This little incident was afterwards woven into a romance by Karl Immermann, in his novel, the *Epigonen*, which, though admired at the time it was written, is now little known or read. August von Vietinghoff entered Lützow's squadron at the same time as Frederick Friesen. These two young men were bound together by a devoted friendship; in life they were inseparable companions, and the tie was to last beyond the grave; for Friesen made his friend promise, that if he fell in a foreign country, he would carry his bones back to his fatherland. On the 15th of March 1814, Friesen was murdered in the forest of Ardennes, not very far from Rheims, by a party of peasants, who fell upon him while alone and leading his horse through a byway in the wood. The end of the same month the news reached his friend, as he was with the infantry division of Lützow's squadron near Mecklenburg. Vietinghoff's first wish was to discharge his promise to his friend, to find his bones and lay them in kindred dust. The conclusion of peace, however, obliged a retreat from France. In 1815, when the war again broke out, his most ardent desire was to return to France; but though he did so for a fourth time, and was quartered near Ardennes, his duties rendered it impossible for him to undertake his task for a long time. At last, the end of November 1816, he received information that a subaltern of his regiment had got a present of a Prussian official seal from the host of an inn at Lannoy, with the history that it was the seal of an officer who had been shot in the wood of Huilleux by some peasants in March 1814, who had stripped him and left him there, but that afterwards the body had been taken by the authorities and interred with Christian service in the churchyard of La Lobbe. Vietinghoff re-

cognised the seal as having been the property of Friesen, from a mark he had jestingly cut on it to make sure of keeping the eagle's head at the top when he used it. On this he began his search, and, after some inquiries, found the party of peasants who had met Friesen in the wood. They described him as having been leading his horse by the bridle through a byway; they were returning home from their labour; and he asked them to show him the nearest path through the wood. While they were speaking, a party of armed peasants fell upon him, a scuffle ensued, and he was shot, stripped, and left lying. The whole description tallied perfectly with Friesen's appearance, and that of his horse. The peasants further related, that they had gone and told the burgomaster of the neighbouring village, who had had the body taken and interred reverently with Roman Catholic rites. Vietinghoff forthwith demanded permission to examine the churchyard, and feeling assured that, by certain marks, he would recognise his friend's skeleton if he found it, he began his ghastly search, and opened grave after grave in vain. None of the mouldering relics which he exhumed recalled aught of the manly proportions of the life-enjoying Friesen. A nervous fever was a very natural consequence of such mental excitement, and a recall to his regiment put a stop to his loathsome task; but before quitting the place, he left an exact description of certain wounds and marks by which his friend's remains might be identified with the burgomaster. Marvellous to relate, on the very day twelvemonths from the day when he had opened the first grave, he received a box from M. Delyon containing the skeleton of his friend, all the peculiarities corresponding with his description. With joy and anguish he received the gift, and kissed with bitter tears the ghastly reliques of his beloved friend. Wherever he went he carried them with him, and years and years after the promise had been made half in jest and half in earnest, while both men were in the full flush of youth, he fulfilled his spoken word, and laid the bones of his friend to rest among kindred dust, till that great day when a trumpet, though not one of earthly

mould, shall sound once more in the warrior's ear.

We must not leave the Lützows any longer; our aim is a domestic one, and we find ourselves digressing. The vicissitudes of war, the varied scenes and privations of a prolonged campaign, seem to have in no wise affected their home ties; but love, which will dare dangers and rush up to the cannon's mouth, sometimes vanishes before the smoke of a domestic chimney. Was it that the wild circumstance of war fed the lively imagination of the lady, or was sufficient for her husband? To him the rough realities of such a life were enough. As to her, seated in that dingy beer-cellar at Breslau, she had appeared to the soldiers the very presiding genius of patriotism, clothed in the form of youth and beauty, and floating in a mist of glory. As to herself, she soared far above the present moment, and lived in a realm of her own. It is hard, after playing as it were the rôle of a Joan d'Arc, to descend to sausages and *saur kraut*. Be that as it may, the battle of Waterloo, which brought peace to so many desolate hearths, only brought disunion to that of the Lützows. Their affection palled before the monotony of everyday home life. Lützow was a rough soldier, and had few resources to fall back on except horses and dogs. His wife began to find that his temper was by no means perfect, and his mind empty and uncultivated. The authoress hints that she had to suffer severe domestic trials from him; but her style is very vague. One little anecdote she mentions, however, was rather irritating to the mildest nature: Eliza had always believed that Lützow's devotion to her at the time of their marriage was complete. Her feelings, therefore, received a severe shock when she overheard him, in talking over old days with a brother officer, regret that, though he had done his best to get a rich wife, he had not succeeded, Count Frederick having wasted all his substance, so that none of it had come their way; and he reminded his comrade of their early formed resolution to marry heiresses. Poor Eliza! she had given her youth and beauty, and her fresh affections, to a man who cared for nothing but her money, and so the years of peace

went heavily. Frau von Lützow sought consolation in friendship and in letter-writing, and especially found comfort in the society of Karl Immermann the poet, who had been one of the volunteers, and was now a lawyer, her legal adviser and sympathizing friend. She was the first highly cultivated woman whom Immermann had ever known, and her influence over him was unbounded. It is not even hinted that Lützow was ever jealous. We are willing to believe with the authoress that he had no cause to be so. He was an irascible man, and would have put no control on his feelings had they been excited. Not being diffident of his own powers to please, he began to think he might still repair the fatal mistake he had made, and make a rich marriage. He cast his eyes on a young lady whose wealth and position answered his wishes; and the fatal facility which the laws of the country still offer to divorce, made his way seem clear to him, and he calmly proposed to his wife that they should be divorced by mutual consent. No one can have lived in Germany for any time without being struck with the domestic misery which this practice causes. We are not going to enter into deep questions of right or wrong, and to take high grounds. Viewing the matter in the lowest and most commonplace way, as a mere matter of expediency, nothing can be more wretched than the results. Divorces take place daily for no possible cause but some little bit of temper, which, under different circumstances, the offending parties would have been obliged to control; and who has not met the unfortunate victims of their parents' caprice, children who have had to find a home, and owe obedience to the second wife of their father, their own mother still alive, perhaps married to another. The blunting of all feeling on the subject, is perhaps the most demoralizing feature of the case. Our insular ideas can hardly realize such a proceeding, without a large amount of human hate and passion; but Teutonic notions are the extreme opposite of ours on the subject; there is no scandal, and everything is done in order, and with propriety and *respectability*. In the Lützows' case there were no children to have their

hearts broken by their parents' disunion. The matter was talked over 'with dignity and outward calm.' Frau von Lützow knew her husband was weary of her, and wished to marry some one else, and though she evidently retained a feeling for him which made the step very painful to her, she at once consented to 'give him his freedom.' The authoress says, 'No hard or passionate word was exchanged between the spouses, everything was talked over, considered and arranged, with dignity and outward calm. Lützow urged Eliza always to continue his friend, and to correspond with him constantly! Nothing could be more correct than the whole affair. We once knew a case somewhat similar; the lady had her little tempers, and the divorce took place by mutual consent; but no sooner was the gentleman free, than he missed the comforts of a good *ménage*; the wife had been celebrated for keeping a good table, so, after some consultation, they agreed that he was to dine with her daily. The arrangement answered admirably, and they continued good friends ever afterwards.

Fortunately such arrangements are wholly unknown among us, and we do not think we can offer to our English readers a more curious specimen of human feeling than some extracts of Lützow's letters, written while the divorce he so ardently wished was pending, and after it was concluded, and addressed to the woman who had been his faithful wife and companion during many adventurous years, and who had, as he said, borne with his rough humours admirably.

Eliza thought it best, till matters were finally settled, to take a journey, during which she received the following from Lützow:—

'MUNSTER, August 26, 1824.

'MY FOR EVER BELOVED ELIZA,—I had a fortunate—no, a most unfortunate return home. I found everything safe, but thou art gone. I miss especially thy charming little pictures of Solger, his wife, Friesen, and Wilhelm; as they are dear to thee, so they were doubly precious to my eyes, and it is with a thrill of anguish that I turn away when I see their vacant places. Hector keeps with me, and rejoices over my return as formerly; he thrusts his muzzle into

my hand, and asks where thou art! An old Holstein medal which I remember having had the day that we were married, now lies before me, and causes me deep emotion. Our corner in the garden is overgrown into a very bower; they are clearing the path; with a feeling of anger I had almost asked for whom? The other day I was at G—'s at Loburg; it was Vogelschiessen;* I appeared unexpectedly; and was very well received. I wished, in the company of those who love thee, to drink thy health, but I could not! tears would have choked me. Had they not been so merry they must have remarked my agitation. My leave to go to Copenhagen has come. In every case I expect a letter from thee before I go, and thou shalt hear again from me. Is Solger well? Art thou somewhat merry? be so, I beg it of thee; be so. Yes! Believe assuredly that thy happiness is my first wish, and will remain so under all circumstances. Be open, be sincere to me, and so shall I be to thee, for it is my nature to be so. Live somewhat pleasantly, I beg it of thee, and write soon to thy heartily loving husband,
LUTZOW.'

A little later, and apparently after the business was concluded, he writes:

'Schlusser has spoken with Immermann; a letter from the former has comforted me somewhat as to thy future. I wish thy happiness with all my heart, and to promote it is my first wish, my most holy duty. Infinitely I feel that I have not always acted as I ought. But the unlucky money troubles at the beginning of our union, love of country, ambition, &c. &c., drove me from the domestic hearth to another world. I repent, with tears, the way I hurried thee from Aix to Cleves; forgive me! One request more. Let the best artist in Dresden take thy likeness, let it cost what it may; no price is too high for me, and send me the picture of thy never-to-be-forgotten features! Schlusser will see Immermann at Magdeburg. I wait for him with impatience. Farewell, be happy, and think of thy true friend with love and good-will. ADOLPH.'

The next letter begins—

* A sort of game like shooting at the popinjay.

'My heartily beloved, most peculiar Eliza.'

But we think we have given enough of this correspondence, as quaint in its way as anything we have ever met with ; and the commonplace manner in which the authoress treats the whole transaction, is perhaps the most severe commentary on the laws and customs which renders it a matter of every-day occurrence. To the credit of the sex be it said, the lady whom Lützow wished to marry refused him ; after which rebuff he began to regret his freedom ; first one of his brothers died, then the other. His unquiet spirit had nothing to prey on but itself, and he would have been moped to death but for his correspondence with his ex-wife, which was his chief comfort. He had, however, peculiar ideas of comfort, to promote which he thought fit, in 1828, to espouse the widow of his brother William ; an agreeable woman, he said, already 'dear to him by the ties of relationship.' He wrote to inform Eliza, and asks from 'her magnanimity, love, friendship, and sympathy !' and signed himself, 'from the depths of his soul, her inexpressibly loving friend, Adolph.' His next letter is cooler about his new wife. 'Augusta has good and peculiar qualities,' he writes. 'Her unfortunate circumstances, my tender regard for Wilhelms excited my feelings, and decided me hastily to declare myself. May Heaven grant me a blessing, and deal leniently with me ! Wilhelm's daughter, though christened Elisabeth, is called Elizabeth. The association rends my heart. Thy image, best Eliza, remains riveted by a chain to my heart's core. ADOLPH.'

Lützow's second marriage brought him heavy retribution for the wrongs of his first wife, and we very soon hear of his living in a small house in the Thiergarten at Berlin, and the lady at Dresden. She seems to have revenged her predecessor, and to have tormented him thoroughly. In 1829, he insisted on having an interview with Eliza, and confiding to her all his woes ; a curious enough confidante to seek for his wounded feelings ; but he said it did him infinite good. His life seems to have been uncomfortable and restless, and in 1834 he died, already a worn-out

man, prematurely old, at the age of fifty-two.

On her separation from Lützow, Eliza obtained permission to resume her maiden name of Gräfin von Ahlefeldt, and now comes the second part of her romantic history. It is very much to her credit that Lützow's relations seem to have given her their entire sympathy and support at the time of the separation, and they continued their friendship to her during her future life, which was, to say the least, a very peculiar one. Her father was still alive, but his habits had rendered his house no home for her. An uncle wished her to go to him, but her temperament would not have stood the monotony of such a life, so she declined his invitation. With the unselfish generosity for which she was conspicuous, she adopted a young girl who was most unfortunately placed ; and, with this young creature under her protection, she went to reside for a time at Magdeburg, to be near her friend Karl Immermann and his family.

It is time to say something of Karl Immermann, the hero of the second part of the drama. He seems first to have come into intimate intercourse with Frau von Lützow at Hamburg, after the peace, where she consulted him as a lawyer with regard to her father's ruined affairs. Immermann had been brought up in very limited circumstances, and in a very narrow circle ; and the charms of his beautiful and high-born client quite bewildered him. It was the first time he had ever come in contact with a truly polished and refined woman. She seemed to be the realization of all his poet dreams. That she was a few years his senior, that her birth and position wholly separated her from him, only enhanced the charm ; that she was ill-mated and unhappy completed his enthralment. In his own estimation, and probably in hers, he was the Tasso pouring out his lays to the noble and unapproachable Leonore. She received his homage *en princesse*, but did not for a moment conceal the pleasure his talents gave her, or how much she enjoyed intercourse with a highly poetic mind, and under the sunshine of her influence his latent genius blossomed. Karl Immermann

is little known on our side of the water, and his day is past at home. He was not a first-class man, still he helped to represent the young Germany of the day, and counts among those who left an impression on the century. We have no room for criticism, neither would it interest our readers much to recur to books whose day is over; nor is it a matter of much moment now to count the smaller stars. Time rushes on, and events in the world of thought and action so crowd on one another, that the beginning of this century is already in the misty past. The great names raise their heads, and tower as landmarks over the streaming current; the smaller ones who have fed on their influence, and helped to swell the literary tide of the day, pass away: we know that they sang, but the lay is silent. The great notes of the nightingale are still heard; and Goethe's deep tones, and Schiller's clear voice, like good wine, lose nothing by time. But those who only reflected them, and fed on their influence, pass like the shifting sands of the hour-glass, and bend before the scythe of the great reaper. Of Immermann, one of their own critics* says: 'He shared in a large degree the disease of the times, a great longing to create, and little power of creation.' His works, though full of talent, show great want of taste, especially in the selection of most revolting and objectionable subjects. They speak of a war between the inward and the outward world, and show a spirit of strife and want of healthy aim, which neutralizes their ability, and makes us rather feel a profound compassion for the man than an admiration for the author. Perhaps his domestic life had much to do with this.

When young Immermann first knew Eliza, she at once exercised a complete fascination over him, which can be easily understood by those who have observed how unbounded the influence of a gifted woman is over a man who has been debarred from refined female intercourse. His poetic temperament received food from her, and his latent

powers were all called into life by her influence, the hopelessness of his attachment giving it the zest of romance. Lützow does not seem to have been in the least jealous, or his conduct to have been in any way influenced by this friendship. We believe this to have arisen from confidence in his wife more than indifference. When the prospect of the divorce became known, Immermann's heart beat wild with delight. The immeasurable distance between him and the object of his devotion was diminishing to a visible something which might possibly be overleaped. It was with feelings of the utmost exultation that he heard of her going to live near his family at Magdeburg; and as soon after her separation as he dared to make the proposal, he made her an offer of his hand, which she refused, assigning for a reason consideration for Lützow's feelings, whom she would not pain by uniting herself to another. About a year was passed in Magdeburg, in extreme seclusion, after which Immermann received a legal appointment at Düsseldorf. Once more he made Eliza an offer of his hand, and once more she refused him; but as neither of them could be happy without the society of the other, they formed a romantic compact of eternal friendship, each vowing for the sake of the other to live single and form no other tie. On these conditions Gräfin von Ahlfeldt promised to follow Immermann to Düsseldorf, as his 'sister, friend, guide, counsellor, and muse!'

The world is not generally very lenient to Platonic connexions; not very willing to credit them in full. Our authoress tells us that Eliza was superior to the world's opinion, and that of her real friends she did not lose one. 'They knew that nothing but what was "noble and beautiful" was to be expected from her.' We are willing to agree with her friends, and believe in the purity of the connexion, though we doubt the right that any woman has to tamper with her own good name, and to place herself voluntarily in a position which must subject her to such thoughts and comments as a modest woman would not willingly encounter. We doubt also if the constant presence of a woman whom he passionately loved,

* See *Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur im neunzehnten Jahrhundert*, von Julian Schmidt.

and to whom he had no hope of being united, had a healthy influence on the poet's inner life, and if it may not in some degree account for the morbid, unsound tendency of his writings.

In the meantime all was bright: Eliza was once more a heroine, she was the Leonore who was to wreath with laurel her Tasso's brows. In August 1827, she followed Immermann to Düsseldorf, and took possession with him of a pretty country house in the neighbouring friendly little village of Derendorf. The garden which surrounded it was full of roses; there was a white thorn hedge and busts of Plato and of Aristotle. It was a very home for a poet; and she was to be the muse, under whose fostering care the roses of the garden and the flowers of fancy were to expand into full and luxuriant blossom.

These were the palmy days of Düsseldorf: the fine old gallery had been removed to Munich, but it had become the seat of modern German art. In 1826, Wilhelm von Schadow had succeeded Cornelius as head of the Academy; the latter having obeyed the call of Louis of Bavaria, and taken up his abode at Munich, there to found and carry out, along with many others, that severely religious and historic school of painting, which by some strange contradiction found especial favour in the sight of that jovial and life-enjoying monarch, to whose genial patronage art is so largely indebted. No traveller, whatever his persuasion, can have entered the church of St. Boniface unmoved, or without paying tribute to the genius of Hess; and it is impossible to visit the palace at Munich without admiring the beautiful and classic illustrations of the *Nibelungen Lied* by Schnorr. Under Schadow's care a new school arose in Düsseldorf, less severely historic, more universal, and with less devotion to fresco painting than that of Munich. Lessing, Hildebrandt, Sohn, Mücke, Hubner, Bauermann, Schirmer, Schrödter, are names known and revered all over Germany, and some of them have sounded too in our isle. But of all German artists, two of their Munich rivals, Julius Schnorr and Kaulbach, are perhaps best known to us. The witty pencil of the latter smacks with

a satire relished by the English taste. He is more humorous than is common with his countrymen; and whether he deals in deep tragedy or light comedy, he has the rare dramatic power of expressing his emotions in the most explicit terms.

The earnest and beautiful Bible illustrations of Julius Schnorr speak a language common to all hearts. In our poor thinking, German masters are to be honoured most wherever their compositions are offered to us without the aid of colour; for which they seem, as a body, to have wonderfully little natural feeling. To this company of young artists must be added a list of men of letters, and of gifted women; and one can hardly imagine a more interesting society, where each day brought something new—its new poem, new book, new picture, new idea in some form or other, and where Felix Mendelssohn's enchanting music completed the charm. Here Eliza found all the excitement which was necessary to her nature; an excitement more congenial to her than the adventures and horrors of a campaign. Then, each day brought something to be endured, some sacrifice to make, some sad event, some dear friend gone—at best some triumph won by the life-blood of her countrymen. Now, each day brought its peaceful fruit, and was marked by a bloodless victory; and though posterity may not point out any giant among that band of young and striving men, still it was a time of very great produce in art, especially a period very influential in the history of Germany. We all owe Düsseldorf a debt of gratitude for the beautiful little cheap prints brought out by the Art-Union for the diffusion of religious pictures and the promotion of taste, to which Overbeck contributed so largely. Very tolerable small engravings of his fine drawings of the apostles, and other subjects from his pencil, may be had for a few pence. Some prints are reproductions of old gems, others by different modern masters, and all are of religious subjects; and though none perhaps equal those of Overbeck, the whole are to be considered as a great boon to the people.

Under such influences as we have described, Immermann's pen was very

productive. Most of his poetry was written there, under Eliza's eye, and with the full benefit of her sympathy and admiration. He brought out first 'Andreas Hofer,' then the tragedy of 'Kaiser Friedrich der Zweite,' the comedy of 'Die Verkleidungen,' 'Die Schelmische Gräfin,' 'Die Schule der Frommen,' 'Merlin,' the 'Epigonen,' &c., &c. His was a ready pen, and his works at the time much read. They now lie on the shelf, and in spite of the sparks of genius which break out every here and there, their tendency is so decidedly unhealthy and unsound, that we are not inclined to regret their having been promoted to the higher and less accessible shelves of the book-case. Immermann's legal office was infinitely irksome to his feelings, and, as the Germans say, his 'inner' and 'his outward life' were not in harmony.

Though our authoress has not a very brilliant pencil, still the picture she gives us of life at Düsseldorf is one of no small attraction. We have had the advantage of meeting some of the artists we have mentioned in their riper years, and can believe, that with all the energy of youth, and the excitement of daily development, their circle must have been in the highest degree brilliant and attractive. Immermann had a peculiar talent for reading aloud, and gave readings of various authors, in the same manner as Tieck was so celebrated for doing at Dresden and Berlin. A large *atelier* was placed at his disposal, and there were constantly evening meetings, where Shakspere, Goethe, Schiller, and lesser stars, besides the productions of the place and hour, were given with admirable effect. In illustration of the different pieces, the walls were often decked with cartoons and coloured sketches, contributed hastily by the artists; many of which were first conceptions of pictures well known afterwards, and which perhaps founded the fame of the master. The day had been passed in hard work, the evening was given to genial enjoyment and intellectual idleness; he who could speak the wittiest nonsense was the best received. Private theatricals grew out of these readings, and then a regular theatre, of which Immermann undertook the management. In this the

best actors of the day performed; and besides the productions of Immermann and the rest of the Düsseldorf clique, classic works, such as 'Nathan,' and the 'Braut von Messina,' &c., &c., were given; and Felix Mendelssohn undertook to conduct two operas, 'Don Juan' and the 'Wasserträger.' For each piece some artist now well known contributed a scene, and Mendelssohn composed some of his most exquisite choruses and marches. It was a rare union of poetry, music, and painting; and within the sound of all this joyous revelry, of all this earnest labour, rushed the mighty 'Father Rhine,' which every German regards with a sort of reverential love.

Here Gräfin Ahlefeldt spent twelve years as household goddess to her poet friend. Her father had been quite alienated from her, and refused her repeated offers of personal care and attention. His death placed her in very comfortable circumstances, though far from what had been her early expectations. Her first use of her riches was to secure a comfortable pension to her old governess, whom she loved and cherished to the last, and whose niece she had so generously adopted. As long as Lützow lived, he corresponded constantly with her in terms of the most exaggerated affection; and, as we said, insisted on an interview with her, for which purpose he travelled to Düsseldorf, and declared himself much the better of having even seen her. After this he was very urgent for her residing in the same town as he did; but she declined, and in 1834 he died. During all these twelve years Immermann repeatedly urged Eliza to marry him, and was especially solicitous after Lützow's death, which seemed to remove every bar; but she was firm in her refusal, and seemed to consider the six years that she was older than him a barrier as insurmountable as the idea of wounding Lützow's feelings had been. She knew her own heart better than she knew his, and never doubted that her sway over him would last for life. Immermann desired a more tangible bond. He made her one more offer, more passionate, more vehement than ever; but it was after he had already seen, during a visit home, a young girl who had arrested his attention; and

the moment that he received the usual reply from his friend, he wrote to Marianne Niemeyer, and was immediately accepted. The authoress bursts into amazement at his want of taste in preferring a youthful bride to a middle-aged friend. We cannot sympathize with her, and bow before the mighty power of youth.

Immermann, of course, found it unpleasant to tell Eliza that he did not find her friendship enough for him, and was going to marry a young girl of eighteen whom he had scarcely seen. So, as most men would do, he left it for every one to tell her except himself. This made the blow more painful, and made her more decidedly reject his proposition, that she should remain in the house as the 'motherly friend' of his young wife; an arrangement which, curious to say, many of the relations seemed to consider sensible and proper. Eliza had a great power of attaching men and women to her, and in this difficulty her friend Johanna Drefenbach came to her aid. She wrote her a very hearty letter, advising her to pack up and come to her as fast as possible; and the two friends set out for Italy together. We are not going to accompany them on their trip. Johanna is described as having been little, fat, and ugly; in a perpetual fever of motion; but good-natured, unselfish, and clever, and a very devoted friend.

Immermann's marriage took place as soon as possible. According to our authoress he was rather disappointed in his little wife, and did not receive from her the amount of admiration and sympathy he had been accustomed to, and missed her want of culture. It is not common in gifted men to desire very learned wives. During their bridal tour he took her to Weimar, where she expressed little enthusiasm at the performance of his play 'Ghismonda,' and at Dresden the gallery did not interest her at all, and Tieck's readings absolutely bored her exceedingly. The unreasonable man wished to have the experience and culture of middle age united with youth. So much did he lack Eliza's conversation, that he made his young wife write to her, and urgently beg her to come and live with them. But, fortunately, she was already on the road

to Venice. Though our authoress pities him so much in his married state, some critics consider that his latter works breathe a happier, healthier tone, which perhaps may be attributed to the presence of the dull little wife. His married life was, however, a brief one; he died in 1840 of an attack on the lungs; his wife had a few days previously presented him with a daughter, and in expressing his happiness in his child, he spoke lovingly of his friend, and died almost with her name on his lips. True to her impulsive nature, Gräfin Ahlefeldt wished Marianne Immermann to come and live with her; this the latter declined; but a singular sort of friendship grew up between these two women, cemented by one common feeling — attachment to the departed. With many natures this would hardly have been a bond to draw them together, but so it was; they corresponded all their lives. Eliza was very generous to Immermann's child, and Immermann's widow found her attentions soothing.

Eliza had a great capacity for friendship; she and Johanna remained constant till death, and lived together at Berlin, taking an active share in all that went on. We have left ourselves no place, neither are we inclined to follow them into Berlin society; we are all of us familiar with the names of many of its leading men, and here we would have space for a mere list. Both these singular women disliked solitude, and seem to have been well received in the most intellectual society. Leo Palm, one of Eliza's early comrades in the war of the liberation, took up his residence at Berlin, to be near her; and the gallant old general fought his battles over again by her side. To the last she had the power of attaching her friends strongly to her, probably because she felt strongly and warmly to them. So her life went on till, after bearing much ill health very patiently, she died in March 1855, a month which had been marked to her by many disasters, the death of both her parents, her ill-starred marriage, Friesen's death, and now her own.

We have seldom closed a more wayward account of human life, or one touching more chequered topics. It

is melancholy to think of a woman so happily placed, and richly gifted; with beauty, wit, talent, extraordinary power of pleasing, above all, most disinterested and high qualities, — a rare power of loving and being loved, having been wrecked thus. More sad than the heroine's ill-starred career, is the tone in which her biographer views all these rending of holy ties and home bonds, as a matter of mere commonplace. There are many points, it is our opinion, on which we nationally are less amiable than our neighbours. We are ready to undertake to prove, had we time,

opportunity, and a patient audience, that there are many domestic matters in which we are less amiable than the French; that English mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law are on a less happy footing than they are on the other side of the water, inasmuch as we are less dutiful and considerate towards age, and do not practise so fully the duty of mutual forbearance. Still, with regard to the old-fashioned ceremony of marriage, glory be to the memory of Darby and Joan, it is no such light matter with us as it is with our cousins-german.

STRICTURES ON 'THORNDALE'*

WE remember well reading, many years since, an analysis of Mr. Smith's drama of *Athelwold*, done, we think, by Christopher North, and the extracts in which betokened no common powers. Here he comes before us in a new aspect, and in the full maturity, if not in the begun decadence of his mind, proceeds to disclose to us his philosophical and religious opinions. Differing as we do in many important points, and *toto cælo* from these, we are now about to give our reasons for doing so. Ere commencing, however, the somewhat severe strictures we feel impelled to make on many of the doctrines propounded in this work, let us acknowledge, first of all, its great literary excellence. It is written in a style of subdued power and of artistic excellence; it is full in one place of compressed thought; in another it sparkles with rich fancy; and in a third, it spreads into a stream of interesting and pathetic narrative. It is essentially of the order of 'Imaginary Autobiographies,' such as Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, &c., but from the fact that several lives are related, it has the charm of greater variety, and produces a less morbid effect on the reader's mind. Apart from its author's religious opinions,

he appears to be an earnest and deep-thoughted man, a sincere lover of his kind, to be in thorough *rapproch* with many of the great, healthful movements of society, and to have given an exposition of his thoughts on the most important subjects, as honest as it is peculiar; frank, and yet totally free from fanaticism; sincere on his own part, yet not devoid of sympathy and tenderness for those who differ most widely in opinion from him. Such qualities, even when, as we deem in the present case, become dangerous through their mal-direction, are always entitled to recognition and respect, and they please us more than even the book's unquestionable knowledge, talent, and genius.

There is, after all, considerable difficulty in ascertaining which of the various opinions advocated in this volume are those of its author, and to which side of the conflict he ultimately inclines. There are several sets of opinions brought before us—that of the pessimist or thorough sceptic, Seckendorf; that of the optimist, Clarence; that of the catholic, Cyril; and that of Thorndale himself, who seems to hold the balance between them, being a kind of eclectic compounded—we can hardly say compacted—out of all the others. From the circumstance, however, that Clarence's confession of faith forms the closing portion of the book, we are

* *Thorndale's*; or, *the Conflict of Opinions*. By WILLIAM SMITH, Author of *Athelwold*, &c. William Blackwood and Sons.

disposed to think that his notions seem now to the author to approach most nearly to the truth.

Before going farther, let us notify the singular proof this book furnishes of the uncertainty and unrest of the sceptical mind at present. Here are various currents of opinion, all more or less opposed to the common Christian view, introduced into the picture, and painted as in a state of violent conflict with one another, and when the exhibition closes they are left conflicting still! It is true that Clarence's exposition of his creed comes last, and may be thought the writer's ultimate deliverance, but you are all through it somehow, as indeed the author seems to *wish* you to be, haunted by the tall, gaunt form of Seckendorf, and are constantly inquiring what will be—the sceptic—say to this? Clarence, Seckendorf, Cyril, and Thorndale seem all present and fluctuating, and not past or progressive moods of the same uneasy mind: and you cannot tell but the writer, who finishes this book as a philosophic optimist, might begin another as a daring denier, or as a mere Pyrrhonist, or as a humble member of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. When once a man leaves the sober, solid ground of Protestant Christianity, he is liable to be tossed to and fro between a hundred contradictory billows, and, after losing sight of him as a sceptic of bottomless incredulity, he often reappears to your view either a profound Fidianist, after the Puseyite pattern, or an Owenite, believing in human perfectibility, and expecting that an anti-Christian millennium is nigh—even at the doors.

The tendency of this work is, therefore, on the whole, to unsettle, perplex, and bewilder, rather than to guide, confirm, or enlighten. There is a lustre in it, but it is the lustre of an evening not of a morning twilight—cold, shadowy, and going down in darkness. It neither satisfies the intellect nor warms the heart; it only excites the speculative tendency and charms the imagination.

We think the author wrong, first of all, in his notion about beauty, and its necessary connexion with the moral sentiment. There is much truth, indeed, in what he says, that the earth grows more beautiful, as we grow

better and wiser; but there is no evidence that beauty makes men wiser or better. Some of the best of men perceive little beauty in the material universe, why it should be desired; and some of the worst have been its most enthusiastic admirers. Perhaps the most passionate worshipper of beauty that ever lived was Rousseau, who once sat down and wept when he saw the Alps reappearing to his view, and yet he was one of the most heartless and habitual of sensualists. Byron too, and Goethe, were intense lovers of the glories of the universe, while on the other hand, Dr. Johnson preferred the smell of a flambeau in Drury Lane to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, and the roar of Fleet Street to the wind moving the tall trees of Inveraray; and Jonathan Edwards had more delight in pursuing trains of metaphysical reasoning, as was his manner, while cleaving sticks for firewood, than in gazing at the woods of America, golden in the glow of the Indian summer. The perception of beauty is an affair chiefly hitherto of the taste and fancy, not of the heart or the spiritual nature, although when the culture of taste and imagination shall go on hand in hand with moral and spiritual advancement, the beauty and glory of nature will appear enhanced. Then, indeed, as one has elsewhere said, 'men's eyes shall be opened, both by culture and by the power of Christianity; they shall see nature as she is,' with many of her mysteries removed, and with many of them explained. They shall see her more with the eyes of loving children, and with imaginations purified and exalted, and shall be ready to echo the words of God, 'It is all very good.' Then the sun shall seem to their eyes to shed a softer, mellowed radiance; the moonbeam shall indeed 'pour a holier day'; the starry eyes shall lose that shade of sorrow which seemed to blend with the blaze of their glory, and be no longer a 'sad sight,' but look like 'watchers' and 'holy ones'—'watchers,' when the objects of their guardianship are safe; and 'holy ones,' whose holiness is reflected back upon them from a world where the very bells of the horses have inscribed upon them, 'Holiness to the Lord!'

Then the earth shall appear as an eagle renewing her youth ; and, while each day has become a better Sabbath than the first day of the week is now, THAT shall have become a day so beautiful in its hallowed rest, so serene in its united joy, and so glorious in that clear atmosphere through which its incense of universal praise ascends, that it will be literally a day of heaven.

But it is not, as our author intimates, merely through intercourse with nature, and moral culture, that men are to grow to the universal love of natural beauty. It is by a combination of causes, including increased knowledge, dispelling many of the mists of doubt and prejudice against nature's God which now prevail, cultured taste and imagination, and a general diffusion of true spiritual life. These may, perhaps, lessen the terror with which we regard many natural phenomena, and thus lower the feeling of sublimity, but they will enhance the perception of beauty. Indeed even already, as Ruskin remarks, there is far less fear than there used to be for sublime natural objects. The 'Virgin Alp' being now violated, has lost that cestus of awe which once bound her bosom. The climbing of Mont Blanc has been turned into a theatrical entertainment. Men speak coolly of 'doing' Ben Nevis and Snowdon—nay, the Peak of Teneriffe, and Niagara. And the Atlantic cable, when lately dropped into the ocean, seemed to rehearse the words, 'There shall be no more sea!' its mystery and terror being chased away. Part of this, indeed, springs from an irreverence which the more thorough amelioration of man must dispel, but part of it, too, arises inevitably from the progress of society. Grandeur, so far as it springs from obscurity, must lessen as knowledge increases ; but instead of it, there will arise other and finer enjoyments for the taste, and stimulants to the imagination. And although savage sublimity, and those illusions produced by the force of darkness and distance, as by the recesses in a large gloomy room, may pass from the earth, the gulf separating us from the stars secures the permanence of all their grandeur, and in proportion as man rises nearer to God, the awe and the wonder connected with His idea will

probably not lessen but increase, since we know that the angels in heaven who are nearest to Him, veil their faces with their wings and cast down their crowns as they exclaim—'Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts !'

Mr. Smith takes, we think, too favourable a view of science, in reference both to its effect on the heart, and the influence it exerts on the imagination. Without going Campbell's length in the lines—

• When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws ;'

and while admitting that the 'laws' which supplant the 'visions' have much beauty, we cannot homologate the statement that 'physiology and comparative anatomy have thrown a fresh grace over every limb, a fresh charm over every movement in the animal creation.' We think, on the contrary, that all such studies rather tend to add emphasis to the statement—'I am *fearfully* and wonderfully made,' excite doubt and terror rather than any feeling of æsthetic joy ; and, in proof of this, we remember that Arnold, with all his wide-mindedness, shrank back in dismay from the view these sciences open up as to the relation between man and the lower animals. In a sense, it is true that 'the more we know of nature, the more beautiful it becomes ;' but it is true also, that the more we know of nature, the more perplexing her primary problems become ; and although it has been said that the 'laws of disease and of death are as beautiful as those of health and life,' yet surely it is a lurid and ghastly beauty after all, a beauty that blasts you like that of an unhappy ghost, or the glory which may be supposed to linger on the brow of a demon. Mr. Smith, on the contrary, is enabled through the aid of 'chemistry (!) and the theory of vital growth,' to hear in the rustle of the leaves a 'murmur of the half-told secrets of all creation.' Let him listen on to eternity, and the secret, like the story of Cambuscan in Chaucer, will still be only 'half told,' if not plunged back into a yet more impenetrable darkness. Science seeks to exhaust the universe of its mysteries by counting, *seriatim*, the sand grains of which it is composed.

His chapter entitled, 'The Two Futurities,' contains his deliverance on the subject of immortality, and a very vague and cheerless one it is. He complains sadly of the 'weak reasoning' by which the doctrine of immortality has been supported, such as our desire of hereafter meeting our friends, lovers, or children, and so forth. Now, this does not pretend, properly speaking, to be reasoning at all, it is instinctive tendency, it is the beating of the wings of the unborn bird against the shell, and it has great, although not logical weight. And by what *strong* reasoning does he seek to supplant this? He says, 'A faith in God, and a habit of contemplating His existence, brings with it that earnest desire for a fuller knowledge of the Divine mind, and a more intimate communion with it, which irresistibly leads to the faith in immortality.' This, mark you, is no more reasoning than the former; it is just feeling, or as he calls it, 'earnest desire;' it is a feeling not, of course, to be found in atheists; it is a feeling not to be met with either in those who have ceased to believe in the Creator's justice or His infinite goodness; it is a feeling not so general, and not so dear to those who entertain it, as the desire to meet with friends hereafter; and it is a feeling, therefore, not so likely to be gratified. All men would like to meet their friends again, but the vast majority of the species in every age entertain no wish for a fuller knowledge or a more intimate communion with the Divine mind than they have had on earth.

Hear him next in reference to one of the most powerful arguments for immortality: 'The mere imperfections of our happiness here, our blundering lives and inequitable societies, our unrewarded virtues and unavenged crimes, our present need of the great threat of future punishments,—these do not, in my estimation, form safe grounds to proceed upon. They enter largely as grounds of a popular faith, but it would be unwise to build upon them, because to rest on such arguments would lead us to the conclusion, that in proportion as society advances to perfection, and men are more wise, and just in the same proportion, will they have less presumption for the

hope of immortality.' Yes! less presumption so far as they in that better era are concerned, but not in reference to the men and the society of the past. During the millennium, there will be fewer wrongs to be righted in the present, but what comes of the ten thousand inequalities and injuries of bygone ages? These have either been punished already in the future life, or still continue to cry for vengeance, and imply a retribution yet to come. Nay, we believe that the men of the millennium, from their superior purity and benevolence, shall be more intensely aware than we are now of the dreadful inequalities of the history of society, and more disposed to despise the sophistical cant which would persuade us that justice has always been fully done now.

Mr. Smith repeatedly speaks of the 'great threat of future punishments,' as if it had no foundation in fact, and were only a childish bugbear necessary to frighten mankind during a certain infantile state of their progress. Now, here we are ready to make a few concessions. We concede that the doctrine of future punishment has often deserved the name of a bugbear, not in itself, but from the hard, harsh, and objective manner in which it has been presented. There are passages on this subject in Jonathan Edwards, in Boston, and even in John Bunyan, which really seem now little better than common cursing and swearing. We concede that the expressions in Scripture about 'fire,' 'brimstone,' &c., are figurative. We concede, too, that some of those aspects of nature which have served to colour to exaggeration the popular idea of hell, had been too hastily considered, and too crudely generalized. Such are lightnings, volcanoes, earthquakes, sudden deaths, &c., which since they bring calamity on the comparatively innocent as well as the guilty, are now seen to involve no special wrath on the part of God. We concede, too, that love is and always has been a nobler lever than terror for lifting up the soul toward its Maker. But we cannot suppose that future punishment is an empty threat, useful for its day, although with no basis in reality,—cannot, when we remember how miserable God makes sin in the present

world ; when we remember the declarations of aroused conscience, in good as well as bad men's bosoms ; when we remember that the fear of punishment has produced the most salutary effects, in not only overawing men, but in bringing them to Christ ; when we remember that the New Testament contains statements on the subject stronger than any in the Old, that Jesus is sterner at times in His denunciations than Moses, and that with the glorious announcement of His second advent, there is always connected a vision of consuming vengeance on His obstinate adversaries—'fire going before Him, and it being very tempestuous round about him. The horror with which Mr. Smith describes certain minds as filled at the idea of future punishment, springs from the attempt to *realize* the thought, and is directed more against the duration than the fact. It is, perhaps, on the other hand, as he asserts, true that the doctrine has little effect in the present day ; but this may arise either from an aversion to the terms and the spirit in which it is usually taught, or because, with most who believe in Christianity, the mild warm lustre of its love has paled, though not extinguished, the flames of righteous anger—

'As Etna's fires grow dim before the rising day.'

Still there are many serious minds who ponder daily and deeply (and perhaps it were better for the Church did more do so) the words, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'

Mr. Smith, while unable to credit eternal punishment, seems quite as much opposed to universal salvation. He can hardly believe that the majority of men are to live forever. To him, as to poor Burns, this seems 'too good news to be true.' Thus he speaks :—'Not always do men seem worthy of living even on this earth, which one might imagine to be more like heaven than they are akin to angels. I raise my eyes from my paper, and what a beautiful vision lies before me ! The blue sky reflected on these ample waters gives me a double heaven—one above and one beneath me ; and these islands of en-

chantment, Ischia and Capri, seem to be suspended floating midway between them. And now the whole surface of the sea is glowing like one entire sapphire, on which a thousand rainbows have been thrown and broken. "Surely," I exclaim, "here, if anywhere, man might have been immortal!"

'Yet if I descend from my solitude, and pass through yonder neighbouring city, I shall find myself amidst a noisy, angry, quarrelsome multitude, each one of whom would think it the grossest insult if I doubted that he was an immortal spirit waiting to put on his angelic nature in "another and a better world." Pity he cannot put on a little of it here. What does this world want but that he and his fellow-men should be somewhat better than they are ?

The spirit of this extract is not to us very pleasing. It contains an unfair comparison and an undue preference of nature to man. Nature is very lovely, but is far inferior to the capability slumbering even in the lowest of these lazzaroni. Nature is dead in its beauty, incapable of either moral praise or blame ; it has always stood, because it never could have fallen. Each of these poor, angry, quarrelsome ones is a living soul—has fallen, but may rise again ; and the indignant answer put by the pitying and sceptical sentimentalist into his mouth, itself proves his native God-derived origin. He would, and would have a right to resent the gross insult implied in denying him an 'immortal spirit ;' and Papist though he be, and blinded though his ignorance is, there is more of the Divine in his figure kneeling at the Confessional, or before the crucifix, than in yonder Vesuvius unrolling his banner-fire upon the winds of midnight as a tongue of praise to the glory of God.

We cannot help contrasting Mr. Smith's feelings in surveying the bay and the city of Naples, with what would have been those of the apostle Paul or Jesus Christ, if either of them had surveyed the same scene. One glance of admiration would Paul spare to that transcendent landscape, and then, with infinitely more interest, he would turn his eye to the 'noisy, angry, quarrelsome multitude.' He would not start the question, 'Have

these men souls?' He would not say, 'What a contrast between that celestial prospect and these degraded beings!' He would cry, 'These men are perishing; I must rescue them from the horrible pit and miry clay; and I have in the gospel a panacea for their deliverance far more effectual than fine scenery or glowing skies. I will go down into the midst of them and proclaim the name of my Master; and if they will not receive my message, I have delivered my soul, and I can confidently leave them in the hands of God.'

How poor and puling the sentimentalism of the worshipper of Ischia and Capri seems, when compared to the fervid and self-forgetting practicality of the Christian apostle!

Mr. Smith finds his watchwords in three words, 'God, Immortality, and Progress.' Noble words truly; but our author's ideas of them seem exceedingly vague. God is the 'Divine Reason,' or the 'Divine Idea,' not the Father, Friend, and Brother of man. 'Immortality' is a dim deduction from the postulate of a dim Deity. 'Progress' is the natural and necessary development of the social organism.

It is of vast importance for every inquirer to have a just idea of the progress of society, and of God's plan therein. A valid theory of human advancement will not regard the ages as linked together in an iron chain of blind necessity, with each link of equal weight and blackness, nor see in them a chaos of everlasting and aimless fluctuations, nor view them as a current of partial brightness, strangely interrupted by blank chasms, which not only disturb the steady stream, but seem to render its progress a mere illusion; but will recognise in them a sublimed, calm, cumulative course of tendency, moving against innumerable obstacles and opponents, but whose pauses are only apparent—whose seeming blanks are but clouds disguising an interior 'line' of light—whose retrograde movements are usually coils in one mass of gold; will seek to trace that Divine ray, which, from the first hour of man's existence, has followed his course—pierced his dungeons—crossed his battle-fields—beckoned forward smiling from his scaffolds—touched the axes and the

flames of his revolutions with the glory of hope, and which is to shine on more and more until the perfect day arrive, and till its solitary beam at the gates of earth's evening mingles with the descending pomp of heaven; and will, in accordance with its belief in a Divine purpose, seek in all the good movements of society to see the presence of God,—recognising in it the wine-press of Divine wrath—the hall of Divine justice—the harvest-field of Divine goodness and love—the assignation point of Divine truth—the arena of Divine power—the school where presides Eternal Wisdom—the darkened stage where walks a 'God hiding himself' in his shrouded sovereignty, and the centre or meeting place of the whole wondrous throng of His perfections. Such views, which we deem essential to a proper theory of progress, are chiefly derived from Christianity, although some of them have been borrowed and mutilated by modern philosophers, Mr. Smith included. He and his school have derived from the Bible the grand old doctrine of the millennium, and have pictured it in very glowing and beautiful terms. But their pictures have somehow a forced and pilfered air, compared to those to be found in the ancient prophets. To some of them, too, although from this we except the present author, a certain voluptuousness adheres; and the love they describe prevailing is not the celestial but the terrestrial Cupid. Even with the purest and best of such speculators, how inferior their Utopia to God's 'new earth'! Liberty is universal, but it is the liberty of the time of the Judges, every man doing what he deems right in his own eyes; not the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Culture has done its best, and culminated in the 'universal diffusion of knowledge;' but grace is ignored, and without it, even with the most extensive refinement, what were the world but a volcano asleep,—its mouth covered with deceitful flowers? Truth has at last, they think, triumphed; its Membra, so long Disjecta, have been collected and bound up, all but the *Head* of the body, which is Christ. Worship is general, but it is the worship of the material creation, as identified, or nearly so, with its Maker; not

of the Invisible Father and the Divine Man. 'One song employs all nations,' but it arises to a God whom they call Life; not to the 'Lamb that was slain.' 'Tis a miserable dream that of a millennium, without supernatural power employed at once in introducing and preserving it. It is like borrowing the shadow of the Fiery Sword. How easy to show not merely the inferiority of the pantheistic to the prophetic view, and the plagiarism of the one from the other, but the impossibility, on merely natural principles, and by merely natural means, of such a fair vision being ever realized. Ask they the nature of man? It—unless you conceive it subjected to some preternatural change—casts ominous conjecture on the whole success.' Ask they history? It, read merely by Nature's light, is full of the most perplexing anomalies and contradictory currents. Ask they physiology? It has of late repeatedly intimated its belief that the human race is weakening and withering, and may by and bye perish from off the face of the earth; as, according to geology, many races have perished already, and as, according to astronomy, even worlds have disappeared from the map of the sky. The real conclusion of the nature-worshipper—the legitimate and logical deduction from his views should be despair; but lo! instead, he, like Clarence in the book before us, seizes on the spring-board of the Bible, and thence he bounds away upwards to some castle in the clouds—some edifice of we know not what beauty and splendour, but which turns out to be only a sickening and bewildering dream, cut off as it is from the only solid foundation on which such a speculation could be laid, the supernatural hope implied in Christianity.

The pictures given in this remarkable volume of Thormdale's childhood, youth, and disappointed love, of Luxmore the poet, and of Cyril the Cistercian monk, are admirable, not merely in execution, but as faithful daguerreotypes of various characters we meet daily, and who form conspicuous figures in that strange mosaic of which modern intellectual society is composed. But superior to all these, or to any character in the book, is Seckendorf, the German septic, who towers in his in-

tellekt, in the unity of his purpose, and in his gigantic stature, above the others, as Mount Pilatus, with his snows and shaggy forests, over the meaner hills around. He reminds us of Thomas Carlyle in his hopelessness, although not in his poetry and savage passion; of old Atheist in the *Pilgrim*, as having to advanced age sought for God, but found him not, although not in his malignity and hollow laughter; and of Godwin's Bethlem Gabor in his stature and supernatural eloquence of despair, although not in his treachery and fierceness. He stands up a vast mountain of scepticism, hoary on the summit, with a cold, rayless sun glittering powerlessly above, and with doubts, sarcasms, and sophisms dropping like avalanches, 'thunderbolts of snow,' down his sides for evermore. But all his reasoning is not sophistical. Nay, on merely naturalistic grounds, we think much of it unanswerable. If, as he says, 'man was set down here upon the earth with none to help him but man,' and has had none to help him since, then there seems not the slightest probability that he will ever become a happy or holy being. Seckendorf throws across the triumphant pathway of the world, as traced by his friend Clarence, three mighty obstacles, on which its chariot-wheels must stumble—labour, death, sex. His remarks on all these are strikingly just. So long as man and his world continue in their present relations to each other, there will be labour, and with labour a portion of evil, a stripe if not a cloud of curse. Concerning death, he says, 'A perfect morality in a world where there is death! Discipline thyself! For what? Choose the quiet and prolonged pleasures of temperance and self-denial? Quiet, very; but how prolonged? Sacrifice the present enjoyment for a greater one in the future! What future? When cold and half dead with age I shall have no capacity for enjoyment left me; or when a certain "politic convention of worms will be at the feast, and I shall have the honour of providing the banquet!"' As to sex, he states the difficulty thus: 'The power of woman over the imagination of youth grows with every advance of civilisation. Decorated with all the refinements of art, veiled by the deli-

cacies of manner and deportment, the cool leafage under which the fruit lies, tenfold more tempting to the eye, woman becomes the veritable siren or goddess of the young. This passion is one all have, and which a "very large proportion" cannot gratify in the legitimate bond of marriage. [He might have added that the bond of marriage often weakens along with the spread of civilisation.] Make for men any law you please, and suppose that it is faithfully obeyed (which is a most extravagant supposition), you have still only a choice of evils, for repressed passion is itself an evil of no little magnitude, reacting upon the whole temperament of the man in a manner not generally understood.'

Such difficulties Clarence on his theory cannot resolve, but the Christian can, at least if he admit, besides the renewal of the hearts of all men through grace, a theocracy or Divine dispensation on the earth. Such a view Seckendorf would probably treat as a still wilder Utopia than Clarence's dream of human perfectability; but he would respect it for its thorough-going character, and its consistency with the whole genius of Christianity. The declared intention of Christ was, that the 'will of God should be done on earth, even as it is also done in heaven.' And this intention, expressed in the Lord's Prayer, is one of those 'words' which are not to pass away, even though heaven and earth should. We need not dwell on the confidence the Christian—believing in God and in Christ, and in a supernatural and Divine energy, infinitely superior to the mere natural and demiurgic forces of electricity, gravitation, and galvanism, and the mere tendencies, passions, and faculties of man—has in contemplating the future. Nature, may be, as Pope has it, bound fast in fate, and unable to work out the apotheosis of the human race; but God CAN, and we, 'according to his promise, looking for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness,' are content to leave all difficulties, including those of 'labour, death, sex,' and the deeper one still, with which all three are connected, the depravity of human nature, to be resolved and melted down in the blaze of the New Revelation.

In no point do we value Seckendorf's criticism more than in the reply to Clarence's declamation against the 'great threat' of future punishment. Take the following specimen: 'You would mitigate the terrors of a future world. How often must I tell you that the great hope you are so solicitous to preserve, is bound up in one common life with the great fear you seem equally desirous of extinguishing? When there are no longer any wicked men to punish, there will be no longer any good men to reward. If there is no final irrevocable sentence for the one, there is no final permanent beatitude for the other. If you open a new trial-scene for the wicked, you open it also for the good. Your *above* is a correlate of your *below*. The religion of Utopia is to have no Tartarus. Utopians will need none, will supply no souls to people such a place, no class of men who are emigrating that way. Well then, your people of Utopia must also dispense with their eternal Elysium. If Fear depart out of Religion, it is not long after that Hope will remain.'

Poor Clarence, sorely perplexed by Seckendorf's superior acuteness, and his unflinching pursuit of their common principles to their necessary conclusions, nevertheless attempts a rally, and the last 200 pages of the volume are filled with his rejoinder, entitled, 'The Confession of Faith of an Eclectic and Utopian Philosopher.' We once intended, and may perhaps, on some future occasion, make out our intention of criticising at length this confession, a confession to which, we are afraid, as many distinguished names would now be appended as to the original draught of its famous Westminster predecessor. We might deal with it either by a succession of notes and queries *à la Seckendorf*, acting in some measure as drags on its sweeping assertions, its imperfect generalizations, its gross assumptions, and the lamentable results to which it leads, or we might oppose it on broader and more Christian ground.

With Clarence the whole universe, in its history, is not merely superintended by God, and its evils overruled by Him for good, but is all the development of a 'Divine idea.' Consequently there is no such thing as

Sin; there has been no Fall; there is no Saviour in any peculiar sense; there are no miracles, only one miracle, 'Creation.' War, slavery, and all other evils, as we call them, are right in their places and at their times; nay, everything is, has been, and shall be right, if not in itself, yet in its relation to the great whole. The crimes of past generations were the 'dung to fat the land' of our present civilisations, and were, properly speaking, no crimes at all, and far less blunders; but very useful 'developments of the Divine idea.' This theory, we need hardly say, is not new, nor has Clarence brought forward a single new fact or argument in its behalf, his 'Confession' being just a hash up of a hundred German or British authors, and its cardinal doctrine having been far more ably defended and illustrated by the late Rev. James Smith, in his *Divine Drama of Civilisation*. What comfort it can give to the labouring intellect, the sick conscience, the weary heart of humanity; or what hope it can supply as to the future, when confessedly its God in the past has been the author and inspirer of every sin and scandal, every blasphemy against himself, and every cruelty inflicted on his image in man, we are wholly unable to tell. To many, we suspect, Mr. Smith's 'Divine Idea' will appear little else than a ridiculous, detestable, and devilish FARCE.

It is with a feeling of deep unfeigned sorrow, that we are now about to bid our author and his interesting and very

suggestive volume farewell. We grieve not merely for him, but for a very large class whom he may be said to represent, who, having turned away from the morning twilight and the pregnant hints of the religion of Jesus, are wandering in 'sparks of their own kindling.' We grieve the more that science, art, and philosophy, as at present pursued, all tend to confirm them in their delusion, and that few men of commensurate genius, and profound Christian conviction, are arising to disabuse them. And we grieve more still, that the faith and hope and love of Christians, which ought to form (till the convincing and final demonstration come) the main arguments in our favour, are so feeble and formal and cold. There is one thought which may, however, furnish a melancholy consolation to us, as it is a dire deduction from the cause of our opponents. Their position *ministers misery* to them; it is enfeebled by their own distracted counsels, and cannot, therefore, be very long maintained. We appeal again to the book before us in proof. It verily furnishes us a peep, however unintentional, into the 'confusion of King Agramant's camp;' shows every man's sword turned against his fellow, and there appears no cement amidst the jarring elements, save a common dislike (and even *that*, with such characters as Clarence, Seekendorf, and Thorndale, is feeble and fluctuating) to the peculiar claims and Divine authority of Christianity.

GETTING ON.

CHAPTER IX.—SOMETHING WHICH MAKES WILLIAM JONES RUB HIS KNEE WITH A VENGEANCE.

POOR Mrs. Morgan was dying by inches of that terrible disease, that worm that dies only with our death, that spreading, gnawing, devouring agony—the cancer. I think God in his wisdom and mercy has given to men some foretastes of future punishment, that they may be alive to its terrors and shun them. The bickering and continual hatred of those who hold our homes, the sullen monotony,

the hard unfeeling tyranny of prison life, and this wasting malady, seem to be such foretastes. Yet He gives a cure with the pain in this life, which we shall not have in the next; a double cure—hope and habit.

Poor Mrs. Morgan hoped. She saw the release and the happy land before her, yet for her daughter's sake she wished to live even in this agony. Habit, too, at last inured her to the

pain, and she settled down to an invalid life, doing nothing indeed, yet raising her daughter by the meekness, the patience, the gentleness she showed in her distress. And so she taught this child to love and to bear. So she taught her the value of life and what under the worst circumstances we can make of it, if we use it thankfully, and with these thoughts she conquered the wish to die.

She had contracted this disease chiefly under the cruel treatment of her husband, for her delicate frame was unfit for that tyranny which so many poor women have to endure and do not, cannot, die under.

Women have their own ambition. A great part of their love begins in admiration. Thus they always look kindest upon men in some sense or another higher than themselves, whether in mind, in character, or in worldly station. It is almost unnatural for a woman to love beneath her. She must never have occasion to despise, for contempt with her casts out all love. Not so with men. We despise weakness, and yet love the weak. Women must see some strength in the object they love.

Mary Davenport had been driven into marrying her father's gardener. Of two evils she chose what seemed to be the less. Compared with Mr. Eden, the pet of a hard unflinching father, who loved nothing on earth but position and money, the young good-looking labourer with his manly bearing, his unassuming respect, and his honest face, shone out a hero, to a girl strictly watched and allowed none of the outlet which English girls must have for their high spirits. She scarcely loved this young man, though; how should she, except because he was the only person who was kind to her at that time, and that from making use of him at first, she came in time to make of him a confidant of her sorrows. And so she married him, and for a time was happy enough in this new struggling life, happy in hopes never realized. Then came the cruel persecution of her father and Mr. Eden; then despair and anxiety drove this husband to the beer-shop, and from that to crime, and Mary Morgan was left to toil for her little child, but left with a disease the seeds of which her

husband's drunken blows had sown in her delicate form.

Kate Morgan on the other hand aspired. She would have been content perhaps to love, and may be marry the honest labourer who alone of all the villageful had been kind to her, if the young squire had never crossed her path. But she could not help loving one who seemed so very good, so very noble, though she knew it was useless and hopeless, and struggled against it. But to struggle against a passion is precisely the way to increase it, and the poor girl revelled in dreams about the great happiness of such a love, if it were possible.

'Where on earth are you going to?' said Phil to Daisy as he met him one day hurrying across the path with a bottle of wine under his arm, and not at all ashamed of the burden. 'Is there some mysterious pic-nic going on, or are you bent on pledging one of the lovely long-nosed Pullens in rosy bumpers? Surely she would be satisfied if you "drank to her only with thine eyes." She should not ask for wine. Or leave a kiss—'

'Don't be an ass, my dear fellow. But to tell the truth there are eyes in question which I would not scorn to pledge. Do you remember the little peasant-girl whom we rescued one day from too intrepid swains?'

'Ah, my cunning Amadis! And so it is not enough to greet her tenderly at the church-door in the eyes of the people, but you must fain play Bacchanal to her Bacchante. A pretty moralist you, to elevate the masses.'

'You do me injustice and force me to confession. No, her mother, poor thing, is, I hear, dying slowly of cancer, and I am going to take her this. Ta-ta, poetaster.'

'Villain, avant! as they say in the novels of the *Family Herald*. Go, worthy Christian, and revel in your works of love, but Heaven forbid I should go with you. If there's a thing I hate, it is the sight of disease. Send her to the water-cure, it has done wonders for the governor.'

So Phil strolled on, finishing his sonnet to Harriet's cold cruel eyes.

'Have you seen my brother, Mr. Trevelyan? Papa is asking for him,' said that young lady as Phil entered the study, a hat and gold cane in one

hand; in the other crushing a paper on which he had written down the new trick of his fancy.

'Your brother, fair creature,' he murmured, with assumed abstractedness. 'I met him whilom, with eyes of some good saint, catching the beams of heaven, bent on good works, visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and, ha, ha! with a black bottle under his arm which would have roused the wrath of a score of Cardigans.'

'Really, Mr. Trevelyan,' said Harriet, peevishly, 'I wish you would use your influence with my brother, and induce him to be a little more considerate to my father's foibles. Imagine that the butler has just thought it his duty to tell papa that Mark applied to him for a bottle of some peculiarly old port.'

"But let it not be such as that
You set before chance-comers,
But such whose father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers."

'Did he address the noble son of plush in words like those, dear Harriet?'

And Philip sat down by her, being in his most poetical mood, took her hand, and looked full-moon love into her eyes.

'It is quite absurd,' continued the utterly indifferent beauty; 'as if any wine wouldn't do for poor people, if he must be always bothering them with his visits, which I'm sure they don't wish for. But you don't know papa's peculiarities, Mr. Trevelyan, and of course to have his cellar disturbed annoys him, and—and his temper—'

'It is indeed a sacrilege to stir the sawdust of a score of winters for any but an Anacreontic feast, but love must plead where pity has no voice. You judge the young apostle too severely. Fair eyes,' staring into Harriet's, 'are such a cynosure, that the benighted sailor through this life sees not how they lead him straight to the rock of papa's frowns, ha, ha!'

'What nonsense you persist in talking! What have fair eyes to do with the matter?' And she turned down her own, as she began to be sensible that fair eyes play a far more important part in life than is generally thought.

"Bright eyes looked love to eyes that looked again," murmured the inveterate quoter, looking love enough into hers. 'But to say truth, the young apostle has some excuse. This widow has a daughter; this daughter has the face of a Madonna. This Madonna was one day rudely assaulted by country bumpkins who saw no divinity in this face. These bumpkins were dispersed by a young cavalier, a Perseus ready at hand, who drove them shame-faced back, and bore the maiden off in triumph. This Perseus was your brother. Do you see, heart; do you, seeing, understand?'

'Oho! the same person then that he spoke to at the church door? And you know all this and do not attempt to stop it, Mr. Trevelyan? It must be looked to.'

'Forgive me, fairest, and listen to my lay.'

Whereupon the good, but affected youth, who was always more or less in this state, except when roused by any great emergency, languidly smoothed out his copy of verses, and mouthed it out to Harriet, asking but not heeding her criticism.

Lady Lorimer might well wonder why young Trevelyan did not offer to her daughter, but Harriet was too cold to care for more than this tender attention. Phil had no idea of anything more. He looked forward to marriage, as one does in a novel, as the grand, stupid terminus to some *grande passion*, which has run through all the vicissitudes which true love (and false love, too, at times) is doomed eternally to experience. Meanwhile he must either love or play love, and for the rest he cared nothing. The best point in Phil's character was, that he never 'talked sense.' All his opinions were too broad-cast for him to descend to an interest in any ordinary topic. The beautiful or the ludicrous struck him at times, but his most serious remarks went off in a quotation or snatch of satire. To read, to write, or rather scribble; to talk wild nonsense, hiding at times some new-found wisdom of his own; to make love where he might; to feel a general warmth to most, but indifference to all save a few whom he hated strongly; to be kind, useless, ornamental; to

shine in the world, wherever that might be; to be loved and admired, were his occupations and his cares. He was loveable enough. His beautiful, effeminate face, his warm extravagant manner, his really good heart, called out your affection in spite of yourself, but there it ended; there was no stability, no tangibility about him. You never knew him, never *had* him.

Perhaps cold, proud, sensible Harriet knew all this, and allowed his nonsense without expecting more than admiration.

Meanwhile Daisy had found Mrs. Morgan in bed, suffering terribly. Her face, which he had already seen so worn and wan, was now an awful picture of decay. All flesh seemed gone from the hollow cheeks, all power from the muscles of the mouth, which hung listless and motionless; the long, thin, delicate hand was clutching restlessly at the bed-clothes. Mark knew this was a sign of coming death, and yet in this disease death is always at hand, yet always delays to make the last step forward.

She seemed a little annoyed at first at his coming, so very little disturbs the sufferer under this decay, but this soon changed to pleasure. Her voice had become low and hollow, and Mark had to stoop to hear her incoherent words.

'It is kind of you to come,' she murmured. 'The time is dreary, but I am getting better.'

A vain hope this, but the poor mother elung to it.

'I have brought you a bottle of port,' said Daisy; 'it will do you much good.'

'It is very kind, but see.'

She turned her eyes to a bottle which stood on a little shelf above the poor bed.

'Some kind friend,' she muttered, 'has given Kate money.'

'And mother has a pillow now, you see, sir,' said the good girl, pointing to a large pillow, which however was not of eider-down. 'We have everything we could want.'

'Would you like me to read to you?'

'Yes; but —'

'But what?'

'It will trouble you too much.'

'Not at all.'

So he read from the Best Book, and the tones of his voice, subdued and rich, seemed to soothe her.

When he rose to leave her, Kate stole out and joined him in the small outer-room.

'I am much grieved to see her so ill,' said Mark. 'But I hear Jones has been here and given you a part of the money.'

'A part; oh, sir, it is a very large sum. And now I am certain that it is your gift.'

'Have I not told you it was not, child? Do you think I would deceive you?'

The girl looked down.

'Does she know about it?'

'Yes, sir; and being so ill she did not ask either the amount or where it came from. I told her that some friend had sent it through William Jones; and as we needed it now more than ever, she made no objection to my keeping it.'

'That is well. Then, when that is spent, I can give you the rest, and she will not know anything more about it. She must have wine as often as you can persuade her to take it, and an egg beaten up in it—a fresh egg. You can buy these things now, Kate.'

He had never called her Kate before, and she flushed up with pleasure.

'Then I need not say that you must never leave her, and I shall send a doctor to you myself. Meanwhile, you must give her all your care.'

He moved to go.

'Shall you come again, sir?' she asked diffidently.

'Again! of course; every day.'

'Oh, sir, how good of you! It does poor mother much good to see you.'

'Keep up your spirits. She will rally, I daresay, in a day or two. Good-bye, poor child.'

How tender those words to poor Kate's ears! How they echoed there through the long night, as she lay in the other wretched little bed, snatching momentary slumbers, yet fearing to sleep soundly lest the sufferer should want her.

From that time Mark became a daily visitant at the cottage, though he never brought any more old port; for Harriet had spoken to Lady Lori-

mer, and Lady Lorimer to Sir Tattenham; and the baronet, who was too much afraid of his honest son to storm at him, had grumbled at his folly, as he thought it, and told him very plainly, that if he had any nonsense or philanthropical humbug in his house, Mark had better go and live elsewhere. To which grumbling Mark had replied very respectfully, that he would take care that his affairs did not annoy his father for the future, but that he must be permitted to do what what he thought best.

Meanwhile, over the sick-bed of the sufferer, there grew up a confidence and friendship between the poor girl and her benefactor. Her meekness and gentleness contrasted strongly with the women of his home, and in her zealous watching of her mother, denying herself rest, and growing weak under it, altering visibly, he saw a goodness which delighted him. Add to this, that her face seemed to grow more beautiful to him daily, and her love to him could not be wholly hid, for all her striving to conceal it; and no wonder that Mark began to think often of the peasant girl.

Many a time, as he walked slowly back through the Park from Deadman's Cottage, he asked himself why he should not make this girl his wife.

'It is true,' said he, 'that she would be scarcely a companion to me. She is ignorant, little educated, and has seen nothing of the world. What she would see of it would frighten her, and she would become a mere log in society. But what do I want with society, or of what good are my theories if I do not put them into practice? Shall I find any girl in my own class who has seen as much of suffering, and ripened under it into so much goodness, patience, gentleness? It would be a bold stroke indeed, and one worthy of a man with my ideas. In myself I should protest against caste and prejudice. Through her I should know the uneducated and lower orders well. It would be the first grand step forward in my work. And what is my work? Oh, this vagueness! Oh, that my yearnings would take some definite form, that I might know what I wanted to do, since now I only

know that it is good and great, whatever it may be.'

He did not know that this very vagueness was the safeguard of his ambition. Old men are too apt to reproach the young with the wideness and loftiness of their indefinite aspirations: young men are too apt to dread the ridicule of the world, and rush into something definite, which, after a time, they find a totally unworthy object, and to which they lower and contract themselves, till from good and great desires, they fall into mere partisanship. To young men I would say, Put no bridle on your Pegasus; time will put the bit in his mouth; let him fly, and, though for a while he may seem only to bear you through realms of sky and past castles in the air, he will settle in time on the summit of Olympus; while, if you check his course, you will find him turn as commonplace a steed as any that ever wriggled in and out of the omnibuses beneath the lash of Hansom No. 0001. Never be ashamed of aspiring indefinitely after the good, the useful, and the beautiful. You will then be ready to espouse any cause that you hear calling loudly for you, and for which your talents and preparation fit you. But the moment your yearnings are bounded to some special object, they stand in danger. Men will laugh you from the attempt before you begin it. Others will anticipate you, and you be left objectless. Furbish your arms then, and be getting them on, so as to be ready at bugle-sound to take the field against the most dangerous foe, wherever your musket will be most needed.

Mark knew that he would need a wife in any career. He would want a closer companion, confidant, and friend than any man could be. His wife, too, must give herself up, as he did, to working good in whatever manner, nor expect him to sacrifice God's work for her love or even her comfort. He wanted a wife who should not be a mere lady, but one who, if need were, would see his whole fortune sunk in his undertakings, and not murmur; one, therefore, who knew how to bear poverty, and would be able to do so if called upon. He wanted a wife who would be devoted to and believe him; one whose judgment would be

submitted to his, and whose prejudices and pride would never thwart him in his great undertakings. In short, he wanted a wife such as Mahomet found in Kadijah, who, as Gibbon says, 'believed his words and cherished his glory.' The young ladies of good society could never have sacrificed the opera for such a life; the country misses, if more demure, would be absorbed in High or Low Church, or cling to the old institutions of county families, good birth, good breeding, hunting, shooting, and dinner parties, and a husband who departed from these excellent barbarisms would be unbearable; the middle class he despised, for it either hung on to the skirts of the classes above it, or, affecting to despise them, wasted its energies in striving to emulate them. Certainly the peasant girl would have been easily moulded to all his wants. It was true that a *grande passion* was very delightful, and this he could not feel for one who, to a moderate beauty, added no loftiness of character, no brilliance of mind, no depth of soul; but he asked himself if, for his requirements, it were not safer to be free from such an absorbing influence as a *grande passion*. Being a boy too, he thought to be much in love was boyish, and therefore despised it.

But when he came to inquire more minutely into the necessities of marriage, he doubted gravely whether he could live happily with a woman who had neither mind nor education sufficient to be a companion for him. True, he knew that woman's part was to love rather than to think, but then if he made a marriage merely of reason, he must look to all contingencies; he must suppose it possible that he might fail in his grand projects or even sicken of them, and that in advancing years he might require one to solace him and even raise him, while this child would for ever lean on him and he for ever have to uphold her; he must look forward to the possibility of sickness, not bodily only, but mental, and mental malady demands a mental cure, the sick mind requires a strong mind to recover it.

But the deciding argument against such a match was the rupture which he saw that it would cause between himself

and his father. Now, though he knew his father's faults, he had still the natural filial affection for him, and still he endeavoured to cultivate that respect for the parent which has been a command of God and nature from all time. He knew well enough that nature alone was not a mistress to be obeyed, that the love of parents is only an instinct shared by man in common with brutes, and that the mature man, like the mature beast or plant, separates himself from the parent, and becomes a responsible, individual, independent being. But the command of God had lent a new authority to the law of nature, and if he despised the instinctive, he must respect the Divine.

Still this child grew towards him and seemed to lean upon him, and he knew her love, though she strove hard to hide it. So he finally agreed that it was better to wait and leave the issue to Providence, and, in the meantime, it would do no harm to educate her after his own ideas.

This work of education he therefore zealously began. He became a daily visitor at the cottage, and passed hours in talking to Kate, when, by reading or otherwise he had procured a temporary sleep for the sufferer. He trusted to talk to educate her more than anything. She listened eagerly to his words, which soon assumed the form of discourses; her thirsty ears drank in what to her was the nectar of his mind, and, when she discovered that he had the development of hers in view, she readily and gratefully lent herself to his object.

Then he brought her books. He began with history. He wished her to know the land and the world in which she lived, and to bring her out of her own tiny sphere. History, too, was the easiest and the most interesting reading for a young mind.

He had but to express the wish that she should read, and she did so diligently. She had already received some kind of education, and this was the groundwork of his preparation. Then he drew out her taste; taught her to love God's handiwork, which men called nature in their atheism; taught her 'to see divinity in grass, and good in all things. Then, to make her think, he questioned her on what

she read, and so became the school-master to his future wife, for so he had become accustomed to think of her.

'Does my teaching weary you?' he asked one day.

'Oh, no, no!' she answered eagerly.

'But would you not much rather be talking with—with—let me see—say with William Jones?'

The poor girl hung her head a moment, and then, raising her eyes, looked reproachfully at him.

'Do you not like William Jones, Kate?'

'Yes; I am grateful to him. He has been a good friend to us, before we knew you, sir; but now it is so different.'

'Do not call me *sir*! I am not really better than you. In the sight of our one Father, child, we are all alike—all erring, foolish, wayward children, whom He loves and coaxes, and blames and forgives, and spoils with His mercies. There is no such thing as a difference of classes. The nearer we approach to God, the more we shall learn that these distinctions are of human and silly invention. The only real distinctions are between good and bad. The good are above the bad, and deserve respect from them, but birth or wealth gives no such place. Call me Mark, if you will.'

'I dare not,' murmured the frightened girl.

'Dare not! Are you afraid of me, Kate?'

'No, not afraid, but I know there is such a difference. I know you are so much better than I; that I am so worthless.'

'Poor child! I honour this humility, but it is misplaced. You are really much better than I am. No human soul is worthless to begin with—'

She looked at him then as if a new truth had burst upon her.

'And yours is purer than mine; more good in all respects.'

'Oh, no, no! you are all good.'

'Ah, my poor girl, you do not know me; you do not know how many a sin of pride could be laid at my door.'

'I do not believe it; I cannot believe any wrong in you,' and then as if ashamed of her fervour, she hid her head on his shoulder. Already it

seemed to have found a home there, so that her love and her confidence must have grown much.

'But honest William will make you a suitable husband,' urged Mark somewhat cruelly.

'Perhaps he is more of my station.'

'More than whom?' said Daisy provokingly.

The poor girl was much confused; involuntarily she had unveiled her secret thoughts.

'I—I—mean that he is fit for me, because though my mother was a lady, she has brought me up to belong to my father's class.'

'But I tell you that there are no classes; that these are the delusions of men's minds; and that we are all alike, only differing in opportunities, and powers, and education, not in heart or real value.'

'I believe you, then.'

'And to what should your belief lead, if not to look upon me as your equal in all things; to receive from me what I have to give; what my opportunities have given me, I mean such knowledge as I have, as a free gift? You cannot tell, child, what you unconsciously give me in return, what of strength you add to my character. When I feel that your happiness depends in a measure on me, I become doubly responsible for you, that is, as well as for myself; and this responsibility draws out the latent powers of my character, strengthens its sinews, gives me a fresh field of resolve. When the elm feels the young ivy scrambling round his knees, and clinging to his outer bark, do you think he does not, as it were, discover his new importance, and refill the fountains of his sap? It is a lesson given us by God, child. Through all His work we find types and symbols of our own life.'

She looked fondly into his face, but knew not what to say.

'Will you think of me then as your equal?'

'Oh, I cannot. I know you are so far above me.'

'But if I ask you to do so?'

'I will try, if *you* wish it.'

This devotion, this confidence moved him deeply.

'Good child!' he murmured, looking into her pretty upturned face. It

seemed beautiful to him then, and for a moment he loved this girl for all the love she bore. Already his arm had stolen round her waist. He drew her closer to him, and pressed a kiss upon her willing cheek.

When they turned, a great stout figure darkened the doorway. There, stupidly looking on, stood honest William Jones, the distant setting sun behind him throwing out his figure in full relief. He doffed his pudding-hat respectfully enough as Daisy passed out.

'Well, Jones,' he said, struggling to press down a feeling of shame which he despised, yet could not conquer, 'how are you? We shall see you at the school to-night, eh?'

'Ay, ay, sirr.'

And Daisy walked rapidly on, blaming himself for having shown anything more than a common interest in the poor girl, and blushing to think that he should be the rival of the honest labourer.

'Yet why not?' he asked himself, savagely switching down the ferns in the park as he hurried across it. 'He is every whit as good as I; why not rather be his rival, than that of some affected lisping fop glorying in the silkiness of yards of whisker, or of some young block of a curate, the pet of the spinsters, the darling of the parish? Yet I might be the rival of worse than these if I loved some girl in "society." A curse on society, and caste, and the humbug of respectability! I *won't* let the world swallow me up or swamp me. I *will* hold to my own convictions. I will glory in this pride that makes me hold the simple ploughboy as high as the well-dressed loungeur; ay, and higher too.'

Meanwhile Kate, far more ashamed, poor thing, than her master, had rushed at the bellows, and plumping down on her knees, was blowing the fire as if her life depended on it. William stood rubbing his knee a minute, doubtful what to say.

'How's mother to-day?' he asked at last.

'She's a little better, thank you, William. Won't you come in and please to sit down? I must get a drop of broth ready for her against she awakes.'

How uncommonly civil she was to

the poor lad! He stumped in and sat down rather ill at ease, and began sedulously to rub the place on his corduroys, which by this time was become a good deal whiter than the rest.

She still blew the flames up, but the glow on her face was as much that of shame as of heat.

'I knew un 'oul be like this,' said William, in a melancholy tone.

She answered never a word. Puff, puff, puff.

'Didn't me say to you as much, lass?'

Puff, puff, puff.

'And you swore the young squire would never go to do the like?'

Puff, puff, puff.

'It doan't matter to me; in course, it doan't; only if he be a-coming to keep company with un, why then—'

Pooffa, pooffa, pooffa.

'It's a' no use for the like o' me to be hanging about. I doan't care, not I. There be lasses enough and to spare, and some as doan't look as high as others—'

Poohoof, poohoof, poohoof.

'Only when a young squire comes a-courting a poor girl, it bain't marriage as he thinks on. It's no business o' mine, but it bain't wise for a poor girl to be too easy to them sort.'

P'hoof, p'hoof.

'And maybe she'll repent it when he have had what he wanted.'

Down went the bellows, and up started the girl, red now with indignation.

'How dare you, William? How dare you go to think such a thing of him, or of me either? Is this your gratitude, for all that he's done for you? as if the like ever came into his mind to think of. Oh, William, you know it ain't true. You're vexed, William, and you don't know what you've been a-saying. He, indeed, so good, and so true as he is; and me, what do you think of me, then, if I can't take care of myself? If it's only for this that you come down here, to speak against him and against me, I'll tell you my mind,—you're better away.'

'Well, I be going then, where I see not wanted; and may be I'll be a long time coming again. You've been kind to me, lass, and I've been kind

to you, as was in me; for I bain't a rich young squire, as can bring what he thinks fit, I see only—'

'O William! how wrong you talk.'

'Well, I see sorry if I guv offence, but it do vex un to see a good girl, as was free to be honest, going the wrong way.'

'For shame! you impudent fellow. Do you think I'll stay to be suspected like this? Keep a civil tongue, or you'd better be off.'

The lad rose sadly enough to go, and the indignant girl, turning her back upon him, began rubbing the inside of a saucepan rather glumly.

'Good-day, lass,' he said, lingering.

She rubbed away, pouting and frowning.

'Won't un say good-day for the last time?'

Not she. Never was saucepan cleaned more thoroughly.

'There's the sun going down, lass. It shouldn't leave me and you angry. It's the Bible says it. Doan't let the sun go down upon your wrath—their's the words. May be you nor me might be took away this blessed noight, and then it'll be too late to forgive and forget.'

Still she was unmoved to all appearance.

He lingered a little, most unwilling to go like this, but she kept her back turned to him. Presently, with a great gulp, he said: 'I be a-going, Kate!' and walked forward. But when he got to the door, he had not the heart to go any further, and stood waiting and looking out at the red and gold clouds, which lay in bars unmoved over the moving sun. Daisy had taught him to see beauty in the sunset. Often and often he had looked at it before, and thought nothing of it; but Daisy had compared it to a dying man, and the clouds to angels hovering round him. The simile was not very original, but it gave an association to the passing away of the day; and it came up in his mind at

that time, and with it brought better thoughts of the 'young squire' than he had had a little before. Then he thought bitterly of this girl, that he had learned to love so honestly and simply, and the thoughts and the sight made him sad.

Presently he felt, as he looked, a hand upon his shoulder. He turned a little and saw the face of Kate looking up into his own, quietly, sadly rather, and the eyes filled with large swelling tears, ready to run over.

'Don't think me unkind, William,' she blurted out, 'but this is all a mistake about Mr. Lorimer. It is, I assure you, only his kindness, only his love for everybody, that makes him seem to love me a little more than wise. But he don't meanit, William, indeed hedon't; and I know he is too good to think of me anyhow but just kindly. So you must not blame him, William, nor me neither, and you mustn't take on. Don't be angry with me. I can't tell what I should do without you, William; we have friends few enough, God knows, for me to be fooling the best of them away, and you are the best, that you are.'

William did not know what to say. The sight of tears made him feel sheepish, and he would have taken to the patch on the knee for comfort, but that his doing so would have made him slip from under the arm on his shoulder, and this made him feel more awkward still.

'William,' continued the girl sadly, 'it won't do to be foes with you. Who knows but what the young squire himself might go away and forget us poor folk, and where should we have a friend then? No, William, you must not forsake us.'

'I'll not forsake thee, lass!' cried he, drawing her to his great honest breast, and half-inclined to cry himself; 'naw, not though a dozen of young squires kissed thee all day long.'

And so the poor lad's jealousy was smothered for the while.

CHAPTER X.—MR. CRISPIN DOES HIS DUTY.

Now, I don't want to shield Daisy, or, because he is my hero, to make him out a saint. I must confess that if he did not mean to marry this poor

girl, come what might, he was wrong to go down to Deadman's Cottage so frequently, when he knew that the child was giving him her good pure

heart in all its simplicity. But those among us who have known the great joy of being loved will understand the temptation. Add to this that he had thought seriously of making Kate his wife, and he still thought of it, and hoped in time to be able to overcome the obstacles that we have pointed out, and it will be admitted that his conduct was not so very wicked. Yet Daisy himself often thought of this, and would say: 'I should not dream of acting dishonourably to any girl in my own class; why should I do so to this poor child? She can feel, I doubt not, as keenly as they, and she has no brothers to horsewhip me, no "world" to condole with her, no "society" to brand me and oust me as a dishonourable man; not that society often does that, but that it ought to do so with those who trifle with maidens' hearts.' And thinking all this, he became more and more convinced that it was his duty to marry Kate Morgan.

This was decided for him in due time.

His visits to Mrs. Morgan, and the careful education of her daughter, for which he had her consent and her gratitude, now occupied a great part of his day and almost all his attention. It so happened that the hour at which he generally left the cottage was that at which William Jones could manage to come down there, and he often met him, and now talked to him without reserve about the Morgans, his interest in them, and his education of Kate. Mark was above any jealousy or ill-will to his humble rival; on the contrary he warmed towards him, but of course he never told him his own idea of making the girl his wife. Kate, meanwhile, was kind enough to the lad, but did not attempt to deceive him; and William, though no longer anxious about Kate's safety, began to despair of recovering her affection.

One day as Mark left the cottage he saw William leaning against the railings, as if waiting for him to go. An unlucky thought flashed across his mind. He had a slight sense of the ridiculous, and he thought it so ludicrous to see one lover waiting till the other had done, as it were, that he could not help bursting into a laugh. He did his best to turn it off, but William noticed it, and of course mis-

interpreted it. 'Oh!' thought he, 'he ain't content with stealing un's sweetheart, but he laughs at what a fool he have made of me.'

This thought was wormwood to him, and instead of going into the cottage, he walked up and down for a few minutes, nursing his angry feelings.

A man who, unperceived by either of them, had been pretending to cut his name on a tree a little way down the lane, but had really been watching the cottage, came up to him. He was dressed in a neat suit of black, and had a long, thin, dark-looking face, with a shrewd twinkle in the eye.

'He's a nice young feller to go a courting pretty gals,' said the individual, pointing with his head to the direction in which Daisy had disappeared, and speaking in an accent known better within Temple-Bar than in the western counties. 'I wonder what the parson would say to him!'

'He? whoa?' asked William sulkily.

'Why, young Mr. Lorimer, to be sure. I suppose he comes down here pretty often, eh?'

'A deal too ooften, that's the truth.'

'And I guess it isn't the old female he comes to see, eh?'

'It's no business of mine. If the lass is fool enough to be gulled by the like of he, so she may, and be hanged for me.'

'Do you think he'd marry 'er?'

'Er says he would, but him's too wide awake to say ought about it.'

'Of course he'd tell her that he meant to marry her; but we all know what that means, don't we?'

'Noa,' said William, true to the last, in spite of his rancour. 'I du believe he'd do her no harm; but her's a fool, he'd never marry she.'

'What makes you think that, my fine feller?'

'A young squire marry a poor girl! Who ever heard the like?'

'But you know he has some rummy notions.'

'Ay, may be he might go to do it,' said the lad sadly.

'Which wouldn't suit your book?'

asked the other, perceiving the melancholy tone.

'Oy! oy! se well nigh over-given the lass. She's too fine for me.'

'That would be a pity. Such a fine

young lad as you, now, ought to stick to it bravely.

'And so I will; but what's the good? He's here every day, and I can't come down above three times a week.'

The individual in neat black chuckled to himself. This was just the information he wanted.

'Ah, and he manages to stay some hours, I daresay, which you can't.'

'Ay, that he do, half the day pretty nigh.'

'Well, if I was you, I'd come down every day,—never mind your work,—and sit there too as long as him. Phaps you'd find it worth your while. Phaps the squire would be glad if you could prevent his son a-gettin' too spoony on the young female. Good-night, my fine feller, and better luck to you.'

So saying, Sir Tattenham's valet, for it was he, strolled away to make his report to my lady, quite satisfied that he had gained all the information necessary.

From that time Daisy was watched, though he did not guess it, by Lady Lorimer's orders.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Morgan was better one day and worse the next. It was evident that the disease was now making rapid strides. One day Daisy found her terribly sunk. She was groaning most piteously, and plucking continually at the bed-clothes, while her poor daughter stood by, scarce knowing what to do. Her limbs, too, were now swollen to a fearful size, and in the huge mass that moved so restlessly outside the counterpane, not Eden himself could have recognised that once admired arm of Mary Davenport.

An egg beaten up in port wine revived and calmed her a little, and for some moments she seemed to be thinking. At last she quietly asked Kate to go into the other room, and shut the door after her, while she spoke to Mark.

'Mr. Lorimer,' she said, when they were alone, 'I have long wished to speak to you. In my long nights I have been thinking a great deal, and the result of these thoughts weighs upon me now. I can no longer deceive myself as to the state of my poor life. I see the end approaching, and I would that I saw it with real thankfulness.

But the past as yet unreconciled, and the future unprovided for—. Stay, I know what you would say—. Let me speak out first. You know, I believe, some things about my past history. I do not even now wish to recall it; but I may say to you that, in spite of all things—crime and misery—which have darkened it, I do not regret a step which has brought me to lead a more suffering, yet undoubtedly better life than I must have led, if I had been less wayward many, many years ago.'

She paused, for the great tears rolling down her withered, wrinkled cheeks stayed her words. After a little she resumed more calmly.

'There are three persons with whom I have some connexion, and with whom I would give whatever I had to be at peace, yet I know this is impossible. My mother, thank God, died before that terrible time came. I had long been my father's sole charge when I married. I have no doubt that my father loved me in his own way. If he was cruel to me at times, it was from his great anxiety about me. I used to say that I could never forgive him his persecution of my wretched husband; but I thank God that this suffering, and I must add your teaching, has at last rooted out this evil feeling. My husband—is a convict.'

She looked strangely at Mark as she said this.

'I knew it,' he said, interpreting her look.

'Ah, he told you that too? Well, no matter; perhaps he was right. My father's conduct was indirectly the cause of my husband's crime. In some three years his sentence will expire. I cannot hope, I know I cannot, to live till then, and yet I have prayed for it, for I looked forward to welcoming him, to—reclaiming him, if possible. There was much, much good in him, and this crime was his only one.'

Again she paused and dashed the rolling tears away.

'Lastly,' she resumed, 'there is Henry Eden. About him I have one question to ask you. I know, from several hints you have unwillingly given me, that he spoke to you about me. I do not care to know what he said, perhaps it was as charitable as

it could be; perhaps he now pities me—but no matter. I have noticed that Kate, during my illness, has been supplied with money from some mysterious source; at first I thought it was from you—

'No, it was not.'

'But I have since got an idea that Mr. Eden sent it. Can you know, and will you tell me if this was the case?'

'I do know the donor, but I am under promise not to divulge his name.'

'Well, I will not ask you to break a promise for me. But I think I may rest assured that Henry Eden sent it. Perhaps you think it strange that I should have used it, suspecting this, after what I once said to you. But I have since learned that that pride was false and wicked. Besides, if he wished to make some amends for the share he took in ruining my husband, I have no right to prevent his doing so. It may have comforted him. Will you have the kindness to prop up my pillow?'

When this was done, she continued:

'Heaven, Mr. Lorimer, has sent you to us to make my last days calm, if not happy. You have been most, most kind. Indeed, I dare not dwell on your kindness, for—for—'

The poor creature sobbed. How beautiful are those tears which kindness to the wretched calls up!

Mark looked down.

'I have done very little,' he muttered.

'I know not—of course I cannot in any way repay this goodness. I know you are too good to think of it. But I am confident such mercy is not forgotten in heaven; and my prayers, if my prayers can avail, have been, and to the last will be, for your happiness. But I have no right to all this, and still less to expect more from you; and yet I know not—for you are now our only friend. The few friends of my girlhood, whom I believed so true, forsook me—naturally enough—when married. I have never heard from or seen one of them since; then the poor lad, who first befriended us, has lately, Kate tells me, hung back, I know not why, but it seems very natural. So to you I look for all the service that I can hope for on earth.

May I ask you one or two favours to a dying woman?'

'Anything and everything,' answered Mark sincerely.

'Thank you, thank you! Well, then, first, there is my father. For years I have heard nothing of him; but I believe he is alive, and living somewhere abroad. His daughter's disgrace, as he thought it, drove him from England. I would ask you to find out, from Mr. Eden, where he is, and to write to him, for I cannot do so myself. Tell him that I died with many comforts round me, and with a friend to take care of me. Tell him that I have forgiven him everything, and that I believe he has forgiven me. Tell him, too, that my daughter remains, but that I have brought her up in her own class, and that she will earn her own living. She must not be a charge to him. Tell him I died at peace with him.'

Again the choking tears.

'Then, again, as to my husband. I do not know what chance there is for him; but will you promise me that, if ever you hear of him, or come across him, you will do your best to reclaim him? This is a great deal to ask, but there is so little chance that you will ever hear of him—at any rate in England—that I may be asking nothing at all. I have always forgiven him. Indeed, I did him more wrong than he to me. Lastly,' she added, drawing a letter from under the pillow, 'that is for Mr. Eden.'

'Rest assured,' said Mark, 'that it shall reach him, and that all your wishes shall be fulfilled religiously.'

'Ah! you do not know what you promise, for I have not nearly done yet. There is the future to look to. I think I may still live some weeks. You know that I suffer much, and think it strange that I should wish to live on; but you forget whom I shall leave behind me, without a friend or protector on earth. For her I must live. I can almost repine at God's will, which leaves her so utterly alone. Ah! you do not know, Mr. Lorimer, how we two have clung together, and what a strength that poor weak girl possesses, and has used for me rather than herself. You have seen her nurse me so tenderly; you have seen her grow paler every day, and I fear the

poor child is far from well ; but, thank heaven ! she has a free light heart of her own. But you have not seen her through these last four or five years, toiling incessantly, and without a murmur, to help me, and indeed to gain our bread. You have not seen her stitching away to any hour of the night, that she might take the work back and receive the few shillings for it, without which we must sometimes have starved. And then after all, perhaps, her thoughtless employers have blamed her work, and tried to beat her down ; and she has come home, and said nothing about it for days, and been just as cheerful as if nothing had happened, singing to make me happy. Then, too, the poor child has been subjected to much insult—to much unkindness from our own class ; because it somehow came out here or there that I was “a lady born,” as they called it, and we have left place after place to escape a kind of jealous malice from the poor. You may smile at me for saying that she has sacrificed her position on this account ; but it really is so. I brought her up from the first as a peasant, as nearly as I could ; but I wished to give her the best education I was able to give, and this raised her unconsciously above her class. Then when she was a girl, and before my husband left us, she discovered from his foolish taunts what I had been, and for a long time she cherished this up, and had some hope of regaining my lost position, poor child, in her simplicity. Well, she has given up this entirely. You notice, I daresay, that to you she speaks almost as pure English as I or you ; but when she talks to those of her class, it is very different. Indeed, she has been the solace of my life, the angel in my house, and the only tie which made me value life.

‘She is indeed loveable,’ said Mark earnestly.

‘And you can well understand, Mr. Lorimer, how anxious I feel about her ; how fearful it is to me to look forward to the time when she will be utterly alone in the world.’

‘She shall not be alone ; indeed she shall not,’ interrupted the young man vehemently.

‘Ah ! there you speak like yourself. You see, while I am alive, she could

not leave me, and I have always opposed the idea of her becoming a servant. I think the temptations in that position are very great ; still they are not so great as those of a girl living alone, and supporting herself by needlework ; and I see no alternative for her after my death. Now, sir, if you among your many friends and acquaintance could find some one who wanted a hard-working, thoroughly good girl, who would be zealous in the service of any one who was kind to her ; if you knew of any one who would take care of her, and look after her, you might, in recommending her, do a kinder act than any of the many kind ones—’

‘My dear Mrs. Morgan,’ interrupted Mark, ‘be certain that your daughter shall not for a moment be deserted. I have some idea—’

He was going to speak of his long-cherished projects, but dared not as yet.

‘I mean that my plans for her are as yet unsettled ; but I have taken a deep interest in her, and have determined that something shall be done for her ; something, I hope, better still than going into service, and something of which I think you would approve. In a day or two I shall tell you my plans.’

‘Ah ! if I live. But I feel that I shall live ; I feel much better now already, as if this conversation had roused me.’

But even then the poor woman sank back exhausted by the excitement.

It was but a step from the one room to the other, but in walking that distance Mark made up his mind how to act.

He found Kate washing up plates and cups. He was accustomed to this now, and far from being disenchanted at the sight, he was pleased to see her in that part which he thought so became a woman, the tender and brightener of home. Some women are proud to put on their husband’s slippers for them ; why should they be ashamed to wash his plate and cup, if need be ? Far better, at least, than lolling listless and peevish on the sofa.

‘Kate,’ said he, taking his stand at the fireplace, ‘come and talk to me.’

Gladly Kate wiped her soapy hands, and came to his side.

‘I have been talking to your mother

about you. It is right that you should know that she has not many weeks to live.'

'Oh, do not, do not say that!' she cried.

'Heaven only knows. With her disease she might linger months yet; nay, she might rally, and be up again for a long time; but it can only be to suffer. You would not wish her to suffer, Kate?'

'But oh, she must not, must not die! Oh, sir!'

'Well, let us hope on. But still we must prepare for the worst. We have been talking of what is to become of you when she is gone.'

The poor girl looked down. She had often thought of this alone.

'Your mother, Kate, has begged me to take care of you, and I will do so.'

He paused, and she still looked down. Then, passing his arm round her, he said in a low voice:

'Kate, would you be my wife?'

She looked up a moment, doubting if she heard aright; but his look was unmistakable.

'I—I!' she cried joyfully. 'You do not mean me—your wife?'

'Why not?'

'Oh, I am quite unworthy!'

'But since—'

At this moment there was a knock at the half-open door. Kate started aside with her face all roses, and cried: 'Come in!'

The sleek cattish figure which had stolen there so silently had been at the door for the last two minutes, and the smile at what he had heard was still lingering round his arid mouth when he came in, without removing his hat; for the Rev. Mr. Crispin did not think this civility was necessary to poor people.

Mark bit his lip with vexation, and the poor girl could not cover her confusion.

'May I come in?' he said with oily emphasis.

'O yes, sir! Mother has been wanting to see you. Please to come in and sit down while I go and tell her.'

'How is she to-day? Better, I trust?'

'I think she is a little better now,' said Mark, wishing to say something.

'Oh,' replied the curate, not looking at the young man.

'She expressed a wish to talk to you,' said the other.

'Oh, very good.'

Daisy took up his hat and stick to go. Kate returned from the bed-room.

'Mother is ready, sir. Please to walk in.'

'Good-bye!' said Mark to Kate. 'I shall be here at the usual time to-morrow,' and he walked out rather annoyed.

When he got into the lane, to his surprise he found the curate by his side. He was one of those men who make no noise in walking, and seem to glide sneakingly in velvet slippers over the earth.

'You have not seen Mrs. Morgan then?'

'Not to-day. Are you going this way?'

Of course he was. Why did the idiot ask?

'My dee-ah young friend,' he began, though there was a very slight difference in years between him and Daisy, 'I may take this opportunity of communing with you on a subject of a very delicate nature. I have been much pained—deeply pained indeed, as we all should be—to hear a rumour whispered in the village which affects your reputation.'

'I may as well tell you,' said Daisy bluntly, 'that I never listen to the tittle-tattle of village gossips.'

'But, my dee-ah young friend, you would surely be unwilling that an erroneous impression should go abroad concerning you, and, I fear, be by too many credited?'

'If my conscience is pure, people may think what they please of me. I don't care one jot for the opinion of the world, and I am not likely to care for that of a small country village.'

'But there may be some whose good opinion you value.'

'But they know me too well to believe any silly nonsense about me.'

'I trust so, my dee-ah friend. But, alas! our greatest zeal may sometimes be turned against us by the foes of the Church. It is better to temper even our best acts than to give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme.'

'I should prefer converting the enemy to relinquishing what my conscience approved. But I cannot imagine to what you refer.'

'I would gladly have left it to others to tell ; but seeing you this evening at the cottage of this most unfortunate young person—'

'What on earth do you mean?' said Mark vehemently.

'Pray be calm ; pray be calm. Your life has been so well known to me—your saintly works, your devotion to the Church, your true appreciation of the dangers which beset her in this heretical land—that I have never for a moment credited the rumour. I have had too many slanderers in my own poor attempts, not to sympathize with you ; but still, I say, you have acted somewhat incautiously in allowing your good works to be invested with even an appearance of carnal interest.'

Daisy started back in anger.

'If you mean that any vile detractors have hinted that I have any wrong intention in my visits to this poor family, I wonder you are not ashamed to repeat it.'

'Do be moderate ; pray do, my very dear friend. I do not for a moment suspect you. But you must acknowledge that you have given some slight colour—'

'Sir !'

'I mean in the frequency of your visits. Then have you not spoken to this most unfortunate young person in a manner to lead her to believe that you intended to marry her ?'

'Well, sir, and what if I have ?'

'This is a very grave error ; for, of course, you could not dream of such a union.'

Mark felt that if this had not been a clergyman, he must have knocked him down. For a moment he could not speak for indignation, but he managed to get the better of his anger, and replied, haughtily :

'I do not know what cause I have given you, Mr. Crispin, to suppose me capable of a lie.'

'Dear me, dear me, I scarcely meant that. Do not take me up so sharply, my dear sir, but we all know that young men will be young men, and that such offers as these are only the guise—'

'Once for all, I tell you, sir, that I will not be suspected of any such villany.'

'Well, well, I am sorry you are so

hot-headed. As your priest, I thought it incumbent on me to speak of this ; as a friend, indeed, if nothing more, I should have done so, but I confess that that excellent man, your father, is your natural guardian, so I shall commit the matter into the baronet's hands.'

'With my full consent,' said Mark, very warmly ; 'I have only to beg that you will state the case to him as it is, and assure him that it is marriage, and no other thing, that I have in view.'

So saying, he struck away across the path. He had need to think over all this, and cool his angry feelings, and so while he strode along under the huge trees and the cawing rooks, he left it to Mr. Crispin to make his way to the great house.

The dinner that day passed in the most ominous silence. Philip had left Painswick a day or two before, and Daisy had no inclination to talk. Lady Lorimer and Harriet never opened their mouths, and Sir Tattenham only did so to address some sharp remark to the servants.

Mark would fain have gone to his own room when dinner was done and the ladies had retired, but as he rose to do so, Sir Tattenham said, with a most severe intonation—

'Stay here, sir.'

Daisy returned to his chair.

'Crofton, fetch me my check-book and the ink,' said the baronet.

'Do you wish to speak to me?' asked Daisy, as the man disappeared.

'I do.'

There was then a silence till the man returned, and this was continued while Sir Tattenham wrote out a check for one hundred pounds. He then passed it to his son.

'I wish you to leave Painswick to-morrow,' said he, curtly.

'As you wish, father, but where am I to go to ?'

'Where you like, sir ; you shall not stay here to disgrace my house.'

'Disgrace your house, my dear father !'

'Ay, sir, corrupting the daughters of my parishioners. Do you suppose that I haven't long seen through your philanthropical humbug ; your psalm-singing canting ways, sir? Isn't it enough to have a son who's afraid to

go out hunting or shooting like any other young man in his position, without having you sneaking down at all hours, like some low methodist, under pretence of converting the poor people? What right have you, sir, to interfere with my parish at all? What right have you to throw that reflection upon me, as if I did not take ample care of the parish myself? You're not a parson, and I never intended you to be one. You will, if you behave, have quite enough property without taking the miserable position which I was forced to do, as a younger son, and all I want of you, is to leave my duties alone and attend to your own; to be a man, as your father and grandfather, and all the lot of us were before you, instead of a sneaking sanctimonious—

Sir Tattenham couldn't finish his speech for very rage.

'I am sorry, father,' said Mark, calmly enough, 'that you should take such a view of my character, but I can excuse it, as I well understand that you are annoyed that I should think of marrying beneath me, as you hold it.'

'Marrying! by the Lord, there's no fear of that! I am not such a fool as to be taken in by that pretence. Thank heaven, you can't marry without my consent. Thank heaven, the entail was cut off years ago, and you have not a penny in the world but what I choose to give you.'

'But I can work,' said Mark, quietly.

Sir Tattenham was purple with fury at his son's coolness.

'Work, indeed, can you? a gentleman's son—my son—to talk of work! I suppose Mrs. Morgan has been discoursing on the felicity of low matches. I should have thought she had had enough of them, after breaking her father's heart, and driving him from the country by her disgraceful conduct. But I have no doubt she would like to get you for that—'

A vile word was on his lips.

'I beg, sir, you will not speak disrespectfully of Kate Morgan. She may one day be your daughter-in-law.'

'Leave the room, sir, you impudent young puppy; and leave my house to-morrow, until I choose to have you back. I shall take good care that you do not return till—'

But Mark was already gone, gone to wander about the park in the dark, blaming himself for not having soothed his father, hating himself for being at war with his own flesh and blood, and yet indignant at the calumnies heaped upon him.

A little later Sir Tattenham was consulting privately with Mr. Williams, as to the best way of getting rid of his obnoxious tenants.

The next morning when Daisy was lying in bed very wretched, not knowing what to do, and forming a hundred different plans as to whether to retire while the paternal wrath lasted, the following grave epistle was brought him:—

'CH. CH., Oct. 25, 18—.

'What a fungus-headed, smoke-whiffing, beer-besotten sybarite you must be, old cock, to go vegetating on, like an owl in an ivy-bush, in those western wilds, instead of being up here for all the fun. First of all, by the hind-leg of St. Nimrod, you'll be too late for the opening meets if you don't make haste. Thompson's show on Monday, and the South Warwickshire on the 6th. The prophets, unlike those that we had to get up for Greats, prophecy unto us good things for the season. I've bought a new mare with a pair of hocks that would lift her over the roof of St. Mary's itself, if we ever had a chance of drawing the Proctors in the convocation coverts, and hunting the shy old beasts round the town. Wouldn't I be in at the death, that's all, and hang up the velvet instead of a brush. That wicked old port-swigging, spittle-licking censor of ours says it ain't becoming for a man to hunt more than once a fortnight, just before he goes in for orders. I told him I did so for my health. "Oh!" says he, looking at my silk gown and velvet cap, the fawning beast, "that's quite another matter. I daresay you are so accustomed to this manly exercise, that it would injure your constitution to forego it at once; still I hope you don't intend to become a hunting clergyman." "I'll give it up in the ember-week," says I, "but that's all." All the same, if I had been Brown, Jones, or Robinson, instead of a swell, he'd have played quite another toon, old boy. I suppose you go in for the

same kind of thing now, you old hypocrite. I heard of your parsonifying down West, and don't believe in you any more than I do in St. Anthony. For I likewise heard that, as we all suspected, there was a damsel in the case. Who should I meet the other day but that powerful, curly-pated, poetizing swell that was up here last commemoration with you—Trevelyan, ain't he—son of the man what writes the "soul-stirring romances?" Of course he didn't tell me anything about your doings, oh, no! Then we've got some swell father abbot, all the way from Rome, Gavazzi, I fancy they elep him, with a budget of bulls that would make Pio Nono's hair frizzle with premature singeing. They say there's to be no end of a shine at the town-hall about him, as all the long-coated tribe are to hiss and pelt last year's eggs, and other little amusements; and that fellow Glee of Magdalen 'All, who got the Newdigate last year, has indited some stupid verses *not* to his honour, which are to be circulated among the High-Churchians, who are to sing them to a Gregorian when the monk opens his chatter-box. I, and Fyennes, and Mylord, and a couple more gold tassels, to say nothing of Brockhurst, are going to kick up an opposition row, and if I don't come home with Master Glee's scalp, or rather tonse, in my pocket, my name isn't Nebuchadnezzar. I wish you'd come up and help us, you old sermon-boiler. By the way, if you really do mean to don the white choker and M.B. "vest," you had better come up to-morrow. The divinity lectures begin on Wednesday, that is, old mother Margaret's, as we call Heurtley, and the son of Jacob goes in for a dose of prayer-book in the Lateral chapel on Monday. Do come, old Snake-charmer, we want some of your fun. I've got a wine to-morrow, and the gold tassels will be difficult to amuse, because one can't screw them, they're afraid of my father the duke, and my mother the marchioness, hearing of it. Some of your old originals will make 'em fancy I'm a literary swell, fresh from Paternoster-Row—that's where they live, ain't it? I won a fiver from Dalziel yesterday at Bullington. Come and help me to spend it.—Yours as usual,

'PUGNACIOUS GOE—*minus*.

'P.S.—I've told Toby to have a fire in your rooms every day till you come; so, unless you want to burn a ton, you had better make haste.'

This was from the Hon. Tremenheere Pretful, a young gentleman-commoner of the House, as Christ Church, Oxford, is magnanimously styled.

'I'll go,' said Daisy, jumping out of bed. 'Those Divinity lectures are just what I want. I shall get them over in three weeks, read hard for a month, and so be ordained at Christ-mas.'

A pretty preparation for Holy Orders, forsooth!

Of course there was no alternative but to obey his father and go, or to quarrel yet more desperately with him. Daisy well knew Sir Tattenham's disposition, and that it was hopeless now by any amount of humble pie, which, for the matter of that, he was ready to eat, to recall his decision.

Lady Lorimer, too, took a very decided view of the case. She feared, she said, that this was no mere fancy of a young man who was idling his time away in the country. She knew Mark too well to think that he did not seriously mean to marry this low person, and he not only did not deny it, but urged every kind of argument to support his resolution. She began with reasoning, but, soon finding her boy too strong for her in that line, she took to the regular woman's argument, and whined out: 'You will break my heart, indeed you will; you will disgrace our house; you will bring your father and me to the grave. Marry this creature, if you please; if, after all the refinement in which you have constantly mingled at home, your taste is sufficiently vitiated to permit you to form such a degrading connexion. Marry her if you will, but never hope to see me happy again. I shall not reproach you; I shall not oppose it. You are your own master, and you can do as you like, but you will make me wretched for life—for life, Mark.'

How could any son stand such an appeal?

After all, thought he, 'they may be right. I might soon weary of a wife without any education, and a mind naturally bounded by the shallow experience of her life. At

least I can try the effect of separation. Her affection may be only the simple result of the attention of a man of my class ; mine I know to be founded so purely on reason, that counter-reason would annihilate it in an hour.'

He could think like this to himself ! hem !

From Harriet he neither expected nor received the slightest sympathy. His intentions to poor Kate, whether honourable or not, were equally contemptible to her. In fact, like her father, she might have overlooked it, if he had wished to wrong this village maid, called it a youthful error, and passed it over ; but to marry her ! to bring obloquy and shame on the family of Lorimer—oh ! oh ! oh !

Daisy had long thought of the service of the Church as a field for doing good, and now he looked to it more than ever.

'If I can be ordained by Christmas,' thought he, as he strolled down to Deadman's Cottage, 'I shall be independent of my father. It behoves me to consider her every whit as much as him : "Therefore shall a man leave father and mother, and cling to his wife," said an inspired man. If I see good for my soul and for hers in such a match, why should I risk the safety of both for a father's whim ?

Poor Kate was waiting him with many hopes and fears. Had he been serious ? Would he resume the interrupted conversation ? Did he really mean to marry her ? Could it be that he loved her ? Oh, no ! this was impossible. Still she dwelt rapturously on the hope. What a joy, what glory to be the wife of such a man ; and oh ! she knew now how much she loved him. But she dared not hope for it. She kept it all in her own bosom, scrubbing the floors, and washing the dishes, and lighting the fire, and nursing her mother ; this thought, this vague hope was ever present with her, like the angel with Tobias, and her life seemed utterly altered, utterly new, and ten times more happy than in her most thankful moments. But she would not tell her mother yet, lest she should disturb her and add to her anxiety.

He came full two hours before the appointed time. The poor child was still in her working dress, dirty and

untidy from washing and scrubbing, and she felt quite ashamed of herself, for the first time, when, on going into the garden, she saw him coming slowly and thoughtfully down the road.

'Oh, Mr. Lorimer !' she cried merrily, 'come in and see a miracle.'

Daisy entered and found poor Mrs. Morgan sitting up by the fire, terribly weak and wasted, but still sufficiently rallied to be sitting, propped up by pillows. The sight comforted Mark, for he now felt less sorrow in leaving the poor woman, since he thought she might recover a little and live on. But he would not vex her with his good-byes, so he beckoned to Kate to come out into the lane.

In a few words he told her that he was forced to leave Painswick, perhaps only for a few days.

That was enough. She clung to him in spite of her timidity ; put her head on his breast and wept, oh ! so bitterly. In vain he tried to comfort her, saying that he would write, that she must write to him, that he would be back, perhaps, sooner than he thought now ; that he would not forget her ; that, if she would be his wife, he was ready to make her so ; that his going to Oxford would hasten this ; that it was not a separation, only an absence of a few days, and what not.

'Oh, no, no,' she sobbed. 'You will never come back. I know it. Oh, me ! oh, me !'

And there she was clinging to his arm and weeping piteously.

In that green, shady lane he advanced step by step towards the park, saying everything he could think of to comfort her, and she holding him fast, as if her life went with him. Then he kissed her tears away, and then they came afresh, faster than before. Then he swore oaths, and vowed that his tongue should cleave to the roof of his mouth sooner than he forget her, and then more sad tears and never a word from her. He talked, and she wept ; and, at last, with an effort, he tore himself away, and left her looking through her tears after him, long after he was out of sight.

Now, she has wiped them away with the back of her hand, and returns to the cottage almost calm. All that

day her mother sees nothing. Kate is as active, as gentle and attentive as ever. But, when night has come, and Mrs. Morgan is laid again on her deathbed, the poor girl comes to her

side, lays her head on the pillow, and, bursting into tears, cries: 'Oh, mother, mother! my heart is breaking, breaking, mother!'

CHAPTER XL.—INSIDE ONE OF OUR 'NOBLE INSTITUTIONS.'

Twenty years ago when the hero of a story went to Oxbridge or Camford, for in those days nothing dared be called by its real name in a fiction, minute particulars of his progress were entered into. John Thomas brought out the trunks, and stowed them on the paternal dog-cart. This vehicle was driven with some lesser adventures to a certain inn past which the coach was to run. The ostler, the landlord, and the stray bagman or vagabond in the parlour or tap, were all minutely painted in pre-Raphaelite style. Then came the coachman, with whitey-brown top-coat, red, or rather purple proboscis, and a manner that united the contemptuous and facetious in agreeable proportions. Young Hopeful always succeeded in obtaining the mercenary honour of the box-seat, and the seedy but amusing traveller behind him was sure to be thoroughly investigated. At every half-way house there was a waggish ostler, a laughing barmaid, or a staring ploughboy, who kindly afforded material for the development of the young hero's heroic aptitudes. When in time they drew up before the 'Mitre,' there was the long thin waiter and the short thick waiter—James and John (the sons of Zebedee, we called them in our profanity) in my day, but alack, waiters, like all other familiar objects, fade away, and now perchance it is Jim and Charles—waiting delightedly to serve the happy youth with his pockets full of half-crowns.

Alas for the degeneracy of these latter days! It is no longer necessary nor even convenient for the most thoroughbred Oxford man to travel by coach, and he must be content to take his first-class ticket, and look ridiculous if he attempt to play the grandee with the porters and guards. Who would think of paying an extra five shillings for a place by the stoker, or wheeling the engine-driver to allow him to turn the steam off! and it is in vain to poke a joke at a signal

keeper, or pass the cutting satires of boyhood on the pointsman. Ichabod, Ichabod! the glory of English travel is departed.

Even Oxford has changed! even Oxford, a century older than the rest of the world, but, thank heaven! say the Dons, only outwardly. Yet it seemed but little changed to Daisy. True, he came up in a quiet time, long after the bustle of trunks and carpet-bags, the rush of youths in eccentric shooting-coats and the loosest of peg-tops, the frantic excitement of 'bus-men and Jacob omnium cads, which distinguish the opening of Term, had subsided. In the roomy 'bus there was only a grumpy-looking Dominus whose face had haunted Daisy for four years, but whose name he neither knew nor cared to know.

The usual cad with the Newgate frill and giu-red eyes was there asking for 'beer' as ever, though what he had done for it was a myth.

'Why, sir, we didn't half know where you was got to this term, Mr. Lorimer. There's all the old lot of you up at Christ-Church. There's Mr. Fretful as lively as the day he wor born, and my Lord Noodledale, quite the swell, sir, and the whole boiling on 'em but yourself. It's awful dry weather, sir, for the time of year.'

'Get away, you rascal,' growled Daisy, well knowing what 'dry weather' meant, and plunging at him with his umbrella.

Away rolled the omnibus, and away went caddy after it, clinging on and shouting that he was so dry. Daisy lounged at him again, according to custom, and just touched him. This was what caddy wanted.

'Ow, ow,' he shrieked, rubbing an uninjured arm, but still keeping up with the vehicle, 'you'll pay for plaister, Mr. Lorimer, won't you?'

Out came the sixpence, and the wretch dropped away, touching his rotten cap and shouting; 'Drive my Lord Lorimer to Christ-Church. Set

him down at Canterbury, while Daisy muttered :—

'Wretch whom no sense of wrong can rouse to anger,
Sordid, degraded, reprobate, unfeeling
Spiritless outcast.'

At Canterbury gate the man with one arm was still lingering at the post which he has held for thirty years, gaining an easy livelihood by holding 'the young gentlemen's 'osses,' lifting in their luggage, and doing any dirty work, the dirtier the better, for which a 'bob' or 'tizzy' might be exacted.

Peckwater was as lively as usual at nine o'clock in the evening. Half the windows in its dirty crumbling buildings were lighted up, and from most of them heads were protruded and mouths shouted for 'Toby,' 'Jim,' 'Buster,' 'Young un,' or even 'Scout,' for the gentlemen-commoners were too grand to know their attendants' names.

At one was a youth uttering most inharmonious and hard-bound notes on a cracked cornet. The irritated individual above him had brought out the shovel and tongs, and was vehement in his opposition clatter. Then a piano was going to the lively tune of 'Wait for the waggon,' in one corner, and a concertina to that of 'Annie Laurie,' in the other. In the midst of the quad, although in the dark, were two noisy knots of puppies—the one on two legs, with pipes, weeds, smoking-caps and impudence; the other on four, in their natural condition. The row from both was overwhelming.

Then one young gentleman was aiming oranges, almonds, raisins, and the general remains of the dessert, at the heads of the Phillistines in the middle, whose figures were just visible in the glare of the lights from the ground-floor, and whenever one of the yellow balls hit its mark, there was more shouting and a return volley of pebbles discharged at the offender.

It is needless to say that such are the common occupations of these hard-reading youths for whose improvement deluded parents are readily and ungrudgingly paying their two, three, or five hundred a year.

'What am I to study?' asked a freshman of a B.A.

'Study to talk loud and dress louder. Study impudence. Study a few good

comic songs and a great deal of meaningless slang. Never call anything by its common name. Study never to mention anything you don't understand without a sneer, or anything that might possibly be disapproved of without a curse. Study how to spend your year's allowance in a few months and how to write hypocritical letters to papa for more. Study how to deceive dons, and avoid proctors, how to play the fool without being thought one, and how to be thought a knave without being one, and I will guarantee that everybody will be satisfied with your studies.'

Mark in the dark ran up against a diminutive scout with the figure of twelve and the face of sixty, who was hurrying away with a tower of dirty tin covers in his hands, to supply some hungry supperers.

'Beg pardon, sir; is that you, sir? glad to see you, sir.'

'Hollo, Toby, it's you, is it? Where's Mr. Fretful to-night?'

'Gone to S' Mary 'All, sir.'

'To Skimmery; what is he doing there?'

'He's 'aving supper at Mr. Gollop's.'

'How does Mr. Gollop come to be there?'

'You ain't heerd, then, sir? Why, he 'ave took his name off here; because they wouldn't give him turtle-soup for lunch.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Daisy, 'just like Gollop. Toby, light my fire and lay in some Bass. I'll go over to Skimmery. Where is it, by the bye?'

'La, sir, you bin up 'ere this four year, and not know S' Mary 'All? It's jist over yonder, hup Oriel lane on the right—and as you goes, small door with a bell. Mustn't kick, sir, cos the Principal's got nerves, and don't like it.'

It was no humbug on Daisy's part not to know where Skimmery was, though he had passed it every day of his life, for externally the little place had much the appearance of a private house built in the same Elizabethan style as almost everything else in Oxford. If you noticed the dirty prison-like look of one part of it, or through the low small entrance caught a glimpse of the green quad within, you

thought it was some portion of Oriel, and asked no further. Now and then on a cold winter morning you saw one or two well appointed Nimrods mounting their hacks at the door, but with such a sedate calm air of old hands, that you scarcely ranked them as undergraduates. At night, perhaps, as you turned down Oriel lane, you heard a tumult of shouting and merriment on your left hand, but it was impossible to say whence it issued. There was never a cricket-drag filling before its gate; never did there issue therefrom a band of impetuous young nauticals in caps of every colour, flannel trousers and rough pea-jackets, covering but not concealing the brightest flannel shirts. There were none, in short, of those unmistakable evidences of collegiate life about the little place which you were accustomed to see everywhere else.

Yet Skimmery is one of the oldest establishments in Oxford, one of the last of those three hundred hostels or halls which formed the whole university in the thirteenth century. The place is much changed since my day and Mark's day, and I may therefore speak of it freely.

It was then the chief dusthole for all the colleges. When a young gentleman's tastes were of too lively a character for the solemnity of the larger establishments, when he had contracted foolish habits of climbing prickly walls or gates bristling with *chevaux-de-frise*, or committing other little breaches of discipline; when his high spirits became obnoxious to the jaundiced gentlemen to whose care his deluded parents had intrusted him; when he positively declined to go to chapel, or be otherwise forced into a show of religion, of which he felt as little as the dons themselves, those worthy officials removed his name from their books, recommended a change of air and scene, and strongly advised a migration to the less rigid climate of St. Mary Hall. Here the good old Principal, of the 'scholar and gentleman' school, received the penitent youth with open arms; here he would not be vexed by discipline, nor tempted to break restrictions which were never imposed; here he could spend *ad libitum* the cash supplied by the governor, and live at his ease, eating and

drinking unlimitedly, with the other victims of collegiate tyranny.

Blessed refuge for the destitute, happy haven for the erring; how many a good supper have I eaten! how many a bowl of luscious cider-cup, of purling Burton, of glowing punch, have I sipped from beneath thy unpretending roof, and shall I cast a stone at thy infirmities?

The door was opened by a little podgy grey-headed porter, whose eyes were heavy, doubtless, with long night-watchings, rather than the narcotic of the gin-bottle.

'Miss'r Goll'p? oh, yesh, numm'r 2, one pair 'ight,' replied this lucid individual to Mark's inquiry.

By day the little quad was very pretty. Unlike the colleges, it was not gravelled, but had the neatest of square grass-plots in the middle, and such was the reverence attached to this, that none but a favourite cat, the common friend of all the undergrads, ever dared to set foot on it. Round the old walls were trained creepers, and small borders were filled with bright flowers. In one corner was a handsome imitation-gothic house, the Principal's, with a fine oriel window. In the other a pile of old buildings, whereof the one above was the deserted silent chapel, the one below it the full and noisy hall. At the door of the kitchen were ever to be seen a group of well-paid, well-fed servants. There was the tall, handsome young *chef* in his white linen coat and cap, now trussing fowls and gutting turkeys; now, strange variety! composing songs and sonnets for the delectation of the buttery. There was the portly, rubicund butler, who was said to have made a fortune out of the place, and who was known to have good store of ancient ales and older wines, only brought out for favourites and good customers. There was a laughing, impertinent, round-about buttery-man; an impudent, chattering, sharp-witted scout, who betted with his sporting and sportive masters, and generally managed to win; and lastly, an active, impertinent, heaven-forsaken young messenger, always ready for the kicks and curses of the sylvanite loungers who employed him.

And all these, with other five or six, devoted their services to the ease and comfort and voracious appetites of

some fifteen or twenty young gentlemen, who had nothing to do, or at least did nothing, but eat, drink, smoke, and be merry, while their benighted and despised relatives were under the pleasing impression that 'dear John,' or, 'my boy Charles,' was wasting nothing but midnight oil, and that not over the fascinations of Van John or *Rouge et Noir*, but the deep dry duties of Aristotle and Titus Livius Patavinus. Surely this was a case in which ignorance was bliss, and knowledge would have been the grossest folly. Ay, Skim, as we affectionately called it, was in those days, indeed, a little Sybaris, of which the describer could write with truth, *cujus incolæ maxime lascivi*.

Our hero managed, not without difficulty, to find No. 2 staircase, and to arrive on the landing of the first floor, where some practical joker had kindly put the only lamp out. He could, therefore, only be guided towards Mr. Gollop's apartment by the ear, and loud indeed was the concert of oaths, assertions, lies, and their contradiction, and epithets of affection more expressive than elegant, that formed the conversation of that quiet little supper party.

As he groped along, he heard the two well-known voices of Gollop and Fretful.

'I say, do you hear, you ape, there?' this was Mr. Gollop's mode of address to Mr. Fretful. 'When does that sermonizing donkey, Lorimer, come up?'

'How the juice should I know? I wrote to him to come up to-day, because of Lady Margaret's divinity lectures.'

'Divinity be —,' cried some one or other.

'I'll bet you he don't come,' said Gollop.

'I'll bet you he do,' responded Fretful.

'I'll bet you a skiv he don't, by the hind-leg of St. Anthony.'

'Bravo, Gollop, a pretty oath,' said some admiring 'Master Stephen.'

'And by the breeches of St. Parthrick, I'll take you,' says Fretful.

'I'll bet you he's shaved his moustache off.'

'Why, you (something) donkey, you know he was awfully spoony on his moustache.'

'I'll go a skiv he has, then, you (something) son of a sea-cook.'

'Done along with you.'

'Will any one else take me on the double event? Will you, my Lord?' Gollop was a noted toady.

My Lord Noddledale might or might not have risked his money, but Daisy loyally resolved to shield the aristocracy, and tumbling in at that moment, exclaimed, 'You've lost both bets, Gollop, my beauty.'

The answer was a view-halloo of the very loudest kind, taken up rapidly by everybody present, for the 'sermonizing donkey' was an awful favourite, inasmuch as his fun never flagged, his songs were first-rate, his character courageous, and his home-truths, if ugly to listen to, well-pointed, good-humoured, and bold. Pluck always wins the day in this country.

The 'quiet little supper-party,' as Gollop had assured my Lord it was to be, presented a curious spectacle. *Imprimis*, the long table was covered by heaps, piles and mountains of various provisions. There were the carcasses of some half a dozen wild-ducks, and the bones of as many chickens; there was a whole shoulder of mutton uneat, and a whole round of beef, for which Mr. Gollop would be called on to pay some day or other, but which his scout and family would discuss for him at home. There were red lobsters, the shells of eight or ten score of oysters, the bristles of netsful of prawns and shrimps. Then there were salads and sauces, and piles of bread usually denominated 'busters,' very stale, having been cut many days ago, sent down untouched, charged in the bill, and sent up again and again. Small rations of butter and cheese had met with a like fate. In the midst was a huge Stilton, and a bottle of pickles, great favourites both. Then there was the festive punch-bowl, and three or four huge silver tankards full of cider-cup, claret-cup, spiced ale and bishop. Each guest had emptied his separate tankard of ale, and the decanters of sherry were wandering about the groaning board. A huge pile of clean plates still stood unused on one corner of it, for Oxonians do not bother themselves much with changing their plates.

The supper was just over. The baccy-box and weed-case were being

passed around. The host himself, a podgy Silenus of nineteen, with a very red face and merry eyes, was buried in an easy chair, with his feet on a corner of the table. Fretful was in a similar position by the fire. My Lord, a very young man, with a feeble expression, a good-looking face, and sandy hair, was near him. Jack Merry, a tall, thin, bullet-headed Nimrod, long a native of Skim, and well known for his good seat and vehement expletives, came next to the host, and the rest of the youths were all of scrupulous position or reputation, gentlemen-commoners, or well-known riders, or eminent in the cricket field. The company was much too select to admit boating-men.

The ceremony of hand-shaking, performed only once a term in Oxford, viz, when you see a man for the first time after the vacation, then took place.

'Bother you, why didn't you shave?' grunted little Gollop: 'there's nothing left for you to eat; serve you right.'

'Always your first thought, beauty,' answered the new comer, settling into a seat and without ceremony attacking the cold beef and salad, 'but I *am* hungry for once, for I travelled all the way from Gloucester with two females, and so couldn't smoke.'

'Oh, oh, oh! young and pretty, I'll bet a skiv,' cries one.

'Ont with it then, for they were as old as Canidia, and as ugly as Sagana.'

'Who the juice were *they*?' squeaked Gollop. 'Don't give us any shop, for I've got to go in for Greats this term, and I shall have enough of it.'

'You won't get much schooling here, I fancy. How do you like it?'

'Oh, Skimmery's the best place under the sun! hot breakfasts, hot luncheons, dinner in your own rooms if you want it, wine twice a week in hall, no lectures, no dons, no chapels to speak of, and duns not admitted. Let's drink its health in a bumper, gentlemen; charge your glasses.'

Then a frantic rush at the punch-bowl, an active lading into glasses, and a considerable spilling over the viands, and then a general, 'Here goes; Skimmery, your health,' and a hip, hip, hurrah!

'Jack, you return thanks,' from one or two.

'Mr. Merry on his pins,' from others.

'I don't care a (something),' says Mr. Merry, very gravely, 'for any (something) nonsense you may talk, gentlemen; but I will confess that Skimmery is the (somethingest) little crib in all this (something something) of a place.'

The 'somethings' must be filled in by a police-reporter according to fancy.

'And, now, gentlemen,' says little Gollop, when the row of applause had subsided, 'having testified to our loyalty, I beg to proceed to a toast in which, of course, you'll all be enchanted to join. It is that of a plucky rider, when he goes out, which might perhaps be oftener, a great favourite with the ladies, and a first-rate songster, second only to the stars of Evans (I do not mean the Heavens, gentlemen, do not mistake me). I propose my old and well-tried friend, Mr. Daisy Lorimer, coupled with the ladies.'

It is needless to say that this toast was drunk 'with rapturous enthusiasm,' followed by that extremely modern ditty: 'He's a jolly good fellar,' which nobody could, would, or dared deny, and wound up by the usual three times three, rattling of glasses, and the smashing of a plate or two—of course, by accident—to complete the thunder.

Daisy was on his legs in a moment.

'Dearest of rogues and reprobates—'

'Heave a buster at him.'

'I won't enlarge on the honour you have done me by coupling my name with that of the ladies, who, if absent from our board, are doubtless present in our hearts—'

'How about the little girl down west?' from Fretful.

'In these days of crinoline'—after a glance of sham indignation at the interrupter—the ladies are a very large subject for a man to descant upon, and I would rather have left them to the fruitful imagination and ardent admiration of my friend Mr. Fretful; but of myself I have little to say. You have called me a plucky rider; it was only yesterday I was told that I was afraid—afraid, gentle-

men—to follow hounds; but let that pass. Be my pluck that of a Curtius—

'A how much? No shop,' from Gollop.

'It would matter little, for I have renounced the field for ever.'

'Pooh-pooh!'

'Down with the apostate!'

'It is true, gentlemen; I am not come up for the season; I have not brought a horse, and don't intend to buy one—'

'You should see mine,' cries Fretful.

'Nor, though it is briars and bowie knives in my palpitator to say so, shall I be the constant guest and host that I used to was. ("Yes, yes.") You must remember that I wear the sleeves now, that I have no right here, that I am come up for divinity lectures—'

'Nonsense,' cries Fretful. 'Don't be a humbug. I mean to be jolly up to the day of ordination.'

'So do I, but not riotous. However, no matter for that. If I don't

come to you, it's no reason you shouldn't come to me when you like, and there'll always be a glass for each of you. If I shut myself up a little, it is because I am going to read for orders, and want to go in at Christmas—

'You a parson! a pretty parson indeed!' from half a dozen.

'It's only one of his sermonizing moods,' says Fretful.

'Well, my rogues and reprobates, I have done about myself. The ladies I hand over to my friend; but, as a finish to our long acquaintance, I'll give you a song—'

'Hear, hear! bravo! a song, a song!' very joyously from all sides, for Daisy's good voice was well known.

'Pass me that bottle of claret, then, and let me drain it for inspiration, and you shall have an impromptu.'

'Oh, oh!' incredulously.

He washed down a bumper, set the bottle before him with the air of a brigand-chief at the Victoria, whirled the large tumbler round, and then began:—

'The pedant his sapless brain may wrack,
The scholar may waste his oil,
The learned professor may frown and look black,
And the penniless student toil;
The all may wear out both body and mind,
In seeking for Truth which they ne'er will find:
For the only true Philosophy—'

'Chorus, gentlemen—'

'Is a bottle of good red Burgundy.'

'Bravo, bravissimo!' from all.

'I will not deny that sleek Plato was great,
Nor take on myself to refute Aristotle;
Old Bacon, no doubt, had a wonderful pate,
But the king of them all is the Burgundy bottle.
"Three kinds of pain," said the old Hindoo—'

'Shop, shop!' growled Gollop.

'Shut up, Podgy!' from Fretful.

'Our science destroys, if studied by you;
But the best destroyer of pain, say we,
Is a bottle of blood-red Burgundy.'

'Pythagoras taught, in a system most dreary,
That through different bodies the soul must pass;
And as if to add weight to his wonderful theory,
The philosopher proved he himself was an ass.'

'Ha, ha! Very good.'

'Whate'er we have been, fish, fowl, beasts, 'tis no odds,
For 'tis sure, when we drink, that we rank with the gods:
Then drink to the truest philosophy,
'Tis a bottle of care-drowning Burgundy.'

' Oh ! 'tis joy to drink on a maiden's lips
The scalding nectar of love, 'tis true ;
Such joy as the bee's that honey sips
From a blushing rose-bud tipp'd with dew.
But roses and maidens all fade or change,
And the bee and the lover alone must range ;
But no change, no sorrow, there e'er can be
In a bottle of blushing Burgundy.

' Oh ! we love to laugh at the ready joke,
And the wit that rolls on wheels of fire ;
Our Pegasus mirth we coax and stroke,
And then mount on its fancies still higher and higher.
But wings grow weary, and wit grows tame,
And left to Joe Miller we're silent with shame ;
But no tameness, no staleness there e'er can be
In a bottle of laughing Burgundy.

' " Wit, woman, and wine," our motto we twine
Round the stem of the goblet we love to drain ;
These three fruits of pleasure are due to the vine
That kindles all joys in our dreamy brain.
Then wreath it with roses, and pass the bowl round,
In that one ruby stream the soul's essence is found ;
And a health to our rare philosophy,
The royal quart-bottle of Burgundy.'

' Bravo, bravo, bra—vis—si—mo !'
from a dozen throats, and a clatter and
roar and stamping of applause.

It was impossible that the amount
of punch, which the hoarseness con-
sequent on the enthusiasm of these
young gentlemen compelled them to
pour down, should not have had its
effect ; but nothing is so soft-footed
as intoxication, nothing creeps on so
quietly and catfishly. For a full hour
after, every head, but the inveterate
Jack Merry's, and the cool Daisy Lo-
rimer's, was completely muddled, they
still kept up their good humour, and
appeared to talk as much sense as
young Oxonians ever do, which perhaps
is not saying much. Then the table
was cleared somewhat more rapidly
than carefully ; and Fretful, who was
rather riper than the rest, assisted in
the operation by overturning the whole
pile of plates, which went crashing,
and rolling, and splintering over the
place, and caused that large-whisker-
ed young hopeful to be incontinently
pelted with a shower of ' busters.'
This was the signal for a general bear-
fight, during which, amid a shower of
wine-glasses, &c., one or two of the
youths disappeared entirely out of
the door, not under the table. Daisy
would gladly have gone with them,
but seeing the lamentable condition
into which Mr. Fretful was lapsing,
and finding it impossible to induce
him to retire, he waited to see his

friend to bed, and to insure him from
getting into a serious row.

Of course the cards gave rise to
quarrels, and, in the midst of one be-
tween Jack Merry and Pugnacious
Fretful, the latter rushed upon his
adversary with a silver quart tankard,
which he battered with such force
upon his cranium, that the softer of
the two, namely, the silver, was bent
in beyond hope of recovery. Jack
retorted with a volley of blows and
oaths which followed one another with
astonishing alacrity ; Daisy threw him-
self upon his friend ; podgy little Gol-
lop hung on to Merry's neck ; chairs
and tables were upset ; and a Greek
slave, in plaster, quite shocked at the
proceedings, committed suicide by roll-
ing on to the floor and dashing herself
into a thousand pieces. A full license
of language having been given to the
foes, an offer to fight made, accepted,
and forgotten, and a bumper of whisky
and water administered to each, and
the game was resumed as if nothing
had happened, except that Mr. Merry
rubbed his bullet-shaped cranium from
time to time, expressing his conviction
that ' that (something) tankard was
only pewter after all.'

In due course of time Mr. Gollop
was snoring most comfortably in his
arm-chair, Fretful was amusing the
company by dancing round the room
with an inverted cider-bowl on his
head, allowing the lemon-peel and

sugar to trickle down his face, and the borage to stick out picturesquely round his ears. Jack Merry consoled himself by winning everything on the board, and, when Big Tom began tolling midnight with a hundred and one strokes, the young revellers struggled to their feet considerably out of pocket, but too much benighted by the fumes of the bowl to care one jot.

One or two indeed remained on the field. There was Simpkins on the sofa, Thackerton on the floor, while Dimples stuck his feet on the table, and swore that nothing should induce him to go home before morning.

Daisy and my Lord took each a shoulder of Mr. Pugnacious Fretful, and got him down the stairs. Once in the open air, under the calm, pure moon, that high-minded young gentleman gave vent to a view-halloo that must have awaked the whole place, if all the inmates had not been as well screwed as himself—all but that despised, little Bible clerk, who, in his comfortless garret, is working away for University honours, that he may not be a charge to his father, the poor curate with ten children.

From there to Canterbury gate the progress was difficult. Fretful bonneted a policeman, climbed a lamp-post at the risk of his life, in order to smash the glass, rang the bell at the Provost of Oriel's house, and was at last, with the utmost difficulty, got

into college and put to bed. Daisy having done the same kind office for the young nobleman who was now growing extremely maudlin, retired painfully sober himself to his own lonely little room, wrote a short letter, with a five-pound note in it, to Kate Morgan, and then dozed away, contrasting this life of foolish, witless, riotous revelry with the calm one he had lately been leading—reproaching himself with taking part in it, consenting to the sinners, as it were, and taking a vow to avoid all supper parties for the future, and get out of Oxford as soon as ever the divinity lectures were done.

'A contemptible Pandemonium this Oxford,' thought he; 'and I, who am for ever talking of reforms, ought to have begun here. I might even now begin, but I am too well known—a prophet has no honour in his own country. Mahomet did not succeed till he was driven from Mecca and took up his parable at Medina. No! Oxford must be reformed by the country. Youth will always be the last to yield, and the ideas and examples of parents must first be altered. Besides, these boys are less in fault than the system and the Dons who carry it out.'

Perhaps Master Daisy had not the courage to turn reformer as yet, and would not admit it to himself.

HANDSOME PÉCOPIN: AN APRIL LEGEND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Translated by E. SEBASTIAN DELAMER.

I.
HANDSOME Pécopin loved the fair Bauldour, and the fair Bauldour loved handsome Pécopin. Pécopin was the son of the burgrave of Sonneck, and Bauldour was the daughter of the sire of Falkenburg. One owned the forest; the other held the mountain. Now, what can be simpler than to marry the mountain and the forest together? The two fathers came to

an understanding, and Bauldour and Pécopin were betrothed.

On that day—it was a day in April—the elder trees and the hawthorns in bloom spread their foliage in the bright sunshine; a thousand charming little cascades, the snows and rains changed into brooks, the horrors of winter become the graces of spring, leaped harmoniously down the mountain; and love, that April in the life

of man, warbled, shone, and blossomed in the hearts of the affianced pair.

Pécopin's father, an old and valiant knight, the pride of Nahegau, died shortly after the betrothal, blessing his son and charging him to cherish Bauldour. Pécopin wept; and then, little by little, from the tomb in which his father had disappeared, his eyes wandered to the gentle and radiant countenance of his intended wife, and he was comforted. When the moon rises, do we think of the sun who has set?

Pécopin had every quality becoming to a gentleman, a young man, and a man. Bauldour was a queen in the hall, a saintly virgin at church, a nymph in the woods, and a fairy at work. Pécopin was a great hunter, and Bauldour was a first-rate spinster. Now, there is nothing like enmity existing between the spindle and the game-bag. The spinster spins whilst the hunter is hunting. He is absent; the distaff consoles and amuses. The pack gives tongue, the spinning-wheel sings. The distant pack whose cry is scarcely audible, mingled with the horn and buried in the depths of the thickets, whispers, with an indistinct flourish of trumpets, 'Think of your lover.' The spinning-wheel, which obliges the thoughtful girl to sit with downcast eyes, says loudly and incessantly with its little, soft, severe voice, 'Think of your husband.' And, when the husband and the lover are one, all goes right.

Marry, therefore, the hunter to the spinster, and fear nothing.

Nevertheless, I ought to state that Pécopin loved the chase too fondly. When he was on horseback, when his falcon was on his wrist, or when he watched the hawk with upturned looks, when he heard the fierce cry of his crook-legged hounds, he darted away, he flew, he forgot everything else. Now, in no one thing should we give way to excess. Happiness consists in moderation. Hold your inclinations in equilibrium, and put a bridle on your appetites. He who is too fond of horses and dogs displeases women; he who is too fond of women displeases his Maker.

When Bauldour, and it happened frequently—when Bauldour beheld Pé-

copin on the point of starting with his steed, who neighed for joy prouder than if he bore Alexander the Great in his imperial robes—when she saw Pécopin caress him, stroking his neck, and, turning the spur aside from his flank, present the palfrey with a tuft of fresh grass, Bauldour was jealous of the horse. When Bauldour, that proud and noble maiden, that star of love, of youth and beauty, beheld Pécopin fondling his dog, and bending his handsome countenance low till it met the brute's square head, his wide nostrils, his broad ears, and his great black mouth, Bauldour was jealous of the dog. She retired into her secret chamber, angry and sorrowful, and wept. Then she scolded her servant-girls, and after the servants she scolded her dwarf. For anger with women is like rain in a forest, it falls twice. *Bis pluit.*

In the evening Pécopin returned dusty and fatigued. Bauldour pouted and muttered a little with a tear trembling in the corner of her deep blue eye. But Pécopin kissed her little hand, and she was silent; Pécopin kissed her lovely forehead, and she smiled.

Bauldour's forehead was as white, pure, and admirable as the ivory trumpet of king Charlemagne.

Then she withdrew to her own turret, and Pécopin to his. She permitted not the slightest familiarity. One evening he gently pressed her elbow, and she blushed deeply. She was betrothed, not married. Modesty is to woman what chivalry is to man.

II.

They adored each other to an enviable degree. Pécopin had in his armoury at Sonneck a large gilded picture representing the sky and the nine heavens; every planet with its own proper colour and its name beside it written in vermillion; Saturn was leaden white; Jupiter bright, but fiery and a little ensanguined; Venus in the east and blazing; Mercurey sparkling; the Moon with her silver mirror; the Sun all fire and darting rays. Pécopin effaced the name of Venus, and wrote in its place *Bauldour*.

Bauldour had in her perfume dis-

tillery a tapestry, on which was worked a bird the size of an eagle, with a circle of gold around its neck, a purple body, a blue tail, with scarlet feathers mingled, and a comb on its head, surmounted by a plumed nest. Beneath this marvellous bird the workman had written the Greek word *Phenix*. Bauldour effaced the word, and embroidered in its place *Pécopin*.

Meanwhile, the day appointed for the wedding drew nigh. Pécopin was joyous and Bauldour was happy.

To the hunt of Sonneck there belonged a huntsman, a very clever rogue, free of speech and cunning of counsel, who was called Erilangus. This man, a handsome archer in his time, had been sought in marriage by several rich peasant girls of the country of Lorch; but he had repulsed the advances of every fair one to take the place of a servant of hounds. One day, when Pécopin asked him the reason, Erilangus answered: 'Monseigneur, dogs have seven sorts of madness, women have a thousand.' Another day, on hearing of his master's approaching wedding, he went to him boldly and said, 'Sire, on what account are you going to get married?' Pécopin turned the valet off.

That measure might have caused the knight some uneasiness; for Erilangus was of a subtle spirit and a long memory. But the truth is that this valet went over to the court of the Marquis of Lusatia, where he became first huntsman, and Pécopin heard no more speak of him.

In the course of the week preceding the marriage, Bauldour was spinning in the embrasure of a window. Her dwarf came and told her that Pécopin was on the staircase. She ran to meet her affianced husband, and on leaving her chair, which was richly carved, with a lofty upright back, her foot got entangled in the thread of her distaff. She fell. Poor Bauldour got up again. She had not hurt herself in the least, but she remembered that a similar accident had formerly occurred to the Châtelaine Liba, and her heart was oppressed.

Pécopin entered radiant with joy; he talked of their marriage and of their future happiness, and the cloud which overshadowed her soul, passed away.

III.

The next day, Bauldour was spinning in her chamber and Pécopin was hunting in the wood. He was alone, being accompanied only by a dog. Following the hazard of the chase, he came close to a farm which was at the entrance of the forest of Sonneck, and which marked the boundary of the domains of Sonneck and Falkenburg. This farm was shaded on the east by four tall trees, an ash, an elm, a fir, and an oak, which the country people called the Four Evangelists. It appears that they were fairy trees. At the moment when Pécopin passed beneath their shadow, four birds were perched on these four trees;—a jay on the ash, a blackbird on the elm, a magpie on the fir, and a crow on the oak. The four voices of these four feathered creatures mingled their utterance in a strange fashion, and appeared at times to address and answer each other. Besides these, a pigeon was heard, but not seen, because it was in the wood; and a hen was heard, but not seen, because she was in the poultry-yard of the farm. At a few paces' distance, an old man, almost doubled in two, was arranging stumps of trees for winter firing against a wall. At Pécopin's approach, he turned round and raised himself into a partially upright position. 'Sire knight,' he exclaimed, 'do you hear what these birds are saying?'

'My good man,' answered Pécopin, 'of what consequence is that to me?'

'Sire,' continued the aged peasant, 'for young men, the blackbird whistles, the jay chatters, the magpie yelps, the crow croaks, the pigeon coos, and the hen clucks; for old men, the birds talk.'

The knight gave way to a fit of laughter. '*Pardieu!* that's only a dreamer's fancy.'

The old man gravely replied, 'You are wrong, Sire Pécopin.'

'You have never seen me before,' exclaimed the young man. 'How did you know my name?'

'The birds told it me,' answered the peasant.

'You are a crazy old fellow, my good man,' said Pécopin, and went his way.

About an hour afterwards, as he was crossing a glade in the wood, he

heard the sound of a horn, and beheld a handsome troop of cavaliers emerge from beneath the lofty trees. It was the Count Palatin going to the chase. The Count Palatin went to the chase accompanied by the Burgresses, who are the counts of castles; by the Wild-graves, who are counts of the forests; by the Landgraves, who are counts of the open country; by the Rhingraves, who are counts of the Rhine; and by the Raugraves, who are counts of what they catch by the way. A gentleman cavalier of the Pfalzgraf, named Gairefroi, perceiving Pécopin, hailed him.

'Hola! handsome hunter! Are you not coming with us!'

'Where are you going to?' asked Pécopin.

'Handsome huntsman,' replied Gairefroi, 'we are going to chase a kite at Heimburg, which destroys our pheasants; we are going to chase a vulture at Vaugsborg, which exterminates our hobbies; and we are going to chase an eagle at Rheinstein, which kills our merlins. Come with us.'

'When will you be back again?' asked Pécopin.

'To-morrow,' said Gairefroi.

'I am yours,' said Pécopin.

The chase lasted three days. The first day, Pécopin killed the kite; the second day, Pécopin killed the vulture; the third day, Pécopin killed the eagle. The Count Palatin was astonished

to have met with so excellent an archer.

'Chevalier de Sonneck,' he said, 'I give you the fief of Rhineck, dependent on my tower of Gutenfels. You will follow me to Stähleck to receive investiture, and to take the oath of allegiance, in public hall and in presence of the sheriffs—in *mallo publico et coram scabinis*, as is written in the charters of the holy Emperor Charlemagne.'

There was no help but to obey. Pécopin sent to Bauldour a message in which he sorrowfully announced that the gracious will of the Pfalzgraf obliged him to betake himself immediately to Stähleck for a very grand and great affair. 'Don't be uneasy, my darling wife,' he added in conclusion; 'I shall be home again in the course of next month.'

When the messenger was gone, Pécopin followed the Palatin, and went to sleep with the knights belonging to the prince's suite in the lower castle-ward at Bacharach. In the course of that night he had a dream. He dreamt of the entrance of the forest of Sonneck, the farm, the four trees, and the four birds. The birds neither cawed, nor whistled, nor sung; they talked. Their song, with which were mingled the voices of the hen and the pigeon, was changed into this strange dialogue, which Pécopin heard distinctly in his sleep:—

<i>The Jay.</i>	The dove is in the wood.
<i>The Blackbird.</i>	The hen behind the door
	cackles: 'Pécopin, Pécopin.'
<i>The Jay.</i>	The dove says, 'Bauldour.'
<i>The Crow.</i>	The knight is on the road.
<i>The Magpie.</i>	The maid is in her tower.
<i>The Jay.</i>	Comes he back from Aleppo!
<i>The Blackbird.</i>	From Fez!
<i>The Crow.</i>	From Damanhour!
<i>The Magpie.</i>	The hen wagers against, and the pigeon for.
<i>The Hen.</i>	Pécopin! Pécopin!
<i>The Pigeon.</i>	Bauldour! Bauldour! Bauldour!

Pécopin awoke; he was in a cold sweat. At the first moment he called to mind the aged peasant, and was alarmed at the dream and the dialogue, without exactly knowing why; then he tried to understand its meaning; then he found he could not understand it; then he went to sleep again; and next day, when daylight appeared, and he beheld once more

the bright sun who drives away all spectres, dissipates dreams, and gilds the morning mists, he paid no further attention either to the four trees, or the four birds that sat upon them.

V.

Pécopin was a gentleman by reputation, by race, by talent, and by mien. When once he was introduced to the

court of the Pfalzgraf and installed in his new fief, he pleased the Palatin to such a degree that the worthy prince one day said to him :—'My friend, I have to send an embassy to my cousin of Burgundy, and I have chosen you for my ambassador, on account of your gentle repute.' Pécopin was obliged to do what his sovereign required. Arrived at Dijon, he acquired such distinction by his fair speech, that one evening the Duke, after having emptied three large tumblers of Bacharach wine, said to him :—'Sire Pécopin, you are our friend ; I am engaged in a little sparring-match with Monseigneur the king of France, and the Count Palatin permits me to send you to the king, for I have chosen you to be my ambassador, on account of your noble race.' Pécopin went to Paris. The king was quite charmed with him, and taking him aside one morning said :—'*Pardieu*, Chevalier Pécopin, since the Palatin has lent you to the Bourguignon for the service of Burgundy, the Bourguignon will surely lend you to the king of France for the service of Christendom. I stand in need of a right noble seigneur to go and make certain remonstrances on my part against the Miramolin of the Moors in Spain, and I have chosen you as ambassador on account of your great talents.' You may refuse your vote if the emperor asks for it ; you may refuse your wife if the Pope asks for her ; but you may refuse nothing to the king of France. Pécopin travelled into Spain. At Granada, the Miramolin received him most handsomely and invited him to the *zambra*s of the Alhambra. Every day there was nothing but fêtes, tiltings with canes and lances, and falconry ; and Pécopin took part in them with heart and soul, acquitting himself like the gallant knight and accomplished sportsman that he was. The Miramolin, as became his tawny skin, had good *lanerets*, excellent *sakarets*, and admirable *tunisians* ; and at these hawking-parties there came off the most beautiful flights imaginable. Meanwhile, Pécopin did not forget the business of the king of France. When the negotiations were ended, the chevalier presented himself to the sultan to pay his adieus. 'I receive your adieus, Sire Christian,' said the Mira-

molin, 'for in fact you are going to start immediately for Bagdad.' 'For Bagdad !' exclaimed Pécopin. 'Yes, chevalier,' replied the Moorish prince ; 'for I cannot sign the treaty with the king of Paris without the consent of the caliph of Bagdad, who is the Commander of the Faithful. I must send to the caliph some person of consideration, and I have selected you for ambassador, by reason of your handsome mien.' When you are amongst the Moors, you must go where the Moors think fit to send you. They are dogs and infidels. Pécopin went to Bagdad. There, he met with an adventure. One day when he was passing under the walls of the seraglio, the favourite sultana caught sight of him ; and as he was handsome, sad, and proud, she fell in love with him. She sent a black slave to speak to him, as he was standing in the public garden by the side of the tall small-leaved lime-tree which remains there to this day. The slave handed to him a talisman, saying : 'This comes from a princess who loves you, but whom you will never behold. Keep the talisman carefully. As long as you wear it about you, you will remain young. When you are in peril of your life, touch it and it will save you.' Pécopin at all hazards accepted the talisman, which was a very fine turquoise, incrustated over with unknown characters. He fastened it to the chain he wore round his neck. 'Now, Monseigneur,' added the slave, taking leave of him, 'note this well : as long as you wear the turquoise on your neck, you will not grow a single day older ; but if you lose it you will be aged in one minute by all the years you have left behind you. Adieu, handsome *giaour*.' So saying, the negress went her way. Nevertheless, the caliph had seen the sultana's slave accost the Christian cavalier. This caliph was exceedingly jealous and something of a magician. He invited Pécopin to a fête, and at nightfall conducted him to the top of a lofty tower. Pécopin, without thinking of his own imprudence, approached very close to the parapet, which was unusually low, when the caliph addressed him thus : 'Chevalier, the Count Palatin sent you to the Duke of Burgundy by cause of your noble repute ; the Duke of Burgundy sent you to the king of

France on account of your high birth ; the king of France sent you to the Miramolin of Granada by reason of your fine talents ; the Miramolin of Granada sent you to the caliph of Bagdad for the sake of your good looks ; and I, by cause of your great repute, your noble race, your splendid abilities, and your handsome person, will send you to the dence—' As he pronounced the last word of his speech, the caliph gave Pécopin a violent push, who lost his balance and fell from the top of the tower.

V.

When a man falls into an abyss his eyes are struck by a terrible flash of light, which shows him at the same moment the life he is about to quit and the death he is about to enter. At that supreme instant Pécopin in despair devoted his last thought to Bauldour, and laid his hand on his heart ; the consequence of which was that, without intending it, he touched the talisman. Scarcely had his finger come in contact with the magic turquoise, when he felt himself borne up, as if on wings. He fell no longer ; he hovered in the air. He floated thus all night long. At daybreak the invisible hand which sustained him, deposited him in a valley filled with rocks overshadowed by trees of strange foliage.

VI.

VII.

Pécopin, looking about him, beheld an old man and a young woman approaching him. The old man was as black as night ; he had a long white beard braided into separate little locks after the fashion of the ancient magi, and he was clad in a long green silk winding-sheet, without folds or drapery. The girl was copper-coloured, with large porcelain eyes and coral lips. She wore gold rings in her ears and nose. She was charming.

The old man and the girl regarded Pécopin with friendly looks. He drew near to one of the trees ; its leaves contracted ; its branches bent ; its flowers, which were white, turned pinky-red, and the whole tree seemed to shrink from him. Pécopin recognised the sensitive tree, and concluded

thence that he had quitted Asia, and was now in the famous country of Pudiferan.

Meanwhile the old man made signs to him. Pécopin followed him ; and in a few minutes the elder, the girl, and Pécopin, were all three sitting on a mat in a hut made of palm-tree leaves, the interior of which, filled with all sorts of precious stones, shone like a burning brasier.

The old man, turning to Pécopin, said to him in German : ' My son, I am the man who knows everything ; the great Ethiopian lapidary, the taleb of the Arabs. I am called Zin-Eddin by men, and Evilmerodach by genii. I am the first man who has entered this valley, and you are the second. I have spent my life in extorting from nature the knowledge of things, and in impregnating things with the knowledge of the soul. Thanks to me, thanks to my lessons, thanks to the rays which for the last hundred years have streamed from my eyes, in this valley the stones live, the plants think, and the animals learn. It is I who have taught the brutes the true art of medicine, of which men are ignorant. I taught the pelican to bleed herself to cure her little ones when bitten by vipers ; I taught the blind serpent to cat fennel to recover her sight ; I taught the bear, when suffering from cataract, to irritate the bees to sting its eyes. I gave ætites to the eagles when they had a difficulty in laying their eggs. If the jay purges himself with laurel leaf, the tortoise with hemlock, the stag with dittany, the wolf with mandrake, the boar with ivy, and the turtle-dove with the herb parietary ; if horses, when suffering from a congestion of blood, bleed themselves by opening a vein in their thigh ; if the eft devours the skin he has moulted as a remedy against the falling sickness ; if the swallow cures her brood when suffering from ophthalmia, by fetching the Caledonian stone from beyond the seas ; if the weasel provides itself with rue when it goes to attack the adder—it is I, my son, who taught them to do so. Hitherto I have had none but animals for my disciples. I awaited a man, and you are come. Be my son : I am old. I will leave you my hut, my jewels, my valley, and my knowledge. You shall

marry my daughter, who is called Aisab, and who is beautiful. I will teach you to distinguish the sandastros ruby from the chrysolampis ; to put the mother pearl into a pot of salt, and to rekindle the fire of dull rubies by steeping them in vinegar. Every day in vinegar gives them a year of beauty. We will pass our lives quietly and pleasantly in collecting diamonds and eating roots. Be my son.'

'Thanks, venerable seigneur,' said Pécopin. 'I joyfully accept your offer.'

As soon as it was night, he ran away.

VIII.

He wandered a long time from country to country. To give you a full account of his travels would be to give a description of the world. He journeyed barefoot and in sandals ; he mounted every known and unknown beast of burden—the ass, the horse, the mule, the camel, the zebra, the onager, and the elephant. He performed all sorts of voyages in all sorts of vessels ; in the round ships of the ocean and the long ships of the Mediterranean ; in *oneraria* and *remigia* ; in galley and galleon ; in frigate and felucca ; in ship of the line ; in polacca and tartane ; in bark, barquette, and barquerolle. He ventured on the wooden caracores of the Indians of Bantam, and in the leather coracles of the Euphrates, of which Herodotus speaks. He was blown upon and blustered by every wind ; by the Levante-sirocco, the sirocco-mezzogiorno, the tramontane, and the galerne. He traversed Persia, Pegu, Bramaz, Tagatai, Transiane, Sagistan, and Hassubi. He beheld Monomotapa like Vincent le Blanc ; Sofala like Pedro Ordoñez ; Ormus like the Sieur de Fines ; the savages like Acosta, and the giants like Malherbe de Vitré. He lost four of his toes in the desert, like Jerome Costilla. He was sold as a slave seventeen times, like Mendez-Pinto ; was sent to the galleys like Texeus, and was nearly made a eunuch like Parisol. He had the worm disease, of which the negroes die ; the scurvy, which struck Aricenne with terror ; and the sickness of the sea, to which Cicero thought death preferable. He ascended mountains so lofty, that, when he arrived at their summit, he vomited blood, phlegm, and bile. He

touched at an island which is sometimes discovered when not seeking it, and which is never discoverable when searching for it ; and he verified the fact that the inhabitants of that city are good Christians. In Midelpalie, in the north, he observed a castle in a place where there are no castles ; but the illusions of northern climates are so deceptive, that the fact is not at all extraordinary. He was for several months the highly-favoured guest of the king of Mogor Ekebas, of whose court he afterwards related everything that has since been committed to paper by English and Dutch authors, and even by the Jesuit fathers. He became learned, for he had the two masters of all learning, travel and misfortune. He studied the faunas and the floras of every climate. He observed the winds by the migrations of the birds, and the currents by the migrations of cephalopoda. He beheld the *Ommastrephes sagittatus* in the submarine regions going to the north pole, and the *Ommastrephes giganteus* going to the south pole. He saw men and monsters, like the ancient Greek Ulysses. He became acquainted with every marvellous creature—the rosmar, the black rail, the solan goose, the garagians resembling eagles of the sea, the rush-tailed birds of the island of Cormora, the capercaillies of Scotland, the peymones of the Maldivé Islands which devour human beings, the fish manari which has a head like an ox, the bird elaki which springs from certain kinds of rotten wood, the little saru which sings better than a parroquet ; and, finally, the boranetz, the animal plant of Tartary, which is rooted to the ground, and yet browses the shrubs and grass around it. He hunted and killed a sea-triton of the species *yapiara*, and he was fallen in love with by a river triton of the species *baépapina*. One day, when he was in the island of Manar, which is distant two hundred leagues from Goa, he was called by some fishermen, who showed him seven men bishops and nine sirens, which they had caught in their nets. He heard the noise made in the night by the sea-blacksmith, and he tasted the whole of the hundred and fifty-three different kinds of fish which are found in the sea. In Scythia he slew with a bow and ar-

rows a griffin, against whom the Araspian tribes were engaged in war, in order to obtain the gold which the monster guarded. Those tribes wanted to make him their king, but he made his escape. Lastly, he was nearly shipwrecked on sundry and several occasions, and notably near Cape Gardafu, which the ancients named *Promontorium aromatorum*; and in the course of all these adventures, wanderings, fatigues, exploits, labours, and sufferings, the brave and faithful Chevalier Pécopin had but a single object, to return to Germany; but a single hope, to re-enter Falkenburg; but a single thought, to see Bauldour again.

Thanks to the sultana's talisman, which he always wore on his person, he could not, as we may remember, either grow old or die.

He nevertheless counted sorrowfully the years that elapsed. At the date when he succeeded in reaching the north part of the country of France, five years had fled since he had seen Bauldour. Sometimes he thought of that in the evening, after having travelled from the break of day; he sat down on a stone by the roadside and wept.

Then he roused himself and took courage. 'Five years!' he thought. 'Yes, but I shall see her again at last. She was fifteen then, she will now be twenty!' His garments were in tatters, his shoes were torn, his feet were bleeding, but strength and joy had returned to him, and he resumed his journey.

In this way he reached the mountains of the Vosges.

IX.

One evening, after having travelled all day long amongst the rocks, seeking a path that would lead him down to

the Rhine, he arrived at the border of a wood composed of fir, ash, and maple trees. He entered it without hesitation. After walking forward for more than an hour, the path which he followed abruptly ended in a glade overgrown with hollies, junipers, and wild raspberries. By the side of the glade there was a marsh. Exhausted with lassitude, dying of hunger and thirst, and utterly worn out, he looked from one side to the other, to spy out a cottage, a charcoal-burner's lodge, or a herdsman's fire, when suddenly a flock of shelldrakes swept overhead, fluttering their wings and uttering their peculiar cry. Pécopin shuddered when he recognised these strange birds, which make their nests underground, and which the peasants of the Vosges call rabbit-ducks. He pushed aside the tufts of holly, and saw that the ground was everywhere covered with the foliage and flowers of glasswort, angelica, hellebore, and the great gentian. As he stooped to make sure of the fact, a mussel-shell fallen on the grass attracted his attention. It was one of those mussels of the river Vologne in which pearls are found as big as peas. He raised his eyes; a grand-duke hawk was hovering above him.

Pécopin began to feel uneasy. It will be acknowledged that he had some reason for it. The hollies and the raspberry thickets, the shelldrakes, the magic herbs, and the mussel let fall by the ducal falcon, were far from encouraging. In short, he was in considerable alarm, and anxiously asked himself where he was, when the notes of a distant song reached his ear. He listened. The voice was hoarse, broken, ill-tempered, unpleasant, husky, and bawling, all at once. The words of the song were something like these:—

'My tiny lake is the cradle bright
Of Neptune dark and fair Amphitrite;
Yes, from my humble basin do spring
Queen Amphitrite and Neptune the king.
Two giants owe birth to a dwarf like me;
I send forth a brook, and it swells to a sea.

'For her, I pour from my rocks unseen
Blue waters; for him, a streamlet of green;
My grotto distils, out of human view,
A fountain of green and a fountain of blue.
Two giants owe birth to a dwarf like me;
I send forth a brook, and it swells to a sea.

'An emerald is hid in my yellow sand,
 A sapphire unseen lurks close in my land.
 The emerald melts, and becomes the Rhine;
 The Rhone is that liquified sapphire mine.
 Two giants owe birth to a dwarf like me;
 I send forth a brook, and it swells to a sea.'

Pécopin could doubt no longer. Poor weary traveller, he was in the fatal wood of *Pas-Perdas*. This wood is a great forest full of labyrinths, enigmas, and mazes, wherein the dwarf *Roulon* takes his pleasure-walks. The dwarf *Roulon* inhabits a lake in the *Vosges*, on the summit of a mountain; and because from thence he sends a brooklet to the *Rhone*, and another brooklet to the *Rhine*, the braggart styles himself the father of the *Mediterranean* and the *Ocean*. His delight is to wander in the forest and to lead astray the passing traveller. Whoever enters the wood of *Pas-Perdas* is never able to get out of it again.

The voice and the song which Pécopin heard were the song and the voice of the malevolent dwarf *Roulon*.

Pécopin in utter despair threw himself down on his face on the ground. 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'it is all over with me. I shall never more behold *Bauldour*.'

'Yes, you will,' said some one near him.

X.

He raised himself; an aged seigneur, clad in a magnificent hunting-dress, was standing before him at a few paces' distance. He was completely equipped in every respect. A cutlas, whose handle was of chiseled gold, swung at his side, and from his girdle hung a hunting-horn mounted in pewter, and made from the horn of a buffalo. There was something indescribably strange, vague, and luminous in his pale countenance, which smiled as it was illumined by the last glimmer of twilight. This old hunter appearing thus suddenly on such a spot at such an hour, would certainly have seemed singular to you, as it would to me; but in the wood of *Pas-Perdas* people's thoughts are entirely directed to *Roulon*. The old man was not a dwarf, and that was sufficient for Pécopin.

Moreover, the worthy gentleman

was of gracious presence, courteous and affable. And then, although accoutred in the style of a most determined sportsman, he was so old, so used-up, so stooping, so broken down, his hands were so feeble and wrinkled, his eye-brows were so white, and his legs were so spindly-shanked, that it would have been a pitiable case to be afraid of him. His smile, on close examination, was the shallow and commonplace smile of an imbecile king.

'What would you with me?' asked Pécopin.

'To restore you to *Bauldour*,' said the aged hunter, never ceasing to smile.

'When?'

'Pass only a night in hunting with me.'

'What night?'

'The night now set in.'

'And I shall see *Bauldour* again?'

'When one night's hunting is ended, at sunrise I will set you down at the gate of *Falkenburg*.'

'A night's hunting?'

'Why not?'

'It is very strange.'

'Nonsense.'

'But it is very fatiguing.'

'No such thing.'

'But you are extremely old.'

'Don't be uneasy on my account.'

'But I am tired; I have been on foot all day long,' said Pécopin; 'and I am half dead with hunger and thirst. I doubt whether I could even mount on horseback.'

The old seigneur unfastened from his girdle a gourd damascened with silver, and presented it, saying, 'Drink of this.'

Pécopin greedily put the gourd to his lips. Scarcely had he swallowed a draught or two, when he felt all his energies restored. He was once more young, strong, active, powerful. He had slept, he had eaten, he had drunk—he even fancied for an instant that he had drunk too much.

'Come,' he said, 'let us be off then, with all my heart. Let us hunt and

gallop all night long. But shall I really see Bauldour again ?

'At sunrise, as soon as this night is past.'

'And what pledge of your promise will you give me ?'

'My presence is enough. The succour which I bring you. I might have left you to perish here with hunger, lassitude, and misery ; I might have abandoned you to Roulon, the wandering dwarf of the lake, but I took pity on you.'

'I am at your service,' said Pécopin. 'Agreed. At sunrise, at Falkenburg.'

'Hola ! The rest of you there ! Show yourselves ! To the chase ! Be quick !' shouted the old seigneur, straining his decrepid voice to the utmost pitch.

In addressing these orders to the thickets of the forest, he turned round, and Pécopin perceived that he was humpbacked. Then he advanced a few steps forward, and Pécopin perceived that he was lame. Now Pécopin, in the course of his former travels, had crossed the path of the demon Asmodeus. It was even in consequence of that encounter that the evil spirit became halt and humpty. Pécopin felt inclined to ruminate when he remarked the strange coincidence ; but he had no time allowed him for thought. At the call of the old seigneur there emerged from the blackest depths of the forest a troop of cavaliers clad like princes and mounted like kings. In deep silence they took their places around the aged lord who seemed to be their master. They were all armed with knives or spears ; he alone was possessed of a horn. It was completely dark ; but around the gentleman there stood two hundred valets holding two hundred lighted torches.

'*Ebbene*,' said the chief, '*ubi sunt los perros ?*'

This jumble of Italian, Latin, and Spanish, sounded unpleasantly in Pécopin's ears. Everybody knows that when the Evil One holds converse with other demons, he speaks a jargon which is half Italian and half Spanish. He also lards his dialogue with a word of Latin here and there. The fact has been proved and clearly established on many occasions, and particularly in the trial of Doctor Eugenio Torralva, which commenced at Valla-

dolid on the 10th of January 1528, and fitly concluded on the 6th of May 1531 with the *auto-da-fé* of the said Doctor. Pécopin's learning was very extensive. He was, as I have told you, a man of talent, capable of maintaining bravely no matter what thesis. He was a linguist, and therefore he was not entirely ignorant of the language of fallen spirits. It made him, consequently, prick up his ears, when he heard the crook-backed old man shout, '*Ebbene ; ubi sunt los perros ?*' 'Where are the dogs ?' repeated the decrepit huntsman impatiently in the vulgar tongue.

The words were hardly uttered when fearful barkings and howlings re-echoed through the glade. A pack of hounds started up, as if by magic—an admirable pack, a pack fit for an emperor. Huntsmen in yellow jackets and scarlet hose ; footmen of the kennel with ferocious visages, and negroes nearly in a state of nudity, strained every nerve to hold these demoniac dogs in leash. Never was a council of dogs more complete. There were every known and possible dog, coupled and separated into groups and relays, according to their races and the instincts of their race. Every dog was of the purest blood ; not a single bastard animal was to be seen. There were dogs from England, Barbary, and Norway ; black mastiffs from the Abbey of Saint-Aubert-en-Ardenne ; there were others that must have cost immense sums of money, such as the dogs of Palinbotra, used for baiting bulls ; the dogs of Cintiqui, which attack the lion ; and the dogs of Monopata, which form part of the body-guard of the Emperor of the Indies. And all these dogs were authentic and good ; moreover, they all howled abominably. A parliament of men could not have done better.

Pécopin was dazzled with the sight of this pack ; all his hunter's appetites were roused. Nevertheless, he thought it odd that it should have come from no one knows where ; and he could not help saying to himself that it was a little singular that he should not have heard it till it came in sight.

The principal huntsman, who managed the whole affair, stood at a few paces' distance from Pécopin, with his back towards him. Pécopin advanced

to question him, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. The huntsman turned round; he wore a mask. Pécopin was struck dumb. He even began seriously to ask himself whether he really ought to join in the hunt, when the old man accosted him: 'Well, chevalier, what do you think of our dogs?'

'I think, my fine sire, that to follow such terrible dogs one had need have terrible horses.'

The old seigneur, without making any reply, raised to his lips a silver whistle, which was attached to the little finger of his left hand—a precaution adopted by men of taste who are obliged to go and see tragedies—and he whistled.

At the sound of the whistle a noise was heard amongst the trees, and four grooms in scarlet livery came forth leading a couple of magnificent horses. One was a handsome Spanish jennet, the other a noble Tartarian racer. The first wore a chaufrein on his head, a breastplate on his chest, and a war-saddle. The second was less proudly but more splendidly caparisoned: he had a silver bit with the roses gilt, a gold-embroidered bridle, a royal saddle, a cloth of brocade, and a quivering plume. Both the steeds were black as ebony. Pécopin, almost aghast with admiration, contemplated these two marvellous animals.

'Well,' said the seigneur, hobbling and coughing, and always smiling, 'which do you take?'

Pécopin bade adieu to all hesitation, and leaped upon the jennet.

'Are you all right in your saddle?' shouted the old man.

'Yes,' said Pécopin.

The old man burst into a fit of laughter, seized with one hand the caparison of the Tartarian horse, and his mane with the other, gave a spring like a tiger, and bestrode the superb charger, which trembled in every limb; then seizing the horn at his girdle, he gave such a formidable flourish, that Pécopin, deafened with the din, fancied that the fearful old man carried the thunder in his chest.

XI.

At the sound of the horn the depths of the forest were illumined by a thousand extraordinary lights, shadows

passed to and fro beneath the lofty trees, and distant voices shouted, 'To the chase!' The pack gave tongue, the horses snorted, and the trees rustled as if a gale of wind were blowing. At that instant a cracked bell, which seemed to bleat its complaint to the darkness, struck midnight. At the twelfth stroke, the old seigneur clapped his ivory horn again to his lips, the valets let the pack loose; the dogs, once unslipped, started away like the shower of stones shot out by the *batista*; the howlings and shoutings were redoubled; and all the sportsmen, and all whippers-in, and all the hunters, and the old man, and Pécopin, set off at full gallop. Full gallop, rough, violent, rapid, scattering sparks behind it, giddy, supernatural, which took possession of Pécopin's faculties, which impelled him, bore him along, which made every one of his horse's footsteps resound in his brain as if his skull were the pavement of the road; which dazzled him like a flash of lightning, which intoxicated him like an orgie, which excited him like a battle; a gallop which at times was a whirlwind, a whirlwind which at intervals changed to a hurricane.

The forest was immense, the hunters were innumerable; glade after glade were traversed; the wind wailed, the thickets whistled, the hounds bayed; the colossal black form of an enormous stag, with sixteen antlers, was momentarily seen to pass behind the branches, to disappear in the shadowy distance. Pécopin's steed breathed in a terrible manner; the trees leaned forwards to behold the hunt pass, and fell prostrate backwards to the ground after having seen it; fearful trumpetings burst forth at intervals, ceasing suddenly into utter silence; the old hunter's horn was heard from afar.

Pécopin knew not where he was. Galloping close to a ruin overshadowed by fir-trees, amongst which a cascade threw itself from the top of a lofty porphyry precipice, he thought he recognised the castle of Nideck. Then he saw mountains passing rapidly to his left, which appeared to be the Lower Vosges. He successively remarked, by the shape of their four summits, the Bande-la-Roche, the Champ-du-Feu, the Climent, and the

Ungersberg. A moment afterwards he was in the Upper Vosges. Their lofty summits rose in the darkness without order or connexion; you would have said that a giant had upset the grand mountain-chain of Alsace. He thought at times that he beheld beneath him the lakes which lie in the heart of the Vosges, as if those mountains were passing beneath his horse's belly. He could see his shadow reflected in their waters, but he saw it as the swallows see theirs: the reflection was no sooner visible than gone. Nevertheless, strange and wild as his course was, he took courage by laying his hand on the talisman, and remembering that, after all, he was not far from the Rhine.

But, in rushing along the bottom of a hollow dell, Pécopin stooped and tore from the bank a handful of wild herbs. By the light of the moon he examined them, and remarked, with anguish, the veronica of the Cevennes. Half an hour afterwards the wind blew warmer; he stooped again and plucked from the bank the silver cythusus of Cete, the starry anemone of Nice, and the bloody geranium of the Lower Pyrenees. Pécopin saw that he was leaving the Rhine with fearful rapidity. He had traversed the Vosges, he had traversed the Cevennes, and now he was traversing the Pyrenees. 'Better death than this,' he thought, and he tried to throw himself off his horse; but, at the first movement, he felt his feet grasped as if by two hands of iron. He looked; his stirrups had seized him and held him fast. They were living stirrups.

The poor chevalier resigned himself to his fate, closed his eyes, and let the rushing steed carry him whither it would. The furnace-like heat of a tropical night struck his face; his ear could distinguish the cries of jackals and the roar of tigers. He was borne through the rankness of a tropical forest. Half an hour afterwards, an icy wind had succeeded to the stifling gusts of the equator. The cold was terrible; his horse's shoes rattled on the frosty ground; he listened to the cry of sea-fowl and the crackling of icebergs. The night grew darker and darker. Pécopin could see nothing, but he heard a fearful roaring and raging sound; he knew he was pass-

ing close to the Maelstrom gulf, which is the Tartarus of the ancients, and the navel of the world. What could be that terrible hunting-ground which encircled the globe itself like a belt?

The sixteen-antlered stag appeared at intervals, always fleeing and always pursued. Shadows and rumours rushed pell-mell on its track, and the horn of the old hunter rose above all, even above the uproar of the Maelstrom gulf. Suddenly the Spanish jennet stopped short; the bayings ceased, and all was silence around Pécopin. The poor chevalier, who had kept his eyes closed for more than an hour, opened them once more. He was before the façade of a sombre and colossal edifice, whose lighted windows seemed to be darting glances. The façade was as black as a mask, and as lifelike as a face.

XII. . . . XIII. . . .

XIV.

. . . Pécopin, still on horseback, perceiving the hunchbacked hunter, drew his sword and shouted in a voice of thunder, 'You have brought me to a cavern of shadows, but I will turn them to real and terrible facts. You! miserable old wretch, who have lied to me, be on your guard, or, by the mass, I will run you through were you king Pluto himself in person!'

'Ah! here you are, my dear fellow,' said the old seigneur: 'well, you will come in and sup with us?'

The smile which accompanied this gracious invitation exasperated Pécopin. 'Be on your guard, old trickster! You made me a promise, and you have failed to keep it.'

'Hijo! Await the end! How can you tell?'

'Be on your guard, I say.'

'Hey-dey, my good friend, you take things badly.'

'Restore me Bauldour! you promised it.'

'Who tells you that I shall not restore her? And what will you do with her when you get her again?'

'She is my affianced bride, as you know very well; I shall marry her,' said Pécopin.

'To make another sad and wretched couple,' replied the old huntsman, wagging his head. 'After all, what business is that of mine?'

'A truce to raillery,' shouted the chevalier, 'or I will exterminate you!' And he rushed at him furiously with his sword uplifted in the air. But scarcely had the horse set a step, when he felt it tremble and sink. It seemed to melt impalpably beneath him.

Suddenly a cock crew. There was something terrible in that clear, metallic, ringing sound, which pierced Pécopin's ear like a blade of steel. At the same instant, a fresh breeze swept by, his horse vanished beneath him, he tottered and nearly fell. When he again stood upright, all around him had disappeared.

He was standing alone, sword in hand, in a ravine overgrown with heath, a few paces from a brook which dashed down the rocks, near the gate of an ancient castle. The day was dawning. He raised his eyes and uttered a cry of joy. The castle was Falkenburg.

XV.

The cock crew a second time. His voice came from the castle poultry-yard. The cock whose voice had just exorcised from Pécopin's presence the ghastly palace of the nocturnal hunters, had perhaps been fed that very evening with crumbs that fell from Bauldour's hands. The image of his beloved, thus conjured up, effaced in an instant all the miseries of the past, the kings, the embassies, the travels, the spectres, and the fearful abyss of visions from which he had lately escaped. Pécopin sheathed his sword and marched with rapid strides towards the mansion. As he drew near to the bridge (of which only a single arch is standing at the present day) he heard behind him a voice which said: 'Well, Chevalier de Sonneck, have I kept my promise?'

XVI.

He turned round. Two men were standing in the heather. One of them was the masked huntsman, and Pécopin shuddered at beholding him. He carried under his arm a large red portfolio. The other was a little man, hump-backed, limping, and very ugly. It was he who spoke to Pécopin, and Pécopin endeavoured to call to mind where he had seen that face before.

'My gentleman,' resumed the hunch-back, 'don't you know me?'

'Yes, truly,' said Pécopin.

'All right now!'

'You are the slave (or rather Asmodeus under that disguise) whose back I twisted and whose foot I crushed on the borders of the Red Sea.'

'I am the hunter of the wood of Pas-Perdas,' replied the little man. It was indeed the Evil One.

'Truly,' resumed Pécopin, 'be whatever it is your pleasure to be; but since, in sum, you have kept your word, since I have reached Falkenburg at last, since I am to behold Bauldour again, I am your humble servant, messire, and in all loyalty I tender you my thanks.'

'Last night, you accused me, and what did I say?'

'You said, "Await the end."'

'Well, now that you thank me, again I say, await the end. Perhaps you were too much in a hurry in accusing me; and perhaps you are too much in a hurry in thanking me.'

While so speaking, the little hunch-back maintained an inexpressibly strange air and manner. Irony is the style of the demon himself. Pécopin trembled.

Asmodeus, pointing to the masked huntsman, said: 'Do you recognise this man?'

'Yes.'

'Do you know him?'

'No.'

The huntsman unmasked; it was Erilangus. Pécopin shuddered. The fallen spirit continued: 'Pécopin, you were my creditor. I owed you two things; this hump and this halting foot. Now, I consider myself a model debtor. I found up your former valet Erilangus, to obtain information as to your tastes and habits. He told me you were fond of the chase. Then, said I to myself, it were a pity not to let this fine hunter have a taste of the black hunt. At sunset, I met you in a forest glade. You were in the wood of Pas-Perdas. It was time I should arrive; the dwarf Roulon was on the point of taking you for his purposes; I took you for mine. That is all.'

Pécopin shuddered involuntarily. The demon added: 'If you had not had your talisman, I should have kept

you. But I am just as well pleased that things should be as they are. Vengeance should be seasoned with a variety of sauces.'

'But after all, devil, what is the meaning of your speech?' asked Pécopin with an effort on himself.

The demon continued: 'To reward Erilangus for his information, I have given him charge of my portfolio. He has famous perquisites.'

'Unseasonable jester, will you tell me, in short, what you mean by all this?' repeated Pécopin.

'What did I promise you?'

'That after passing last night chasing in your company, you would conduct me to Falkenburg.'

'And here you are.'

'Answer, then, demon; is Bauldour dead?'

'No.'

'Is she married?'

'No.'

'Has she taken the veil?'

'No.'

'Is she no longer at Falkenburg?'

'She is here.'

'Has she ceased to love me?'

'She loves you still.'

'In that case, if you speak the truth,' exclaimed Pécopin, taking breath as if he had been relieved from the oppression of a mountain, 'be you who you will and happen what may, I tender you my thanks.'

'Go your ways then!' said the spirit of darkness; 'you are content and so am I.'

So saying, he seized Erilangus in his arms, although he was short and Erilangus was tall; then, twisting his crooked leg around the other and rising on the tip of his toe, he made a pirouette, and sunk into the earth before Pécopin's eyes, as a gimlet enters a hlock of soft wood. A second afterwards he had disappeared.

The ground, as it closed over the demon's head, permitted the escape of a pretty little violet light sprinkled with green sparks, which glided away gaily, with sundry bounds and gambados, till it reached the forest, where it hung for awhile among the trees, tinting them with a thousand luminous hues, just as the rainbow does when it plants its foot in front of a mass of foliage.

XVII.

Pécopin shrugged his shoulders—'Bauldour is living, Bauldour is free,' he thought, 'and Bauldour loves me! What cause have I for uneasiness? Last night, before I fell in with this demon, it was exactly five years since I left her. Well! now it is five years and a day. I shall find her handsomer than ever. Woman is the fair sex, and twenty is the lovely age.'

In those days of robust fidelities, five years was nothing wonderful.

Indulging in monologues like this, he drew near to the castle, and he recognised with joy every embossment of the portal, every tooth of the portcullis, and every nail of the drawbridge. He felt himself a happy and a welcome visitor. The threshold of the house which has known us as children seems to smile on receiving us again as men, like the complacent countenance of a loving mother.

As he was crossing the bridge he remarked near the third arch a very handsome oak-tree, whose lofty head towered far above the parapet. 'It is singular,' he said to himself; 'there did not use to be a tree there.' And then he remembered that two or three weeks before his meeting with the Palatin he had played with Bauldour at the game of acorns and huckle-bones, resting their elbows on the parapet of the bridge, and that, precisely at this spot he had let an acorn fall into the ditch. 'Can it be!' he thought; 'in five years the acorn has become an oak. That is what I call a capital soil.'

Four birds perched on this oak were chattering with all their might; they were a jay, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow. Pécopin scarcely heeded them any more than he did a pigeon that was cooing in a dovecot, and a hen that was cackling in the poultry-yard. He thought only of Bauldour and hastened on.

The sun was now above the horizon, the people in the porter's lodge had just lowered the drawbridge. At the moment when Pécopin passed under the gate, he heard behind him a burst of laughter which seemed to come from a great distance, though perfectly distinct and very prolonged. He looked in all directions, but could not see a

creature. It was the demon who laughed in his cavern.

Beneath the archway there was a reservoir of water which the shade and the reflection converted into a mirror. The chevalier leaned over it. After the fatigues of his long journey, which had scarcely left him a rag of clothing, and especially after the excitements of his night's supernatural hunting, he expected to find himself a frightful object. But no such thing. Whether it were the virtue of the talisman given to him by the sultana, or whether it were the effect of the elixir he had drunk from the hand of the evil spirit, he was handsomer, fresher, younger, and less out of sorts than ever. What most astonished him was to behold himself clad in a completely new and very magnificent dress. His ideas were in such a state of confusion, that he could not recal to mind at what exact time in the night he had been decked out in such showy style. Suffice that it made him very handsome. He had the garb of a prince and the air of a genius.

While thus admiring his own appearance, with some surprise but with considerable satisfaction, he heard a second burst of laughter still more joyous than the former one. He turned round and could see no one. It was the demon laughing in his cavern.

He traversed the court of honour. The men-at-arms leaned forward to gaze between the battlements ; none of them knew him, and he knew none of them. The short-petticoated servant-girls who were beating their linen at the edge of the washing-pools, turned round to look ; not one of them knew him, and he knew not one of them. But he made so fine a figure that they let him pass. A grand mien supposes great merit.

He knew the way and directed his course towards the little turret-staircase which led to Bauldour's chamber. While crossing the court, he could not help thinking that the façades of the château were rather blackened and wrinkled, and that the ivy clinging to the walls to the north had grown and thickened out of measure, and that the vines planted against the south walls had attained very remarkable

dimensions. But does a lover's heart take note of weather-beaten stones, or of a few leaves more or less ?

When he reached the turret, he had some difficulty in recognising its door. This staircase and its roof consisted of a winding flight of steps like a corkscrew suspended in a circular turret ; and at the time when Pécopin left the country, Bauldour's father had just built to it a new entrance with handsome white freestone from Heidelberg. Now this entrance, which, according to Pécopin's calculation, had hardly been finished five years, was now discoloured, and crumbling, and overgrown with tufts of grass, and sheltered beneath its vault three or four swallows' nests, whence many generations of birds appeared to have taken flight. But does a lover's heart allow itself to be startled by three or four old swallows' nests ?

If flashes of lightning were in the habit of running up staircases, I would compare Pécopin's movements to theirs. In the twinkling of an eye he was on the fifth storey, before the door of Bauldour's bower. This door at least was neither blackened nor changed ; it was ever clean, gay, neat, and spotless, with its ironwork as bright as silver, and with the knots in its wood as clear as the pupil in a pretty girl's eye, and you could see that it remained the same maiden's gate which the young châtelaine never failed to have washed by her women. The key was in the lock, as if Bauldour were awaiting Pécopin.

He had only to lay his hand on the key and enter. He stopped short. He was panting with joy, with tenderness and delight, and a little also with having run up five flights of steps. Large pink flames flickered before his eyes, and he fancied that they cooled his forehead. A buzzing sound whirled round his head, and he could feel his heart beat in his very temples.

When he recovered from his first agitation, when silence began to reign in his inner man, he listened. How shall I express what emotion arose in this poor soul sick with love ? He heard through the door the sound of a spinning-wheel within the chamber.

XVIII.

Certainly, it might very well not be

the sound of Bauldour's own spinning-wheel; perhaps it was only the wheel of one of her women, for next to Bauldour's chamber was her oratory, where she sometimes remained the whole day long. If she spun much, she prayed still more. Pécopin called all that to mind, but he listened to the spinning-wheel with no less delight. Such are the follies which a man in love commits, especially if he has great talents and a feeling heart.

Moments like that experienced by Pécopin are compounded of ecstasy that would wait, and of impatience that would enter; the equilibrium lasts for a minute or two, till the instant arrives when impatience preponderates. Pécopin, trembling all over, at last laid his hand upon the key, which turned in the lock; the bolt gave way, the door opened, and he entered.

'Ah!' thought he, 'I was mistaken, it was not Bauldour's spinning-wheel.'

In fact, there certainly was some one in the chamber who span, but it was an old woman. An old woman is too weak an expression; it was an old fairy, for fairies alone attain to a fabulous age and a secular decrepitude. Now, this old crone looked as if she were, and could not possibly be less than, a hundred years old. Imagine, if you can, a poor little human or superhuman being, stooping, doubled in two, broken down, tanned, rusted, blear-eyed, loose-skinned, weazen-faced, shrivelled-up, and grumpy, with white hair and eyebrows, with black teeth and lips, yellow for the rest, lean, baki, bare, earthy, tottering, and hideous. Fancy a countenance in which the mouth was the centre of a thousand wrinkles which radiated from that point as the spokes of a wheel surround the nave. This venerable and horrible being was seated or crouched close to the window, with her spindle in her hand, and her eyes fixed on her wheel, exactly like one of the Fates. The worthy dame was probably deaf, for, at the noise which Pécopin made by opening the door, she did not stir.

Nevertheless, the chevalier doffed his bonnet, as beseems a youngster in the presence of so aged a personage, and said, as he respectfully advanced

a step, 'Madame la Duègne, where is Bauldour?'

The centenarian dame raised her eyes, let fall her thread, trembled through every one of her fragile limbs, uttered a faint cry, half rose from her seat, stretched towards Pécopin her long skeleton hands, stared at him with her unearthly eyes, and said with a weak and bony voice which seemed to come from a sepulchre: 'Heavens! Chevalier Pécopin, what do you want? Do you require masses to be said? O gracious powers! Chevalier Pécopin, are you dead then, that your ghost visits me?'

'*Pardieu!* my good dame,' replied Pécopin, bursting into a laugh and speaking very loud, in order that Bauldour might hear him if she were in the oratory, and for all that a little surprised that the ducenna should know his name—'I am not dead. It is not my ghost which appears; it is myself who return, if you please; I, Pécopin, a substantial ghost of flesh and blood. And I don't want masses; I want a kiss of my affianced bride, of Bauldour, whom I love better than ever. You understand, my worthy dame?'

As he pronounced these words, the old woman threw her arms around his neck. It was Bauldour.

Alas! the night of the demon-hunt had lasted a hundred years. Bauldour was not dead, fortunately, or unfortunately; but, at the time when Pécopin, as young and handsomer perhaps than ever, rejoined her, the poor girl was a hundred and five years and one day old.

XIX.

Pécopin rushed away in despair. He flung himself down the staircase, traversed the court, pushed open the gate, crossed the bridge, climbed the escarpment, cleared the ravine, leaped the torrent, darted through the brushwood, scaled the mountain, and took refuge in the forest of Sonneck. He continued his course all day long, terrified, aghast, despairing, mad. He still loved Bauldour, but he was horror-stricken by the spectre he had seen. His mind, his memory, and his heart, were in a chaotic state. In the evening, finding that he was approaching the towers of his natal castle, he stripped off the rich garments which the demon had given

him in mockery, and threw them into the deep torrent of Sonneck. Then he began tearing his hair, and suddenly he perceived that he held in his hand a lock of white hair. Immediately he felt his knees tremble and his loins give way; he was obliged to lean against a tree; his hands were frightfully covered with wrinkles. In the passion of his grief, not knowing what he did, he had seized the talisman fastened round his neck, broken its chain, and thrown it into the torrent together with his vestments.

And the words of the sultana's slave were at once fulfilled; in one minute he had aged a hundred years. In the morning he had lost the object of his love, in the evening he lost his youth. At that moment, for the third time that fatal day, some one behind him burst out laughing. He turned round and could see no one. It was the evil spirit laughing in his cavern.

What could he do after this closing misery? He picked up from the

ground a stake that some woodman had forgotten; and, leaning on this, he walked with difficulty in the direction of his castle, which, luckily, was not far off. On his arrival there, he saw in the last rays of twilight a jay, a magpie, a blackbird, and a crow, which were perched on the roof of the gateway between the weathercocks, as if they were awaiting him. He heard a hen which he could not see, and which said, 'Pécopin! Pécopin!' And he heard a pigeon which he could not see, and which said, 'Bauldour! Bauldour!' He then remembered his dream at Bacharach, and the words which were formerly addressed to him—alas! a hundred years ago—by the old man who was piling firewood along a wall: 'Sire, in the young man's ear, the blackbird whistles, the jay prates, the magpie yelps, the crow croaks, the pigeon coos, and the hen cackles; in the old man's ear the birds speak.' He listened, therefore, and heard the following dialogue:—

<i>The Blackbird.</i>	My handsome huntsman! yes, at last you're here.
<i>The Jay.</i>	Gone for a day! best calculate a year.
<i>The Crow.</i>	The eagle, kite, and vulture, all were thine.
<i>The Magpie.</i>	But not the emblem-birds of love divine.
<i>The Hen.</i>	Pécopin! Pécopin!
<i>The Pigeon.</i>	Bauldour! Bauldour!
<i>The Magpie.</i>	Pécopin! Pécopin! Bauldour! Bauldour!

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

I.

I AM aweary, and seek rest,
Rest in a deep and dreamless sleep:—
The sun sinks calmly and seems blest;
Comes star-robed night,—but not to weep,
Though a bright summer-day is dead.
O Death! with *night* when wilt thou come?
Come soon, soon; for this hoary head
Longs for its last and peaceful home;—
Lighter than life the sod lies on the breast:
I am aweary, and seek rest.

II.

It is nor penury nor old;
It is not disappointed hope:
Is it the world?—Oh! I've beheld
The Archimage, soft-grinning, ope
Error's wide gate to thousand souls,
And in they rushed: now wandering far,

They know not where ; while Vice controls
To worship Mammon's baneful star !
I live to love,—and yet is mind deprest :
I am aweary, and seek rest.

III.

'Tis to myself a mystery :
It is the mystery of Heaven ;
And, haply, not to know may be
Our happiness : No more is given
To mind than it can bear ; 'tis well :
Its wisdom still to act the part
Assigned it,—as Spring's children tell
Blooming accordant with God's heart,
And die leaving to man a sweet bequest :
I am aweary, and seek rest.

IV.

Ah ! who e'er lived whose thoughts of truth,
In the grand drama of the mind,
Chastened the Passions in wild youth,
Acting a model to mankind ?
Alas, not one of woman born !
Yet Virtue is a hero brave,
By whom the sacred buskin's worn,
Whom Pleasure never can enslave !
Long have I toiled to act 'neath high behest :
I am aweary, and seek rest.

V.

Long have I laboured to be good,—
And laboured yet in vain : O Heaven !
Is it impossible,—endued
With soul ; on the heart's tablet graven
The Divine law, often perused,
Delighted with its simple beauty ?
Its love and wisdom I have mused,
And felt the sacredness of duty,—
Yet from it far have wander'd, and transgress'd :
I am aweary, and seek rest.

VI.

All are not bad ; and none are good,—
For goodness cannot be with earth :
There is in the heart's solitude
Of each, even of the highest worth,
Something which speaks a fallen Race :
Who is not swayed by some dear lust,
And by it led from path of grace ?
Ah ! who at times himself can trust ?—
How would all look if each his sins confess'd ?
I am aweary, and seek rest.

VII.

God's natural creatures all are blest ;
Proud reason's child makes life a curse !
The wild bird sings and builds joy's nest ;
Man pleasure sows, and reaps remorse !
This sin-clod in death's chamber dark
Will sleep, and know no more life's woes :

But, where will the immortal spark,
 Ethereal mind, find life-repose,
 And be in viny bowers the angel's guest ?
 I am aweary, and seek rest.

VIII.

Oh ! life's true golden age is youth ;
 A gay, a sunlit comedy ;
 A festival of love and truth,
 And all is joy to hear and see :
 In primrose spring, and winter hoar,
 Brave is the heart, and blithe as brave ;
 And beauty is but to adore ;
 No thought then of the gloomy grave :
 The curtain falls ; and Joy by Death is drest !
 I am aweary, and seek rest.

IX.

The lustre-star wanes in the eye,
 And it no more choice flowers can cull ;
 The clarion-sounds, that shake the sky,
 No more can rouse the spirits dull ;
 And music, too, has lost its power ;
 No more can charm fame's mellow voice ;
 And Books—oh, they yet claim the hour !—
 There to my soul are summer-joys !
 Long, long hath simple wisdom been my quest :
 I am aweary, and seek rest.

X.

When it is day I long for night ;
 And when night comes, I sigh for morn,—
 But not a joy comes with its light :
 Winter has Summer's garland torn.
 Dark shadows in my dreams appear,—
 And o'er the earth, and o'er the wave,
 They waft my spirit to places drear ;
 They waft my spirit to places drear ;
 Would they but bear me to the grave !
 And yet, alas ! we know not what is best :
 I am aweary, and seek rest.

XI.

I am aweary : Come, O Death !
 Fill to the brim the hemlock-cup ;
 I'll pledge thee with my latest breath,
 Drink the care-killing cordial up !
 Ah ! then, the change : What will it be ?
 From mortal thing changed to divine ?
 To peace, far from life's heaving sea ?
 By whose wild shore I pensive pine,
 While follies of the past my heart invest :
 I am aweary, and seek rest.

XII.

Anoint ye, O ye shadows dark,
 Nor day nor night my musings haunt !
 Come the soul's morn ; with Hope, its lark,
 Of the ethereal life to chant :
 I see its pastoral joys ; and there
 The lily-bosom, the seraph-smile ;

And there is Love, divinely fair.
This mortal world of sin, how vile !
Ah ! vain to think that here we could be blest :
I am weary, and seek rest.

J. NEVAY.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

'TALK of civilisation !' cried my travelling companion, testily crushing up the *Times* which he had been reading. 'Talk of this great enlightened country, "our march of mind," our glorious institutions, our free people, our social progress, our mechanics' institutes, our reformatories, our model prisons, our British juries, worst of all our noble British peasantry ; I tell you, sir, it's all humbug, one huge abominable imposition, one monster cajolery. I can understand a man buttering up his constituents ; I can forgive such men as Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Lindsay pandering to the weakness of John Bull, and flattering him up, as if he was not the most conceited, self-blinded beef-eater already in the whole community of nations ; but, for the leading journal of the country to descend to such stale artifices simply for the sake of its sale, to go on throwing dust into the eyes of this foolish old gentleman, that when he does look in the mirror he may not see what an ugly, blotched, pimpled, pock-marked face he has got of his own, is really too provoking.'

Out of breath with this splendid peroration, my fellow-traveller stopped for a moment, and I will improve the respite to put in a word or two of my own.

Hurrah, then, for the old stage-coach ! No one need think I am a conservative, or that I whine out because being a man who love to take mine ease in mine inn, with a long warm clay smoking between lips that I moisten from a bright pewter tankard of the purling pale, I grudge the money-maker his steam-ship, his railway, and the wire-girdle he loves to belt the globe withal. Don't think that I saw any blasphemy in applying the sacred words used at a Redeemer's birth to a cable of gutta-percha destined to give the London or Liverpool mer-

chant the figures of the market prices quoted in New York or Boston on the very same morning. Don't imagine that I was too bright to be cozened like the rest of mankind into the idea that the thread which sowed the old world to the new was to set up peace between the continents for ever and for ever, because I knew that a similar rope had not bound France a whit more to our island than it was bound before the creeping things of the ocean were disturbed in their shelly caverns, or the mermen and mermaids tripped up in their dances by that shiny riggling intruder from Blackwall and Brunnmagem. I am not such a misanthropic damper as to think that we are polytheists and not Christians as generally supposed in this blessed

'Summer isle of Eden, lying in dark purple
spheres of sea ;'

and that besides the old established deity, well known to the Rev. Tribulation M'Growler, as 'that false idol Mammon,' we have lately set up a far more captivating, far more dangerous Dagon in our own land—no other than Mistress Minerva under a new name, and with a change of sex ; no other, in short, than mighty mammoth Science, whose high priests are toiling professors, whose bard is our own best laureate, and before whom the merchants, the money-makers, and the journalists dance like frantic bacchantas, and raise a hallelujah louder than the chorus of ten thousand charity girls in the Crystal Palace.

No ! I too worship science when applied to the wants of the worshippers of mammon, for I cannot be apostate to that respectable divinity. I too glory to see 'the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.' I love the iron way, I love its dirt, its smoke, its frantic whistle, and I will have my children

brought up to imitate it, to play at trains instead of at horses, to mimic the guard and the station-master with their tiny voices, and run, panting, hissing round the nursery till they imagine themselves *bona fide* locomotives. They shall not neigh, and snort, and prance, and run in string as I and my little brothers used to do, calling ourselves the 'Tally-ho' or the 'Brighton Eclipse'; they shall stamp, and hiss, and scream, and when one of them tumbles down, they shall call it a 'terrible accident' or 'dire catastrophe' on the Eastern Counties' Railway. Yes, they shall. For all this, when I find myself among some of those lovely hills in the western counties, through which a tunnel has not been run yet, on the top of the 'Tourist' or the old red 'Lightning' on a bright morning, when I can pull out my weed, and not have to ask the reluctant leave of any squeamish first-class passenger, nor douse it when only half-finished, because we are

throbbing into the iron station at Swindon; when I have time to feast my eyes on the glorious richness of yon waving wood, the swaying harvest at the feet of that wild hill, down whose side lie the masses of rough rock as if some Anak or Brobdignagian had but yesterday thrown down his castle, and the stones had not done rolling; when I am not whirled past the peaceful homesteads and the browsing kine with a frightful night-mare of eight electric wires rising and falling continually with a succession of stunted May-poles passing, like Banquo's ghosts, rapidly along, but each the image of the other with its top-knot of little dead white bells—I confess that, under these circumstances, I do thank heaven that science moves slowly, and leaves a few hills unembowelled, a few valleys unbegrimed in my native country yet.

And as these were the circumstances under which my little episode begins, I may be allowed to sing—

'Hurrah for the old stage-coach,
Be it never so worn and rusty!
Hurrah for the smooth high-road,
Be it glaring, and scorching, and dusty!
Hurrah for the snug little inn,
At the sign of the Plough and Harrow,
And the frothy juice of the dangling hop,
That tickles your spinal marrow!
Hurrah for the panting, sleek-coated team,
And that red-nosed Jehu, their driver!
For your lightning tamed and your hissing steam
I care not the rim of a stiver.'

Before one-tenth of these thoughts had flashed across me, I saw that my fellow-traveller was ready to be off again. 'How beautiful!' I had just time to put in, as we looked round at the peaceful valley through which we were bowling.

'Yes sir; it is beautiful,' he answered a little less energetically. 'God's handiwork is always perfect. We say that there are ugly things in nature, but we are mistaken. We call the owl an ugly bird, the donkey an ugly animal. But we forget that beauty consists in fitness and not alone in form; we forget that beauty is positive, and that it is only our evil associations that make us think it hideous.'

'Ah, now, I see you are a Scotchman,' said I, 'and have been studying Professor Blackie.'

'Not a bit of it. I'm a cockney

from London, and never read a word of philosophy.'

I looked at my companion. He was a man of about eight-and-twenty, quietly dressed, with a clever eye, and a mouth about which beamed a certain benevolence, little in harmony with the fierce tirade with which our conversation had opened.

'Yes, it is most beautiful,' he resumed; 'but, sir, man befouls all this, as the harpies did the venison dinner of the Trojans in Virgil. We boast, as I was saying, of our English peasantry, and all that we do for them. Well, sir, that lovely hill yonder is but one in a hundred in these western counties of this civilized, enlightened country, where the sons of the soil are living in a state worse than heathenism. You will scarcely believe, sir, that there are families on that hill, that looks so peaceful and sunny, living in

hovels, in which you cannot stand up or lie down, hovels which they have built up themselves with the loose stones of the hill-side, and roofed over with dried furze—"the furzy prickles" that "fires the dells." There are a dozen families and more, sir, that have never known marriage or baptism; that can neither read nor write; that have never heard the name of our Lord and Saviour; that know nothing of God except as a strange name in an oath; and that cannot, I fancy, look forward to any life beyond this one.'

'But how do they live, then?' I asked, somewhat incredulously.

'Partly by sheep stealing. A farmer told me some months ago that he would willingly distribute a score of his primest animals among them every Christmas, if they would never steal another.'

'But where's the police?'

'Ay, you may well ask. One constable to a population of over 2000! Why, sir, those cozy nooks and dells yonder are blacker than the heart of Whitechapel or St. Giles'. That one constable last summer had his head broken so severely that his life was despaired of, and all because he ventured to do his duty in stopping a row in a small unlicensed beershop on yonder hill.'

'But have they no other means of subsistence?'

'Yes, poaching. But, as a general rule, they have their plots of potatoes; sometimes their pig, when they can steal or beg enough to buy one with; and this animal grubs about, eats their potato-shaws, and often lives in the same hovel as the family. You see, sir, the reason of all this is that they are squatters. These hills, like hundreds of others, are unenclosed, and never could be enclosed, because the neighbouring farmers and families had rights over turf and gravel, which they never exercised, but were too proud to give up. So little by little their rights have been stolen from them by squatters. The river here with its fishing formed one inducement. Then there was a class of old hereditary freehold called "free mines," and as these were held by small people without a farthing of capital, often mere cottagers, their owners would associate with themselves any poor wretch who

liked to come and work at them. Then they began working the mines, and squatting round them, and soon the ores were found worthless, or they did not know how to work them, or from one cause or another the squatters were thrown out of work, and took to their own plots of ground. But, sir, I don't pretend to know the real causes of this squatting propensity. In all these unenclosed districts, there are inducements for settling; there is charcoal-burning, or wood-cutting, or fishing, or quarrying, or something of the kind, which draws those towards its district who are ambitious of a free possession, and don't care to pay a rent; and this terrible squatting, only a little better than in California, Australia, or New Caledonia, is the result of it. Then in time they get too firmly fixed to be turned away; build themselves cottages or hovels; plant their gardens and potato-grounds, and live by stealing and begging, if a bare and most wretched existence can be called life. There is no one who has the capital or the care to buy them up, and as the rights are distributed among so many families of the neighbourhood, no one can undertake to turn them out.'

'But,' I asked, 'what do the clergy do all this time?'

'What can one curate do among two or three thousand? Many of these livings are held by absentees, who get their work done for £80 per annum, or less. The substitute has no money to give away, and the farmers and families in the neighbourhood are narrow-minded Conservatives of the worst school, who, because their fathers gave nothing, give nothing and do nothing themselves; nay—you will hardly believe it—are bigoted enough to resist any attempt at improvement. Just let me tell you an episode in which I was concerned myself last summer, and which will illustrate what I say.'

As I had already found out that my fellow-traveller had as good a wind as a Derby favourite, and knew how to use it, I tucked my rug round my legs, lit a fresh cigar, and prepared for his narrative:—

Sir, said he, I took a cottage last summer in the village of P—, of which you can just see the church-tower from here. I left town for three

months, because I was sick of it, and wanted to get away—not exactly from mankind ; although

' My soul required the silent glen,
Whose gloom may suit an altered mind,'

as Byron says. I am not a misanthrope, I hope. God forgive me if I hated my kind ; but I was sick of the eternal business of life, and, sir, I wanted a little of its poetry. I came down here because the country was beautiful, and—I am not ashamed to add—because living and rent were cheap.

Well, sir, the families of P—— called on me. There was old Captain Snubley, who held himself rather above the rest, because he had been in the navy, and the others were mostly retired farmers. There was the Simplekin family, innocent, good-natured country people, who had lived in an old gable-ended farm-house for the last two centuries, and had cousins in every village within a range of thirty miles. They were 'the people' of the village, owning plenty of land, farming it themselves, fattening good Herefordshire long-horns in their rich sappy meadows, but labouring under the disease of universal stinginess. Then there were the eight Miss Golightlys, the youngest of whom was forty-five, and was called the 'baby.' They had seen better days, and snuggled at the Simplekins, who had always been farmers. Lastly, there were Mr. and Mrs. Mould, retired tallow-chandlers, who dressed fashionably, kept a small pony carriage, and thought themselves rather more in the world than their neighbours, because they had been to London, which the others, except Snubley, never had, and because they took in the *Times*, while the rest contented themselves with the *Herald* or *Chronicle* of the county once a week.

All these people had but small means, except the Simplekins, who hoarded ; and all of them having lived for years in the delightful village of P——, had not a single care for anything out of it. The gossip was of the usual description. The eldest Miss Golightly, verging on sixty-five, though for years she had sworn only to fifty-nine, and could never be got to confess that the third score of summers was completed, had a room which looked upon

the road, and almost everything that passed in the place was witnessed from that casement, and duly retailed the same day. If the captain, a bachelor of fifty, met Miss Simplekin, a round-faced, flat-nosed, good-natured girl, and stopped to speak, or ventured to walk a few yards with her, Snubley *cum* Simplekin was forthwith a match on the *tapis*, and all that could be found out about the captain, down to the number of glasses of grog he drank, and the number of expletives he let loose upon his servants, was sure to come round to the innocent Matilda of the cogitative proboscis. Nor was this enough. If Betsy Trindle, the washerwoman, ran out to beat her eldest olive-branch, who was wallowing in the gutter, making a pudding of the fresh mud ; if Grimes, the blacksmith, blew a kiss from his glaring, roaring, sparkling forge to Jane, the Moulds' maid-servant ; if Eliza Jones, the carpenter's wife, was seen returning from the shop with the second black bottle that week under her arm ; if young Cupper, the surgeon's son, who had just finished his studies at St. Bartholomew's, and was come down to make pills and dispense black-draughts for his father, sent out in the morning for a pot of beer from the 'Pig and Whistle,' all the characters of all these worthies was more or less in danger of the censure of the village. Miss Susanna Golightly was indeed a most valuable personage, for the fear of her keen yellow eye probably kept Snubley from flirting, Betsy Trindle from losing her temper, Grimes from heartless frivolity, Jane from his treacherous but sooty fascinations, Eliza Jones from the bottle, and the jaunty young medical man from mixing assafetida with the rhubarb pills when exhilarated by the generous hop, and recurring under its influence to those jovial days at 'Bat's,' when they peppered the oxen in Smithfield market with the gamesome pea-shooter.

If Miss Susanna had been content with this employment of her somewhat jaundiced optic 'to which all order festered' in the village, none would have thought of suggesting that Miss Susanna's hours were spent in a manner unworthy of her fronts and advanced years ; but Miss Susanna,

improving on the conduct of her apocryphal namesake, must needs attack the elders, and poor Jones, the curate—of course the rector was taking care of his *health* instead of his parish—as well-meaning a man as ever performed one hundred and four services, and wrote one hundred and four sermons per annum for the munificent remuneration of £60 per annum, and leave to live in the rectory, the dampness of which had ruined the incumbent himself, and sent him to a drier clime in the south of Europe; poor Jones, I say, nay, and more, that excellent, active little body Mrs. Jones, who was always working pinafores for the dirty school children, came under Miss Susanna's cruel eyelash, and could do nothing in their parish which was not known and discussed the same day.

However, I won't go deeper into village politics, nor tell how these few families living in so quiet and remote a snugery and having nothing to do, and nothing to think of, managed to quarrel among themselves; how a Snubley-cum-Simplekin faction was arrayed against a Mould-atque-Golightly party; how they fought about the church, the curate, and the charities, more than any other subject; how those that slept through Jones' clever but soporific discourses were judged by those that could not sleep; how the poor were neglected by all, except Jones and spouse, and from time to time the eight Miss Golightlys, who, when they grew anxious to trim their virgin lamps as they felt the 'years with change advance,' and did 'take an interest,' as they called it, in any poor family, would go to visit them four together, fill up their poor little cottage, sitting on all the chairs that could be collected, bolt upright and very severe, and so bother the mother of ten children, by asking how much tea she had bought, or how many pence her husband spent at the beer-shop, that they almost bullied her life out of her.

I won't go into these matters. You can easily imagine that I, coming from London, where gossip of that narrow kind is unknown, took no delight in these people's small tea-parties or solemn dinners. But I was bound to take an interest in the poor, for I consider that every rich man, and, indeed,

every educated man, is responsible for the welfare of the Lazarus at his gate—welfare spiritual as well as temporal. When Jones called, of course I asked him all about the parish. He was not very communicative, and I should never have learned anything about the squatters from him.

If you look at the hill from here, you see that there is one end far wilder than the other—where those huge rocks stand out, and where those thick woods clothe the slopes. That end, as you see, is the farther from the village. Now, originally the whole hill was squatted, but the settlers at the end near the village gradually became civilized, while those at the other remained in their pristine barbarism, or rather, I should say, degenerated into savagery.

Now, besides the distance and the numbers, Jones had a very remarkable theory which prevented his ever approaching that farther end more than once a month at most. He held that it was not just to the respectable among his community to give up his time, attention, or spare cash to those living in open sin. I am sure Jones was sincere in this, and not actuated by indifference or laziness. The idea has some truth about it, for a curate has a most difficult part to play; and from what I know of the rural lower orders, I can pronounce them the most jealous class of people in the world. Don't believe any of those letters in the papers about the poor not liking the visits of the rich. They are always flattered by them, always pleased at the attention; and I fancy, as a general rule, often look to the flesh-pots which these visits may bring. It is only when injudicious ladies and others go in suddenly and proceed to bully or cross-examine them, that the poor are naturally offended. For my part, I always knock at the door, and *wait till it is opened for me*. If I see them washing up, or the children in a mess, or the place in confusion, I do not cross the threshold, but exchange a few friendly words in a spirit of equality. If the coast is clear, I say, 'Well, Mrs. So-and-so, how are you to-day, and how are the children?' Mrs. So-and-so almost always replies by begging me to walk in, which I do. If she does not ask me in, I say,

'I won't disturb you, perhaps you are busy,' and the invitation is sure to follow. But if not, I go away, saying I will call again. In this manner I avoid giving any offence or intruding on their privacy, and I am always made welcome, even when they know that I am come to rebuke them for some fault committed since my last visit.

But the result of Jones' system was that the bad never got better, and complained that the clergyman neglected them.

That farther end of the hill is very beautiful; as you see, the river sweeps close under it, and there runs into a narrow valley.

I am of a contemplative disposition, sir, and love solitary walks, and many a long afternoon have I passed on yonder hill in the checkered alleys of that thick wood or descending the hill, by the side of the arrowy river, where my dog's bark was banded back again and again between the hills on either side.

One day I had emerged from the thick wood on to the very summit of the hill, just above those rocks. The space was open, and the view magnificent. Around me was thick tall furze and low brushwood. As I strolled on I was suddenly startled by a voice as if from the bowels of the earth.

'Good-day, sir,' said the gruff unearthly tones. I looked round in surprise, and now perceived what had escaped me before, a hovel so low that it was not seen above the brushwood, while the dry gorse with which it was covered gave it the appearance of being nothing more than a gorse-stack. In the middle of the dry prickles I then perceived a round tin vessel, the bottom of which had been knocked out, so that it served the purpose of an ingenious though primitive chimney-pot. The hovel itself was built up of rough stones, of which there are thousands loose upon the hill, the entrance was so low and so narrow that I wondered how any human being could creep in by it. However, while I looked, a head—'wild as a grey barbarian's'—was poked out through this hole, and a pair of sharp eyes glared at me. The head itself was rather handsome, and the lower part

of the face, covered with a magnificent grey beard, very large and very dirty.

I had heard terrible stories of the squatters, and the head did not allay any suspicions I may have had; I therefore contented myself with a 'good-day,' and walked on. I now saw that on one side of the cabin was a piece of ground, enclosed by a rough low stone wall, and rather neatly laid out with young cabbages and potatoes. In one corner of this was a dung-heap, evidently a collection from the high-road; in the other a curious conglomeration of stones which attracted my attention. A number of bright and various-coloured stones had been collected and piled up in countless pinnacles or spires, the largest at the bottom, the smallest at the top, but all loose.

I made a rapid survey of all this, and went my way.

Before this, however, my gate had been besieged every morning by a woman in the veriest rags that scarcely covered her, accompanied by a half-naked child. She sat at the gate, as if not daring to come farther, looking very miserable indeed, and holding a small tin can. Whenever I passed, this individual set up a kind of piteous whine, in which the only word I could catch was 'bilings.' Not knowing what she wanted, and not wishing to give money without some knowledge of her, I generally told her to go in and ask for what she could get, which she invariably did. She wore no bonnet but a rag tied round her head, and I noticed that her hair was quite short and curled all over in little crisp curls. Her thin long face might have once had something comely about it, but there was a look of vacancy about it little short of idiocy. Of this female, thinking her to be the regular village idiot, I had taken no notice.

The next time I went up the hill, I purposely made my way to the squatter's hovel. In its neighbourhood I now saw the owner of the terrible head picking up the loose sticks at the edge of the wood. He was tall and looked athletic, but was scarcely covered by his rags. The one brown, dirty, nondescript garment on his body exposed the hairy chest; the trousers had once

reached his ankles, but had been gradually worn away till all below the knees was exposed.

This wild-looking man pulled his forelock when he saw me, and said civilly enough :

'Won't you come in and sit down, sir? It's a poor place, but warm.'

I declined, half suspicious of his intentions, and thinking that I could scarcely manage to get through the aperture that served for a door.

'Well, sir, have a look at them rock-work,' he said, moving round to the place where the pinnacles stood. 'Them is beautiful stones, sir; I picked 'em all up myself on the hill here, and they're worth a deal o' money.'

I was surprised at the man's accent. It was not half so broad as that of most of the villagers. I admired the rock-work, asked where he found the stones, and, still disliking his appearance, moved away.

That evening I was invited to the house of the rector of the adjoining village, and in the course of it I described the strange man I had seen, and asked who he was.

'Oh, that great beast!' said the parson; 'that's Nassy the Rammer, as he is called here, a celebrated character. His real name is Manasseh Johnson, and how he acquired his sobriquet I cannot tell. He is the worst character in the county, a notorious sheep-stealer, has been in prison two years for stealing sheep, and now lives no one knows how. Of course you have seen the fair lady who bears him company, though not married to him, Matty Jenkins?'

I said that I had not had that honour.

'I am surprised. Has she not been to beg at your door yet?'

'What! a wretched creature in rags with a child?'

'The same. I have been obliged to forbid her to come near my house; she used to sit for hours at the gate, howling most obnoxiously, and making that horrid offspring of hers join in the whine.'

'What,' I asked, 'does she mean by "bilings!"'

'Oh! boilings; that is the refuse of the kitchen, cold potatoes, gravy, or anything of that kind. The worthy

couple live on what they get from various houses.'

'But has no attempt been made to reform these wretched people?'

'Yes, hut of course failed. Jones' predecessor did all he could to get them to separate, as they were living in sin, but the man promised and promised, and nothing came of it.'

'It would have been better to induce them to marry,' I suggested.

'Marry!' cried the parson, a high-churchman, in horror: 'I hope there is not a clergyman in the county who would perform the ceremony.'

I confess I saw the matter in a very different light. From that day my mind was made up, and I determined that Nassy the Rammer should, with God's assistance, become an altered man.

I thought it my duty, however, to speak to Jones about him first. Jones was less violent than his brother clergyman, but shook his head hopelessly.

'You see, my dear sir,' he said, 'that some attempt has been made to reform this man. There was a gentleman living here some years ago, who took him very kindly in hand, gave him clothes, and gave him work. They say he is a good workman, but, poor fellow, he suffers from hernia, and of course cannot hold on with any heavy labour. Well, this gentleman left the parish, and Manasseh Johnson relapsed into his old ways.'

'Well, I suppose there is no harm in my trying what I can do with him.'

'It will only be labour lost, my dear sir,' said Jones mournfully; 'hut try, try, there is nothing like trying.'

And so I did. I went up to the hovel the same afternoon. I saw a little smoke rising through the bottomless tin kettle, and therefore knew my man was at home. I went up to the wall and called out, 'Nassy, are you at home?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' answered the gruff voice; 'won't your honour come over and look in?'

I leapt the low stone wall, and by means of stooping very low I managed to squeeze myself through the opening, and found myself in the hovel.

It was not high enough to stand up in, although the ground had been

scooped out into a kind of hole for the floor. The inner surface of the stones was black with smoke. A couple of large bricks were placed in one corner, and a bundle of dry sticks laid across was smouldering slowly upon them. I saw that a kind of dirty blanket was suspended over the inside of the opening and rolled up, evidently for the purpose of letting down to keep out the wind and cold at nights. The only other opening was that in the roof through which the smoke mounted. Accordingly, the cell was as dark as a cavern.

Nassy was sitting on the ground before the smouldering fire, and breaking the dry sticks to put on it.

'Well, Nassy,' said I, 'you've a snug little place here.'

'Wall, your honour, it's not over roomy, but when I can get about a bit more, and can get a few shillings for the stones out yonder, I'll build up a bit of a cottage, which'll be more comfortabler like. You see, sir, one must make the best one can. Now, this place tuk me a fortnight to put up; brought every stone of them walls myself.'

'But how do you manage to lie down?' I asked, seeing that the floor was hollowed out.

'Wall, sir, we bring in a bunch of gorse or so, and there ain't quite distension enough for your legs—Nassy was fond of fine words, which he invariably murdered; 'but I and my old woman puts up with it pretty convenient.'

'So you're married, are you, Nassy?' I asked.

Nassy did not reply immediately; but, diving down into some dark recess, he drew up about two inches of a very dirty pipe, and a small paper of tobacco.

'Now, if yer honour could jist sit down a bit,' he said, 'I'd displain that point to you.'

The only way to manage this, was by squatting on my haunches, in imitation of my host, and this I found a relief after the bending position I had been forced to maintain till then. When we were thus seated, Nassy, I, and the fire completely filled the small hovel. He now got on his knees and blew the smoking fire into a flame. The smoke increased doubly and filled

the place, mounting slowly to the bottomless tin kettle above. I was nearly choked and blinded, but was not to be beat so soon.

'It will be clearer in a bit,' continued my host, as the flames lit up his wild, rough face. 'Now, sir, you're a sitting; that's right; now, sir, do yon smoke?'

'Yes.'

'Wall, then, you'll find that a sweet pipe, and here's a bit o' bacca; shall I stuff him for yer?'

This hospitable offer I was compelled to decline. Though he wiped the end of the pipe very sedulously, I could not bring myself to use it.

'You smoke and I'll listen, Nassy.'

The lighting of the pipe was a long affair. It was evident Nassy wanted to divert my attention from the subject of his helpmeet.

'Wall, sir, you see, this is how it is. You've heard tell of Muster Williams, as lived down yonder at the Cross-bars?'

This was the name of the gentleman who had taken Nassy up.

'Sir, yer honour, he was a rale gentleman.'

'Are you an Irishman, Nassy?' I interrupted.

'I, sir? no, sir, thank God; but, you see, my father, he was a red-hot Welshman, he was,' and Nassy gave me a very knowing look. Why a Welshman should be red-hot I could not tell, but supposed that it was a bit of Rammer's pleasantry, and asked no troublesome questions.

'Wall, where was I? Ow, that was it, was it, Muster Williams. Yes, he was the right sort, a reglar gentleman, he was. I knows the reglar sort, I does, when I see 'em. Now, sir,' said the artful fellow, 'I can see you're one of the right sort. Them fellars down the village, them Simplekins and that, they're not the point at all. But he, Muster Williams, he was fire-right, he was.'

This 'fire-right' was a favourite expression of the Rammer's.

'But how about your wife?' I again put in.

'Now, sir,' said Nassy, putting his black, rough hand on my arm. 'You be patience, and we're a coming to that all in good time.'

I'll spare you the long-winded ac-

count of Muster Williams' kindness, for which Nassy seemed to be thoroughly grateful; and spoke in raptures of the fine clothes he had received, and the meat—'good gravy meat, none of your fat bacon; I ain't tasted a bit since he left,'—with which he had been fed. I thought Muster Williams had been a little too kind if anything, and again asked about the wife.

'Wall, sir, that's how it was. Now, you hearken to me. That's just what Muster Williams used to say, "Nassy, says he; Nassy Rammer, how about you're wife?" "Wall, sir," says I, "this is the point, we're just a goin' to wait till the summer, when we can have a few flowers, like the gentle-folks, for the wedding; and then, sir, it shall be all fire-right and tidy," says I.'

'Then she's not your wife, Nassy?' I asked gravely.

'That gal, sir, has lived along of me this sixteen year, come Christmas, and she'd never leave me, and never should I go to leave her, for she's a good gal, she is; and though she's not a lady born, sir, I'll say again any man as will speak the contrary, that her flesh is as pure as any lady's in the land, sir.'

Well, I can't remember the whole of our conversation that day. I spoke severely to him on the subject of the woman, and he assured me that that was all going to be put right and tidy. But his long-winded digressions, and the clever way in which he managed to shirk the subject, made it difficult to me to say more.

In this visit I was greatly disappointed in some respects. I found Nassy to be grateful; I found him less rough and wild than I had expected; I found that he seldom used an oath; and that he had the remains of a better life hanging about him. But I also found him totally ignorant about God, and when I spoke of Him, he would say, 'Yes, sir, that's all fire-right; you're a scholar, and you understand all them points. It's no doubt you're quite right, sir.' But beyond a mere assent of this kind he would not go.

I soon learned full particulars about this wild man both from rich and poor. The village still remembered

that he had once been the strongest and pluckiest workman in the neighbourhood; and how, on one notable occasion, he and Bill Jenkins, the Goliath of the hill, who had kept up a constant system of bullying to his fellow-workmen, had had a desperate fight in a certain field, to witness which half the village assembled, and how Nassy had completely floored the Titanic bully, and put an end then and for ever to his overbearing ways. In fact, muscular strength seemed to be the chief recommendation of the Rammer. It appeared that he had many years ago been an excellent and steady workman; but that, when his father died, he had taken the fascinating Matty into his abode, and one way or another had managed to spend all that the old gentleman had left him. It was then that the Rammer had taken to sheep-stealing, in connexion with some other squatters worse than himself, who had ended by being conveyed, at her Majesty's expense, to a penal settlement. It had taken five policemen to secure the Rammer, who had again broken away from them and leapt into the river. It was then this disease, under which he suffered, had been contracted.

When the hovel of one of these men was searched, they found no less than five different kinds of meat in it; mutton, beef, veal, pork, and game, so that their depredations had not been confined to the fleecy flocks. Nassy on this occasion had been imprisoned for two years, and to a certain extent this punishment had cured him. He had not been known to steal anything since; at least no theft had been brought home to him. Still less was he known to drink. So far so good. On the other hand, it appeared that he led a very selfish, degraded life, never stirring from his hovel except to look for stones of peculiar colour, which he added to his rock-work, or to till the bit of ground he had appropriated. His wretched mate roamed the country with the child to beg 'bilings' or pence, and occasionally made a few halfpence by carrying water from the well to the hill-top for those who could afford the luxury. All her gainings, I heard, were appropriated by the man, who spent them in tobacco. Neither Nassy nor

Matty had ever been known to go to church; the child had never been christened, and no one ever dreamed of admitting him to the school.

I soon saw that the first thing to be done was to get the couple to marry. This would give the poor woman some claim on the man, and raise in him some little respect for her. The next thing would be to make them respectable. Respectability is, with the poorer classes, the next best substitute for religion; though I admit that among the educated it is too often set in the highest place. If we could civilize these people a little, make them respect themselves, have the boy christened and sent to school, we should open the way for religious instruction and total reformation. However, my task was not so hard a one as it might have been. I had no drunkenness to cure—that almost hopeless task; no systematic crime to get rid of. I had only to deal with a lazy, selfish, brutish being, and raise him a peg or two in the social scale.

Of course I told no one about my projects, and should not now be telling you if I were known to you. I visited Nassy about three or four times a week, whenever I could make up my mind to face the smoke and smell of his cabin. My first object being to induce him to marry, I did not lecture him nor talk about religion, which he would not yet have understood. I went up, met him cheerfully, smoked my own pipe with him, allowed him to rattle on, for he was terribly fond of long yarns, took an interest in the long histories of his family—(his father, he told me, was a *gentleman*—meaning thereby a man of more respectability than himself)—how this cousin and that uncle had cheated him out of part of his patrimony, and a great deal more. I found that, though he could neither read nor write, he had a deal of quaint wisdom of his own; and it appeared that he knew—probably from being a sheep-stealer—more about the strange caverns on the hill than any antiquarian of the neighbourhood; in fact he often turned an honest penny by acting as guide to them, and at the same time collected stalactites, &c., for which he easily found purchasers.

Whenever an opportunity occurred

in these long yarns, I gave him the right direction, and at last brought him to distinguish in many points between right and wrong. It is strange that that false sentiment of *honour* according to the notions of the world (the most dangerous enemy of religion, I think), should outlast all other morality, even among the lowest orders. I found that he had a great idea of what was becoming to a gentleman, and insisted in speaking of himself as one, though not of the gentle folk.

Of course the burden of all my visits was the propriety of his marrying poor Matty Jenkins. I got him to admit at last that it was neither right nor honourable to live with her without marriage, but to all my more urgent persuasion he gave the invariable reply that 'that was all agoin' to be put fire-right and tidy.'

Three weeks passed in these visits, during which I observed that he never asked for money, and therefore never gave him any. I allowed him to send down—for I could not induce him to come himself—for a little meat or soup from time to time. I could not indeed note the change that was taking place on him, but I so accustomed his mind to the idea of the necessity of his marrying, that I saw I should soon clinch the matter.

However, I was disappointed. The excuses he made were most ingenious. He would be obliged to ask his friends and relations—it was not honourable to be married privately—and then he had no room in the hovel to receive them. Then he had no money for a breakfast. I settled that matter by promising half a sovereign for a feast. But then there were no clothes, and no money for a ring, and so on.

At last, one Saturday afternoon I went up, determined to bring the affair to a crisis; and now the real reason of all came out. One by one I had removed the others, offered him clothes, and promised to buy the ring.

Nassy the Rammer was *ashamed* to be married.

I took up this point boldly, and now spoke to him of eternity. I painted the terrors of future punishment. I have often found that this view of the justice of God is more readily understood than a picture of His love to those who have had few temporal blessings

in life. I then asked him if it were worth while to risk the displeasure of the Almighty, because the village would say this and that.

'Well, sir,' he said, frightened and yielding, 'if it could only be done on the quiet, without asking in and asking out in the church; if I and the gal—he would call her a girl, though their united ages certainly made ninety—could go down quietly some day and be settled.'

'But you yourself said it would not be honourable to be married privately; that your mother and father had had a wedding-feast;' and so on.

He seemed to be yielding, but suddenly broke off into a fresh yarn about his mother and father.

'Johnson,' said I sternly, 'will you do right and be married—or not? I you refuse, I leave you, and shall never come again; if you agree to it, I shall take care that everything is done in the right way for you.'

'Well, sir, if I had the clothes—'

'You shall have them now; to-night. Only authorize me to go down and tell Mr. Jones to call the banns to-morrow; only consent to come to church and hear them called, and the rest shall all be settled.'

'Well, sir, I will then.'

I did not stop a minute, but saying I should be back in half an hour, I rushed down the hill, thanking God all the way for this success, took an old suit from my drawers, two or three pairs of socks, a neck-tie, and so forth, and hurried up again.

I now arranged for his going to church the next day, but fearful lest he should shirk it at the last moment, I agreed to go up before church and walk down with him. I then rushed down again frantically to Jones; it was already very late, and I made my excuses to him.

'I have a little matter of business,' I said, 'which is rather important. You know Manasseh Johnson? Well, he has commissioned me to ask you to call the banns for him to-morrow. He is going to be married to Matilda Jenkins.'

'Impossible!' cried Jones in amazement. 'My dear sir, he has been only playing the fool with you. Are you sure he is sincere?'

'I have devised a plan to try him,'

I replied. 'I have insisted on his coming to church to-morrow to hear himself asked in.'

'To church, my dear sir! He has never been inside a church in his life.'

'Then you admit that if he comes to-morrow it will be a strong proof of his sincerity?'

'Only let me see him here, and I will call the banns.'

The next morning was therefore to be the turning-point. When I reached the top of the hill I saw a strange man, very respectable in appearance, standing outside the hovel, smoking a short, black clay pipe. At a second look I discovered that he was wearing my old suit of clothes. But could this be Nassy? Where was his beard?—where his wild grizzly hair? How did he come by that neat round wide-awake?

I went up and found it was indeed Master Nassy thus transformed.

On our way along the hill, he explained to me that I had not been his only friend. About two stones' throw from his hovel, just inside the wood, was the cottage of a *quondam* game-keeper, an old and very respectable man, who, having saved a little money, was now enjoying the peaceful winter of his life with his old and excellent wife, a most good-hearted, kindly old body. All honour to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. While the rich, and even the clergyman, had left this savage to rot in his hovel, Mrs. Robinson, I learned, had constantly given them bread out of their small means, and spoken to him and his wife the healthy words of comfort and rebuke. To Mrs. Robinson, his only friend, Nassy the Rammer had confided that he had some thoughts of 'settling;' and while I, with man's usual vanity, attributed the success to my own persuasion, these good people, who, living nearer to him, had seen more of him, had really clinched the matter. It was old Robinson who had lent him a razor, and allowed him to shave at his cottage; it was old Robinson who had given him his own second-best hat, almost new; it was Mrs. Robinson who had cut his hair, and shown him how to wear his clothes; in short this good couple had done everything that I had left undone.

As we passed down, a few idlers who were not going to church made their remarks freely on the metamorphose of Master Nassy and the company he was in. I stood this quietly, and the Rammer took no notice of them; but when a boy and woman on the way burst out into a mocking laugh, I determined to stop that kind of thing once for all, and administered a sharp correction, the consequence of which was a very proper apology the next day.

When we reached the churchyard, there was a formidable collection of young men to be passed, but my grave face prevented a second scene. I did not leave him till we reached the church-door, and then telling him to go to the large pew where he saw Mrs. Robinson sit, I left him, and entered myself afterwards.

Of course his presence caused some excitement among the parishioners. Some rose from their seats to see if it were really that God-forsaken Nassy the Rammer; others whispered, others smiled, all look surprised; but when Jones calmly and quietly read out:—

'I publish the banns of marriage between Manasseh Johnson, bachelor, and Matilda Jenkins, spinster, both of this parish—if any one know,' &c., a general smile, almost a titter, was on every face; and you could see pocket-handkerchiefs go up to cover grinning mouths, and would have thought a sudden paroxysm of catarrh had seized the whole congregation.

I trembled lest any one *should* 'know any just cause,' &c. What on earth! who was that man suddenly rising from his seat? what could he want;—oh, thank heaven! he has sat down again; it was only some one who could not refrain his curiosity. The banns were not forbidden.

As for Johnson himself, he behaved with wonderful shrewdness. Though, as he afterwards confessed, he had never been in church before, he knelt and rose when the others did, and followed their example so exactly, yet so confidently, that though I watched him all the time—forgetting, I am sorry to say, the higher object of my going to church—I never saw him make a mistake.

After church I was resolved not to take any notice of him, for many rea-

sons with which I won't bother you, and therefore tackled on to Captain Snubley, who, as I came from London, was only too glad to talk about 'the Park,' by which he meant Hyde Park; 'the Row,' and 'Pill-Mill,' and the latest politics, the rumour of which had trickled down to our far West; and when he saw that I parted my hair down the middle, which I have done ever since I could hold a comb, suddenly appeared one day with his grey stubble 'divided along the centre,' as my genteel hair-dresser—who charges an extra sixpence for gentility—expresses it.

I saw the Rammer shirking on far in front with that peculiar shuffling walk, which his lazy life and the antiquity of his shoes—I had not had any to give him—brought about. Certainly, in my old grey suit, with the trousers of a slight peg-top cut with large side-pockets, with his wild uncomfortable eye, his new wide-awake, his boots, from which the soles were fast severing, and a somewhat bright neck-tie, he did look a little like a monkey in masquerade; and of course all the boys and young men were following him. I felt that this was a sharp test, and that if he came to church again after that, I might quite believe in his sincerity.

'Ha,' said Snubley, who walked with an easy swagger, and had not quite lost the 'haw-haw' of his youth, though small means and the slowness of society to recognise his merits had considerably toned it down; 'ha, there goes that dirty dog, Nassy Johnson. The lazy brute, he's going to be married now. Have you heard his history?—it's rather a curious one altogether. Well, I suppose some one has been giving him clothes; he looks pretty tidy. Now, I shouldn't wonder if that was Jones' doing. Jones is just one of those men who do their good works without any tact or discrimination. Here he's been toiling at this worthless beast of a fellow, instead of looking after those who deserve it better, and now—'

'Those that are whole need no physician,' said I with a smile.

'Well, well, the gospel, sir, I've always understood, must not be taken as our guide in everything. That text refers, I fancy, only to our—in short,

to Christ. But, aw, you see, sir, the end of it will be that—that this man, the minute he's married, will apply for parochial relief. I, for one, shall oppose it; but of course Jones—well, you see, we've a three-and-sixpenny rate now, and really we can *not* keep these vile filthy savages, who won't live like Christians, alive; we can't, sir.

I forgot that Snubley was one of the guardians of the poor, which fully accounts for his bitterness on the subject; but from that moment I determined, whatever it might cost me, that the Rammer and spouse should not come on the parish.

Nassy was very much pleased with this visit to church. 'The music were beautiful,' he said, 'and the sarmin was fire-right, and Muster Jones was a scholar.' I told him that it would be as well if he went next Sunday too, in order that Muster Jones and the parish might be certain he was going to 'settle,' but I left it to himself.

Meanwhile the wonderful change in the Rammer was something for everybody to talk about, and if possible, fight about, too. It was amusing to me to hear them for the first few days either praising or blaming Jones for what they believed was his doing, and I had the opinions of the whole village about the matter without reserve. But Jones was not the man to allow himself to be either blamed or praised without a just title thereunto, and soon undeceived them.

The next Sunday Nassy spontaneously appeared in church, and quietly took his place. After the service I purposely sidled up to Snubley, who purposely avoided me. But he could not escape. Jones joined us and began talking to me about Nassy.

'Well, well,' Snubley chimed in, 'I suppose we must increase the rate for him.'

'My dear sir,' said I, 'don't think of it. I undertake that Johnson shall never apply for a penny.'

'Well, well, I hope he'll go on well. I have no faith in this kind of reformation.'

And he smiled as if he thought I had been grievously taken in.

I must now confess that if I have spoken ill of the Golightlys, their behaviour on this occasion was exem-

plary. I believe them to be good-hearted old parties, and only a little old-fashioned.

Miss Aurelia, the second, came up to me, and loaded me with praises which disgusted me, for I felt that if anything had been done, I had only been the instrument of a Higher Power, yet such is the weakness of man that I had not the courage to disclaim the work as mine.

'And now,' she said, 'we are determined to get up a little subscription in the village for clothes for Matty Jenkins and the boy.'

This was as it should be, and we discussed this matter fully.

'But there is one difficulty,' she resumed. 'Who is to undertake the responsibility of buying them? I am sure we cannot. We have never bought clothes for this class of people, and know nothing about it.'

'Oh, Mrs. Jones will doubtless undertake it,' said I, and off I went to the rectory. To my astonishment Mrs. Jones declined. She politely but firmly said that the affair was talked of in such a manner that, as the curate's wife, she could not take a decided part. She suggested Mrs. Simplekin.

To the Simplekins I repaired the next day.

'La bless my soul! my dear good sir,' said Mrs. Simplekin, spreading out her hands. 'Me buy clothes for those vagabonds! I beg your pardon, as they're your favourites'—this was just the idea I hated—but dear me, Simplekin would be out of his mind. Why, my dear sir, if he's lost one sheep he's lost fifty by that man alone. Oh, no, no, no!'

'Mrs. Mould was no less snuffy about it when I asked her. She would subscribe with pleasure, but must decline having anything to do with a project set going by the Miss Golightlys. In despair I bethought me of good Mrs. Robinson, and old as she was and unused to moving about, that excellent old woman, more truly lady-like than all the gentlefolk, undertook the terrible responsibility.'

Thirty shillings was soon collected, everybody subscribing except Snubley and the Simplekins.

The clothes were made in time; the poor half-witted beggar-woman

washed, clothed, and talked to. My visits to the man had not diminished in number. Having now got him into the civilized world a little, I secured him by a promise that he would go to church every Sunday, and get his wife to go too. I now also prepared his mind for the marriage he had undertaken, told him of his duties to his wife, and upbraided his selfishness. What with Jones' sermons and my visits I think some impression was really made on him.

The third Sunday came, and still everybody shook their heads, and said that Nassy would not be forthcoming on the day in question, and that Matty would sell her clothes the moment she got them. To prevent this, Mrs. Robinson agreed to take them back from her every night, and she was told that they were only to be on loan.

On this Sunday Nassy brought down the boy, now neat in a tiny smock, and a small pair of corduroys. This boy was a good deal wilder than his father, being left, when not on a begging excursion, to roam the woods and hills by himself. In the middle of the Litany everybody was startled by a wild 'ya-hoo-hoo,' followed by a long whistle. The next moment I saw Nassy snatch the young rascal up and administer a stout box on the ears, which echoed through the church. After this the youngster sat demurely enough till the end of the sermon.

The next day was fixed for the wedding. I had already been to G— and purchased a second-hand gold ring at small cost.

At this last visit, the evening before the event, I found the Rammer very poorly. At first I thought it was put on in order to put off the marriage, but I soon found that he had really caught cold from cutting off his beard, a measure quite in accordance with Robinson's notions of respectability, but really not only unnecessary but injudicious. To a man in Nassy's state of health, a cold was a very serious matter. However, I was determined that the match should take place the next day, and therefore proceeded to explain, and in a manner rehearse the marriage service. I was especially anxious they should understand the vow.

'Now listen,' I said. 'You take her

to have and to hold, for better for worse.'

'Better nor worse,' repeated the bridegroom-elect with a look of most ludicrous solemnity.

'For richer for poorer,' I went on.

'A good deal poorer,' whined poor Matty.

'Hold thy tongue, Matty, and let his honour speak. He's a scholar.'

'In sickness and in health.'

'A good bit of sickness he's seen,' whined Matty again.

'Till death you do part.'

'Sir, yer honour, that's fire-right. That's the tidy point, and summut settled like.'

Ten o'clock was the hour fixed for the interesting ceremony. I was to stand father to the bride, and 'best-man' to the groom, and good Betsy Robinson was to assist as bride's-maid in spite of her being married and on the verge of sixty. At half-past nine we all four walked down, poor Matty very proud of her new clothes, and already assuming the air of a married woman and person of consequence. The bridegroom, on the other hand, sniffled a good deal, though from catarrh rather than emotion, and looked anything but happy.

Fortunately there was no crowd on the way there, but those that saw us pass soon spread the news, and before the ceremony was half over the church yard was full. However, as it was necessary to be select, we kept the clerk at the door to prevent curious intruders from entering.

Worthy Jones examined the couple very properly before joining them, as to what they felt in the matter. Matty only whined out an assent, but Nassy boldly answered: 'Better nor worse, sir, sickness nor health, till death parts us,' and Jones was satisfied.

We ranged ourselves respectably before the communion rails, and Nassy stared very hard at Jones while he delivered the exhortation and charge, but when he asked: 'Wilt thou have the woman,' &c., Nassy bobbed his head.

'That's all right, sir; fire-right, sir.'

'Say, I will.'

'In course I will, sir,' replied the Rammer, 'I come down for that, sir; it's all fire-right and tidy.'

'But you must say, I will,' repeated Jones.

'Why, yer honour, there ain't a doubt about it; you're a scholar, sir.'

I was obliged to go behind him now and explain to him. At last we got him to utter the words.

He had the ring in a bit of paper in the pocket of the waistcoat, and was some time disengaging it. Alas! it was a little too small, but Jones was determined it should go on, and taking Matty's finger, literally pushed it over the joint. It was a comfort to think that she could never get it off again.

At length the prayer was to begin, but it was no easy matter to get the couple to kneel, and when they did so they went down so very low, touching the cushions with their faces, that I and Mrs. Robinson could scarcely restrain a laugh.

But the worst was yet to come. Making them link arms, we marched them out, and in the church-yard found a large concourse of mirthful faces.

At the end of the church walk was collected a body of villagers. I had heard already that the poor had been generally grumbling because Matty had had clothes given her, and I anticipated groans and hisses. I saw already fingers pointed, and queer looks bent on the shambling shuffling couple, and resolved to take the bull by the horns; so going up to Nassy's side, I took off my hat and cried; 'Now, lads, three cheers for Nassy the Rammer and his young bride!'

There was a laugh, and then a ringing cheer. Thus the knot was cut.

Well, sir, Nassy would walk his wife through the village. 'I'm not afeard of 'em,' said he, evidently seeing their doubtful looks. So, to prevent any outbreak, I walked up with them, and the cheers were repeated at every corner. The people came out to their doors; old acquaintances shook hands with bride and bridegroom, and at last they retired to their festive hovel.

I did not attend the breakfast. I learned afterwards that it was conducted in a very ingenious manner. Nassy, on receipt of the ten shillings, managed to change it into twenty six-

pences, and gave each friend the price of a quart of cider, and bid them go drink it at the public. He himself passed the hyueneal day in the usual quiet manner with a new pipe and a new ounce of bacca. Matty made what she called a cake, and distributed it to the female friends, but I did not hear that any of them had the stomach to eat it.

Thus, sir, the squatter was married, and I venture to say that such a wedding, so numerous attended, and so gloriously cheered, had not taken place in the village for at least a century. Next Sunday the boy was christened, and I stood godfather, with good Mrs. Robinson as godmother. The youth did not repeat the favourite 'ya-hoo' at the ceremony, and all passed off well.

There's nothing like fashion, and before three weeks were over we heard the banns of many a couple that hitherto had lived in sin.

Well, sir, there is little more to tell you. Knowing that work was the greatest reformer, I asked the Golightlys to allow Matty to work in their garden, to which they consented. She earned sixpence a day, and the labour did her good, and seemed suddenly to open her poor dark mind, darkened, I believe, chiefly by the squalid life she had led. But when I sought work for the man, not one would have him, neither farmers nor gentle-folk. Give a dog a bad name, and how on earth will you ever get rid of it? Not by repentance, reform, complete change of life. No, sir; God forgives, but society never. I tried to induce him to make baskets. He made one or two and sold them, but there it ended. He had work enough, he said, with his potatoes and cabbages.

However, two important things were to be done. The boy was to be sent to school; the family was to be made respectable. To my surprise, Jones suddenly changed his tone, when I spoke of the boy, and said nothing should induce him to admit him at the school for at least three months. A good young workwoman took the lad in hand, and taught him the Lord's Prayer and his alphabet. It is ten months since all this happened, sir, and though I have implored Jones to allow him to go to the national school,

though I have written most plainly to him what I thought of this stubborn refusal, the boy is not yet admitted. The only excuse that Jones can give is, that there is a prejudice in the village against the lad, and that, were he admitted, some of the more respectable and richer families might remove their children. Jones does not see that it is his duty to remove such unchristian prejudices, and is only consistent in the system of playing physician to those who need it not.

I was forced to leave P— soon after these occurrences, but before I went, I made arrangements for a cottage for the Rammer and family. Not a quarter of a mile from his hovel was a tumble-down cottage said to be haunted. It contained two rooms, and had a whole roof. The repairs wanted, though many, were not expensive. A neighbouring squire to whom it belonged, and I applied, kindly allowed Nassy to have this cottage at a very low rent. A few shillings, cleverly laid out, procured the necessary furniture; all, of course, second, or perhaps third hand. To this cottage, after much trouble, the Rammer was persuaded to move, and is now located there. He saves enough to pay his rent, and has done so to the day for the last three quarters. I make him and his wife a small allowance at the village shop, which is only continued on the following conditions:—1. That he or she go to church every Sunday, except in case of illness. 2. That he pays his rent to the day. 3. That he and she work when they can get employed. 4. That no complaint is made of any bad conduct in them. Miss Aurelia Golightly undertakes the cession of the allowance, and, as I know Nassy does not possess more than two chairs, I am not afraid of the weird sisters going up to his cottage in a body of eight.

'There is not much point in this

long story, sir,' said the stranger in conclusion, 'but I'll supply it with a good deal of moral: First then, this is only one instance out of many of families in country districts in the west of England living in a state of gross degradation. As to marriage and baptism, the numbers that disregard them is indeed terrible, but that is common to all agricultural districts, I fancy, while squatting produces a certain indifference to all laws human as well as Divine, to all distinction of *meum* and *tuum*, and a fatal independence with nothing to support it, and a laziness which is the very essence of disorder.

'The police and the clergy are wanting, but especially the clergy. Our parishes are too large, clerical incomes shamefully unequal. The parish next to that of P— contained one hundred and four souls only, yet its rector received precisely the same amount as Jones' incumbent. Again, Jones' system of neglecting what is somewhat unchristianly called the *scum* of the parish, is, I fear, too common among the clergy, while the neglect of the poor by the educated farmers and small gentry is certainly the rule not the exception. Lastly, the outcry against parish visiting made by lazy incumbents who write to the *Times*, shows that either they do not understand how to deal with the poor, or that their individual dealing has not been productive of any fruit. How are you to reclaim such beings as Nassy the Rammer without going and searching them out?

'But here we are at G—, and I must leave you. "At least you'll confess," he added, as he took up his carpet-bag and moved towards the ladder, "that when we talk of our civilisation, we don't know what barbarism there is in the heart of this enlightened country."'

ART AND SCIENCE ABROAD.

MUD VOLCANOES IN THE COLORADO DESERT, CALIFORNIA.

UNATTRACTIVE as mud is, a visit to a mud volcano has at least the agreeableness of variety, after all that we have heard during the last two years of the eruptions and earthquakes caused by the violent operations of the old smith-god in different parts of Europe and Asia. Such a visit has recently been made by John A. Veatch, Esq., M.D., of the Californian Academy of Sciences, and from his description of it we glean the following particulars :—

California is rich in physical beauties and physical wonders ; and amongst the latter none are more deserving the investigation of the scientific, or the attention of the curious observer, than the 'Salses' or mud volcanoes of the Colorado desert. Hidden amid the burning sands of a frightful waste, few persons have had the temerity to encounter the risk and labour of visiting them. In addition to the real horrors of the districts, there is the additional one arising from a belief that it is the abode of dark and malignant spirits, so that even the Indians who inhabit its borders rarely venture far into the desert, except during the annual rains. At any other time, to miss one of the few springs of brackish water, or to find its place occupied by drifting sands—a not unusual occurrence—would entail the certainty of suffering from thirst, if not the loss of life itself. It is the opinion of Dr. Veatch, however, that the peculiarities of this region are too striking to remain much longer unexplored. The entire desert is supposed to have been the bed of a great brackish or salt-water lake, and is said to be many feet below the level of the ocean. The part visited by the Doctor showed deep lacustrine deposits, enclosing in myriads the conchological records of the former sea.

It was in the month of July that the visit here described was undertaken. The salse was one situated about one hundred and fifty miles from San Diego, which stands just where the river Colorado disembogues into the Gulf of California. It is sixty

miles to the north-east of San Felipe, the nearest inhabited place to the volcano. But, in order to reach it, and enjoy the use of water on the way, it was requisite to take a route thirty miles longer.

Our travellers set out late in the evening, so as to have the advantage of a night's journey, and that they might reach the first watering-place before the heat of the next day. The party consisted of the doctor, his son, and a native guide named José Serano—all on horseback, and furnished with provision for the journey. They had scarcely entered the desert, when the thick, prickly opuntias abounding there completely blocked up the way. In attempting to force the barrier, the doctor's horse became furious, and commenced plunging ; and he had to choose between throwing himself off into the spring moss, or to suffer the animal to do it for him. Acting on the principle of doing for yourself what you wish to be done well, he chose the former alternative, and, in attempting to hold the infuriated horse, was dragged and pushed alternately amongst opuntias taller than himself, until his clothes were literally pinned to his flesh by the barbed, needle-like prickles. The horse fared no better, but that afforded no one any great consolation. José came to the rescue, and they all put up for the night, a great part of which was spent in the undignified occupation of extracting thorns from their flesh.

They reach as near to the salse as was deemed expedient about six o'clock one evening. The ground was becoming soft and muddy, and the sulphurous scents and strange sounds frightened the horses. Giving them in charge to José Serano, they advanced about a quarter of a mile towards the scene of action, a place by no means easy to describe. Those only who are familiar with the wild rush of steam can realize the rude sounds of the mud explosions, and the dull murmur of boiling caldrons of slime. The space occupied by the salse is a parallelogram about five hundred yards long

and three hundred and fifty broad, and a little elevated above the surrounding plain. The adjacent ground is low and muddy, and during the rains is entirely covered with water. There is a gentle slope towards the north and east, the mud and water of the salse running off in that direction, where a lake of salt water exists in the rainy season, but presenting at the time of the doctor's visit a vast sheet of chloride of sodium (common salt). The steam jets of the salse issue from conical mounds of mud, varying from three to fifteen feet in height, the sides presenting various angles, some being sharp and slender cones, others dome-shaped mounds, that seem to have spread and flattened out with their own weight upon the discontinuance of the action that formed them. Out of some of the cones the steam rushes in a continuous stream, with a roaring or whizzing sound, as the orifices vary in diameter or the jets differ in velocity. In others the action is intermittent, and each recurring rush of steam is accompanied by a discharge of a shower of hot mud, masses of which are sometimes thrown to a height of a hundred feet. These discharges take place every few minutes from some of the mounds, while others appear to have been quiet for weeks or months. Our visitors, during their short stay, witnessed examples of the rapidity with which a sharp, conical mound could be built up and again tumbled down. In one place a stream of hot water was thrown up from fifteen to twenty feet, falling in a copious shower on every side, and forming a circle within which one might stand without danger from the scalding drops, unless the wind chanced to drive them from their regular course. It issued from a superficial mound out of an opening about six inches in diameter; but the column of steam and water immediately upon issuing expanded to a much larger size. The orifice was lined with an incrustation of the carbonate of lime, and around it, and particularly on the south-east side, stood a miniature grove of slender stalagmitic arborescent concretions of the same substance. They were from half an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, and from four to eight inches in height.

Many of them were branched and the tips coloured red, contrasting beautifully with the marble whiteness of the trunk, and resembling much a coral grove. Some were hollow, delicate jets of steam issuing from their summits, and this seemed to explain the mode of their formation. It appeared as if a quantity of calcareous matter had been forced through these narrow orifices, and immediately on escaping from them had been deposited at their mouth. Some were not hollow throughout, being closed at their summit, but when detached from their base, a small orifice in their centre suffered hot steam to pass, and some degree of caution was required to remove them without scalded fingers. To approach the spot was a feat of some difficulty, surrounded as it was with a magic circle of hot rain. The doctor indeed retreated with a good scalding from the only attempt he dared to make; but his son, more adventurous, or more strongly attracted by the beauty of the specimens, succeeded in bringing away several. The falling water ran off into a pool a foot deep, but what became of it afterwards was not apparent, as it had no seeming outlet. A small quantity of the water was brought away for subsequent examination. It was found to be perfectly transparent, but had an intensely bitter and saline taste; its specific gravity was 1.075, and held in solution free boracic acid, with borates, and a considerable quantity of chloride of sodium, together with some other salts. A little beyond on either hand were two large caldron-like basins, sunk five or six feet below the general level, and near a hundred feet in diameter. Within these caldrons a bluish, argillaceous paste is continually boiling with a dull murmur, emitting copious sulphurous vapours, and huge bubbles, bursting, throw masses of mud to the height of several feet. These caldrons sometimes boil over, and the matters run off in a slimy stream towards the Salt Lake. The volcanic action had evidently been more violent at some former period, as was evinced by the traces of former eruptions, as well as by the fragments of pumice-stone scattered about the plain.

The visit of the party only lasted an hour and a quarter. The sun was scorching hot, and their supply of water was not more than sufficient to last three hours longer. They therefore retreated.

The great Southern Railway of Ca-

lifornia will pass through this desert; and from the nature of the soil and the natural facilities for irrigation, it is confidently predicted that this vast tract of land will eventually become one of the most fruitful spots in America.

SOCIÉTÉ ZOOLOGIQUE D'ACCLIMATATION.

We have had on various occasions to make reference to the French Society of Acclimatation, and to record some of its transactions. But as it occurs to us that few in England may understand the nature and pursuits of this useful body, we take advantage of a recent report to bring it more definitely before our readers.

Up to a very late period the Acclimatation Society had no convenient grounds in the vicinity of Paris. The municipal authorities have now appropriated to the use of the Society nearly forty acres of the 'Bois de Boulogne,' with a commission to form an association for establishing and sustaining a zoological acclimating garden, which garden is to be used for multiplying and supplying to the public, species of animals or plants, useful or otherwise desirable, which have been, or may hereafter be, introduced into the country. In order to obtain capital for the starting of the project, an appeal has been made to all who are favourable to the Society's plans. Other sources of income on which to rely for the maintenance of the association will be—the produce from tickets issued to visitors, and the proceeds of the sale of animals, eggs, plants, and seeds obtained in the establishment or by its means, all of which will be of ascertained purity, and, at the same time, very rare.

With the poor and insufficient accommodation hitherto available to the Society, it has accomplished enough to lead one to hope for much in the future. With its large and commodious grounds, its staff of intelligent employés, constantly devoted to the raising and multiplying of specimens, and a public interested in their success, it can hardly fail to add many to the list of services already rendered, and from which we make a short selection.

In the year 1854, the Society purchased a half of the only herd of yaks

that had come into Europe, and now the yak, through its care, has become acclimated, and has prospered. In the following year it distributed nearly a million of the bulbs of the yam (*Dioscorea Batatas*); now the yam is cultivated at large over Europe, and it promises to rival the potato, when through successive sowings it shall have lost its elongated form. The *Holcus saccharatus*, sometimes called the *Sorghum* sugar-cane, and which is just now an object of so much care to scientific chemists, was spread about the country through the agency of this Society; and it now furnishes to the middle and southern departments of France a forage of superior quality, while its saccharine juices promise to render it as valuable to southern France as the beet to the northern. The Society has procured, and is now cultivating some young plants of the *Loza*, a species of *Rhamnus*, from which the Chinese obtain the fine green colour called the Kao. As to the *Ricinus* silk-worm, the *Bombyx Cynthia* of India, not only has it been acclimated, and reached its twenty-fifth generation in Europe, but its means of nourishment have been changed by substituting the leaf of the common Fuller's Teasel for the *Ricinus*, which is rare, and difficult of cultivation; and its time of hatching has been so regulated as almost to correspond with the development of the leaves on which they are nourished. The success of the Society in propagating in the open air a new species of silkworm, which feeds on the oak, we have already noted in former papers. In the *Jardin des Plantes*, two new kinds of Chinese oaks have been raised; and experiments are at the present time being made with a view to introduce the white nettle of China, of which fabrics may be made more strong and firm than those of common hemp. The oleaginous pea, an excel-

lent article of diet, and affording an abundant oil, has been another object of its fostering care. The wax tree and the varnish tree, with the insects which frequent them, have been brought over in portable conservatories, and are now thriving. And M. de L'Huys, the vice-president of the Society, has succeeded in obtaining from the slopes of the Cordilleras, several tubercles of the potato, with a view to renew in Europe this important vegetable, which, through excessive culture and long-continued disease, has greatly deteriorated in quality and flavour.

Finally, the acclimatation of the Angora goat has been completely accomplished. Two herds which were imported have reproduced perfectly without showing any symptoms of degenerating. They are now living at large in the Vosges, Jura, Cevennes, Alps, Auvergne, Black Forest, and

Algeria, in which last place it prospers marvellously. The Angora goat was introduced into that country in 1856; the flock consisted of *ten* individuals, four male and six female; it has so increased as to consist now of forty-six individuals, whose silky hair has lost nothing of its original lustre, and affords fine velvets every way comparable to the silk velvets; in one respect even superior to them, since it does not *mat* when subject to pressure or friction. M. Bernis, veterinary surgeon of the army in Algeria, to whom the flock has been intrusted, proposes to introduce a mixed breed between the goat of that country and the Angora females, which are in excess in the flock. A similar experiment has already been made in France, but with very poor results: the new variety have a rough appearance, and the wool is very inferior to that of the pure Angora.

OYSTERS AND THEIR ENEMIES.

A report has lately been published by the French Government, setting forth the dangers to which our old gastronomic friend, the oyster, is exposed in its pilgrimage from the parental shell to the fishmonger's stall, together with the suggestions of scientific men for its protection and support. On reading this report we must confess our astonishment that they ever find their way to our tables at all; so many thousands are there born, so few units preserved. Indeed, the destruction of oysters is so much on the increase that whole beds have been completely ruined. Out of twenty-three beds which have been successfully worked for years on the coast of Rochelle, only five now remain, and these also are greatly deteriorated. From numerous well-directed researches that have been made, it is pretty well established that this deterioration is attributable to the invasion of mussels. Similar effects have been observed along the Atlantic and Mediterranean shores.

The oyster is extraordinarily prolific, each producing as many as a million or two millions of young. If out of this number *twelve* remain on the parent shell, it is all that can be expected even in times of abundance. The

number reared is therefore almost nothing compared with the number destroyed; and the problem now before the scientific men of France is, How to retain this small proportion at the bottom of the sea, and protect them from the mussels? Several zoologists have been making experiments with a view to the solution of this problem; and the plan at present most in favour is that which has been practised with a considerable degree of success by MM. Carbonnel, Mallet, and Ackermann. These gentlemen form a frame-work of branches stripped of their bark, and made so flat that when let down to the bottom they present no obstacle to navigation. The brood of developed ova will rise in a cloud of jelly-like powder across these branches, and the embryos will encrust them on all sides. The frame-work is to be left in its place not only during the time of reproduction, but until the young are sufficiently large to be removed to other beds. The pieces of frame-work thus loaded with young may be towed by vessels wherever they may be wanted; and after a little time the young oysters will detach themselves and fall to the bottom, previously prepared for them by means of the drag. It is recommended

that this transfer should be made in the months of February or March, because the young oysters are then large enough to be easily seen. And whereas it is customary in France to commence dragging for oysters in September, the commission propose to make February or March the time for opening the fisheries; for when in July the beds are examined to see which are in a fit condition to be opened, all the oysters have not yet laid their eggs, and the produce of

those which have is too small to be seen by the naked eye.

Although the method here described is one apparently the most successful, the Government have not yet determined on any line of action: it proposes to take upon itself the re-peopleing of the exhausted beds, and in order to elicit the opinion of practical zoologists and promote discussion, has given publicity to the report, which issued, we believe, from the Zoological section of the Academy of Sciences.

VARIORUM.

Notwithstanding the energy devoted to gold-digging, and procuring the more material means of human existence, our Australian colonists still find time and inclination to devote to the higher gratifications of literature and learning. A large collection of zoological specimens has lately arrived at Melbourne, from this country, and has afforded intense delight to the inhabitants. They were collected and arranged under the direction of Dr. Gray, who had been requested by the University of Melbourne to undertake the duty. They will form the nucleus of the great public museum which the University has just established, and at whose expense it is being furnished.

The neighbouring University of Sydney is equally active. A number of stained glass windows, prepared for the University building by Messrs. Clayton and Bell of London, were submitted for inspection to the Queen and Prince Consort before being shipped for the antipodes. They contain life-size portraits of royal personages, founders of Oxford colleges, founders of Cambridge colleges, and several of our great worthies of literature and science.

Between India and Anstralia a submarine line of telegraph will shortly be laid. The cable is in three portions, and their united lengths upwards of two thousand miles. The Messrs. Newall of Birkenhead undertake both the manufacture and submersion of the cable.

Another series of shorter lines, all connected with each other, and making up a total length of two hundred and fifty miles, is about to be laid down

between Victoria and Van Diemen's Land. The first section will extend from Victoria to King Island, and will be continued by a land line across to the opposite side; the second, from King Island to Hunter Island, to be again continued across the island by a land line; and the third, from Hunter Island to Launceston in Van Diemen's Land.

Before quitting the antipodes, we must mention a discovery in New Zealand, which we opine will one day be found of more importance to the colony than a new gold-field. About eighteen miles south-east of Auckland, an extensive coal-field has been found; and a committee appointed to explore the district have reported most favourably thereon: one fine seam of coal being seven feet in thickness. A trial of its qualities was made by the engineer of a steam-ship, whose certificate stated that the coal was of a superior quality, and that he should have no hesitation in depending on it for a sea voyage. The inhabitants hail the discovery with great pleasure, as they have had to send much capital out of the country hitherto for imported coal.

At Strassfurth, near the city of Stettin in Prussia, an apparently inexhaustible bed of rock-salt has been found. It is likely to produce a great change in the internal trade of that country. The great salt-works of Prussia are in the hands of the Government exclusively; and orders have already been issued to close the existing works, it being found impossible to produce salt by artificial means so cheaply as it can be supplied from

this enormous natural storehouse. Hitherto salt has been largely imported from Liverpool, not only into Prussia, but into Russia, and most of the Baltic ports. This trade will entirely cease, owing to the advantage of position which Prussia enjoys. The collateral advantages arising from this discovery are by no means unimportant. The imports of Prussia have so greatly exceeded the exports, that ships have been compelled to leave the ports with ballast instead of cargo; thus increasing the expense of freight. Salt will now be substituted for ballast. There are also many chemical substances manufactured in Prussia in which salt is largely used, and all these manufactures will receive a stimulus. A cargo has reached Scotland, where it was used for salting herrings, and thought superior to that shipped from Liverpool. As the mines are near the sea, it can be shipped at Strassfurth at a cheaper rate than the English salt at Liverpool.

At Bingham Town, in the state of New York, was laid a few months since the foundation-stone of an asylum for drunkards. Novel as such an establishment may appear, and small as may be sympathy on which that class of men have any claim, the need of a similar institution has long been demonstrated, and for more than twenty years has been advocated in this country by Mr. Wakley, the intelligent coroner for Middlesex. The necessity for an hospital of this nature is founded on the fact, that drunkenness, though a vice, becomes eventually a physical disease, and requires medical as well as moral treatment.

Those dexterous manipulators, Messrs. H. St. Claire Deville and Charon, whose various researches and successes we have often had to record, have been continuing their experiments in the production of artificial gems. Those to which we have now more particularly to direct notice, are the different varieties of *corundum*, which consists almost entirely of pure clay or alumina, with a small proportion of some mineral substance, to which it is indebted for variety of colour. The common uncoloured corundum (if that may be called uncoloured which appears of a dull dirty grey or brown tint) is without beauty,

and possesses little value. But when red and transparent, it is the famous oriental ruby; when blue, the sapphire; when yellow, the topaz; when green, the emerald; when violet, the amethyst. The general method of procedure is thus given in the *Comptes Rendus*: 'Into a carbon crucible put some fluoride of aluminium, and over it adjust a small carbon cupel filled with boracic acid; then putting on the cover, and protecting the crucible from the action of the air, subject it to a white heat for about an hour. The vapours of the fluoride and boracic acid, meeting in the free space in the crucible over them, decompose one another, and afford corundum with fluoride of boron. The crystals are rhombohedral, optically negative, and have all the other physical properties of corundum. Large crystals, from a quarter to half an inch long, and tolerably broad, have been obtained, but they are not very thick. To form the ruby, it is only necessary to add a little fluoride of chromium to the fluoride of aluminium. The sapphire is produced in the same manner, but with a smaller quantity of chromium. With much oxide of chromium the corundum is of a fine green colour; that is to say, the emerald is produced.'

This gem manufacture is all fair enough; but what will be said of the following account of the American wine manufacture, as related by Dr. Hiram Cox of Cincinnati? That gentleman, having been called in by a wine-merchant to test and analyse some wines and spirits in his store, found some of the spirituous liquors pure, and others vile and pernicious imitations; *but the wines had not in them one drop of the juice of the grape*, although they were sold as genuine port, sherry, or madeira! The basis of the port was dilute sulphuric acid, coloured with elder-berry juice, with alum, sugar, and neutral spirits. The basis of the sherry was a sort of pale malt with sulphuric acid, a per-centage of alcohol, and flavoured with almond oil. The basis of the madeira was a decoction of hops, with sulphuric acid, honey, and spirits from Jamaica rum.

To antiquarian science we can this month only afford a few lines, though we have notes and extracts enough to fill pages. One hundred cases of anti-

quities for the British Museum have arrived from Halicarnassus and Cnidus, the produce of Mr. Newton's labours in those places; amongst them a magnificent statue of a lion in Parian marble, ten feet long and six broad, and weighing nearly eight tons. From Carthage, fifty similar cases have been sent. From Sidon, a vessel has arrived, containing a beautiful marble sarcophagus, representing an ancient goddess. At the royal villa of Sommariva Peruo, in Sardinia, where some excavations have been going on, a subterranean passage was uncovered, whose existence was till then unknown. In it was found a large quantity of bottled wine, which a contemporary suggests 'must have been of a vintage long prior to the appearance of the grape disease.' In Magna Græcia, that is, the south-east of Italy, Cavalier Bonucci has paid visits to several spots of high classical interest. Near Canosa many relics of ancient civilisation were discovered, and a short time before the Cavalier's visit a large dépôt of coins had been unearthed, and was found to contain treasures equal in value to 100,000 golden soldi. Many had been sold and melted down, but Bonucci was in time to save several, and they have been placed in the Museo Borbonico. Alluding to this neighbourhood, a correspondent of the *Athenæum* says: 'I was not a little surprised at some of the social conditions of the country through which we have been travelling. It is the centre of the rich grain district of the kingdom, yet in none of the places hereabout is there a hotel, although Venosa has 10,000 inhabitants. There are scarcely any roads for communication with distant places, and the people are in that primitive state of ignorance, that they bend to the ground before the image of a saint, or to any one who has the appearance of a gentleman. Amid the ruins of ancient high civilisation, one witnesses the lowest barbarism. To travel twenty-four miles, it took me two days; and to send to Naples the news of the discovery just referred to, no fewer than six days.'

In an article by M. Ule in the *Revue Suisse*, a method of measuring the rapidity of *thought*, or *nervous action*, is described. It is effected by means of an apparatus contrived by M.

Fizeau for marking extremely minute divisions of time, and consists of a cylinder revolving 1000 times a second, and divided into 360 degrees. These degrees may be subdivided by a microscope, so as to mark the ten-millionth part of a second. Now, if an electric shock be given to the arm, it produces a sensation and a contraction of the muscles. Hence, by noting the time between the shock and the contraction, the time occupied by the transmission of the sensation and the action of the brain, however short, will be determined. After repeated trials by various doctors, the following results have been arrived at:—1. That sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about 180 feet per second; and this is nearly the same in all individuals. 2. The brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its order to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion; but this amount varies much in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times. 3. The time required to transmit an order to the muscles by the motor nerves is nearly the same as that required by the nerves of sensation to pass a sensation; moreover, it passes one-hundredth of a second before the muscles are put in motion. 4. The whole operation requires about a second and a quarter. Consequently, when we speak of an active, ardent mind, or of one that is slow, cold, and apathetic, it is not a mere figure of rhetoric, but expresses a positive scientific fact.

Since the disappearance of Donati's comet, astronomers have had time to make a deliberate comparison of notes, and complete those calculations which for a time were left in the rough: the following summary is given by Mr. George Bond of Harvard College, U.S. The most recent intelligence leaves no room to doubt that the comet of Donati is periodical, having a time of revolution of about two thousand years. Different computers have arrived at varying results; for example:—

Watson, . . .	2415 years.
Bruhns, . . .	2102 "
Löwy, . . .	2495 "
Graham, . . .	1620 "
Brünnow, . . .	2470 "
Newcomb, . . .	1854 "

Supposing its perihelion passage to

have occurred at the beginning of the Christian era, it must have passed its aphelion in the early part of the tenth century, at a distance of 14,300,000,000 of miles from the sun, its velocity at that point being 480 miles per hour.

The rare and little known metal *niobium* has been the object of a course of experiments by Mons. H. Rose. He has lately published in part the results of his long and laborious investigations. He finds that metallic niobium is most easily prepared by heating the double fluorides or hypofluorides of niobium and the alkaline metals with sodium to a strong red heat in a crucible of cast-iron. After cooling, its black mass is mixed with cold water in a platinum capsule; the metallic niobium boiled in water, and finally washed in alcohol and water till the washings leave no residue on evaporation. To obtain the metal in a purer form, a tolerably thick layer of chloride of potassium is placed upon the mixture of the fluorides and sodium before ignition. Metallic niobium is a black powder, and a conductor of electricity.

We learn from the *Recessenionen* of Vienna, that a very absurd practice has been started there in respect of new musical productions, similar to what was attempted in the literary world of London a year or two since in respect of a collection of hymns and poems called the *Rivulet*. It would appear that certain composers impatient of public criticism, are desirous of foisting their productions on the public, whether the latter will or not. And what is more astonishing still, there are men of renown who are willing to lend themselves to a proceeding so objectionable in itself, and invariably so humiliating to those who take part in it. Thus we have first, Herr Franz Liszt conducting in Weimar a new opera, composed by his own pupil Cornelius: the opera displeases the public, and Herr Liszt feels called upon, by *himself applauding* the work, to protest against the disapprobation of the audience. Thus, we have a conductor who forgets to such an extent the respect due to the public, and the duties imposed by his office, that he allows himself to play the part of a volunteer *claqueur*. In like manner, Herr von Bülow gives a

concert of the *Music of the Future* at Berlin. As in the preceding season, this excites a strong opposition. During the performance there occurred a very peculiar incident, says a Berlin correspondent, without a precedent in the history of concerts in this city. At the conclusion of the *Symphonic Poem* by Liszt a few enthusiastic admirers of the 'Future' broke out into approving applause; the far greater majority, however, of those present protested in a very energetic fashion against this, and reduced the applauders to silence. The concert-giver thereupon advanced a few steps, and called upon those who hissed to leave the room, 'as such manifestations of opinion were contrary to custom.' The audience endured the provocation silently at the time, but their indignation was all the louder afterwards, and it was the topic of conversation for two or three days after. This conduct on the part of the concert-giver is interpreted (in terms which our readers will perhaps think quite strong enough) as an attempt to *turn out the public*. In Breslau, Herr Damrosch has pursued a similar course, with like success. Arrogance like this on the part of a coterie, whether in the musical, literary, or any other world, will never be tolerated by the public; and authors as well as composers must be content to let their productions stand or fall on their own merits; resting assured, that the public, however willing to listen to the judgment of competent men, will never accept that judgment unless it commends itself to their common sense and honest sympathies.

It has often been suspected that persons who have utterly lost their eyesight have still the power to perceive the action of light on their bodies; but want of evidence has led medical men to doubt the possibility of such perception. In order to procure this evidence M. Schibel, director of the Institute of the Blind at Zurich, has conducted a course of experiments, the result of which has been lately published. This gentleman states that he guarded against the possibility of the perception of light, even by the most blind, by covering up the eyes, leaving the forehead and the lower part of the face

bare. Then, having darkened all but one of the windows of a large room, the blindfolded blind were led through it and desired to say which was the open window. They all distinguished this window with the greatest confidence. With some, the transition from darkness to bright light created a sensation of fear; but all appreciated a difference in warmth, when before the window through which light was admitted. As the subjects of these experiments had previously enjoyed the use of their eyesight, they were enabled to state their impressions with respect to the colour of the light; some thought it was red, others yellow; some said it fell on their faces like needle points. Impressed by these results, M. Hirzel, director of the Blind Asylum of Lausanne, resolved to test them; and selecting about twenty blind persons of both sexes, repeated M. Schibel's experiments, but came to opposite

conclusions. He believes that all the results recorded by M. Schibel may be accounted for more satisfactorily than by the hypothesis of a perception of light, at least in the totally blind; and one source of error he conceives to be the confounding of the impressions of one sense with those of another. In the blind, the hearing and touch are more highly developed than in any other class of persons, and they can appreciate shades of temperature and discriminate differences of sound, caused by a closed-up or open window, which would be altogether undistinguishable by any one else. As to the colour which M. Schibel's patients imagined they perceived, M. Hirzel refers it to an illusion which he has found common among persons totally blind; and concludes finally that light itself can only be perceived by the organs of vision, however readily its other accompaniments may be distinguished by other senses.

Drawing-Room Troubles.

NO. XV. (AND LAST)—MOODY SETTLED.

BY MOODY ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

How oft it happens in this world of cost
The prize of life is hunted for and lost;
But when the sicken'd heart gives up pursuit,
It tumbles in the lap like ripen'd fruit;
Falls rich with bounty to the weary hand
That stretch'd in vain to gather or command.
The unreach'd grapes, perhaps too truly sour,
Have shed their sweetness for you at the hour
When failure, courage, patience, and employment
Have shaped you for *that*, ripen'd for enjoyment.
'Tis better thus, than pluck (as oft is seen)
With both the character and fortune green.

Yet man dissatisfied whom nought can sate,
Bitterly says the luck has come too late;
That all he wish'd to please are cold or dead,
And e'en his powers of enjoyment fled;
When little thought would tell him that for use
His powers are stronger, weaken'd for abuse.
The friends he deems he's lost by death or cares,
Would love not his success when rivalling theirs.
A newer generation, reverent taught,
Can give him praise without an envious thought;
To them his better fate is no disgrace,
But cause of pride, the honour of their race.

Yet many, though with passion fully quell'd,
 Confess the gift most tenderly withheld ;
 The lofty spirit easy roused to pride,
 But humbled by a host of cares that stride
 Destructive o'er the verdant hopes of youth,
 Confesses tardily the late-learn't truth,
 That had an earlier fortune him been granted
 Ill-nourish'd faults had chasten'd good supplanted.
 And so those disappointed in the heart
 By unrequited love, or forced to part
 By sternest need from all they deeply love,
 Believe no fates so cruel others move.
 'Peace ! oh, no peace ! another holds my fere,
 Lives in her heart, and makes her life his care.'
 Some suffering months pass by, yet patient years,
 Efface the touches of those scalding tears ;
 The passions disciplined to firmer bearing
 Yield to a love less wild, but more endearing ;
 And then the ardent heart, controll'd confesses,
 The gift denied it spared a life's distresses,
 That it's youth's love, too fanciful, too fond,
 Had wither'd 'neath the grip of closer bond.

At last thus Moody's wife without his will,
 Came like the extras to a builder's bill ;
 That is as suddenly (without the strife),
 Appear'd this extra to his scheme of life ;
 Or as the fisher with his dainty flies
 Whips all the day without a single rise
 And leaving in despair the hope of prize,
 Dropping his line, indiff'rent, careless, cool,
 Lo ! hooks the plumpest tenant of the pool.
 So Moody, quitting tactics, flirting, snare,
 Caught what he wish'd without a thought of care.

For in his matrimonial schemes defeated,
 At length he deem'd his chances all completed ;
 But planted single his remaining days,
 He thought no more of women and their ways.
 He deem'd them now that part of the creation
 That only call'd for clever conversation.
 Their favour could not cheer, or anger flout him,
 He only sought to please the world about him.
 Abundantly provided, nought he asks
 Than to perform this gentlest of all tasks,
 And take his jolly way o'er hill and plain,
 Without a thought of recompense or gain.

Yet strange to say, although he's growing bald,
 And though the hair remaining waxeth grey,
 And by the young he is 'old Moody' call'd,
 And has indeed long seen his brightest day
 (Even his teeth have lost their pearly white),
 He's more than ever all his friend's delight.

Even the youngest girls are always glad
 To have him tow'rs their guarded sides attracted,
 Because their talk with him, however mad,
 Brings up no fear of having hearts abstracted ;
 With fathers, mothers, daughters, all or either,
 The ancient Moody stands in highest feather.

His set agree he's much improved of late ;
 His manners are more plain, and even crude ; he
 Is sometimes blunt ; but then his thoughts create
 More for his friends, and less by far for Moody.

No intercourse is grateful to the mind
 Where civil things must be repaid in kind.
 The constant thought of paying back must bore you,
 Like eating dinner with the bill before you.
 Who would love turtle, venison chops, or ice,
 If in the spoon he always saw the price ?
 And so those men we love not, whose urbanity
 But asks a contribution to their vanity.
 We know its worth, and know they'd take it ill
 Should you neglect to cash their little bill ;
 As girls who dress, to make the world admire,
 Are always dowdies by the household fire,
 So the vain puppy no good grace extends,
 Unless he sees return where he expends.
 Thus rough ungiving souls more loving meet
 Than does the liberal softness of conceit ;
 And Moody found, when homely-minded grown,
 The natural-hearted claimed him for their own.

Amongst these latter was an Indian Colonel,
 Who with a lady, daughter of his heart,
 Appeared in parties daily or nocturnal,
 Or else in pic-nics took a leading part ;
 In fact, there was that 'just-the-thing' about 'em,
 No gathering of their set was 'ton' without 'em.

Moody ne'er knew a more agreeable pair :
 The gentleman experienced, full of story,
 Fine in his figure, of a martial air,
 He'd sought and won a soldier's fleeting glory ;
 He cottoned to our friend (to use a phrase
 Rich in the vulgar meaning of these days).

The lady was a little past her prime,
 Whatever *that* may be in female eyes.
 It might be Indian suns, it might be time,
 Had faintly changed the lines where beauty lies ;
 And yet withal enough of that was there
 To charm the eyes of those that love the fair.

And yet though time had slightly touch'd the face,
 In kind amends he'd ripen'd up the heart ;
 To the round form had added fuller grace,
 And taught the soul to lighten ev'ry part ;
 So, wanting beauty, brilliant or alarming,
 She was most wholly and completely charming.

Between these people and our pleasant friend
 Sprang up a friendship of the truest kind ;
 Their intercourse seem'd fated ne'er to end,
 And ran its rash career almost blind ;
 The soldier told his tales of toil and war,
 While he and Moody smoked the peace cigar.

But still there was a rather quaint reserve,
 That kept our hero from that closest bond
 Of the high confidence such friends deserve ;
 Forsooth, he felt his heart was growing fond,

Too fond of that society ; and yet,
His life seem'd sweeter for the colonel's pet.

Now Moody called to mind his past mishaps,
And swore to be most prudent in this case ;
At least not rest his hopes upon a 'p'raps,'

But be quite certain ere he had the face
To offer up his heart, his hand, his cash ;
To watch and wait, and venture nothing rash.

But now the danger was, he thought it fact
That she approved his preference, though concealing
That point from all save him, with woman's tact,
And yet to him (as he thought) love revealing.
So things went on. Oh ! must I tell the whole !—
The cautious Moody gave her up his soul.

Now groans he sad, his cheeks grow thin and pale
In the fierce fight 'twixt funk and inclination ;
On silence firm resolved, yet hopes his tale
Is plainly told her in this alteration,
The more so as in her he sees a sign
That makes her in his eyes still more divine.

For now the lady fades, which only serves
To make poor Moody tend'rer in attentions,
Which, while he pays them, wholly shake his nerves,
And call more fully out his soul's contentions ;
Her piercing looks shoot fire through his brain,
And seem to ask for sympathy in pain.

He thought she gather'd with reluctant pride
A comfort in his talk for her dejection ;
She stole more often to her father's side,
As if she loved to cherish his protection ;
Until poor Moody thought, no doubt upon it,
'She's quite unhappy now, and I have done it.'

How could he doubt, no other favour'd swain
E'er came about the house, or sought her smiles ;
He'd tried to pump her o'er and o'er again,
Her heart was scatheless from another's wiles.
So now where purse, position, feelings suit all,
To keep her longer waiting, would be brutal.

Thus firm resolved—once more he'd try his fate,
And pop the question—desperate manœuvre ;
He dress'd himself in haste—he might be late,
Then found it was too early, hours over.
He waits, and thinks ;—time seems eternal,
A knock is at the door ; in walks the colonel.

After some greetings (which on Moody's side
Were not for once towards his friend sincere),
Finding the father, when he sought a bride
Who came, unconscious, now to interfere.
Howe'er, the colonel, looking sad and graver,
Explain'd he came to ask his friend a favour.

They sit and look grave English at each other.
The colonel said, 'My dear friend, I think
You must have seen my daughter tries to smother
A silent grief that makes her spirit sink ;
In fact, her health is failing ; now I ask you
To aid me to restore it ; will it task you ?

I won't pretend to paint you Moody's face
 At hearing this request ; perhaps you'll guess
 Its lines had more of comedy than grace,
 As he replied, ' Of course, I'll aid you ; yes.'
 ' I knew you would,' the colonel said, ' and now
 I'll tell you all, before I tell you how.

' My daughter has a lover ' (' Oh f' groans Moody)
 Who's fought a score of fights in Hindostan,'
 (Our hero breathed a hope they all were bloody),
 ' And now he comes to wed her, half-a-man ;
 That is to say, his legs, and eyes, and arms,
 Are none the better for his wars' alarms.

' His health is shatter'd, and my daughter fears
 His voyage home may finish all the rest'
 (' I hope it will,' thinks Moody as he hears ;
 ' Oh, no ! that's wrong, but 't might be for the best),
 And now we wish, if everything avails,
 To go and meet our soldier at Marseilles.

' You know,' continued he, ' when any two
 After long years of absence meet again,
 Any third person must become *de trop*.
 We want a fourth—why need I more explain ;
 Will you be he f' Poor Moody, almost dumb,
 Gasps out unconsciously, ' I'll come ! I'll come !'

The colonel left him, grateful and delighted,
 While Moody sits, half stupified, alone,
 Feeling as if all nature were benighted,
 At this the latest blow, but heaviest one.
 What a conclusion 'to his hopes and toil,
 Only to be his very rival's foil !

At length they started on their road to France,
 And lose no time in reaching *hot* Massillia ;
 The lady, worse and worse, as they advance
 Towards this port, and then is taken ill here,
 So that her friends were forced to go without her
 Down to the pier, to meet the ' Bhurrumpouta.'

Now Moody and friend
 Their footsteps bend
 To the custom-house level quay ;
 To watch for the ship,
 With that curl of the lip
 With which knowing ones watch the sea.

At last she comes in,
 As dark as sin,
 And passes the Emp'ror's fleet.
 Then the friend appears
 Much older in years,
 But his legs and arms complete.

His health may be broken,
 But he's every token
 That his life is yet in hey-day.
 For on his arm,
 To the colonel's alarm,
 There hangs a fair young lady.

And she hangs in that way
 That's as much as to say,
 He's mine, and I will not lose him.
 That peculiar cling,
 That's only the thing
 You know with the wife of your bosom.

Now what would you gain,
 If we should explain
 Their meeting ; we'll cut it shorter.
 It was easy discerned
 That the exile returned
 Had jilted the colonel's daughter.

By the colonel well bred
 Very little is said,
 Though he scorns the whole transaction.
 But stalking away,
 He leaves Moody to say,
 He expects full satisfaction.

Then Moody's referred
 To a man with a beard,
 Who belongs to some 'Contingent,'
 With cheeks as fallow
 As palm-oil tallow,
 Or as wash'd by some astringent.

This officer bold
 To Moody told
 How things had come to pass ;
 That is, how *the* expected
 Had his first-love rejected,
 And taken another lass.

He said his friend could hardly well be blamed,
 So many years had passed since they had met,
 That time and warfare had his passion tamed,
 That in his soldier's toils his love had set ;
 When in this state he'd come across temptation,
 In a young beauty of the Irish nation.

One of those girls who seek a tropic clime
 Ready for marriage, outfitted with a *trousseau*,
 Whose boundless hopes had not come right in time,
 Yet frighten'd to go home unless they do so.
 His friend had met this charmer on the steamer,
 And fall'n a victim to the pretty schemer.

What could man do ? for almost to the last
 He'd kept his honour for the first and other.
 But honour flies, when woman has you fast
 On board a ship, with nought but love and bother ;
 And so she caught occasion when at Malta,
 To lead her sea-prize to th' hymeneal altar.

And now, of course, there nothing was but fighting,
 To bring the matter to a happy issue :
 The colonel would not e'er forgive the slighting
 His daughter's rights, without that mystic tissue
 Of murderous politeness, called a meeting :
 'So let us settle now, as time is fleeting.'

The thing was soon arranged, the hostile pair
 Would meet to satisfy the wound in honour,
 By putting in one more or so elsewhere,
 It mattering not who takes or is the donor.
 'Twas lucky, too, concerning this transaction
 That hit or miss, 'twas equal satisfaction.

That is to say, 'twas equal to the parties,
 But to the lady—nothing of the kind ;
 The men forgot, how tortured now her heart is,
 And then to wring it more was most unkind ;
 Whichever fell, her father or her friend,
 Her 'satisfaction' equal in the end.

And Moody thought he showed his true devotion,
 In 'seconding' her father to his grave.
 Good lack !—the fair did not approve the notion,
 And strange to say, she thought him bound to save
 Her father from this peril, for the cruel
 Tongue of fame had told her of the duel.

Sending for Moody, she in tears entreated
 By all his friendship he would aid her now,
 To have this terrible design defeated,
 And save her sorrow from this second blow.
 Moody in tears, as she more pressing grew,
 Promised her all he knew he couldn't do.

He sought the tough old soldier, but alas !
 Found all entreaty, every reason fail ;
 He was resolved the thing should come to pass,
 Not e'en his daughter's grief should make him quail ;
 She had been grossly wrong'd, her hopes defeated,
 No child of his should be so vilely treated.

'Her hopes defeated,' Moody musing thought
 Were they again erect, the father might
 To something more agreeable soon be brought ;
 At anyrate persuaded not to fight.
 He posted to the lady, full of dreams
 Of love and hope, and rather cunning schemes.

His failure soon was told ; gently he shows
 (His speech with numerous topics interlarded)
 Her father's chiefest thought 'midst anger's throes
 Was taking her back home, as one discarded ;
 Nought could prevent his venturing his life,
 But a fair chance of seeing her a wife.

The lady stared—indeed she rather winced—
 But Moody stoutly push'd his crowning reason,
 Until his hearer slowly was convinced,
 A new engagement would not be a treason
 To the lost love ; he had her at command,
 So boldly offer'd her his heart and hand.

No wonder (with some little hesitation),
 The lady gave the honour Moody craved,
 Her heart was full of bitter indignation—
 Her father's life—her own repute was saved ;
 And as to Moody's self, she liked him rather
 And said she'd take him 'to preserve her father.'

And now no reason longer there remain'd
 For any kind of warlike preparation ;
 If not forgiveness, peace at least was feign'd,
 When grounds were not for asking reparation ;
 And thus at last (for nought this time miscarried),
 The happy Moody settled was and married.

The New Books.

Creoles and Coolies ; or, Five Years in Mauritius. By the Rev. PATRICK BEATON, M.A., late Minister of St. Andrew's Church, and Secretary of the Bible Society, Mauritius. London : Nisbet & Co. 1859.

THE MAURITIUS.

THE appearance of Mauritius, as you approach it by sea, is very striking and romantic. It is intersected in different directions by chains of mountains, most of which are covered with verdure to the summit, and end in the most fantastic peaks, as if Nature had been in a merry mood at the moment of their creation. Sometimes the peaks of the Pieter Both and Pouce are seen from an immense distance at sea, more especially when the lower parts of the island are covered with vapour. The mountain-tops then assume the form of eyries, perched aloft amongst the clouds ; but when the wind rises and the vapour passes away, land is no longer visible, and the mariner is tempted to believe himself the victim of some magical delusion. The Pouce derives its name from its resemblance to the thumb, and the Pieter Both from a silly Dutchman, who, trying to scale its heights, met with his death in the attempt.* Others, however, have tried the ascent with better success than the heavy Dutchman, and the Union Jack has twice floated on its rocky peak, to the disgust of the *habitans*, who believed it inaccessible. An interesting account of the ascent of the mountain was published in the *Penny Magazine* by Colonel Lloyd, who was for some years Surveyor-General in Mauritius, and died of cholera in the Crimea. The three principal ranges of mountains were

* Others derive the name from a Dutch Admiral.

formerly covered with wood, the most of which has now been cut down, and the inhabitants complain, with reason, that this destruction has had a pernicious effect upon the climate and fruitfulness of the colony. Lately the Government have appointed an Inspector of Woods and Forests, with a number of *gardes champêtres* under his command ; but the evil cannot now be remedied ; and, even with this precaution, the quantity of wood on the island is diminishing every year. There is a corresponding diminution in the fall of rain ; and unless something be done through planting, and more stringent measures for the preservation of the trees, the cultivation of sugar, the staple article of produce, may at some future period be abandoned, and Mauritius become a barren rock inhabited only by a few fishermen. The town of Port Louis is situated in a species of hollow, surrounded on three sides by mountains, or nearly so. Its situation is very low, and the excellent harbour could alone have led to the selection of its site. Its superiority over that of Grand Port is evident, and the only ground for surprise is, that the Dutch, a maritime people, should ever have selected Grand Port as their capital in preference to Port Louis. A ship on arriving is obliged to lie at anchor at the Bell Buoy until the visiting doctor has come on board to examine the bill of health, and given the ship what is technically called *pratique*. Although we arrived at five P.M., and this official ought, in virtue of his office, to visit all ships that arrive before six, we had no visit from him before eight o'clock the following morning.

The harbour of Port Louis affords safe and ample anchorage to ships of the largest burden. It is, therefore,

very convenient for those ships bound for or from India that fall short of provisions, or have been caught in one of those hurricanes with which this quarter of the globe is periodically visited. Two patent-slip docks have been built, in which the largest vessels can receive repairs. Ships requiring such repairs are obliged to put in at Mauritius, or to return to Bombay, there being no other intermediate port suitable to their wants. Hence it is no unusual thing, after a hurricane at sea, for the harbour of Port Louis to be crowded with English, French, and American ships undergoing or waiting for repairs, and the profits made by the proprietors of these docks are enormous. The merchants to whom these ships are consigned receive a very handsome commission; and, perhaps, some of them regard a good thorough-paced hurricane with much the same feelings as a farmer, with a large stock of grain in his barns, looked upon a heavy fall of snow in harvest—'Oh, my friends, let us be thankful for this precious weather.' The harbour has something of the shape of a horse-shoe, with the cleft or open part towards the sea. It is one of the best and safest harbours in the East, but sadly neglected. Every species of filth is allowed to accumulate in it, rendering its neighbourhood very unwholesome and offensive to more senses than one. Fever and cholera find appropriate abodes in the hovels situated near the Trou Fanfaron and its other precincts. It is asserted also, and the fact appears to be undeniable, that it has been gradually diminishing in depth, owing to neglect in clearing away the *débris* that accumulates in its bed, more especially during the period of the heavy rains. Besides the River Lataniers, which enters the harbour in several small streamlets, there are other rivulets of smaller importance which empty themselves into the basin. During the rainy season the sides of the mountains and the banks of these streams are washed by the torrents that descend; the loose earth, sand, and even stones of a large size, are swept into their beds, and borne along by the force of the current; and thus a considerable quantity of solid matter is conveyed every season to the harbour, for the removal

of which no adequate measures have been adopted. The accumulation of this *débris* has been so great within a few years, that where there were twenty-four feet of water there are now only sixteen; and unless some steps be adopted to check this growing evil, it may be that, in the course of time, none but ships of the smallest size will be able to find an entrance.

A boat came alongside soon after our arrival, and offered to land passengers. Of course this was very tantalizing, as none could leave the ship before the doctor's visit. It contained the first specimens of the Creole race that I had seen; and as they were fair representatives of a class, I may describe them. Their complexion was a rich olive-brown, their eyes dark and intelligent, their features well-formed and regular, their faces long rather than oval, and their hair dark and curly—a sure proof of the presence of African blood. Their figures were long and lithe, giving one the impression of activity rather than of strength, and so erect as to prove that they had little experience of severe physical labour. They wore jackets of a blue Indian cloth, shirts of dazzling whiteness, and neat straw-hats, which they politely and gracefully raised from their heads when addressed. They addressed me in something like the following terms:—'Si Monsieur content débarquer, nous voulè prenne li dans le bateau.* I could only shake my head in token of refusal.

The first view of Port Louis gives you the idea of a large garden, with houses scattered through it at long intervals, with a few public buildings peeping through the foliage. This effect results from the trees and gardens with which most of the better class of houses are surrounded. Facing the harbour are the Custom-house and Civil Hospital, large white buildings, with no pretensions to architectural beauty. Near the Civil Hospital is the lofty square tower (one of the first objects seen on entering the harbour) of St. Andrew's Church. In the centre of the town stands Government House, which the uninitiated would naturally take to be a large sugar-store, from its ugliness and utter want of architect-

* 'If Monsieur wishes to go ashore, we'll take him in the boat.'

tural ornament. Farther on, in the direction of the Champ de Mars, is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a solid, compact building, of no particular style of architecture; and near it, but more to the right, the English Cathedral, originally a powder-magazine, but now converted to more peaceful purposes. On the right is a suburb, composed of miserable-looking huts, extending along the base of the signal mountain, inhabited by negroes, and known as Black Town. To the left another suburb, stretching out for nearly half a mile in the direction of Pamplemousses, the favourite abode of the Indian population, known as Malabar Town. On the right the town is overlooked by the signal mountain, on the left by the citadel; while behind is the green expanse of the Champ de Mars, encompassed with neat villas, and the valley of the Pouce, with its old military road leading to the Château d'Eau. There are two forts for the protection of the entrance of the harbour, and two martello towers erected at the mouth of Grand River. The first impression of Port Louis is not very favourable. It seems an accumulation of houses and huts heaped together without order or plan, and is destitute of any of those public buildings which, by their splendour and beauty, give an air of interest to the smaller provincial towns in Europe. It reminds one of the descriptions of Rome in the days of Romulus, and its population is even more mixed and motley than that which flocked to the newly-erected capital of Latium.

All at once the sun sunk beneath the western horizon, lighting up in his departure the summit of the Pouce, which seemed pointing aloft in admiration of his beauty, and tinting with his golden rays the statue of Victoria with her crown and coronation robes, or rather the striking resemblance to her Majesty assumed by the peak of the Pieter Both, when seen from the sea. The setting of the tropical sun suggests the lines of the poet—lines which prove that genius can realize, through the power of imagination alone, scenes described by others, with the same vivid truthfulness as if they were the objects of actual perception. Millions daily see the setting of the tropical sun, but none have described

it so well as Scott, who saw it only with the mind's eye:—

'Mine be the eve of tropic sun—
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay,
With disk, like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night.'

One's feelings, on arriving in a new country, are generally of a very mixed character. You feel as if you were about to cast off all old associations and to enter upon a new mode of existence. Old memories of kind faces, loving hearts, and scenes long past and apparently forgotten, come rushing tumultuously upon the mind, as if they felt that their hold was loosening, and that they must speedily give place to others. With curiosity to examine the land of your sojourning for a time, there is a yearning of the heart for a land still dearer; and even the old ship, which you may have daily characterized as a tub for her slowness, is left with something of regret. You feel like the patriarch of old, who went out not knowing whither he went; and you are ignorant of what fate may be in store for you. You have a memento of the uncertainty of life and all its plans in the cemetery close at hand, where many brave young British hearts, once beating high with courage and hope as much as yours, are now mouldering to dust on a foreign strand, with none to lament them. You hear the wailing sound of the wind passing through the *filas*,* those graceful and appropriate ornaments of the city of the dead. In the days of ancient mythology an Ovid might have represented them as the mothers of the dead weeping over them, and changed by some pitying god into their present shape.

But now the evening gun has fired, and its reverberations, after being caught up and repeated by the mountains behind, like the rolling of thunder, have died away in the distance. The merry song of the sailors heaving the anchor has ceased. The silence of night is only interrupted by the dirge-like song of some watchful Coolie, by the beating of a distant tom-tom, and a howling of dogs, so general and so long-continued as to tempt the belief

* The casuarina of Madagascar.

that I had arrived at some island inhabited only by those sagacious animals, such as some of our early mariners have described.

It was in vain that I tried to sleep. Between heat, mosquitoes, the howling of dogs, and the excitement resulting from the circumstances in which I found myself, my nervous system became so excited as effectually to banish sleep from my eyelids. I had no help for it but to walk the deck till the report of the gun from the citadel announced the approach of morn. The night was soft and beautiful. The clear bright moon, with softened rays, left a track of silver upon the ocean, while she dimly disclosed the mountains in all their romantic beauty. The firmament shone forth with its stars, surpassing in brilliancy those seen in northern climes, and explaining how the East gave birth to astronomy, astrology, and sabaism. One can understand in gazing upon such a scene how the Orientals, with their dim traditional ideas of Deity in the patriarchal age, when beholding the moon walking in brightness, felt their hearts enticed, and their mouths disposed to kiss their hands in adoration of the queen of heaven.

But now it is eight o'clock, and the doctor and landing-officer have come on board. Our bill of health is examined, and found satisfactory. Gracious permission is given to us to land, of which we speedily avail ourselves. A boat, rowed by two coloured men, with crispy hair and sepia complexions, speedily conveys me ashore. Their charge for rowing me about a quarter of a mile is so exorbitant, as to give some air of truth to what I had previously been told, that no man, black or white, in Mauritius, will open his mouth to answer even in a monosyllable for less than a dollar. On landing, the first thing that strikes a stranger is the primitive manner in which the inhabitants are dressed. He sees the wharf thronged with men occupied in different ways, whose movements are quite unimpeded by those tightly fitting garments which are worn by Europeans. He is not disposed to form a high opinion of the refinement or civilisation of the inhabitants of Mauritius, from the specimens that are first brought under his

notice. He must not confound these half-naked, savage-looking men, with the Creoles of Mauritius, or do them the injustice to suppose that the art of dress has reached no higher degree of perfection. He must reserve his opinion, and mingle for some time in Mauritius society, and he shall yet see coats such as Stultz might have cut, and toilettes so perfect, that they might do honour to the *Chaussée d'Antin* or the procession of *Longchamps*. Those scantily-clad, turbaned wretches, whom in our ignorance we have mistaken for the refined and highly civilized Mauritians, are Coolies from the banks of the Ganges, brought hither to be hewers of wood and drawers of water; to do the work of *Helots* for three years, and to be so, all but in name. Those swarthy Orientals, so thinly clad, are the muscles and sinews of the Mauritius body politic. They are the secret source of all the wealth, luxury, and splendour with which the island abounds. There is not a carriage that rolls along the well-macadamized *Chaussée*, or a robe of silk worn by the fair Mauritian, to the purchase of which the Indian has not, by his labour, indirectly contributed. It is from the labour of his swarthy body in the cane-fields that gold is extracted more plenteously than from the diggings of Ballarat. Respect that swarthy stranger, for without him Mauritius would soon be stripped of its wealth, and left with scarcely sufficient exports to procure food for its rice-eating, cigar-smoking inhabitants. We pass the poor Coolies (to return to them again) with the simple reflection, that if half of this be true, their masters might procure them a more decent clothing, and thus avoid shocking the delicacy of every lady that lands on their shores.

The Indian women wear a dress which seems to be composed of one piece of cotton cloth wrapped round the middle, forming a short petticoat reaching to the knee, with the ends flung loosely over the shoulders, so as to cover the breast. They appear a degraded race of beings, with the worst passions painted in their coarse, revolting, unwomanly features. The only redeeming feature in their character is their seeming fondness for their children. These are not carried

on the back, or in the arms, as in Europe, but perched astride on the left haunch, which is protruded for the purpose of supporting them, and there they sit grinning and showing their white teeth, while the mothers waddle along with their bodies in shape something like the letter C.

To the European, ignorant of the types and costumes of the different Oriental races, nothing can be more striking than the appearance of the Mauritians. The first impression of surprise and wonder speedily wears off, and the mind becomes accustomed to the diversity of language, colour, and race. But on first landing, if at all of an imaginative character, he may conceive himself in the capital of the Calipha, and surrounded with all the witchery of Eastern romance. So overpowering is the feeling of novelty, that if a mute were to sign to him to follow, he would follow as a matter of course; and if after being conducted through gardens bubbling with fountains, and loaded with golden fruit, he found himself in a bath-room floored with marble, he would resign himself without resistance to the hands of the attendants, ready to untwist every joint of his body in the process of shampooing. He sees faces rendered familiar to his imagination in childhood by the charming pages of the *Arabian Nights*, or such as the old masters have given to the heroes and the patriarchs of a still more wonderful volume. He sees Arabs from the shores of the Red Sea, whose dress, features, and language have undergone little change from the friction of forty centuries—who retain, in the midst of civilized life, something of the freedom of the desert—and who cherish the reminiscences of their former nomad life by surrounding themselves with the horses of their native land. He sees haughty Mohammedans, descendants of a race who conquered India before the English flag was ever unfurled on its shores—men tall of stature, muscular in build, with regular features, lofty brows, bull-like necks, and flowing beards. He sees Indians from the burning plains of Hindustan, weak and effeminate in frame, soft and gentle in expression, fawning and servile in address, with their dark, curl-

ing locks, longer and glossier than those that adorned the heads of the Roman youth during the reign of the later emperors. He sees Chinamen from the Celestial Empire, attracted to the abode of the barbarian by the *sacra fames auri*—a grotesque-looking race, with long faces, wide mouths, flattened noses, high cheek-bones, and curious eyes, shaped like button-holes, wearing trousers of the same portentous size as Peter the Headstrong, with each leg large enough to contain the whole body, and abjuring long locks, save a single one on the crown of the head, plaited and pendulous, or twisted round the head according to the taste of the wearer. He sees dark descendants of Ham, of all types and countries inhabited by that servile race; ex-apprentices, fast sinking into the grave, often halt and lame and maimed, bearing in their decrepid, toil-worn bodies a stronger argument against slavery than ever issued from the eloquent lips of Wilberforce or Brougham; free negroes, the offspring of slaves, plump, shiny, and good-humoured, but devoid of ambition, foresight, honesty, and truth; Malagashes, of two different nations, the one agreeing in physical organization with their African brethren, except that the skull is smaller and the lips thinner—the other a fine, bold, athletic race, with complexions as light as the Spaniards of the south, and little of the usual negro characteristics in their features,—faithful, affectionate, and grateful if kindly treated, but turbulent, passionate, and revengeful when smarting under a sense of injury; Mozambiques, short, broad-chested, and muscular, with features expressive of coarse sensuality and indifference to everything save the gratification of their immediate wants; and here and there an Abyssinian, tall, erect, and handsome, with aquiline features, approaching nearer to the European type than those of any other of the dark races of Africa. Besides the Hindus, he sees other stray specimens of the Asiatic races: Lascar seamen, with round caps and cotton petticoats, resembling in shape a Highlander's kilt, worn over the trousers; Batavians, dwarfish but muscular, with features a compromise between the Hindu and the Chinese; Arme-

nians, with bushy black beards and olive complexions, wearing conical caps of sheep-skin, with the wool worn outside; Cingalese, differing little, but still discernible, from the Hindus; and Parsees, from Bombay, fair, sleek, and intelligent, with flowing robes of snowy white, and conical caps reclining rather than worn on the back of the head—a fine race, the mercantile aristocracy of India and the East. Europe also has added its contingent to swell the motley assembly: bronzed Frenchmen, with a forest of hair about their faces, and a frequent *sacré* on their lips; stray specimens of Italian and German patriots, exiles for their country's good; English merchants, principally 'old salters,' that have exchanged the log-book for the ledger, tropical Trunions, with many oddities and much warmth of heart; officers and soldiers, looking wan and dissipated, often consciously killing themselves with hard living, and caring little how soon the goal is reached; and last, but not least, the heads of civil departments, grave men, impressed with a sense of their own importance, having an air of greater wisdom than is ever given to mortal man to possess, bearing the burden of the State upon their shoulders, and conscious of its weight. Other stray waifs of humanity complete the picture, the effect of which is still more heightened by the mixture of Creoles composing the coloured population, with more or less of African blood in their veins—a distinct class, forming a sort of *imperium in imperio*, equally removed from the pure black and white population, with whom they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

Such is the picture presented to the eye by the mixed and motley population of Mauritius—a picture unique in itself, such as no other country in the world can supply. There is a great problem being gradually solved by the intermixture of these races, differing so widely in every respect, and what language or man shall emerge from the seething mass, it is difficult to say. We are certain that the future language of Mauritius will puzzle the philologists of coming ages, and that it will require more than the lingual acquirements of an Admirable Crich-

ton, or of the Italian cardinal* who spoke twenty-four languages, to trace its component parts to the sources from which they were derived. In after ages it may afford an argument in proof of all languages having been derived from one *stamm-sprache*, or mother tongue, inasmuch as it will be found to have taxed almost all languages in its own composition. But who the 'coming man' of Mauritius may be, we cannot tell; we only hope that, from elements so diverse, there may not come forth a Frankenstein. One thing is certain, that the Asiatics, the Africans, and the people of colour, are increasing so rapidly as to make the white French population comparatively insignificant in point of numbers; and as a large proportion of the latter are labouring under conditions unfavourable to the propagation of the human race, it is not improbable that in the course of time they may die out, or be absorbed in the coloured population. The latter are rapidly increasing in numbers and wealth, while the white descendants of the original settlers have, in many cases, sunk into poverty. It has been calculated that three-fourths of the immovable property in the colony is now in possession of the coloured people; and the cause of this transference is to be found in the social habits of the colonists. The negresses appear to have always had stronger attractions for them than the females of their own race and colour, and as soon as the passions begin to manifest themselves in the young men, connexions are formed which result in increasing the coloured population. Often these connexions are only dissolved by death, and both parties are as faithful to each other as if they were united by the marriage vow. The men who form these ties are rarely looked upon with favour by the better class of their own countrywomen, who can scarcely be expected to accept with pleasure the place in their hearts and homes formerly occupied by a race whom they despise. Thus they are content (to use the local phrase) to live and to die *comme ça même*, and after death they bequeath their property and their name to their coloured offspring. It is in this way, principally, that the gra-

* Mezzofanti.

dual transference of property has been effected, and so general and widely spread are the connexions to which we allude, that it is probable that in the course of a century or two the white population will be absorbed by the coloured, or that the few remaining descendants of the former lords of the soil will become the servants of a class whom they detest. The prospect of this coming change is sometimes gloated over with savage pleasure by the organ of the coloured people; and should the day ever come, there will be a fearful reckoning for long years of oppression, hatred, and ridicule. It must be admitted that, by their servile imitation of their former masters in dress, manners, and social intercourse, and the failures necessitated by the unfavourable position in which they are placed, they too often expose themselves to the shafts of ridicule, with which their adversaries are ever ready to wound their vanity. The latter, instead of trying to improve their manners, or affording them an opportunity of attaining that refinement, the absence of which forms the subject of their ridicule, carefully debar them from their *salons*, and *taboo* them as unworthy of their notice. This social ostracism is keenly felt and resented, and the gratuitous insults heaped upon them by the organ of the old French party have sunk deep into the hearts and memories of a race remarkable for vanity, and ambitious of social equality. Recently they were consoled by the promise held out in the print to which we allude—'Lorsque vous aurez appris le jargon social, vous aurez l'entrée des salons.'* This promise implied, of course, that at the present moment they were a set of savages, ignorant even of the language employed in the social intercourse of refined society. It is such insults as these that widen the breach between two classes that speak the same language, and have much of the same blood in their veins, and that would inevitably bring on a civil war, were there not enough of British bayonets and British batons to preserve peace.

The wharf at the landing-place is

* 'When you have learned the language of society, you will be admitted into our drawing-rooms.'

surrounded by boats of a large size, used for conveying the sugar to the ships. The sugar is contained in bags manufactured from the leaf of the vacuous (*Pandanus utilis*), found in abundance in the neighbouring island of Madagascar, and also in Mauritius. The usual quantity contained in these bags is about one hundred and fifty pounds. When a planter has sugar to dispose of, he sends a specimen to his broker in Port Louis, who submits it to the inspection of the different merchants, and sells it at the current price. These brokers form a very flourishing community; and as they generally dabble a little in bills, and are not averse to usury, the most of them are comparatively wealthy. If there should be no demand for sugar, or if the broker thinks that a rise will soon take place, the sugar is stowed away in large stores built for the purpose near the harbour. The planter may be in want of money, and to raise the sum which he requires he has recourse to what are called *dock-warrants*. He obtains a document signed by the keeper of the store to the effect that he has so much sugar in his keeping, and through this document he tries to raise the money. To make the honesty of the storekeepers doubly sure, and to prevent fraud, every one, on entering upon this business, is bound to find sureties to the amount of two thousand pounds, which sum may be forfeited. Such a system is liable to many objections, and there can be no doubt but that money is often raised on fictitious dock-warrants. A striking proof of this recently occurred. A man of the name of B— kept a large sugar-store. His character stood high, and many poor people, tempted by the high rate of interest which he offered, intrusted their small savings to his keeping. He formed the acquaintance of one M—, a sugar-broker. M— being in want of money, persuaded B— to sign a fictitious dock-warrant. B— consented, on the condition that a similar application should never be made to him again; to which condition M— promised faithfully to adhere. Soon after, M— applied for the same favour. B—, fearful of detection, reminded him of his promise, and declined. M—, who seems to have been

a sort of Mauritian Mephistopheles, coolly remarked that he was in his power, and that if he made any difficulty about obliging him, he would at once denounce him to the authorities. We know not whether B—'s feelings corresponded with those ascribed by Goethe to Faust—

'A good man in the direful grasp of ill,
The consciousness of right retaineth still.'

Possibly he was not a good man. If he was, and retained 'the consciousness of right,' it had very little practical influence on his conduct. *Facilis descensus avari*: he sunk deeper and deeper; till discovery became inevitable. To escape the consequences, the two associates in crime embarked on board a small vessel belonging to one of them, taking with them the fruits of their dishonesty, and set sail for Madagascar. B— left a letter, addressed to one of his dupes, in which he acknowledged his guilt, and declared M— to have been his evil genius. So, doubtless, he had; but it is written in a book which B— and his compatriots affect very much to despise, that if we resist the devil he will flee from us. He failed to resist the first approach of evil, and therefore he fell. A small vessel, with an officer of justice and a few constables, was sent in pursuit. They discovered the 'Joker' at Madagascar, and took possession of her. They found on board a considerable quantity of gold, and M— labouring under an attack of fever. B— had been left on shore. They landed, and were proceeding to apprehend him, when he appealed to the Hovahs, reminding them that the British would not allow them to seize their fugitives when they reached Mauritius. The appeal was successful, and the officer of police was obliged to return without his prey. It was afterwards reported that they were dead, but this is doubtful. After some years they may yet return in safety to Mauritius, where successful roguery is sure to meet with a large share of sympathy and admiration.

On landing at the wharf, the stranger finds it crowded with Coolies carrying the sugar from the sheds to the boats which convey it to the ships. He cannot but be struck with the miserable appearance and melancholy ex-

pression of those poor immigrants. They look as if a smile had never visited their dreary countenances, and the effect of their woful visages is heightened by the dull monotonous chant with which they accompany their labours. The sight of these half-naked savages does not produce a pleasing impression, and it is felt that civilisation, with its many blessings, has failed as yet to extend to them its humanizing influences.

On landing, there are none of those convenient appendages to hotels known as 'touters,' to receive the traveller with eager offers of hospitality, and to laud the superior advantages of their respective establishments. It may be the effect of modesty, or of a deep-rooted confidence in their own merits, but the landlords of Mauritius have not yet attained to the dignity of 'touters.' They think, perhaps, that as good wine requires no bush, a good house should stand on its own merits; and while prepared to receive all comers, they despise to do as their brother Bonifaces in Europe—to send forth to the highways and the harbours in search of travellers. This assumption of dignity, which extends to all the different classes of tradesmen, is extremely inconvenient to the traveller who lands beneath the scorching rays of a vertical sun, amidst clouds of dust and the jabbering of unknown tongues. He finds a negro basking in the sun, enjoying the highest amount of happiness of which the African imagination can conceive—the *dolce far niente*. Knowing that he is in a British colony, and addressing a British subject, he points to his carpet-bag, and requests to have it carried to a hotel. The British subject rolls his eyes in a manner that must try the powers of tension of the optic nerve, and answers with a grin, 'N'a pas conné l'Anglais.*' Faintly remembering that this colony some fifty years ago was in the possession of France, he is astonished to find even one inhabitant retaining an imperfect recollection of the French language, and looks upon him as a sort of fossil remain of an extinct nationality. He addresses himself to a second, a third, a fourth, and receives the same invariable answer, 'N'a pas

* 'Don't know English.'

connè l'Anglais.' He looks in vain for an Englishman; they seem as rare, or more so, than black swans. He addresses himself to the Coolies, British subjects à double titre, and is answered with a 'Main nahin junta'* by the more recent arrivals; by the old immigrants with the ever-recurring 'N'a pas connè,' varied by the harmonies of oriental articulation. Astonished and disappointed, he is disposed to soliloquize, if the sun would permit, and to say, What! is it possible that the English language is unknown to all save Englishmen, in a colony which has been in the possession of England since 1810? Is it credible that the Coolies even are taught the barbarous jargon known as Creole, and that an Englishman, standing in an English colony, should discern no traces of the English language, of English manners, and of English civilisation? And yet can it be true that the inhabitants of this colony, accustomed under their former Governors to the strictness of military despotism, and knowing under the present system nothing of that moral and religious training which alone can fit men for the enjoyment of rational liberty, divided by colour and caste into two great factions, which would inevitably cut one another's throats if British bayonets did not intervene, and ignoring English institutions and manners, save for the purpose of holding them up to ridicule and scorn, that the Mauritians, in short (to those who know them the name expresses much), are anxious to obtain the political rights freely and happily accorded to other British colonies, and that the Home Government has shown certain symptoms of a desire to gratify their wishes? Earl Grey's theory of gradually accustoming the colonies to the exercise of political rights till they are fit for emancipation from the mother country, can scarcely apply to an island where, apart from the military, not more than a thousand of the two hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants can speak English, or identify themselves with England as their mother country. If he knew, further, that trial by jury, and the Municipal Council of Port Louis, have, to use a local phrase, *functioned* in such a manner

* 'I do not know.'

as to cover these institutions with deserved ridicule and contempt, he would hesitate which to admire most, the audacity of the popular demagogues in clamouring for institutions of which they scarcely know the names, or the weakness of the Home Government in yielding, in any measure, to claims, the recognition of which would distract the colony with intestine broils, and lead to endless confusion. A more enlarged experience would lead him to the conclusion that a pure despotism, mildly but firmly exercised, is the form of government best adapted to this colony, and that the attempt to engraft free institutions, the gradual growth of centuries, upon a people descended from slaves and slaveholders, that are still smarting under the remembrance of the lash, or longing to resume it, can only lead to failure and disappointment.

These remarks must be regarded as the fruit of our traveller's after-experience. We have left him standing soliloquizing on the wharf at Port Louis. The heat of the sun leads him for the nonce to think of other matters. He is sick of salt junk and similar dainties, and anxious to take his ease in his inn, if he can only find it. Making a virtue of necessity, he strings together the few words of French still remaining in the storehouse of his memory. Fortunately his audience are not critical, and the exhibition of his purse awakens the intelligence of one of those hideous negroes that are always lounging about the wharf and the bazaar. With some misgivings he consigns his carpet-bag to his care, and orders him to look out for a carriage. He conducts him past the Custom-house, a large white building opposite the wharf. He threads his way through loaded Coolies, mules, and sugar-carts, till he reaches the open space, where there is a clump of shipchandlers' shops. He passes these, turns the corner, and reaches the square known as the Place d'Armes. On the right-hand side, as he advances, is the military guard-room, the office of the Commissariat, and Godon's Symposium, where gods, sable as Pluto, indulge in nectar and ambrosia. On the left are the Exchange Rooms, where merchants most do congregate, and seat themselves, or re-

cline, like Tityrus, beneath the shade of the far-spreading beech or tamarind tree—'*tenui meditantes avena*'—meditating on the growth and price of the sugar-cane. Some of these, like honest Dogberry, have had losses in their day, and found their claims to respect mainly on that circumstance. Others would have lost their all, had it not been found, when the day of reckoning came, that, with a generosity which forms an admirable feature in the character of Mauritius husbands, they had previously settled their all on their wives, from whose gentle but tenacious grasp no avaricious creditors could wrest it. Shrewd men these merchants of the Place; cunning in all manner of devices connected with the sugar market, having a keen eye to the main chance, and hailing often from the Land of Cakes and the canny capital of the West. They form the most intelligent and best educated class in the colony; are hospitable, warm-hearted, and generous; and though not remarkable for their religious tendencies, ready to support every charitable and religious institution. Few of them, however, are wealthy, and the wealth of the wealthy few would appear insignificant beside the colossal fortunes of some of the merchant princes of England. Few of these can be regarded as permanent residents in the colony. Their object is to make a certain sum of money, and when that object is attained, they betake themselves to other lands, where money is more valuable and life more enjoyable than in Mauritius.

The traveller, standing on the Place, and anxious to find a vehicle to convey him to his hotel, finds that he has arrived at the right place. He sees himself surrounded with vehicles of all kinds, from the rude *carriole*, with its active and spirited pony, to the luxurious carriage of Jones, with its elastic cushions, and dashing greys from the Cape. He is hailed by the title of Captain, in broken English or in pure Hindustani, by the different charioteers, who appear to have sacrificed little to the graces, and to have made a narrow escape from being downright savages. The better class of carriages are driven by Creoles, remarkable for reckless driving, and

that insolence and readiness to overreach, which seems to characterize the cabmen of all countries. They sit at ease upon their boxes, smoking short black pipes or cheap cigars, and wearing old hats that seem previously to have decorated the head of some antiquated scarecrow. They have a remarkable facility in distinguishing among the passengers those who are likely to become their fares, and address them in such terms as they think will be most flattering to their self-love. The fare for a single person is one shilling to any place within the bounds of the municipality; and this sum, compared with other charges, must be regarded as very moderate. There are nearly three hundred carriages, or small spring-carts, on the Place, drawn by powerful little ponies from Timor or Pegu, and driven by the proprietors, who are usually Indians that have saved a little money and embarked it in this speculation. The space which these hardy little creatures can traverse in the course of a day, with the carriages loaded with three or four passengers, is something incredible. The distance from Port Louis to the Savanne is about thirty miles, and yet a Pegu pony has been known to make the journey and to return in the same day. Fortunately for their proprietors, there is no society for the suppression of cruelty to animals in Mauritius, otherwise these useful animals might meet with better treatment. If the traveller is troubled with indigestion, a short drive in a carriage may have a good effect, provided always that his nerves are in a healthy condition, and that he sets no overdue value on the preservation of his life or the safety of his limbs. The driver makes him clamber up into the rickety vehicle in the best way he can, and seats him behind himself. His head is protected from the rays of a vertical sun by a rough canopy of wood or tin, supported on iron rods attached to the framework of the carriage, and his person is concealed from the gaze of the *profanum vulgus* by a species of cotton curtains that have once been whiter and cleaner. The driver usually wears a species of head-dress, that forms a sort of compromise between a *bonnet rouge* and a Kilmarnock night-

cap. He abjures the use of a whip, but uses in lieu a large leather strap, which he wields with a dexterity that might excite the envy of a hedge schoolmaster. The traveller finds that with carriages, as with many other things, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. The poor little brute, knowing what is in store for him, is shy of starting, and plunges and rears, till, overpowered by the lashes that are showered upon him, and the unearthly yells of his savage driver, he at length rushes forward. The noise is indescribable. The canopy shakes, the curtains flap, the iron rods rattle, the springs grate, and the wheels, innocent of oil, creak as if the whole affair were going to pieces. Coachmen and riders with restive horses give the carriage as wide a berth as the poet bestows on Gilpin. The traveller is suffocated with dust and stupified with noise. In vain he appeals to his goblin-like driver, who is now in his element. His enthusiasm reaches its climax at the sound of a rival carriage approaching. His eye lightens up

'With that strange joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel,'

and on he drives with the reckless rapidity of the spectre horseman in Leonore, till he reaches his goal, or overturns his vehicle, in either of which cases he is equally unmoved, and if a Mohammedan, acknowledges the greatness of Allah with pious resignation.

The carriage is a luxury to be enjoyed at an after period, and the traveller on first landing had better imitate our example, and drive in a comfortable carriage to the Hotel de l'Europe.

The taste of the Creoles for gay colours is shown in the painting of their carriages. An Englishman associates the quietest colours in dress and equipage with respectability—a Creole judges of these matters by a different standard. The carriages on the Place show the richness of his imagination by the splendour and variety of the colours which the painter's brush has bestowed upon them. A tartan of the Royal Stuart pattern seems to predominate, while a bright blue is the next favourite colour. The most of these carriages belong to men of

colour, and the fertility of the African imagination has been taxed in the selection of new and startling colours. When the perfect *enfranchisement* of the African race has been effected, it will be accompanied with a new civilisation, and an original application of the arts to the production of new forms that will startle our sober northern ideas of the beautiful and the becoming.

At the top of the Place stands Government House, a large inelegant building forming three sides of a square, with the open space facing the harbour. The ground floor, built under the direction of La Bourdonnais, is composed of coral. At the capture of the island in 1810, the building was in an unfinished state, and though completed, it cannot be said to have been improved by the subsequent governors. It consists of three storeys, with corresponding verandahs, and the public rooms in the centre storey are large and handsome, with polished floors—beautiful to look at, but dangerous to the equilibrium of the uninitiated. The offices of the Governor's staff are situated in the lowest storey, and the uppermost is composed of sleeping apartments. In front there is a paved court-yard, with a flagstaff. The hoisting of the national colours indicates the presence of her Majesty's representative. In the hot season the flag generally remains unfurled, except on Wednesdays, when the Council meets. The cool retreats and shady alleys of Reduit, with its European temperature and beautiful cascade, have far greater attractions than the stifling atmosphere of this huge barn. The sooner it is sold to the Town Council, who are anxious to install themselves in its lofty apartments, and whose salamander constitutions can stand any amount of heat, the more creditable it will be to the representative of Majesty in Mauritius. A Government House worthy of the name will then be erected, and form one of the very few public buildings in this town that have any claims to architectural beauty.

To the left of Government House is Royal Street; to the right the Chaussée. The first of these is a fine large street, composed of houses built

almost entirely of stone, and used principally as shops or stores. The *Chaussée* is narrower and closer, and most of the houses are built of wood. Wood is less used for building purposes since 1816, when a considerable portion of the town was consumed by fire. To the right of Government House, with the entrance from Royal Street, are the offices of the Chief Medical Officer and of the Colonial Secretary, situated in a long narrow building, with a stifling atmosphere, and a shabbiness of appearance, reflecting little credit on the Government that allows it to be used for such a purpose. To the left of Government House, facing Government Street, are the offices of the Auditor-General, the Treasurer, and the Post-master—buildings erected on the strictest principles of economy, and exactly similar in character to the one already described.

In ascending Government Street, after passing Government House, the first large building to the right is the Ice-house, the most popular establishment in Port Louis during the hot season. To the left is the Theatre, a large unwieldy building, not unlike Government House in its general cumbrousness of appearance. Around it may be seen groups of slim youths, dressed in exaggerated imitation of the most recent Parisian fashions, as displayed in the coloured prints in the tailors' windows, smoking cigars manufactured in the colony, and sold at the moderate charge of one halfpenny each, discussing with all the airs of accomplished *dilettanti* the appearance of the *prima donna* in the opera of the previous evening. These are the *jeunes gens*—the rising generation of Mauritius.

A few yards beyond the theatre, on the right-hand side, is the Hotel de l'Europe; but let the traveller weigh well the contents of his purse before he enters its inviting gate. If his appetite be craving and his purse slender, let him betake himself to some more humble hostelry, where he may eat and be satisfied, without ruining himself in the process. If he fail to adopt our advice, he will have reason to repent his audacity when the landlord refreshes his memory with his little *mémoire*. Occasionally a reckless sub-

altern on his way to India has been reminded of the appositeness of the inscription which Dante saw over the entrance of a certain place, and tempted to apply it to the place of his temporary incarceration—

'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate,'

as he waits for remittances that do not come, and eats dinners which, to borrow a French idiom, he must some day pay through the nose, or break the *parole* on which his landlord has placed him. A private dinner at the Hotel de l'Europe costs more than the same meal at the Clarendon; and if the traveller is accompanied by his wife, we should scarcely advise him to dine at the table-d'hôte. There is a freedom in the conversation such as would never be sanctioned in any similar establishment on the Continent, and an occasional mixture of *gros sel*, tickling enough to the palates of its Creole frequenters, but scarcely adapted to the tastes of our British wives and sisters. If the traveller meditates a brief sojourn, and finds his purse in a satisfactory condition, he may enter. On crossing the threshold, he finds himself in a large hall, floored with marble, and filled with half-naked servants disputing among themselves in Creole, and showing little alacrity in attending to his wants. The walls are covered with paper, on which are represented landscapes, in that style of art which was so much in vogue in the reign of Louis xv. The stairs and floors of the upper rooms are composed of wood, and rubbed with wax till they are dazzlingly bright and dangerously slippery. The bed-rooms are small, and so ill ventilated, that in the hot season sleeping with the windows shut is impossible. The beds are composed of iron bars that have been once gilt, and covered with muslin curtains to admit the air and keep out the mosquitoes. The furniture is of the simplest description. It consists of a cane-bottomed chair and a small wooden table, both of which have seen service. If he finds a mirror, the traveller may esteem himself fortunate. Fireplace there is none, nor is it required. A thin pannel partition separates him from his next neighbour. If the latter has eaten a heavy dinner, or is at all of an apoplectic tendency,

he will be fully apprised of that fact.

For the use of this bed-room, with breakfast at nine o'clock, and dinner at the table-d'hôte at six, the traveller pays six dollars (twenty-four shillings). The principal dish at breakfast is curry, and the favourite beverage claret and water. The dinner consists of several *entrées*, and the different dishes are cooked in the French style. The soup and the salad are good, the other dishes too highly seasoned, or too greasy, to please the palate before it is accustomed to Creole cookery. Immediately after dinner, coffee is served in small cups, with the usual accompaniment of a *petit verre* of brandy. The guests then disperse, and the regular frequenters of the house seat themselves in the verandah to enjoy the coolness of the evening air and the soothing influences of the cigar. The smallness of the space, within which their lives are circumscribed, does not leave room for much variety in the conversation of the Creoles. The ship captains discuss the merits of their vessels, the character of their agents, and the freights at the different places they have visited. The Frenchmen, whom the hope of fortune has enticed to this little spot in the Indian Ocean, declare life to be very *triste*, and long for the *cafés*, the theatres, and the gaieties of Paris. While six dollars is the nominal sum which the traveller pays for the conveniences we have enumerated, if he thinks that that amount will cover all his expenses he will soon find that he has reckoned without his host. The latter personage has a most retentive memory for the smallest offices that have been rendered beneath his roof, and an extravagant idea of their value. To escape this unexpected drain upon his purse, the traveller should in every case make a bargain with the landlord for a fixed sum. This is the usual practice, and ought never to be neglected.

There are two other hotels in Port Louis, occasionally frequented by travellers—Masse's Hotel, near the *Chaussée*, and George's Hotel, behind the theatre. The former is an old establishment, and while it is less central and attractive than the Hotel de l'Europe, the landlord has the reputation of being the best cook in the

colony. His charge for the same accommodation as at the Europe Hotel is four dollars instead of six. George's Hotel partakes more of the character of a private boarding-house than of a regular hotel. Its rooms are generally occupied by permanent residents in the colony, and a friend of mine, who lived there six months, speaks in favourable terms of the landlord, who is a coloured man.

Before dismissing the Mauritius landlords, a word must be said in their favour. The traveller, before condemning in too strong terms their apparently extravagant charges, must take into account their peculiar position, which resembles that of the hotel-keepers on any of the great routes in Europe, whose houses are frequented by travellers only during a few months of the year, and remain almost without a guest till the next season brings its tide of visitors. The establishment must be kept up throughout the year, and the travellers, though not using it, must pay for its support. The Mauritius landlords, also, pay an exorbitant sum as house-rent, and their expenditure, in a colony where all the necessaries of life are imported at a high rate, must be very great. There is this difference, also, between their position and that of their brother Bonifaces in Europe, that while travellers must patronize the latter, the former are cheated of their lawful prey by the hospitable English residents, who are ever ready to open their kind homes for the reception of all who have any claims upon their attention. No wonder, then, that the landlords of Mauritius, when they catch any unfortunate traveller, do their utmost *pour faire valoir le bouchon*.

It happened to be a Sunday morning when I landed in Mauritius. Every traveller fresh from England, who lands on the same day, will speedily be reminded that this colony, though nominally English, is essentially French in all its habits and customs. He will find open canteens and arrack-shops, less gorgeous than the gin-palaces of London, but doing their work with the same deadly effect. He will be jostled by gangs of drunken sailors spending their Sunday ashore, and imparting to the heathen Coolie from Hindustan his first ideas of the

Christian character. If he pass near the bazaar, he will have to thread his way among groups of Indians that have been long enough in the colony to profit by their Christian brother's example, and to imbibe a taste for the poison sold in the canteens. He will meet vehicles of all kinds, from the luxurious carriage to the rattling carriole, filled with the citizens of the better class, hurrying to the country to spend the Sabbath at Pamplemousses. He will find the shops open, and their goods exposed for sale; the bazaar thronged by busy purchasers; and every place of public resort attracting its share of attention save the house of God, the visitors to which seem to be few and far between. He will hear the clang of the blacksmith's hammer, and all the other sounds of labour that are hushed and silent on an English Sabbath; and if it be the sugar season, and prices are rising, he will see the smoke ascending from the mills, and the bands of Coolies cutting down the canes in the fields. At first, he may flatter himself that Sabbath labour is confined to the French Creoles. This delusion will speedily vanish. He will soon find that the English engineer and the English planter, who, when they return home, will perhaps join societies for enforcing the better observance of the Sabbath, are as ready to labour on the Sabbath as their Creole neighbours. One or two fearful accidents—or, shall we say judgments?—that have overtaken Englishmen labouring on the Sabbath, may deter their fellow-planters for a time from working their machinery on that sacred day, but a sudden rise in the sugar market, or the dread of an unfavourable season, is sufficient to make them return to their former course. What will not the lust of gold effect? We speak of these men as a class. Among the English residents in Mauritius there are as good and consistent Christians as are to be found at home, but their name is not legion. They are not many.

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An Account of the Mutinies in Oudh, and of the Siege of the Lucknow Residency. With some Observations on the Condition of the Province of Oudh, and on the Causes of the Mutiny of the Bengal Army. By

MARTIN RICHARD GUBBINS, of the Bengal Civil Service, Financial Commissioner for Oudh. London: Richard Bentley. 1858.

THE EXACT TRUTH ABOUT OUDH.

THE sepy class form the peasantry of Oudh. In considering, therefore, how the sepoys were affected by our annexation of the province, it is manifestly necessary to possess some just idea of the condition of the peasantry. This had been long in a lamentable state, from the exactions and venality of the king's officials, and from the oppression and violence of the talooqdars. Oudh, though long governed by Mohammedan sovereigns, is essentially a Hindu province, its population is chiefly Brahmin, and chutree, or rajpoot: and Hindu institutions form the characteristic of the country. Of these the most marked and universal feature is that of the village communities. The brotherhood which resides in each village is the only real proprietor of the soil, and among its members the ancestral fields are divided. The only person competent to alienate the right in each field, whether by sale, gift, or mortgage, is the individual sharer whose patrimony it is; and each village forms in itself a complete community, or, as the late Lord Metcalfe justly termed it, a separate little republic. Every village has its accountant, and its public servants, the priest, the carpenter, the smith, the washerman, and the watchman, who are generally paid by dues claimable from the grain produce of each shareholder. The payment of a land-tax is one of the oldest institutions of the country. It is levied from the several shareholders, by a rate upon the land, the shares, the ploughs, or the grain produce, and is paid to the government officer through the head man of the village. The tenacity with which the Hindu sharer clings to his ancestral fields, and his affection for the soil which he inherits, is unsurpassed in any country. As the numbers of these communities increase, their land no longer affords them a sufficient maintenance, and numbers leave their villages to seek service, returning on leave of absence to visit their families; and retiring when pensioned to live and die in their ancestral home. Such are the features which distinguish the

class from which our sepoys are drawn. They are, it will be observed, proprietors, the only proprietors of the soil ; and they value this right of property in the land above all earthly treasure.

But in Oudh they have had many enemies who have disturbed them in the enjoyment of this right, and their chief enemy has been the talooqdar.

True he was not the only one. The greedy and rapacious government official could and did inflict infinite injury on the villager, by enhancing to an exorbitant amount the demand for land revenue ; and even where no talooqdar intervened, hundreds of villages have been ruined and desolated by exactions of this nature. Possessed of the most superior natural resources, I have never met with such evidences of general poverty as in Oudh. Miserable and starved cattle, unable to drag the wretched implements of husbandry in use, squalid and deserted villages, ruined wells, and a naked and starved peasantry, sufficiently evidence the wretchedness which prevails.

Much of this misery lies at the door of the native officials of the kings of Oudh ; much more, however, lies at the door of the talooqdar ; for he has aimed not only at grinding the peasant by heavy exactions, but has also endeavoured to rob him of his birthright, the property in the soil. The term talooqdar means 'holder of a talooquah,' or 'collection of villages;' for the payment of the land revenue assessed upon which villages the talooqdar or holder was admitted to engage. The single engagement with one person for a number of villages saved the native government trouble, and has long obtained ; but it used to convey no right of property to the talooqdar in the villages for which he engaged. He paid to the State a lesser sum, and realized from the villages a somewhat larger one, which constituted his remuneration. The size of his talooquah was constantly liable to change. If the central government was weak and the local official his friend, his talooquah would rapidly expand. If a new official arrived unfriendly to him, he would lose many, or all the villages which he had acquired. It should be observed, that the best native rulers of Oudh were

always opposed to the growth of large talooquahs. The Newaub Vizier Saadutalee Khan broke up a number of them, and reduced all to a very moderate size.

These talooqdars varied greatly in their origin. Some, and the greater number, were hereditary heads of rajpoot tribes settled in the neighbourhood. Others again were new families, sprung from some government official, whose local authority had enabled him to acquire a holding of this description.

Until this system was abused, it no doubt answered well enough ; especially where the talooqdar was chief in the tribe for whose villages he engaged. As chief he was the natural medium between his tribe and the government, and received from the spontaneous regard of his people many perquisites and dues.

But for nearly half a century the talooqdaree system has been greatly abused ; and the great aim of the talooqdar has been to supplant the villager in the property of the soil and to constitute himself sole proprietor. Where he succeeded, the owner became a tenant, and was charged with a rent for the land which he occupied without reference to the government land-tax.

The more usual mode by which this change was effected, was to outbid the owners of a village at the yearly settlement of the land-tax, which generally obtains under native governments. A talooqdar possessing a fort and guns, would agree to pay double the tax properly leviable upon a village. He would then draw up an exorbitant rent-roll, which it would be impossible that the cultivators should pay, throw the village into balance ; and then seize and confine the villagers, until they signed away their birthright, and executed a deed constituting himself proprietor. These deeds were termed 'bye namahs,' or deeds of sale ; and were a by-word of fraud and oppression throughout Oudh.

Sometimes some of the more daring talooqdars would dispense with this somewhat lengthy process for obtaining a bye namah, and would proceed at once to harry a village, burn it, kill the cattle, and drive out the inhabi-

tants, until the required deed was executed.

Against this oppression exercised by the talooqdars little or no redress could ever be obtained. Accordingly the people took the law into their own hands. The dispossessed rajpoot drew his sword, and retired into the jungle, and committed raids upon any one whom the usurping talooqdar endeavoured to settle upon his paternal acres. Driven to this lawless mode of life, he did not confine his attacks to those who trespassed upon his own village, but learnt to prey upon the public generally. He became a dacoit, or professional robber, and a price was set upon his head. There were hundreds of such public offenders in Oudh when we entered the country. And with our rule they ceased. The robber came in and claimed his own, and his own was restored to him. His house arose again on his long-deserted homestead, and the sword and shield were laid aside. Faces that had not been seen for years, and men, at whose names the country side trembled, were seen to enter the crowds, where an English officer presided; and became peaceful citizens.

Now the class against which all this injustice had been committed was precisely that from which our sepoy have been drawn. Under the native government their complaints were brought to the notice of the Oudh authorities by the intervention of the British Resident. Each family made a point of having some connection in the British army, and through him brought forward their complaints to his commanding officer. The sepoy's petition was countersigned by the English colonel, and forwarded to the Resident, and by him submitted to the king.

Upon this state of things those who link together the annexation of Oudh and the sepoy mutiny, in the relation of cause and effect, build their theory. Under the native rule, say they, the sepoy enjoyed special and preferential privileges, which merged and were lost when Oudh became our own. Before, the English authorities exerted themselves to get justice for him: afterwards, they were bound to render equal justice to all alike; and the sepoy resented the loss of privilege.

But for the wide prevalence of this erroneous idea, I should not have thought it necessary to refute an opinion so entirely opposed to fact. The mistake, however, must be corrected.

In effect, the party most benefited by the introduction of our rule in Oudh was the sepoy class. True, their complaints were formerly forwarded through the Resident; but little redress resulted. The British Resident submitted the sepoy's complaint to the king, by whose minister it was forwarded for explanation or redress to the local native officer. This party was probably already long in league with the talooqdar, and if not so before, was easily persuaded, for a valuable consideration, to become his friend. A garbled reply unfavourable to the sepoy applicant, and favourable to the oppressing talooqdar, was in due time prepared and returned to the minister. The minister sent on this answer with many professions of esteem and regard to the Resident, by whom it was generally forwarded without comment to the commander, who handed the unsatisfactory document to the complaining sepoy. Some trifling alleviation of the injury complained of might be granted; but this was all. That a sepoy plaintiff ever succeeded in wresting his village from the grasp of the oppressor, by aid of the British Resident, I never heard: if it ever occurred, the cases must have been isolated and extraordinary. What a contrast, then, was presented under our rule! Thousands of sepoy families were claimants, and many hundreds of villages at once passed into their hands from those of the talooqdars! Whatever the talooqdar lost the sepoy gained. No one had so great cause for gratulation as he. In the course of my tour through Oudh, I have ridden unattended into many sepoy villages. They all presented one and the same feature; loud complaints of bygone sufferings, mingled with rejoicings at their deliverance. They knew that we brought home money from our regiments, cried they, and therefore taxed us the more heavily; but now that has gone by.

I remember, among many, an instance illustrative of the improvement in their condition, which the sepoys

derived from the introduction of our rule, which may here be mentioned. It was the case of the village of Akabad, in the purgunnah of Mugraer, district of Poorwah. It had been included in the extensive talooquah of Doondeea Kheyrah, held by one Baboo Ram-Buksh Singh, a talooqdar belonging to the family which exercised chieftainship in Bysewarrah. He had always been turbulent, and after repeatedly opposing in arms the Government of Oudh, had at length been by them expelled, his fort razed, and himself compelled to fly into the British territories. He has since rendered himself conspicuous by his cruelty to our Cawnpoor fugitives. At the time when the British occupation took place, he was an exile; but soon returned, and laid claim to the proprietary title in all the villages comprised in his late talooquah. The British officers were slow to admit his title, and the summary settlement was made with the villagers, who were rajpoots of the Byse clan, as was Ram-Buksh himself. On the occasion of my riding into this village, where I spent half an hour conversing with the people, they told me that their little village, which did not contain as many houses, furnished upwards of sixty sepoy to our army. They loudly complained of the exorbitant rents imposed upon them formerly by Ram-Buksh, and declared that when these were unpaid he tortured and imprisoned them. If they died in confinement, he threw their bodies into the Ganges, and mocked them by saying that at least they had obtained Hindu burial! I affected to disbelieve their story, and replied that Ram-Buksh claimed to be proprietor of the village; and, besides, how could a Byse behave so to his own people? They laughed at the idea of his being the real owner; and with loud and bitter asseverations protested that all which they had said was true, and they described the tortures which they themselves had undergone. Their assessment had been greatly reduced. I asked them if they were content with it. They replied in the affirmative, but added that it was heavy still; and finding, on fuller inquiry, that they were right, I caused it to be still further reduced.

It is impossible to reconcile the

facts which have been here given with the opinion of the sepoy having suffered from the change of government, which has been so singularly taken up. It is, I am persuaded, simply an error.

That there were many classes in Oudh who were hostile to our government, and who viewed its introduction with displeasure, is true. The principal class of these were they at whose expense the sepoy obtained his advantage, the talooqdars. Under the weak government which we succeeded these men had exercised almost independent authority. They put to death, mutilated, and punished their subject villagers. Never were these acts avenged; rarely were they called to any account for them. Secure in his mud fort, surrounded by a matted wall of live bamboo, and encircled by a wild jungle of from one to two miles in width, in which the thorny corundah tree always abounded, the talooqdar maintained his semi-independent state, and smiled at the weak authority of the capital. How could such a man brook the equal rule of a firm government? how could he brook to surrender the villages which he had long usurped; and to plead on equal terms with the tenant-owner whom he had so long injured and oppressed?

There are those who take the part of the talooqdars, who, misled by appearances, think that they should have been left in undisturbed possession of their blood-stained spoils, and that justice should have been refused to the long-expectant villager.

So, however, did not rule the Government of India, presided over by Lord Dalhousie. And surely if no redress was to be granted, and no wrong to be repaired, to what end was our mission in Oudh? and what business had we in the country? So long as the native government remained redress was not hopeless. No tenure was a fixity; and a talooqdar who possessed himself of a county to-day might be driven from every village to-morrow. Such was not the case, however, under British rule. A title once declared and recognised was as immutable as the government itself. And the admission of the title of the talooqdar by a British court would have been the consummation of his fraud, would have stereotyped his usurpation! As

a rule, the right of the villagers to recover their own was admitted. The fraudulent and extorted 'bye namahs' were treated at their proper worth, and generally rejected. Where, indeed, the talooqdar had succeeded in so completely obliterating the village rights that no exercise of proprietary functions by them in any shape could be shown to have taken place within twelve years, then the talooqdar was acknowledged to be the sole proprietor; and the villager remained his tenant, subject to the payment of a moderate rent. And where, by the withdrawal of villages, the talooqdar's income was too much reduced, or other circumstances of hardship appeared, an allowance of 10 per cent. upon the government revenue was assigned to him.

No doubt, in some instances, by the indiscretion of local officers, the talooqdars were treated with undue severity. These cases were, however, confined to the single division of Fyzabad, and were all in course of rectification. . . .

There was another class in Oudh who were necessarily hostile to our rule, and who formed a most dangerous element in themselves, I mean the discharged soldiery of the native government. Of these there were not less than 60,000 when Oudh became British. Service was given to about 15,000 of them in our new local regiments, and a number found employ in the civil departments. For the rest a liberal scale of provision was arranged. Where service had been long, pension was provided: where short, a gratuity was given. Many of these men, however, remained without any permanent provision, and not a few refused employ. Some, because they hoped that the native kingdom would be restored. But the majority could not brook the thought of our stricter discipline. . . .

In the city of Lucknow there were many against us. In every Indian city there are a large number of loose and worthless characters: but such was pre-eminently the case at Lucknow. A profligate court, sunk deep in vice and debauchery, had collected around it thousands whose sole business was to minister to its degrading pleasures. Many of the most striking

buildings in the city belonged to men who had risen by their own infamy to be favourites with the king. This whole class of people detested us. Under our government their business was gone. There were many other innocent sufferers by the change of government. Thousands of citizens found employ in providing for the ordinary wants of the court and nobility. There were several hundreds of manufacturers of hooquah snakes. The embroiderers in gold and silver thread were also reckoned by hundreds. The makers of rich dresses, fine turbans, highly ornamented shoes, and many other subordinate trades, suffered severely from the cessation of the demand for the articles which they manufactured.

But, perhaps, the class most entitled to sympathy was the nobility itself; and the numberless relatives and friends who hung upon it. The nobles had received large pensions from the native government, the payment of which, never regular, ceased with the introduction of our rule. Government had made liberal provision for their support; but before this could be obtained, it was necessary to prepare careful lists of the grantees, and to investigate their claims. It must be admitted that in effecting this there was undue delay; and that for want of common means of support the gentry and nobility of the city were brought to great straits and suffering. We were informed that families which had never before been outside the *zunana*, used to go out at night and beg their bread. Every tale of this kind met the readiest sympathy from the kind heart of Sir Henry Lawrence, who, before these troubles began, had applied himself to cause the early despatch of the necessary documents; and had given the sufferers assurance of early payment and kind consideration.

Innumerable taxes, embracing almost every article of consumption, existed in the city under the native rule. The great majority of these were abolished. A new tax was introduced, however, which was highly unpopular, viz., that on the consumption of opium. This drug was very largely consumed in the dissipated capital; and the tax upon it, which

obtains in every other part of the British dominions, and than which a more just source of revenue could scarcely be named, was highly obnoxious to the citizens of Lucknow.

With the exception of the important though limited classes which have been mentioned, the mass of the people in Oudh were well affected to our rule. This has been doubted by some, because they made no general effort to assist us. Probably such persons have not duly weighed the characteristic feature of the Indian masses, viz., unconcern as to who may be the ruler. And when it is remembered that the mass of the population was extremely poor, and without organization of any kind; it will readily be understood how impossible it was for them to place themselves in opposition to the disciplined bodies of mutineers who had possessed themselves of the country, and who were in many cases supported from the beginning by the talooqdars.

After the breaking out of the mutinies they sufficiently evidenced their good-will, by assisting and protecting those European refugees who were traversing the country in ones or twos towards Lucknow. Had the villagers not favoured them, not one could have reached the capital. And in most cases these fugitives, as will be hereafter noticed, received from them active aid and assistance. Some of our poor friends were betrayed, but this, with one exception,* was the work of a talooqdar.

One other class of people who are numerous in Oudh demands mention; I mean the 'pásies.' These are a race of the lowest caste, feeders of swine, and some of them are found in every village. Their duty is that of village watchmen, and at the same time they are the chief thieves and robbers of the country. But the pásie never robs that which is committed to his trust, and his fidelity when trusted, is proverbial. By his hand the landholder remits his quota of revenue to the treasury, and not a rupee is ever missing. To his care the talooqdar intrusts without fear the guard at his fort gate. The pásies

are good hunters and athletic men, and form an excellent material for soldiers. But hitherto their low caste has excluded them from the high caste army of Bengal. They have been wiser on the Bombay side; and hundreds of the Oudh pásies cross the continent of India, and find service in the army of Bombay.

Hereafter we shall be probably wiser in our treatment of them ourselves. During the late disturbances none have taken a greater part than the pásies. As soon as the civil power became relaxed, they began plundering the roads. When we were beleaguered, and the rebel talooqdars joined the mutineers in besieging us, the greater number of their retainers were pásies. And good reason have we to remember the repeated wariness of 'Ali,' 'Ali,' 'Ali,' with which they disturbed our nights. In our future government of Oudh, the pásies will need to be repressed with a strong hand.

Reverting to the feeling of the masses, it would indeed be strange if they had not been well affected to us. The worst British Government in India is, in my judgment, preferred by the people generally, to a native rule. But the system introduced into Oudh was of the best. It was modelled on the experience and most approved system of the Punjab. Our government of the North-western Provinces has, on the whole, been good. Our revenue system is good, and yet the pressure of the Government demand is in many districts greatly too high. It is too high in Agra, in Alligurrh, in Mynpoorie, in Boolundshuhur, and throughout the greater part of Rohilcund. The principle on which that settlement was made, was to claim as the share of Government two-thirds of the net rental. But the fraud and chicanery opposed to our revenue officers generally, caused them unwittingly to fix the demand at more than this share. Still our revenue system was popular with the people, for it was far more favourable to them than any known to obtain under native governments. In Oudh, after repeated and most careful examination, I came unhesitatingly to the conclusion, that the Government collector appropriated, if possible, the entire rent,

* Taseen-khan, the infamous zemindar of Sultanpore, who betrayed Mr. A. Block, C.S.

and never professed to relinquish any part of it. Our police system in the North-western Provinces was only tolerated by the people, for its agents were ill paid and venal. And though crime was kept down, still the honest man was liable to too much annoyance to allow of his liking it. Our civil law was detested. In framing its machinery, the endless delays, expense, quibbles, and technicalities of English law had been too faithfully copied, and with a too fatal result. The 'dewanee,' as it was termed, stunk in the nostrils of the people. It was not, however, introduced into Oudh. The simple Punjab mode of procedure, which is well adapted to the wants of a simple people, took its place, and was generally acceptable. In the police in Oudh, a higher scale of pay was admitted with good effect, and relieved that department of much of the odium of venality. In the revenue, the Government demand was limited to one-half the rent, and the greatest precautions were taken to preserve it moderate. Accustomed to excessive rack-rent, which aimed at engrossing for the State the whole of the rent, the people were at first with difficulty persuaded of the reality of our intention of taking one-half only. When convinced of this, they were loud in their assurances of satisfaction.

Such was the condition of the people in Oudh, when all improvement was suddenly arrested by the military mutiny.

Southern Lights and Shadows: being Brief Notes of Three Years' Experience of Social, Literary, and Political Life in Australia. By FRANK FOWLER, late of Her Majesty's Civil Service, New South Wales. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1859.

THE AUTHOR TAKES THE READER INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.

I went to Australia in '55. I had been previously engaged for two sessions reporting in the House of Commons, and my health was rapidly breaking up. Doctors recommended a sea-voyage and a warm climate. Fifteen thousand miles of the one, and 85° in the shade of the other, were sufficient temptations held out by the

good city of Sydney to induce me to decide on a run round the world. My original intention was not to stop in the colonies more than four or five months—one summer at most—and, appropriating any flotsam or jetsam of Australian incident which might drift in my way, to cargo the same, and, on my return home, to endeavour to cover the expenses of my journey by a 'popular' book on my travels. By the time I arrived in Sydney, however, my health, under the sanitary influences of a long sea voyage, was quite restored; and this agreeable fact, coupled with the respectable appearance of men and things about me—the many novel developments of character and scene—made me decide on staying, at all events for a year or two, in one or other of the Australian colonies. An engagement on a Sydney journal offering itself at the moment, I at once settled on New South Wales, and, in less than a fortnight after bidding good-bye to the vessel which had brought me to El Dorado, was running through the country, sometimes two hundred miles in the interior, discharging the functions of newspaper correspondent. Since then I have filled various positions and performed a somewhat interesting and varied rôle of characters—lecturer, government shorthand-writer, playwright, magazine projector, editor, 'our own correspondent,' and, last of all, candidate for political laurels. I catalogue these several personal items thus early, in order to get over at once what is always a disagreeable portion of a narrative—that which personally concerns the writer; but chiefly that I may be recognised by my readers as—may I say it?—an authority upon Australian matters, before entering upon the main features of this adumbration. I can safely affirm that no man ever strove more zealously to make himself acquainted with a country, than I did with the colony during my two years' sojourn beneath its fig-trees. If I crush the result of my observations and experiences into a duodecimo, it is only because, as an old traveller, I have learnt how to pack a good many things in a small compass. Coming with this much in hand by way of preface, I would fain hope that a brief outline of my observations and im-

pressions of a far-off yet nearly allied country and people, ruled, as that outline is, with probity of utterance and a desire to present the nudest truth, is not unlikely to meet with some attention.

For see : Australia, just now, is the most interesting and important of all our colonial possessions, India itself (if India can be called a colony) not excepted. I am not going to support this position with any broad generality, but shall leave it to stand by itself as an unimpeachable fact. Her imports and exports are larger by far than those of any other British dependency ; her vast pastoral resources are comparatively undeveloped ; her soil is affluent in gold and other precious metals ; her cities, though reared but yesterday, are large, well-populated, and adorned from end to end with noble public buildings and palatial dwellings that Belgravia or Tyburnia might proudly own ; her marts and warehouses are handsome combinations of our city emporiums and West-end bazaars ; and, finally, her population is active, industrious, self-reliant ; in mode and manner, government and religion, even more English than the English.

In the course of this narration I shall studiously avoid all those arid details, the ever-repeated and never-remembered statistics, which, as a rule, form the staple matter of books on the colonies. Those who are intensely interested in the matter of hides, know pretty well by this time how many are annually sent from Australia : those who are not would scarcely thank me for pausing to tell them. I have no desire to state, and I am sure the reader has little desire to learn, how many sheep are annually boiled down on the Lachlan ; how much rough fat is exported from the Darling ; how many head of horned cattle are depastured on the Murrumbidgee. All this I beg respectfully to hand over to the Statistical Society, and young members of parliament desirous of 'going in heavily' at Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. Fighting shy, then, of blue-book, tabular statement, and commissioner's return, my aim will be to present, in as lively and pleasant a manner as I can command, a faithful, if hurried, etching of the every-day

life and avocations of our friends at the antipodes. And here, at the outset, let me disclaim any intention of dragging the reader, for the thousandth time, over the Australian gold-fields. Bored enough must he be with 'sinkings,' drowed enough with 'cradles,' and crushed enough with quartz ; while profound must be his conviction, after reading these digging chronicles which promise so much and fulfil so little, that all is not gold that glitters—since it may be only mica !

PIPES AND WHIPS.

And first as to the pipe. The cutty is of all shapes, sizes, and shades. Some are negro heads, set with rows of very white teeth ; some are mermaids, showing their more presentable halves up the front of the bowls, and stowing away their weedy fundaments under the stems. Some are Turkish caps—some are Russian skulls. Some are Houris, some are empresses of the French, some are Margaret Catchpoles. Some are as small as my lady's thimble—others as large as an old Chelsea tea-cup. Everybody has one, from the little pinafores school-boy who has renounced his hardbake for his Hardam's, to the old veteran who came out with the second batch of convicts, and remembers George Barrington's prologue. Clergymen get up their sermons over the pipe ; members of Parliament walk the verandah of the Sydney House of Legislature with the black bowl gleaming between their teeth. One of the metropolitan representatives was seriously ill just before I left, from having smoked forty pipes of Latakia at one sitting. A cutty-bowl, like a Creole's eye, is most prized when blackest. Some smokers wrap the bowls reverently in leather, during the process of colouring ; others buy them ready stained, and get (I suppose) the reputation of accomplished whiffers at once. Every young swell glories in his cabinet of dirty clay pipes. A friend of mine used to call a box of the little black things, his '*Stowe* collection.' Tobacco, I should add here, is seldom sold in a cut form. Each man carries a cake about with him, like a card-case ; each boy has his stick of Cavendish, like so much candy. The cigars usually smoked are Manillas, which are as

cheap and good as can be met with in any part of the world. Lola Montez, during her Australian tour, spoke well of them. What stronger puff could they have than hers?

And now the stock-whip. The thong is a strip of hide, from that well-tanned part of the beast, where, in life, he has been most whipped himself, with a cracker of silk worked into the end of it. A romantic rattlebrain stockman, whom I once met at Singleton, had made a cracker out of a piece of a silk handkerchief given him by his sweetheart; 'But it doesn't answer,' he said to me half-confidentially, over our jug of beer. 'You see when they get bogged and I have to lash them, every crack makes me think of Polly, and then, 'pon my soul, I can't give it them so smartly as I ought.' 'Is Polly in Australia?' I asked. 'Oh! no; she mourns me by the classic Isis,' he replied half-jocularly, but with a certain dash of sadness in his tone. 'Are you from Oxford?' I inquired, for there was a good deal about the fellow which interested me. 'Not exactly. I took my B.A. there five years ago.' Read that, ye heads of houses! What a practical commentary on the Georgics!

The thong of the stock-whip is about fourteen feet in length, while the handle is not more than a foot and a half. My classic friend likened his whip to one of Mr. Disraeli's speeches: 'For,' said he, 'there is plenty of lash, the sting is in the end, and there is deuced little to lay hold of.' The stockmen are wondrously expert in the use of these whips. Look, there rides a driver by the side of a mob of cattle, and there, six or seven yards off, booms a large blowfly against the irritable snout of the foremost of the bullocks. The stockman twists his wrist once or twice, until the thong of his whip goes coiling about his head like a snake. Crack, crack, as the distant sound of a musket, rings the lash; 'Strawberry' snorts as the knot at the end of the thong just tickles his nose; but the blowfly, flattened and mutilated, falls dead upon the earth. Another whip-trick these drivers have is this: they place a sixpence—or, rather, *you* place a sixpence—on the ground, and, moving off some twelve or fourteen feet, the stockman twists his whip above his head and picks up

the coin with the end of the cracker as nimbly and cunningly as a magpie. The difficulty of the performance is of course increased by the shortness of the handle and the length of the lash. That aforesaid Bachelor of Arts could do it *secundum artem*, while, on the other hand, I have seen amateurs literally half hang themselves in simply trying to make the cord twirl about their heads. We have the elder Mr. Weller's authority that it is not given to every man to be a great whip.

THE AUSTRALIAN BOY.

I was much delighted during the early part of my residence in Sydney with the colonial young stock. The Australian boy is a slim, dark-eyed, olive-complexioned young rascal, fond of Cavendish, ericket, and chuckpenny, and systematically insolent to all servant girls, policemen, and new-chums. His hair is shiny with grease, as are the knees of his breeches and the elbows of his jacket. He wears a cabbage-tree hat, with a dissipated wisp of black ribbon dangling behind, and loves to walk meditatively with his hands in his pockets, and, if cigarless, to chew a bit of straw in the extreme corner of his mouth. His face is soft, bloomless, and pasty, and you fancy if you touched his cheek you would leave the stamp of your finger behind. He baptizes female emigrants after the names of the ships in which they arrived, such as Susan Red Rover and Matilda Agamemnon. On the same principle he calls policemen 'Israelites,' because the majority of them came out with the 'Exodus.' He is christened, in turn, a gumsucker and a cornstalk. He can fight like an Irishman or a Bashli-Bazouk; otherwise he is orientally indolent, and will swear with a quiet gusto if you push against him in the street, or request him politely to move on. Lazy as he is though, he is out in the world at ten years of age, earning good wages, and is a perfect little man, learned in all the ways and by-ways of life at twelve or thirteen. Dickens and Albert Smith have given high celebrity to the genuine Cockney youth, though for shrewdness, effrontery, and manish affectation, your London *gamin* pales into utter respectability before the young Australian. In proof of

this I find that, at twelve years of age, the colonial lad, having passed through every phase of probationary shrewdness, is qualified to act as full-blown 'bus conductor. To preside, in short, at the door of a 'bus, is the apex of the rising cornstalk's ambition. No Grecian matron was ever prouder at sending her son forth with a shield than is the native Australian mother at sending her boy out into the world with a badge.

I had been in Sydney a week when the character of the boys was forcibly brought under my notice. I was riding alone in a 'bus, and was much annoyed at the conductor, who was constantly opening and slamming the door. 'What are you about, my boy?' I at length said. 'Why can't you leave the door alone?' 'Oh! you're a new-chum,' was the contemptuous answer. 'Well; but what has that to do with the matter? You are not paid to annoy new-chums, are you?' 'Of course not; but don't you see every time I bang the door, the hosses think some one has got out, and—*my oath!*—that's the only way I can make 'em put on the steam. You see,' he quietly added, summing me up as a Londoner with a look, 'these here hosses is Cockneys, and must be dealt with *as sich*,' and a smile broke from his mouth like the rich fruit bursting through the hard rind of a pomegranate he was voraciously devouring. I should add here that your thoroughbred gumsucker never speaks, without apostrophizing his 'oath,' and interlarding his diction with the crimsonest of adjectives. He tessellates his speech with garnets and carbuncles. One is struck aghast with the occasional blasphemy of his language. The prattle of the little urelin in the street bristles all over with objurations and anathemas. I recollect pausing outside the playground of the Sydney National School one morning, and hearing epithets used by the boys as they *gravely* pursued their sports (the young Australian appears a man even in his play) fouler than those which pass current in the blackest purlieus of St. Giles's.

I need scarcely say that I except from the bearing of all these remarks, the children of the educated portion of the population. Among these I have met many refined and intelligent

youths, boys of the true English stamp—manly yet modest—and have always derived pleasure from their companionship. The lower-class juveniles of the colony however—those who affect the market-place, the shambles, the dancing saloon, and the gallery of the theatre—are about as saucy and crafty a set of young rascals as my Lord Shaftesbury need wish to reform.

There are some half-caste children living in Sydney, and these, semi-barbarous as they are, appear to have caught the smartness of their white compeers. There was one who used to sell oranges on the Circular Quay, and it was highly amusing to mark the easy way in which he would rid himself of a troublesome customer. One day a slim exquisite, with an elegantly-dressed young lady hanging on his arm, was tormenting the little black as he chaffered for some fruit. The boy kept his temper for a time, but at length broke into a passion. 'You fellow, gentleman!' he asked with a sneer. 'You gentleman, want him three oranges for twopence! why?'—and he tossed up his burnt-sienna chin—'my mudder eat many better fellow than you for her breakfast!' (Not impossible.) A friend of mine, much struck with the acuteness of one of these young half-castes, took him to chapel. The boy relished the proceedings mightily, and the only thing which appeared to surprise him was the custom observed in Sydney, as elsewhere, of the brethren devoutly burying their faces in their hats on taking their pews. 'Well, Abraham, what did you think of it?' asked my friend as they left the place. 'Me like it cobbong well,' he answered; but added, after a moment's pause, 'Why him so much smell him hat?'

I have already said the young Australian is systematically insolent to the new-chum; so is every one indeed. How I, who had pretty well run the gauntlet of London life, was branded and fleeced during the first three months of my residence in Sydney! A new-chum is fair game for any one. Your villanous bullock-driver in the interior, when he cannot by any stratagem get his cattle to budge, culminates his oaths and imprecations by striking the leader of the refractory beasts over the head, and grunting

from the depths of his stomach—'Oh! you — NEW-CHUM! move on!'

Touching both bullock-driver and new-chum, here is a story for the truth of which I can vouch. A young German gentleman, green from one of the universities, came to New South Wales to learn wisdom and reap a fortune. Being unable to procure employment in Sydney, he went up the country, and, pitching Hegel and Schelling to the dogs, boldly turned shepherd. The time came when his master wished a dray, drawn by a couple of bullocks, very old and lame, to be driven to a neighbouring station, and thought he might safely intrust the work to his new hand. He accordingly looked into his hut, and asked him if he would undertake the job. '*Ich will es versuchen*,' said the poor fellow, *wenn sie es aufschreiben—gee woo, sie verstehen*.* The master, a fellow-countryman, could not refrain from smiling, but complied with the request; and the young gentleman started off with the two bullocks yoked to an empty dray. At first he managed pretty well: but the beasts, finding they had a new-chum to deal with, got deliberately round a tree—one on either side—and began pulling against each other like a brace of Kilkenny cats. Out came the tablets; but after shouting again and again, in succession, all the words inscribed on them, the driver trudged back to his master, and dolefully exclaimed, '*Es nützt nicht; Ich kann es wohl lesen, aber ich kann es nicht aussprechen*.'† When I heard the story, I could not help remarking that it was a pity the young gentleman had not been educated at the university of Oxon. It requires good serious swearing to drive a bullock. Apis has sadly degenerated since he was a religious beast in Egypt. A pious and venerable clergyman came out to the colonies some time ago, and the first thing which startled him was the awful language of the bullock-drivers: the first mission he took in hand was their reformation. 'It is of no use,' he would say, 'to swear at the poor dumb things; they don't under-

stand it. Try kind treatment, my good men; try kind treatment.' But his entreaties were of no avail; and the drivers continued to whip their bullocks and wither their own limbs to the same extent as usual. At length the old pastor could stand it no longer; and one day he determined to show what could be done with his 'kind treatment.' To the amusement of a company of drivers congregated on one of the quays, he set off with a dray drawn by a dozen or fourteen head of cattle. They went well enough at first, but presently halted at the foot of a hill about twenty yards from the quay. 'Up, Strawberry!' 'Forward, Blossom!' said the driver encouragingly, now speaking aloud for the first time. On hearing his voice, the beasts made a dead stop; the leaders turned right round, looked the old fellow full in the face, mildly blinked their eyes, gave an amiable kind of snort, and walked deliberately back to the stockmen, who were roaring on the quay. Is it necessary to add, that the pastor returned home by another route?

But if the new-chum is laughed at in the colony, it now and then happens that he deserves it. Fastidious, empty fellows come out from England, and the first thing they try to do is to 'astonish the natives'; the said 'natives' being about the last people in the world to be astonished at anything. I was at a friend's one night, and was introduced to a young gentleman just out from England. In the course of the evening, the conversation turned on English senators, and Mr. Roebuck's name was mentioned. Our new arrival having sustained a leading part in the conversation up to this point, I took the liberty of asking him what kind of a person Mr. Roebuck was in appearance. 'Well,' said he, 'you would be slightly disappointed with him. In the first place, he is very tall and thin, and then he wears a green cut-away coat with brass buttons, which gives him a very old-fashioned aspect. This would not be so bad in itself; but he tries to look like a swell, and generally has a scarlet waistcoat, Diamond studs, Hessians, and spurs.' 'Mr. Spooner is noted for his white-topped Hessians, I think?' I remarked inquiringly. 'Yes, he is; but the most remarkable dresser in the House is Mr. Bright, who, being

* 'I will try to do it—if you will only give me written directions on my tablets about the "gee-woh."'

† 'It's of no use; I can read it all well enough, but the devil of a bit can they understand the accent.'

a strict Quaker, has a broad-brimmed hat, snuff-coloured coat, knee-breeches, and sprinkled stockings.'

THE AUSTRALIAN GIRL.

Like the boys, the young ladies of Australia are in many respects remarkable. At thirteen years of age they have more ribbons, jewels, and lovers, than perhaps any other young ladies of the same age in the universe. They prattle—and very insipidly too—from morning till night. They rush to the Botanical Gardens twice a week, to hear the band play, dressed precisely after the frontispiece in the latest imported number of *Le Follet*. They wear as much gold chain as the Lord Mayor in his state robes. As they walk you hear the tinkle of their bunches of charms and nuggets, as if they carried bells on their fingers and rings on their toes. The first time I visited the theatre I sat near a young lady who wore at least a half-a-dozen rings over her white gloves, and who, if bare mosquito-bitten shoulders may be deemed beautiful, showed more beauty than I ever saw a young lady display before. Generally, the colonial damsels are frivolous, talkative, and over-dressed. They have, in brief, all the light, unenviable qualities of Eastern women. They excel in finesse. I heard of a young lady, who wishing to make a dilatory gentleman, who had been for sometime hovering about her, definitively propose, had her boxes packed and placed conspicuously in the hall of her father's house, thus labelled :

MISS P. JACKSON,
Passenger by the 'Archimedian Screw'
for ENGLAND.

'If that doesn't bring him to book,' she was heard to declare to her mother, 'I'll get Fred to thrash him!' That is an incident for a comedy; here is something for a melodrama. I was at a ball last Christmas, and walking along a corridor saw two lovers in earnest dispute. 'Augustus, you are mistaken,' said the young lady. 'Bosh!' returned the gentleman gruffly; 'I saw him. Good night.' 'Augustus, don't leave me; you are wrong. I love you too well. Your suspicion kills me.' 'Pish! I'm off; so good night,' and he really was moving away, when the lady changing her tone of

supplication for one of solemn impressiveness said: 'Go, sir; go; but, remember, I'll not survive it. This house, thank heaven! has a *spiral staircase*!'

The affectation of *ton* among the girls is remarkably funny. At a party given last year by a leading member of Parliament, all the young ladies talked school French, a *patois* which everybody seemed to understand, except myself and an unfortunate Frenchman who presided at the piano.

DRUNKENNESS.

While speaking of the drunkenness and gambling of the colony, its 'Rocks' and 'Durand's Alleys,' it is only fair this much should be borne in mind, that, so far, I have not been describing any local speciality, but merely what an Australian travelling in England might observe in every large and populous place throughout the country. There is a peculiarity, however, in the *complexion* of the every-day debauchery of the colony which startles the new arrival. Vice holds its place in all great cities, but never vice so high and feverish as that of the Southern world. If on such a subject it were pardonable to deal in figures of speech, one might say, that Dissipation, like Dantzic water, requires the *gold-leaf* to make it perfect. For example, looking at this great social defect of drunkenness, Australians are not content to drink, or even to get drunk; they never drop the cup until delirium tremens overtakes them. A wealthy tavern-keeper who came to England with us, used to boast of 'doing' his forty nobblers of brandy a day, a nobbler being in quantity little better than half a wine-glass. The most melancholy spectacle I ever saw was the number of young men—men of family and education—who, becoming drunkards soon after their arrival in the colony, and falling step by step in dissipation, had at length reached the lowest abysses of a sullen and sombre despair. I met with many such cases in Sydney—of men who told me their stories with their hands before their eyes, and their strong bosoms heaving with hopeless misery. 'I came out to Sydney,' said one, 'with a thousand pounds. I was the youngest son, I had always been taken care of at home. When I landed I felt very lonely, and this, coupled with

other causes, drove me to drink. In six months I had not a penny. Since then I have had to sell oranges for a living; I must drink; there is no hope for me.' 'Will you buy this old Bible?' asked a young man as I stood on the steps of the *Herald* office. 'It is nearly two hundred and fifty years old, and was washed ashore in a barrel, on the Cornwall coast, about a century ago. We have had it in our family ever since. My mother gave it me when I came out, and I would not part with it under any than the most pressing circumstances.' 'How much do you ask for it?' 'You shall have it for a pound.' I bought the book; but afterwards found it was too heavy for me to carry home (a hot wind was blowing), so I allowed him to keep it. Five minutes afterwards I passed a public-house and saw the owner of the Bible standing at the bar with a decanter of spirits before him, and heard him offer to let the landlord have the book for half-a-sovereign. That young man I subsequently discovered was brother to a distinguished member of the two great guilds of politics and literature. All erring younger brothers fly to Australia. Some reform, and in a few years go home with pale faces but purged souls; others think much of those they have left behind, take to drink, die out, and are forgotten. Poor fellows! 'Tis the mournfullest thing on earth to die away from home!

My own profession in Australia affords many awful instances of the same character as those I have cited: of fine regal minds drowned, like the royal Clarence, in the fatal wine-cask. I have seen a man, with a heart as fine and tender as a woman's, and a genius and scholarship which I think would be considered rare in the highest literary circles in England, lying drunk and insensible in a tavern, his pockets drained to their last farthing, and his Apollo-lips pressed upon the dust. The greatest politician, perhaps, Australia ever produced was, at the same time, about the greatest drunkard. When he came home to England, and the vessel was in the Tropics, it is said he would sit drinking brandy-and-water on the poop nearly all day long. 'You're very jolly,' remarked a fellow-passenger to him one morning. 'Jolly,

yes,' he replied; and now mark the rough vigour of the man—'I couldn't be jollier. It's like yachting in Dante's Lakes of Hell!' Again: the cleverest barrister who ever came to the colony was similarly addicted. He, too, was a fellow of infinite good sayings. On one occasion the judge was summing up in favour of the side our beeswing-loving friend had advocated, and was reading from a well-known law-book in support of his ruling. It happened that the barrister engaged on the losing side was the brother of the author of the book; and half in wonder that a work from so near a relative should be quoted against him, half in pride to communicate the fact of his relationship to the writer, he jumped up and interrupted his honour with, 'That book, sir; that book—' 'Well!' asked the judge observing the excitement of the learned gentleman; 'what about the book?' 'Oh! that book, your honour, was written by my—BROTHER!' giving out the last word in a voice of exultation. *Our* counsel was on his legs in an instant. He looked his learned brother mildly in the face, and said, 'Pray sit down; the book may be a very good book for all that.'

He was at a friend's house one evening, when a picnic on the following morning was agreed to. 'I've plenty of 'ams in the 'ouse,' said the host, a wealthy but illiterate person. 'I've some good claret,' observed one of the guests. 'And I've some Bologna sausage,' added another. 'Well, what will you bring?' asked one of the party of the man of horsehair and humour. 'Why, let me see; suppose I bring the h's, then, for Mr. —'s 'ams.'

THE LITERATURE OF THE BOTTLE.

In Sydney and its immediate neighbourhood, there are no less than five hundred public-houses, many of them as great and garish as the gin-palaces of London. Here is a mission already cut out for Mr. Gough! At present these drinking habits are ruining a large class of the population. Nothing is done without the nobbler. Merchants keep the bottle in their offices; and the first question put to you, even by respectable men, is, 'What are you going to drink?' In fact, not to drink is considered a crime. *Aut bibat, aut abeat*—which means, in Australia, if

you will not 'stand,' you may walk. Here, too, as in America, the Bottle has its literature. To pay for liquor for another is to 'stand,' or to 'shout,'

or to 'sacrifice.' The measure is called a 'nobbler,' or a 'break-down,' and the following are a few of the names of the favourite beverages:—

<i>A Stone-fence</i>	Ginger-beer and brandy.
<i>A Spider</i>	Lemonade and brandy.
<i>A Sensation</i>	Half-a-glass of sherry.
<i>A Constitutional</i>	Glass of gin and bitters.
<i>A Cocktail</i>	Brandy, bitters, and sugar.
<i>A Smash</i>	Ice, brandy, and water.
<i>A Julip</i>	Brandy, sugar, and peppermint.
<i>A Maiden</i>	Peppermint or cloves.
<i>A Catherine Hayes</i>	Claret, sugar, and orange.
<i>A Madame Bishop</i>	Port, sugar, and nutmeg.
<i>A Lola Montes</i>	Old Toni, ginger, lemon, and hot water.
<i>A Band of Hope</i>	Lemon syrup.

At some of the taverns they serve bread-and-cheese, salads, and sandwiches for luncheon. The vernacular for these stands thus:

Bread and cheese	<i>Roll and rind.</i>
Salad	<i>Nebuchadnezzar.</i>

THE RED HAND.

On board I bought a 'Red Hand' from one of the blacks for five shillings.

That 'red hand' requires a word of explanation. Catlin, Stephens, and others have noticed that the American races marked their edifices, gunyahs, and even personal ornaments with a red hand. The European will scarcely credit it, but in Australia the same strange mark has been frequently discovered, especially in caverns near the sea. Judging from the one I was fortunate enough to obtain, the colouring matter must have possessed some power of eating into the stone, for it was impossible to erase any part of it.

It was a large hand—brick red—with the fingers widely extended. The piece of rock on which it had been stamped was quite level on the surface, as if it had been smoothed to receive the impression. The oldest aborigines know nothing about the origin of these strange relics: they always tell you they were the work of the 'old people.'

The following, supplied me by my friend Mr. Norton, of Sydney, will be read with interest:—

'The human hand was usually dipped in colouring matter and then placed on the rock, but in some instances the hand was placed on the rock and the colouring matter applied to the uncovered surface, leaving a white hand on a red ground. The

hands differ in size, and considerably in mode of position, and it is not improbable that the method of applying the colour might have distinguished the rank, the age, and perhaps the sex of the party. It is also supposed that the work is that of races which had disappeared before the arrival of Europeans: it was described by the earliest of the aborigines as the work of "the old people,"—a race that had probably been expelled to other lands, or destroyed in early wars. That such wars were common may be collected from the singular fact that the natives of Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania, are totally unlike the tribes occupying the continent. The Tasmanian aborigines differ in general contour, and have, besides, or rather had, for they are almost extinct, woolly heads. The Australian races, more elegantly formed, are distinguished by the smallness of their hands and feet, and by gracefully curling hair. The history of these early people is not the less interesting because involved in total obscurity, and that problems present themselves it is difficult in any way to solve.

'All the Australian tribes use canoes made of a single sheet of bark tied at the ends. The natives of Van Diemen's Land are supposed to have no canoes. How they found their way across the wide strait dividing their island from the mainland must for ever remain unknown. Is it possible that they could have lost the art of using canoes, or that never possessing it they were conveyed by those who subdued them to the island? The habits of savage conquerors make this improbable. Was the channel called Bass's Strait created by a compara-

tively recent convulsion, after the peopling of the continent ?'

Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific, with a United States Government Expedition. By BALDWIN MÖLLHAUSEN, Topographical Draughtsman and Naturalist to the Expedition. With an introduction by Alexander von Humboldt, and Illustrations in Chromo-Lithography. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. London : Longman & Co. 1858.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

At the western end of Sculleville lies a small warehouse (with a somewhat raised corridor), which is the rostrum of the Choctaw orator, and the open sky the ceiling of his hall. 'The Indian orator,' I was told, 'finds his speech flow freely when his eye falls on the swallow shooting through the air ; when he sees before him the tree with its beautiful green leaves, his words grow together like the fresh leaves, and form one whole, for there are many leaves on one branch and many branches on one tree ; the tree throws a shade so that many men can stand in it, and his speech falls like a shade upon the hearers, and every one says the speech is good. The wild bee goes murmuring past with her honey, and the speaker takes the honey and mingles it with his words. Honey is sweet ; the Red-skin likes to eat it ; and the hearers of his words suck them in like honey, and every one can understand the words, and listen to them sharp-eyed and motionless, like the antelope in the prairies and the stag in the thicket.'

On a magnificent summer evening, the whole masculine population of Sculleville was assembled before this rostrum, and of the camp of Lieutenant Whipple very few were wanting. The Indians had mostly brought their wives with them, but the ladies were too modest to approach the Council, and remained at a distance ; for although the wives of the Choctaws have now assumed something like their rightful place, and are no longer slaves to their husbands, as among most uncivilized nations, they are themselves reasonable enough to see that the interference of a single woman

in political affairs would sometimes do more than the men of the whole tribe could make good again. It will probably be a long time before the emancipation of the sex is to be looked for amongst the Choctaws.

The first orator who presented himself, though a great chief, was no painted and plumed warrior. He wore a cotton hunting-shirt of rather fantastic cut, a brown low-crowned hat shaded his copper-coloured physiognomy, he looked dusty, as if from a long ride, and his horse, still saddled and bridled, stood a little way off.

From his first word the most breathless stillness reigned, and every one listened with profound attention, even those among his auditors who were entirely ignorant of the language in which he spoke. He had no time for preparation, but he knew what he wished to say ; there were no theatrical gestures or attempts to excite the passions of his hearers, but merely a light movement of the hand occasionally accompanying the most emphatic words, which although uttered in deep guttural tones, were distinctly audible to the most distant of the assembly. He spoke with ease and freedom, and was interrupted neither by applause nor contradiction ; only a unanimous *Hau!* followed on certain questions that he asked, and when he had ended there was a short murmur of remarks among his auditory, and then another orator took his place.

The questions in discussion were, first, a proposal for running the railroad across a part of the Choctaw Land, to which it is probable that the circumstance of our party being encamped on the spot had given rise ; and, secondly, a change in the form of government, as it had been proposed that the power now distributed among several chiefs should be delegated to one.

The judicial business is conducted in the same manner ; and the Choctaws are strict and inflexible in the administration of justice. The punishment of death is sometimes inflicted, in which case the delinquent is seated opposite his judge, cross-legged on the same blanket, and when he is condemned receives his death by a bullet on the spot.

The sitting on the present occasion

was prolonged to a late hour of the night, one speaker following another without any interruption, and the same attention being paid to the last as to the first; even those who did not understand a word were not tired, and the effect of mere tone and gesture upon them was such, that an American exclaimed, 'I used to think English was the finest language in the world, but now I doubt whether Choctaw does not equal it.'

BALL-PLAYING AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.

Some of the larger of the prairies, which lie apart from others, are often made the place of rendezvous for thousands of Indians, who come together to carry on their ancient games, which are coeval with the existence of their tribes, and which will only be forgotten when they perish. No matter how far they may have advanced in civilisation, the Indian gentleman educated in the Eastern States is as ready as the still wild hunter of the same tribe to throw aside all the troublesome restraints of clothing, and painted from head to foot in the fashion of the 'good old times,' to enter the lists with unrestrained eagerness for a grand national game of ball.

This ball or ring playing is practised more or less among all the North American Indians, and even among the lately discovered Mohave and Pah-Utah Indians, on the Great Colorado river, it is equally in favour. The ball playing of the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Cherokees, is, however, carried on with such grand formalities, and has such a great charm or '*Medicine*' ascribed to it, that it deserves more particular mention.

The first occasion for a festival of this kind is generally given by a challenge between two men who have gained a high reputation as ball players. The day is then fixed for the contest, and both parties send out their recruiting officers, painted cavaliers armed with an ornamented ball-stick, and themselves fantastically decorated. They ride on from settlement to settlement, and from house to house, through the whole tribe, announcing to every man the names of the champions and the appointed day, as well as the spot where

the contest is to take place, and calling on him to join the side of the player by whom they are sent. Assent is signified by a simple touch of the decorated ball-stick, after which the word is irrevocably pledged. Since each champion brings into the field as many men as he can get together, half the nation is sometimes assembled, some to take part in the game, others, and especially the women, to bet. The two parties pitch their tents opposite one another, on the two sides of a prairie adapted to the purpose; and the preparation then goes on. The middle of the ground between the two camps is measured and marked, and 250 paces back from it, each party drives two poles into the ground, six feet from one another, and then connects them by a cross pole sixteen feet long, so as to form a kind of gate; the two gates being placed exactly opposite to one another. Four impartial old men are commissioned to watch the accuracy of the measurements, and they have subsequently to act as umpires. Scarcely has the middle line been drawn, before an eager throng rushes from either camp, to choose their respective antagonists, and begin to bet across the line, every one being quite sure of the victory of his own party, and offering to bet the most valuable article he can afford. The prizes consist of horses, weapons, blankets, articles of clothing, household utensils, in short, of all imaginable chattels, which are brought to the line and placed before the four umpires, who have the duty of watching the valuables the whole night through, and who from time to time manifest their watchfulness by a howling song, to the accompaniment of the Indian drum, or smoke pipes in honour of the Great Spirit, that he may bring the great game to a happy conclusion. The time till sunset is passed by the players, not exactly in dressing, since every article of clothing, except a small apron, is laid aside, but in preparing and adorning themselves. They put on an embroidered girdle with a long streamer or tail of coloured horsehair attached to it, round the hips, in such a manner that the tail may flutter out behind; no player is allowed to wear shoes or moccasins of any kind to protect his feet, which, like all the rest

of his person, are painted in all imaginable colours; and except the ball-stick used on the occasion, no weapon or implement whatever must be carried. These sticks are made of light wood, and provided at one end with a ring, large enough to hold the ball, but not to allow it to fall through, for the ball must be touched by no hand.

Accustomed from their childhood to manage these sticks, these people display astonishing dexterity both in flinging the balls to an immense distance, and in catching them as they fly through the air. Only one ball is used in the game, and the possession of this, so as to be able to throw it through the gate of his party, is the object of every one's exertions, for the side which first does this for the hundredth time gains the victory and wins the prizes. As the sun sinks behind the trees, and their shadows fall longer and longer on the grass and then vanish in the twilight, the players advance in long lines with torches towards their respective gates, and dance round them singing, howling, drumming, and playing with and rattling their ball-sticks; the women also advance in procession to the line of demarcation, place themselves in two rows between the gates, and dance and rock themselves and shuffle from one foot to the other on the same spot, raising their voices at the same time in a wild chorus, the umpires sitting at the same time on the frontier line and sending up clouds of tobacco smoke to propitiate the Great Spirit. In this manner the night passes; the songs and dances are repeated every half hour, and no other pauses are allowed than such as are necessary to renew their strength for making a noise. The rising sun finds every one in readiness, thousands sometimes waiting for the given signal; soon a shot is fired, and then one of the 'impartial,' standing on the frontier line, flings the ball high up into the air. The players instantly rush madly forward and become mingled together in one wild struggling mass of human bodies and limbs in which no individual or group can any longer be distinguished. The turf is trampled into dust—the crowd sways this way and that—now one has the ball, but it is immediately torn from his grasp—the

next moment another has snatched it, and it is seen flying through the air towards the goal; but it does not reach it, for it has been arrested in its progress by a watchful eye and a sure hand; the struggle begins again, and at last it is really pushed through one of the gates. A momentary pause follows, and then the ball is again thrown into the centre of the field, and the contest has to be renewed, until it has taken the same course a hundred times; and it is seldom that the end of this rough exciting game is announced before sunset.

COMANCHE ETHICS.

The warlike and far spreading nation of the Comanches, is divided into three great tribes, the northern, southern, and middle; which are again subdivided into various bands, led by distinguished warriors, medicine men, or by pettier chiefs, with whom they traverse the prairie in all directions. The northern and middle Comanches constantly follow the wandering buffalo, whose juicy meat forms almost their sole support, and who are thence appropriately named by their neighbours the 'Buffalo-Eaters.' The wide steppe is their home, and their unconquerable love of wandering carries them from place to place over these desolate inhospitable regions, where the pure invigorating atmosphere alone compensates for the scarcity of wood and water. Their territory is free from morasses, stagnant pools, or thick woods, where any unhealthy and fever-breeding miasma might be generated; the currents of air find no obstacle on the boundless plain, and as they blow freely across it they seem to strengthen both the body and mind of the dwellers on the steppe. Kind mother Nature often affords men some compensation for the adverse conditions of life to which they are exposed, and she has here bestowed on them some of her best gifts—health, cheerful spirits, and all-enduring strength. The flexible nature of man soon accommodates itself to the hardest conditions of climate and soil, and the tribes who inhabit this wilderness are quite convinced that their country is to be preferred to the whole world. There are, indeed, white settlers enough to be met with in the far

west, who are a good deal of their opinion; who shrink from the advances of civilisation and the increasing population that accompanies it, preferring the wilderness with its dangers to the personal security, convenience, and pleasures of social life; it may, therefore, well be imagined that the wild children of the steppe are attached to their grassy plains.

The Comanche Indian knows of no wealth but the buffalo and the antelope, and the horse that enables him to overtake them; with these he has food, clothing, and shelter, and he desires no more; he is not troubled by cares for the coming day; and in his wars with his enemies and his management of his horse he finds the means of gratifying his own ideas of honour. From his earliest childhood to the latest day of his life he is continually on horseback, indeed he makes but an awkward figure enough on foot, though he is no sooner mounted than he seems transformed; and when with no other aid than that of the rein and a heavy whip he makes his horse perform the most incredible feats, he considers himself the greatest and most independent gentleman on the face of the earth. You may often see troops of Comanches dashing about in all directions, and playing the wildest tricks, hanging now on one side of the horse, now on the other, and throwing lances or shooting arrows under his neck with the most astonishing accuracy at a given mark; though one cannot help thinking, while admiring their feats, that this wonderful skill in horsemanship must make them so much the more dangerous when they come on their plundering or hostile expeditions.

Every Comanche Indian keeps a special war-horse, in the choice of which more regard is had to swiftness than to any other quality. As among the Arab tribes, the horse is the best friend, the most sacred possession of his master, who would not part with it for any treasure that could be offered him, and mounts it only for war, or peculiarly festive occasions, such as a buffalo hunt; and when he returns he finds his women awaiting him at the door of his wigwam, to receive the beloved steed, and pay him every attention.

With the exception of a few cooking and domestic utensils, the sole possessions of these Indians consist of horses and mules, many of which have evidently, from the brands upon them, been stolen from the settlements of the whites; but the appropriation of other people's goods is considered creditable, and a young man is not thought worthy to be counted in the list of warriors, till he has returned from some successful plundering expedition into the Mexican provinces, so that the greatest thieves are not only the most opulent, but the most respectable members of society. A grey old warrior, who was heard praising his two sons, and declaring them the joy and support of his age, did not fail to add that they understood horse-stealing better than any young fellows in the whole nation. It is not therefore surprising, that some particularly meritorious persons have accumulated a herd of from two to three hundred of these testimonies to their prowess.

Parties of from one to thirty young men are in the habit of associating for the execution of these predatory enterprises, which, on account of the dangers and privations connected with them, are placed in the same rank with those of a directly warlike character. Every one provides himself with a horse, weapons, and what is necessary for a journey of hundreds of miles through the desert, where the game is but sufficient to afford them a very scanty support. They will travel this way sometimes for months before they approach a settlement, and lie in ambush waiting for an opportunity of falling with wild cries and yells on the keepers of some solitary herd, and either drive them away, or, in case of resistance, kill them, drag away their women and children as prisoners, and ride off with their booty to their wigwams. In some cases they are absent as much as two years from their camp before finding an opportunity of executing their plundering plans with success, and every man dreads the disgrace of returning with empty hands to his people. Sometimes, of course, the Comanches fail in these attempts, and are beaten. Alexander von Humboldt mentions having seen, at the beginning of the present century, in the prisons of the

city of Mexico, whole bands of these Indians, who had been sent southwards from New Mexico.

CATCHING THE WILD HORSE.

Another way by which the prairie Indians increase their herds, is by catching the mustangs, or wild horses of the American steppes; small but powerfully built animals, and unquestionably the descendants of those brought into the country by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest of Mexico, which, having escaped into the desert, and become wild, have since increased to herds of thousands, and animate the prairies from the borders of Texas and Mexico to the Yellow Stone, a confluent of the Northern Missouri.

The Indians soon learned to estimate the useful properties of the new animal in bearing burdens, and they also had recourse to them for food in seasons when the buffalo was difficult to obtain; at present the catching the wild mustang is an occupation or a sport, to which they give themselves up with all the wild passion of which these untamed children of nature are capable.

With a lasso forty feet long, they follow the flying herd, and having, by the most unmerciful use of the whip, brought up the horse they are mounted on near enough to use it, they send it whirling and flying out of their hands, and with unerring aim right over the head of the victim selected. After a short struggle, the mustang falls half-suffocated; a leathern thong is quickly passed round his fore legs, and then the lasso round his throat so far relaxed as to avoid quite choking him. The Indian then fastens a rein to the lower jaw of his prisoner, breathes several times into his open nostrils, takes the fetters from his neck and feet, and jumps upon his back. Then follows a ride for life and death, but at last the creature is mostly brought in tamed, and placed among the herd; and wildly and cruelly as the Indian appears to go to work on such occasions, he is extremely cautious not to break the spirit of the mustang in taming him, for in that case the flesh would be all he would get by his dangerous and exhausting labour.

Alfred Staunton. A Novel. By J. STANYAN BIGG, Author of 'Night

and the Soul,' A Dramatic Poem, &c. London: James Blackwood.

DOCTOR HERAUD PROFFERS ADVICE TO ALFRED.

'Well, my dear boy,' said Doctor Heraud, 'I am delighted to see you this morning!' The doctor jumped up from his table laden with folios, and offered both his hands to Alfred.

'I am hard at work, you see, on my great book on the "Creeds of Man." I am at present examining the early history of astrology and the first astrologers. The science claims a respectable antiquity. If we are to believe the records, Adam was the first astrologer; while his son Seth, in order to commemorate the events foretold by his father, engraved his father's astronomical and philosophical knowledge on two columns, one of brick and the other of stone; because, although he knew that the world was destined to be destroyed, he did not know whether fire or water was to be the agent employed for its destruction. Olaus Borichius very pertinently inquires, "What was engraved on the columns of Seth? The science of the heavens, if we credit Josephus; the prophecy of the antediluvian world's destruction, if we agree with Plerosus; a knowledge of curious things and certain arts of magicians, if we trust to Serenus; the seven liberal arts, engraved on seven brazen and brick pillars, if we give our assent to Petrus Comestor." According to Josephus, this column of stone is still to be seen in the Siridiac land; and Manetho positively affirms that he had himself seen it. Now, my inquiry does not refer so much to the nature of the inscription upon the pillar, as to the authorship of the inscription itself. This is a very curious inquiry, and one, moreover, that is involved in much obscurity.'

'There can be no doubt of that!' broke in Alfred.

'According to many writers, as I have said, Seth, the son of Adam, was the writer of the inscriptions. Manetho attributes them to Thoth, and other writers to Hermes-Trismegistus. The most eminent among the early Egyptian astrologers were, unquestionably, Necepsos and Petosiris, both of whom are so highly lauded by Firmicus Maternus and Manetho.

According to Fabricius, they derived their information from *Æsculapius*, about whom little is known, and *Anubius*, who was an ancient poet, if we are to believe *Salmasius*. These last are so ancient that *Firmicus* positively asserts that they were the disciples of *Hermes* himself. Now it is agreed on all hands that the first *Thoth*, and there are three of these *Thoths*, and *Hermes-Trismegistus*, are one and the same person. But, according to *Jablonksi*, *Thoth* signifies simply a pillar; while *Galen* adds that every notable invention and discovery, which was approved by the learned, was recorded upon a pillar in a sacred place, omitting the author's name. And thus the thrice-greatest, *Hermes-Trismegistus*, is at once disposed of, and the wonders attributed to *Thoth* turn out to be, not the discoveries and acquisitions of any single individual, as the authors of the "General Biography" foolishly imagine, but the accumulations of ages and epochs. The three *Thoths* evidently indicate three distinct eras; but what these three eras are is an open question, nor is it one that can be determined without vast labour and research. A certain ingenious writer, indeed, maintains that the three epochs indicated by the three *Thoths* are, first, the antediluvian period, indicating the infancy of human knowledge; secondly, that era when the sciences began to be studied with success, and when the hieroglyphics were translated into the sacerdotal and enchorial characters. The third period, to which the epithet "thrice-greatest" was applied, was their own, when the Egyptians believed themselves to have brought the arts and sciences to perfection. Now I myself am strongly inclined to believe that the *Thoths* have a distinct reference to the linguistic symbolisms—the first indicating the hieroglyphic period; the second the hieratic; and the third, the demotic, afterwards known as the Coptic. I have not yet, however, made up my opinion, but am pausing at this point until I have consulted the decipherers. I shall begin at the beginning with *Zorga* and *Barthelemy*, *De Sacy* and *Akerblad*, proceeding afterwards to *Young*, *De Saulcy*, *Ampère*, *Champollion*, *Rosellini*, and *Lepsius*. I shall thus not only settle the point on which I am

in some degree of incertitude, but I shall also have the history of Egyptian interpretation presented before me in one view.

'And you undertake all this vast labour to throw light on an obscure point in the history of an exploded and worthless science, in which quacks were the greatest adepts, and falsehood and deceit the most potent instruments!'

'Your pardon, young sir, sciences which occupied the attention of such men as *Roger Bacon*, *Raymond Lully*, *Cornelius Agrippa*, *Cardan*, and *Albertus Magnus*, cannot be so worthless as you assert. They must have had plausible aspects, to say the least of it, in order so far to sway their judgment. Besides, leaving out of consideration the common and trite argument, that astrology and alchemy are the parents of astronomy and chemistry, it should ever be borne in mind that no belief which has ever taken possession of mankind and swayed their conduct, can or ought to be indifferent to man. Let the thing believed in be untrue, let it be absurd and contradictory, let it have no objective reality, no root in fact, still, if it has lived in the soul of man, it is a part of the history of the race, and therefore valuable to every intelligent inquirer. The history of the world is traced far more legibly in its creeds and superstitions than on its battle-fields. Fables have governed men far more absolutely than the edicts of tyrants. Conquests and triumphal processions make up but a small and unimportant part of the peculiarities that serve to distinguish nation from nation. You must bear in mind that it is not from the crowns of fallen kings and extinct dynasties that Time has gathered his richest accumulations; that the assumption of the purple is not the most world-famous act which illustrates the annals of a nation; but that its innermost history is interwoven with its opinions and beliefs, and that its truest record is that which reveals the growth of convictions, the lapse of ancient errors, the conquest over tyrannous superstitions, and the advancement of reason, intelligence, and religion.'

The young man smiled quietly; and the doctor continued to enlarge on his favourite theme.

TITAN.

ACROSS THE VORARLBERG.

I stood on the jetty which projects into the clear waters of that lake, by natives called the *Boden-See*; by the world at large, *Lake Constance*. We had just arrived—just reached the new inn, appropriately styled the *Hecht*, *Anglicè*, *Pike* (the generic name of many a river or lake-side inn); had just forgotten ourselves, and had ordered tea, and been received with a stare by the *kellnerin* or barmaid, who asked if we were ill;—had just been informed that there was nothing but *Kalb's Fleisch* (which meant nothing but that an innocent of a fortnight old had been massacred the night before, and was now styled *real*)—nothing but that most odious form of animal food to be had, with soup, *i.e.*, broth. We knew what that was, a float of grease sustaining what had a look of green hay. I rushed off, leaving my elder sisters to discuss their calamities, and to suggest the possibility of fishing up from the unfathomable depths of the lake, some of its shining inhabitants, by way of adjunct to the evening banquet. I was hungry; but, reader, being of a romantic turn, and not sorry to start away from a large vociferous party, I wandered to the lake.

That glorious, summer's evening when I first beheld those glittering waters from that southern point, will long live in remembrance. There was a gentle breeze, and the waves glistened in the radiance of one of those gorgeous sunsets which one sees only towards the south. They were steeped, as it were, in the golden hues which

the sun, ere setting in his utmost splendour, shed upon that great expanse of water. There was perfect tranquillity. The last steamer had disgorged itself of its tourists (ourselves),—its craft, its artists from the towns, its peasants from the depth of the country, and lay at ease, hissing out its farewell notes of the evaporating steam. A couple of aged men sat conversing on a bench near the shore, but the jetty was mine alone. Farewell to the remembrance of *Kalb's Fleisch*; and, O ye gods! worse still, of soup. Farewell to all that is carnal! let me look upon the scene and give way to silent ravishment.

Bregenz, fair Bregenz, stands at the nethermost point of the lake, so that one sees not its extremity in facing the north. It cannot be crossed in this direction in less than seven hours, so that it, indeed, looks like what the Germans term it, an inland sea; and one feels as if it were a sort of bay, and that the great ocean might be rolling and foaming beyond the verge of that boundary on either side. To the right, as I gazed, was *Lindau*, a favourite Bavarian bathing place, within a walk of Bregenz, and such a walk too, along a well-formed road, paved partially with asphalt, and shaded by a row of trees on either side, with seats to boot.

To the left lies *Rheineck*, divided from Bregenz by the *Rhine*, which flows through *Lake Constance*, and becomes, as it flows, wide, with flattened shores, and devoid of interest. Beyond the ferry-bridge of *Rheineck*, is

situated the rich and beautiful valley, or Thal, which gives that name to a town with a good church, and to many scattered houses, chiefly inhabited by *Fabricans*. Then come the heights about the then tranquil town of Rorschach, a tiny port chiefly for corn, but not at that moment visible to my inquiring eyes. No; the valley, or Thal, in shade, with a background of distant mountains, snow-capped, and dotted with white capacious houses in which lights were already burning, formed the boundary on that side, contrasting in that shadow, and in those nocturnal preparations, with the now fading but still gorgeous beams of the sun upon the plashing, sparkling waters.

I mused, I know not how long; presently some parties who had gone out fishing, hove to shore; pleasure-boats are seen, but not in great numbers, on that lake. It bears a bad reputation. The fair Boden-See is fickle as the winds from yon snow-capped summits—those winds which oftentimes 'take the ruffian billows by the top,' curling them, 'and hanging them with deafening clamours in the glittering shrouds'—

'Till, in the hurly, death itself awakes.'

For it is well known that the ocean itself is sometimes less to be dreaded in storms, than this same treacherous Lake Constance. I have seen vessels turn and turn, and their bowsprits bent down to the very waters themselves. I have seen the waves upraised by a squall to a great height, their tops curled, and a white foam left on the deep crystal of these waters. There have been days when I would not have crossed for my life; and the tempest comes, lowering from unseen and afar-off mountains, when least one expects it; when the sun above is shining his best, and the waters below gratefully reflecting his beams in his own colours, and with a liquid brilliancy. But, as I stood there, and the stars now came in sight, their pale orbs reflected in the pale waters, there fell upon the ear notes so musical, so true and softened, that they might have been a serenade; yet so powerful, that their prolonged and thrice repeated sounds must have been heard amid the loungers at Lin-

dau, or by the *fabricant*, resting after his toils, at Thal. It was the night call of the garrison. I looked around me, two young officers in tight French grey uniforms, turned up with pale green, and hats surmounted by a white wavy feather, were hurrying from the shore into the town; and well might they hurry, for discipline more severe than that of the Austrian army never kept a great host in wholesome thralldom than that, of old, pursued.

I turned back to the inn; how great was my enjoyment of some trout, brought timely from a stream far beyond Bregenz, I need not say. Our hostess was a Tyrolean, a neat, civil, handsome body, proud of her cooking, proud of her inn; yet sorrowing after the heights above Imst, where her young days had been spent. Her enthusiasm for mountains, and her disdain of low lands, was very catching; nevertheless, we lingered about three weeks at Bregenz—and why?

There is an immense charm in the place. Seen from the shore, its decayed citadel, now a prison, with a round tower, the windows of which, being generally lighted at night, form a sort of light-house for the benighted voyagers on the lake, recall the feudal days when Bregenz, still important from its situation between Switzerland and Bavaria, was more important still. Beneath the citadel, which is separated from the town by a wall and deep fosse, lie many gabled and antiquated houses, on the slope of the hill, and quiet streets running towards the lake. In the midst of these, a cheerful *platz*, in which the Goldner Adler, or post inn, is situated; and here the troops are to be seen on parade, morning and evening; here the processions of this monkish country are displayed at certain seasons; here, too, lodge the grand dukes of Austria, when they come to scan the ground and see that all is 'right and tight' in Bregenz—that no disaffection lurks there like a plague-spot—that no exiles from the opposite shores of Rorschach, where the Swiss receive all comers, are infusing Protestantism or poison, one and the same thing in Austria, into the minds of the Bregenz burghers; above all, when any royal personage comes to a

certain national celebration, held annually at one or other of the towns of Tyrol, called the Kaiser Schiessen, he takes up his abode in that same post inn, for other quarters there are none, even for the great ones of the earth, at Bregenz.

Then, as to the reasons of our stay. Had we not delicious, and not too arduous climbing up to the Gebhardsberg, a hill behind the town of Bregenz, on the summit of which the Bregenzer go to smoke and pray, for a gasthaus and a church are the attractive features there; and thence, what a sweet, yet wild, smiling, yet solemn view we used to gaze upon—not scorning, mind you, the glass of frothy beer on the table before the inn—although we did not perform the whole of the part usually enacted by kneeling down to pray.

Our orisons were murmured in soft whispers to each other, as we looked far and wide, and saw how grand, and yet how pleasant was the world a mighty Providence had made for us—for *all*; for us, who call ourselves rationally pious; for those, who, withdrawing from the table, knelt down before the image of grace in the hill-top church. Beneath us lay the lake, blue and slate-like, as we saw it from that height. On the skirts of the horizon we discerned the range of the Jura. Close below us was the citadel; then came a rich and broken foreground to the right; anon rose the grander feature of the Arlberg Mountains, cold, eternally cold, in their incessant mantle of snow.

True, there is little to be seen in Bregenz, but there is an old-fashioned repose about the place that well accords with its antique presence. Except when some grandee comes to review the troops—except when the steamers land their passengers—except when fete days bring forth strange specimens of head-gears from the Appenzel, or monks from the Tyrol, or nuns from the convents in Bavaria, there is little stirring in Bregenz. One saunters through the streets, catching a sight here and there of a room full of Austrian officers, smoking and playing cards at noon-day, but that is all the excitement of which one can possibly have a glimpse in Bregenz.

Talking of these same officers, there is a garrison of about six hundred men in Bregenz. We were at first terrified at the idea of a garrison town—the ladies, if not for themselves, for their pretty English maid—but how vain were our fears. During the whole of our stay we never met an intoxicated soldier or officer. The young ladies, in my absence, when I excursionized into the Bregenzer Wald, were able, in comfort and safety, to walk late in the evening, whilst the moonlight slept on the mountains by the lake side, or on the walk to Lindau, or on the road to Feldkirch, or anywhere. They might attract attention as strangers, but, as strangers, they were treated with deference. Even a disrespectful look was not permitted. They one day overheard a soldier reuking his comrade for walking too near the path traversed by these 'Englische fraulein.' It was a sort of lesson in the art of tailoring, to follow one of these fine officers, more especially those in the cavalry; their tunics, made by an army tailor attached to each regiment, fitted, as if not made for the man, but the man made for them; their figures were brought into perfect subjection to the tailor. Then their walk and manner speaks not only of discipline, but of class, for the Austrian officer must be well born, he must prove his three descents, that is, three generations of ancestry bearing arms. They are fine gentlemanly fellows—really a protection. Close as we were to their barracks, we never were annoyed with noise or impertinence.

So far for what is apparent. I have heard that they are terrible gamblers; that idleness and play ruin many a young officer. They share the fate of other armies when they are quartered in dull towns, of nearly being ruined, not so much by temptation, as by *ennui*. Temptation may be stoutly resisted, but *ennui* eats inch by inch into the core of many a good habit, until the bulwark against vice, which hope and energy might have constituted, is undermined.

'We have only one ball at Bregenz, in the winter,' remarked an Austrian officer to me, 'otherwise we should care less for cards.'

We formed an acquaintance in Bregenz, whose mode of life and ideas presented a sample of all the difficulties of the semi-refined class, of which Germany has so many indigent specimens. It was that of a poor drawing-master and his wife, people far too well educated for their position or their means. He, with a bad cough, and the look of an early grave on him, was certainly no genius. The facilities of education in Germany have their evils; they induce those who have but little actual talent, to betake themselves to literature or the arts, instead of mechanical employments, for which they would be better suited. Our friend, Herr Sigler, displayed to our, of course, admiring view, his productions. They had that hopeless finish about them that precluded all chance of improvement; labour had done her utmost, but nature could not be recognised in his pink-cheeked Madonna, and fat-legged St. Johns.

His wife, afflicted with that visitation which befalls the English and the Germans, a large young family, was an amiable slattern, complaining, though with apparent cheerfulness, of the dearth of living in Bregenz. Had they silver money, she said, things would have been cheaper; a silver sixpence went as far as a paper tennence; but silver had not crossed her hands for many a long day; she paid her housekeeping with little dirty bits of paper—the then Austrian currency—which she tore into halves of quarters for change. Sometimes this odious, discreditable bank note, was diminished to a penny, by being torn down to the value wanted.

The inducement to settle at Bregenz, the worthy Herr Sigler told us, was the patronage and tuition of a large convent at the back of the town, of Dominican nuns. It was a cloister as well as a convent, I should observe; the difference being this, that the cloister is a closed monastery. The inmates, be they nuns, or be they monks, cannot go out except in their own demesnes, after taking the veil. The doom is absolute; a total and dreary imprisonment for life; dreary, as we think it, but it has its alleviations.

By the mediation of Herr Sigler we were permitted to call at this convent.

We had noticed its solid, capacious building, with the cross on each gable, and a large D on the outside, denoting the order. We had noticed also one of the lay sisters, the portress, in her white serge dress, giving out soup and bread to the poor, daily, as we strolled up to the vine-clad heights above the convent. We had caught no glimpse, however, of the fair *religieuses*, and were full of curiosity and gratitude. We called one day, and were refused admittance. The Geistlicher Herr (ghostly father) was with the prioress, but she hoped to see us next day. And the next day we went. I should observe, that the life of an abbess or prioress is by no means dull. Frequent visits from bishops, or their chancellors, or holy confessors, fill up the time with a Platonic sort of reverential sentiment. Heaven forbid I should say more of it than that. Scandals formerly from the untamed passions of mankind, did occur: they are rarely if ever heard of among the 'pure vestals' of this our age, now.

A staid matron—I should have called her, but she had never been married—of forty—received us the next day, in a large guest-chamber, hung round with the doings of saints and martyrs, who were employed, in some instances, in digging their own grave. The prioress was a lady of quality; for the Dominicans require certain testimonials of birth to those who postulate. She was a singularly handsome woman, fair and stout, a Tyrolean, with a charming, affectionate address, and the sweetest blue eyes, beneath her overshadowing coif or veil, in the world. She had entered at twenty-six; why, she did not say; so as 'chacune a son histoire,' as the French say, we concluded she could have told us more had she chosen. Seeing two blooming girls fixing their dark eyes intently on her face, she said, with a half-sad smile, that *she* had been happy, but then she had had a vocation, and she recommended those who had no vocation to think of professing. We answered, that we were Protestants—adding, *not* Zuinglians—a sect the Romanists held in the greatest horror. She coloured a little. I think she was shocked, but her sweet and courteous nature conquered the prejudice which,

doubtless, she held too, as a part of her religion. She pointed somewhat hastily to the pictures around the room, and told us that a Madonna that hung therein was painted by Angelica Kauffman, who was born at Schwarzbach, a village not far from Bregenz; and then she led us through such parts of the convent as she was allowed by her rule to show us. It had been a very handsome structure, but fate had dealt somewhat hardly with this convent. It had been set on fire by lightning once. The De Montforts, the great aristocracy of the neighbourhood, befriended it then; and moreover, the number of inmates, which had formerly amounted to thirty, was now only fifteen. This, too, among the higher classes, and on the very borders of superstitious Austria! We turned into a large, light, and barely furnished room, where a nun sat teaching some Bregenz children. She was a young woman, but plain—which was a relief—the sacrifice had not been so great, we fancied. She showed us some cards, on which were small paintings, in which we soon recognised the style of Herr Sigler. We left her and came into a quadrangle, surrounded by a cloister: in the centre was a garden gay with flowers; balsams, geraniums, stocks, asters, marigolds, and a bed of rosemary for funerals! How gay and bright were their colours by the grey old walls of the cloister—cherished pets of the nuns, pleasant, yet a sad contrast. 'These,' said the prioress, 'we tend with care; they are for our chapel.' She took us into that edifice; it was still strewn with stamens and petals of the white lily, which had just been used in procession, for the Feast of the Purification. 'And here,' she said, 'we must stop. I am not allowed to show you our cloister.' She placed a marked emphasis on the word. We thanked her gratefully and retired. It remained for another opportunity to look into the interior life of this anomaly of our kind; this wrench from society; this mortal doom; this severing from hope and happiness on earth—for happy they are not—that the cloistered life presents.

We returned through the town, and called at the post-office for letters; and here we had an instance of Aus-

trian supervision. We wanted to find a summer residence on Lake Constance, and were advised to advertise in the Bregenz paper. We did so, enclosing our initials. The postmaster gave us an answer which had arrived, with a mysterious air. It was not allowed, he said, to have letters addressed to initials. He saw that we were strangers; we interrupted him, stating the purport of our letter. 'Yes,' he said, 'but had he not been aware that we were foreigners, he must have given up our letter to the police.' He was perfectly polite, as indeed all Austrians usually are, and we rejoiced to have fallen in with so reasonable an official.

The letter and its contents induced me to set off that very afternoon to Rorschach, and the result was so far successful, that for the benefit of any one who wishes to economize, and to command a view of Lake Constance, I must give half a page or two to the Château Wiggen, pronounced *Vicken*, in which it was our destiny to linger seven long months.

Rorschach is altogether of a different character from Bregenz; no crowding citadel, no garrison, no nuns, no monks, few soldiers, no processions, no grand dukes; I had almost said, no gentlemen, no ladies. The Corn House stands prominently in the water, and many times in the week a vessel comes express from Lindau to add to its stores of wheat from the flat fields of Swabia and Wirtemberg. A huge crane lifts up the sacks to the top of the building; and a good deal of bustle hangs round the little port. You leave it, and enter into a very clean and tranquil street, with one or two good shops, and find houses, in several instances, decorated in the Italian style, with rich cornices and balustrades; above, on the heights, stands a huge monastery, now used as a school. The church is of no order, very plain and fresh-looking—a Protestant edifice: and the town, which is the link between Bavaria and the canton of St. Gall, is full of industrious artisans, and refugees from the opposite shores. Switzerland, like England, receives the fugitive politician, and asks no questions.

On every side in this canton, high above the lake, are deserted castles,

showing how the political disturbances, and more especially the ravages of Napoleon's troops, have shaken down the old aristocracy, falling like the fruit in their own orchards, to decay, to fructify no more. Then, along a good road, having just a glimpse of a grand, old fortress, called the castle of St. Anna, to the right, you walk on in the direction of Bregenz, just as if you were going back again towards Schloss Wiggen.

For my own part, I do not like what the Swiss adore, a rich country, heavy grass crops, which are inodorously manured beneath apple trees and pear trees, and not a forest tree in view. I soon, however, discerned the Norman tower, red-capped above the trees, of Châlean Wiggen. The brother of the proprietor, indeed, walked with me. He was mine host of the Lily at Rorschach, had espoused a butcher's daughter, and turned butcher himself. Nevertheless, his brother is a member of the National Assembly, and the date of 1480 is on the old ancestral castle of the Viegssen, and portraits of the Hoffmans figure in many a room.

My host spoke a little French, and we proceeded amicably in our walk, ascended a slight eminence, catching here and there views of the lake, until we stopped beneath the very shadow of the chateau; then my companion opened a small door, and we came into what looked very like an over-ground dungeon, into which projected a spiral stone staircase. This led up to different *étages* or floors; the first floor was a kitchen, the second, two small rooms, a dining-room and a very large tiled apartment which he called a '*salon d'été*,' a charming place in hot weather. The next *étage* contained a spacious and somewhat elegant drawing-room, and four or five bed-rooms.

From these the whole lake might be visible almost to Schaffhausen at one end, and Bregenz at the other; a bank with an orchard on it, being the foreground; to the right, a vineyard; beyond which, far in the distance, we could see the Arlberg mountains. Nearer, there were no less than three castles, or rather castellated houses, built for resistance, like the Wiggen, but used for habitation, as are the

Peel towers of Scotland. There was Chateau Wardeck in the hollow, its gardens almost washed by the shores of the lake; on a gentle rise stood an old dilapidated edifice, once the habitation of the well-known Swiss family named De Salis; and above all, standing proudly on the brow of the hill, appeared the eminent Warten-See, a Roman tower, in such a position as to command the whole of that border-land, which here comes to a junction. From Warten-See one can see five different states: Austria, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Switzerland, and Baden. Each of these five castles has some legend of old, some eventful history of later days, to give it interest. The castle of De Salis, on Greifenstein is the birthplace of the brave General de Salis. Wiggen, wherein I was domiciled, had then very recently received the Countess Bathiany, whose husband was killed during the troubles in Hungary; herself a Zichy (great names); and therefore exposed to troubles escaped by the humbler class. In one of the rooms of the chateau the Countess had received her neighbours, when they came to pay visits of condolence, in the Hungarian fashion: the walls were hung with black: the sword of the murdered Count was placed on the table covered with crape: the very looking-glass was enveloped in crape. Here, in this isolated old tower, the Countess pined out many a day.

The Warten-See had been the property of the well-known Count Palm, who collected within its walls a number of rare marbles, pictures, bronzes, and china, some of which were brought over to England, and sold at Christie and Manson's, about two years ago. He was obliged to sell it, and it became the property of the late justly-esteemed Mr. Pearsall, a gentleman of ancient family, who had given up the Bar in early life, and settled in Switzerland. His beautiful composition, 'The Hardy Norseman,' is one only of a number of exquisite songs in the composition of which he solaced a life of great seclusion, until he died, regretted by the humble, to whom he was ever kind, as well as by the intellectual portion of the scattered society around him. 'I have no nearer neighbour,' he once said to me,

as we stood at the window of the Warten-See gazing on the distant lake far beneath it, 'than Count Lassberg at Meresberg.' He pointed to a far-distant point in Swabia. He referred, however, to one of the most celebrated book-collectors in Germany; a man of high reputation and old-world principles. When the present Emperor of the French, residing with his mother on the opposite shore of Lake Constance, in the Castle of Arenaberg, called on Count Lassberg at Meresberg, he sent in his card: 'Prince Louis Napoleon.' 'Give it back to him,' cried the stout old Teuton, 'I do not know him.' The card was eagerly asked for by a young English lady then present, in whose possession the rejected pasteboard remains. The Prince returned to his Castle of Gottsberg, a rude fort at the northern point of Lake Constance, which he fitted up for his own residence, whilst the Queen Hortense, as his mother was called, lived in great indigence at her Castle of Arenaberg. It was said in that part of Switzerland that she and her ladies were sometimes reduced to dine on an omelette. It is creditable to the Emperor to relate that, since his accession, he has sent for several of the old dames who are still living, his mother's former *dames d'honneur*, paid their expenses to the Tuileries, and entertained them, presenting each also with a bonus of fifty pounds. There is a sketch of the Castle of Arenaberg, taken by the Emperor during his seclusion in Switzerland, in the possession of Madame le Normand, the niece of Mademoiselle Recamier, and the wife of the Keeper of Medals in the Bibliothèque Impériale in Paris. As a production it has the merit of fidelity, and that is all.

To return from my digression. Just one hint to housekeepers. This part of Switzerland is the cheapest locality in that country; the ports are open. Coffee, for instance, of the best quality, is only eightpence a pound; butter, tenpence; meat, fourpence. No doubt these are the prices of times gone by, since a railroad now connects Rorschach with St. Gall, and threatens to take down the old walls of the Varteck. Then there is a most delicious wine which one may drink in pure

perfection at a small inn in the Appenzel, Margrave, to boot, at a franc a bottle. One château, tolerably furnished, with fourteen furnished rooms, and the use of a carriage, was considered to be well let at the rate of twenty pounds a year, which included the use of a large *armoire* full of linen, left confidently open. Westayed there till the hellebore or Christmas rose was flowering in masses in our garden, and then on to Innspruck.

Let it not, however, be supposed that our days passed without many sources of interest to vary them. Amongst the chief were the calm beauties of the lake; the walks around it, sometimes behind the precincts of the Warten-See, the vineyards of which, shelving to the path we traversed, yield a red grape; the wine which is produced from it is, though of a red colour, sparkling like champagne, and most delicious. Often we went as far as the manufactory at Thal, for worked muslin, some splendid specimens of which were sent to the Exhibition of Paris; amongst others, a cambric handkerchief, the corners of which were worked so as to represent some of the great churches of Europe, a curiosity purchased by the Empress Eugénie. The dépôt for these beautiful specimens of industry stands in a delicious spot, and there is neither noise nor any concourse of people, for the work is all done in the cottages of the poor industrious Swiss, to whom it is given out by the manufacturer, and brought—in a state of dirt inconceivable, sometimes—to the 'Fabrique.' Oftentimes we went over to visit the venerable Bishop of St. Gall, in his episcopal residence at St. Gall. This rising town, full of Zuinglians, retains nevertheless several traces of those legends which, despite of reason, fasten themselves on the imagination. No place can be perfect in its charms without a legend, and this legend has for its hero a Scotchman.

Saint Gallus, who named the canton, is said to have come from Iona, leaving the retirement of his convent there in order to convert heathens on the continent. After many adventures the saint reached that then wild region which now bears his name, and planted his cell amid wild beasts and a pea-

santry almost as wild as the fierce wolves and bears that roamed fearlessly on the banks of the Steinach.

On the site of that cell stands the abbey of St. Gall, well known to scholars from its valuable library, and the famous manuscripts of classical works found in those small narrow rooms in which all the learning has been for ages carefully treasured up by successive abbots and bishops of St. Gall.

Let me pause awhile. There are those who assert that this good saint came from the Emerald Isle, and not from the tempestuous region of the Hebrides. His taste for agriculture, however, and the pains he took to teach the peasantry that then unknown science, seem to bespeak the Highlander; intrepid in facing danger; a zealot, maybe a bigot; but practical to the very heart's core.

His present representative, the Bishop of St. Gall, is a noble specimen of humanity. He was once an officer in the Swiss army. Having seen much of the world, his mind is liberalized. Especially he somewhat deprecates the conventual system, having seen many nuns, as he told me, '*die of ennui*,' a remarkable fact. Singularly handsome, tall, courteous, and cheerful, with a stipend of £300 a year only, exercising unbounded charity, the very spirit of St. Gallus himself seemed to dwell in this ancient prelate. He lived close to the church and library, the buildings being all joined in one, with a sort of college of priests around him: his chancellor, the dean, the members, and choir all dining with him daily. Not only is there a copy of the famous poem the '*Nibelungen-lied*,' dated the 13th century, but he also showed us the original Gregorian chant, of which St. Gall possesses the earliest transcript known. To the labours of the Benedictine monks formerly resident in the abbey, and to their industry, is owing the catalogue dated 823; these monks were dispersed in the time of the French revolution, and the convent secularized. The Bishop had been enchanted by a then recent visit from the learned Dr. Gillis, who had carefully inspected these treasures; then he mourned over the worldly spirit which had succeeded the holy fervour of St.

Gallus, and rendered the abbots of the tenth century princes, not mere ecclesiastics; and still more the period when the citizens of St. Gall, imbued with the principles of the Reformation, threw off the yoke of the Pope, and assumed by force the control of the abbey, which, after its revenues were sequestered in the year 1812, remained under that temporal sway. As he paced to and fro in the corridor of the abbey, now his palace, the bishop used to speak with chagrin of the splendid church built by the Zuinglians or Protestant Swiss, with this motto inscribed on the façade: 'To God alone!' Yet the candid old man remarked, 'The inscription is fine.' The church belonging to the convent is spacious, but spoiled by modern alterations; it contains, however, the finest organ in Germany. We heard it played by the chancellor, a great musical genius, from a gallery in the wall communicating with the palace. There are two similar organs so constructed that when one is touched the other sounds, so that the effect is very singular. I must not forget to mention a most singular picture in the library, ascribed to Holbein, of a man in his coffin—death so truly depicted that one hurries from the ghastly sight. One more reminiscence of the bishop, and then let us hasten to the mountains, to Innspruck and to Salzburg, strongholds of ancient superstition, to comprehend which some knowledge of the customs of Catholic countries is indispensable.

During the first visitation of cholera in the canton of St. Gall, none more effectually attended on the sick than the poor nuns of the cloister close to Rorschach. The nuns were permitted by a dispensation from their good bishop on that occasion, to go out into the towns and villages to risk their lives in the service of their Saviour.

They went heroically forth. Fancy them in their black robes, for they were Franciscans, an order not of high caste, with a helmet of linen, their gorget of linen round the throat, a relic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and their black veils over all, wending their way amid that hilly country, or penetrating into the meanest houses in the lake-side villages; fancy their coming forth thus to dan-

ger, perhaps to death, after a lifetime of seclusion.

We had the fortune—I can hardly call it the good fortune, for it is a painful sight—to see a novice of this order take the veil. She was a young person, of mysterious origin, who had been adopted from a child by the nuns, and happily for herself had known no other home than that cloister; no other friends than its inmates.

The good bishop of St. Gall prepared these poor sisters to admit us into their convent, close by the ever-flowing waters of Lake Constance. It was a fine morning after some days of intense heat; for the sirocco is felt in those regions, and there it is called a 'Phoen' wind. When it prevails no oven is hotter than the air; a general lassitude knocks one down; presently a storm is sure to be seen hovering over the horizon. It comes, and the waves rise high, and a gust which levels many a tree rushes through your house; the windows rattle; the thunder sounds; the air seems on fire; the forked lightning darts into the very lake; all nature seems upset and terrified.

Such had been the weather the day before; now, early on the appointed morning, the skies were again serene; the men were again working in the vineyards, the forester's axe was heard in the woods, and we sallied forth to matins at the convent, which had so often excited our attention in our walks.

The bishop had not, however, arrived, and we were early, when we entered the gorgeously-bedecked chapel, with all its saintly finery, amid which none looked well save the finery of nature—flowers and plants.

The *Einkleidung*, as the Germans term the ceremonial, which is performed when a novice takes upon her her first vows, and assumes the white veil, is usually an occasion of much melancholy rejoicing and saintly cheerfulness in a convent; and although to a Protestant, and perhaps to every rightly thinking mind, the joy wears a deathly hue, and the enthusiasm savours not only of the cloister, but of a mild and consistent species of insanity, there is something so hearty and kindly in the way in which a no-

vice is received among them by the elder sisters, something so sincere usually in her piety, that one is carried away for the time by a sympathy that is mingled with compassion, and wholly indefensible by any plea of common sense.

It is, in truth, only the first step to a life of seclusion, and to a career cut off from all human interests, and dedicated to the memory of some dead saint; or, if we take it in a higher meaning, to an irrational tribute to Him who, 'meek and lowly of heart' as he was, set us the pattern of mingling holily and in all purity with the world which He came to redeem. It is true that the simple, earnest, or heart-stricken being who is the object of the *Einkleidung* may, after a year's retreat, abjure *Profession*, the last ritual, and re-enter the world for which she has become unfit. But, whether from the bonds of habit, or the influence of example, or from the high considerations of conscience, or not, it very rarely happens that the vows are not completely fulfilled. Here preparations were made for the *Einkleidung*; a fald-stool was placed on one side for the novice, a raised chair of velvet and gold for the bishop, in the centre stood a table organ, and from the roof hung a large bell-rope. Galleries around were quickly filled with the residents of the few houses near; with herdsman, and the higher class of female peasants, in rich bodices, silk aprons, high hats from Tyrol, and round hats from the Brengener Wald, and huge, spread-out, framework-like wings, from Appenzel. They crowded in as mass ended, and stood awaiting the entrance of the bishop. Whatever might be the feelings of those who looked on, whatever their religious convictions, how strong soever their hatred of the corruptions of our holy faith, that pageant arrested them as any event which deeply touches human happiness does numb and change our emotions for a time.

At length the bishop entered, placid, dignified, but full of vigour and energy; calm, but still moved by benevolent interests; the spiritual father, and the benefactor of the poor nuns in his diocese, whose safety he had watched over in a period of domestic anarchy, and of revolutions

which had scattered many of those poor helpless beings, but had spared the poorer convents; and then, amid the tears of a group of homely friends, who stood behind her at some distance, her head wreathed with artificial flowers, and the best of her humble attire assumed for the last time, the nun-elect placed herself on her knees before the fald-stool.

'She has been,' whispered a poor woman to me, 'the adopted child of the convent; for she is a foundling, saved in a snow-storm by a peasant woman from death, to which, by one who then committed the dark crime, or in woful misery had left the child, she had been abandoned, and brought there.'

'She knew not, then,' I asked, 'who were her parents?'

'No,' was the reply, 'except the prioress. She knew no mother save her, nor nurse, except the nun who watched over her struggling infancy; no instructress, except the mistress of the novices; no spiritual influence except that of the confessor. She is fitted,' added the good woman, 'for heaven.'

To the nuns generally, and then to her, the bishop addressed a short exhortation, stating the uses of conventual vows, expatiating on the happiness of a life given to God, or laying down maxims for those virtues, Faith, Obedience, Charity, without which none could be accepted or acceptable, either in that holy cloister, or in the imperishable happiness of heaven. To some, he said, the way to eternal bliss was difficult; to them he pointed out the easier path which was to be discovered in the retreats of a religious seclusion.

He ended, the organ sounded, and a psalm—which sounded to those who looked on that scene, like the knell of faith; of hope, to her who kneeled at the fald-stool—was led by an aged nun skilled in music, who played, and assisted by a young band of sisters standing around her.

Then the novice was led to the bishop; and the vestments which henceforth she was alone to wear, prescribed by the rule of St. Dominic, were held by the sub-prioress. This was a solemn and affecting part of the performance. The young creature, as she took off her gown, and was clothed

with the white serge robe of the convent, was admonished that sanctity was symbolized by that spotless attire. As she put back the long plaits of her hair, and the white veil was placed upon her head, she was instructed that religious retirement was expressed by that saintly covering. The girdle, around her waist, denoted modesty. The rosary, faith. Each of those singular and picturesque vestments had a sacred meaning, as every peculiar flower has its scent. Finally, the crucifix was placed on her right arm, to have and to possess for ever—the crowning emblem of every virtue, and the symbol of every hope here and hereafter.

As the organ again sounded, and a psalm of exulting joy, of pious thanksgiving, broke from the nuns, and the sacrifice of a life was proffered, if not completed, I own I was sick at heart, sad, confused, compassionate. But the nun, whose countenance had been full of dejection, of hope deferred, of humility, and even of apprehension, was now beaming with joy, congratulated at all hands, elated with a holy ecstasy, much vaunted by the sisterhood for its evident source, devotion. It was, alas! a delusion, and as far as others are concerned, sometimes a fatal excitement, which, it is well known, in too many instances passes away, and leaves the deepest depression and regret behind.

'The ceremony is ended: you may now pass on to the refectory,' said the sub-prioress to me; 'you could not have done so before.'

We were all glad to obey her order, and soon found ourselves in a large cheerful room, looking into a stiff but sunny garden; a huge green stove at one extremity was, the sub-prioress told us, the favourite resource of the nuns in the bitter winters of that region, and seats were placed all around it. Two long tables, with coffee and bread and butter on them, were extended down the room, and at one end on a raised platform there was a smaller one for the bishop and his attendant priests, and the prioress, as whose guests we were received. We soon got into an animated conversation with the nuns, who were as hospitable with their excellent coffee and bread and butter as any great seigneur

might be in his baronial hall. The spirit of kindness was there.

When the repast was ended, we were allowed, from the permission of the bishop, to go over the whole convent; a liberty *never* accorded except by such a dispensation as a bishop can give, and one which had never before been attainable by us. We were shown up a wide flight of stairs into a long corridor, on either side of which were the small chambers, or cells, furnished with a truckle-bed, a chair, and a crucifix. Of washing apparatus I saw none. The small window above the door gave the sole light to these wretched prison-like rooms. We came, however, to the guest chamber, pleasant and sunny, and tolerably furnished, with a canary-bird singing in the bay window, and containing some old cabinets, curiously inlaid. I must own the canary-bird, singing in this drear prison, the only gay thing there, because it was unconscious of its captivity, affected me more than I like to express. But my compassion was thrown away. These nuns were Franciscans, taken from the lower middle, or even lower orders. To them the conventual repose was a relief from a life of toil or privation, and habit had long since reconciled them to their seclusion. Some of them, indeed, from disuse of all their faculties, seemed to me silly, if not absolutely imbecile. All were embued with a blind superstition, which was to supply the place of that faith which *really* fights with the world.

We took our leave of the venerable bishop, and beheld him no more. Protestants as we are, he kindly said he hoped that we might meet in heaven.

We left the Wiggen, and returned to Bregenz by the road close to the lake. As we went along we admired the houses, constructed of wood by the Bregenzer, which are frequently to be seen near the lake, cheap, commodious, and sufficiently durable for that climate. They caused me to regret that we could not in England, where the poor are squeezed up in nutshells, imitate the ingenious Bregenzer workman, and clap on, as he does, an additional storey or wing to his house, when his family or occupation require it to be done. But of course,

our climate, I presume so at least, and our prejudices still more, would militate against such a practice.

We passed through Bregenz, and began our journey over the Arlberg, towards Innsbruck. Our conveyance was a returned carriage from Imst. It was a well-made and clean omnibus, with good space for seats, and a large covered box in front for the driver and two more persons; and on the top, abundance of accommodation for luggage. Three stout horses, and a driver in true Tyrolean costume, stood waiting our pleasure one morning, by the Hecht. His agreement was that he should take us to Landeck, on our road to Innsbruck, for a very moderate sum per diem, and put on an additional horse-power wherever required, and he faithfully and civilly and honourably performed his engagement.

Our driver, I think I see him now, looked as fresh as mountain air and Tyrolean birth could make him. We delighted in his high-crowned, dark-green hat, the single rose on one side of it; his velveteen jacket, with dangling plated buttons; his shirts also of velveteen; his thick-ribbed worsted stockings, with half feet, coming over the instep like a gaiter, and leaving the foot protected by the stout hard shoe with a buckle on it. The whole was clean, fresh, and substantial, and finished off by a large dirk at his side; so, with a smack of his long whip, and many a cajoling word to his three beloved steeds, all abreast, and seeming to know that they were going homewards, off we set towards Feldkirch. We passed through Dornbirn very soon. Here we saw the women sitting at their working-frames in their houses, plying these skilful needles which produce so many exquisite specimens of embroidery on muslin. It is a certain, though small source of regular gain; small, because the *fabricants* there, as well as elsewhere, give a pittance in exchange for life-labour. By a local arrangement, these women are bound only to work for some particular Fabrique; in the very centre of hundreds of admirable workers, we had been unable to get one of them, whilst we were on Lake Constance, to work on cambric for us. They said, in refusing, that they were

supplied with patterns and materials from the *Fabrique*, and although they would have been far more liberally paid by us, they were afraid of offending the higher powers of Thal. However, we had no great cause for regret. At the *Fabrique* excellent and durable articles were to be had for very moderate prices; *par exemple*, a cambric handkerchief, rich beyond the ordinary style, was there to be bought for ten shillings. I observed one in Paris, nearly similar, marked at two guineas.

One reason for this cheapness is, that muslin work cannot enter France from Switzerland. Either the duty is enormous, or it is seized; the jealousy of the French muslin trade keeps out the art of their ingenious neighbours.

One word as to the women employed in these *Fabriques*. It seems, at first sight, an admirable thing for women to have in their power a mode of obtaining, come what will, a certain incoming. But this has its disadvantages. The women sit working all day, and take little pains either with the cleanliness of their cottages, or with that of their children, who become more like animals, half buried in mud and dust, than children. One rarely sees the delightful picture of home-like comfort, in the cottages on Lake Constance, that are to be met with in many a village in England; and yet the Swiss cottager—what with her stove, that requires no cleaning, and but little attention; what with the foreign style of cooking (put the *pot-au-feu* on the fire and leave it there till you want it), *that* is the sum of their culinary cares—has far more leisure than the English cottager's wife to employ on personal and household cleanliness. I have, however, observed, even in England, the same effect of an occupation which is carried on separately and independently at home; witness the straw-plaiters and lace-workers of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, who sit plaiting and working, whilst all around them is in confusion. I must, however, observe in regard to Thal, that there the same difference is to be observed between the Catholic and Protestant populations as in other parts of Switzerland. The Protestant por-

tion of the inhabitants is clean, active, and independent. The very exterior of the houses denotes the difference. The Catholics are dirty, and rely upon the pernicious and desultory charities of well-meaning people to supply the place of industry and order.

We had now entered the Vorarlberg, and a rich and beautiful country presented itself. The houses were chiefly of wood; whilst in the gardens, the gorgeous Austrian rose, single, of a deep yellow sometimes, at others orange, excited our admiration. And now, as we drove on through Hohenems (the only place where Jews abound in the Tyrol), many strange and new costumes made their appearance. Many of the little girls wore a sort of flat Scotch cap, mounted upon a band of grey felt; a very ugly head-gear. The women were bedight, some in pyramidal caps of black wool, hanging down over their faces, and looking like a knitted bee-hive on their heads; others wore a kind of head-dress constructed of black net, in the form of a peacock's tail, full spread; this extraordinary invention for a *coiffure* was edged with black velvet, and all that one can say of this last specimen, is that it is not so frightful as the bee-hive.

At Feldkirch the aspect of repose which we had found at Bregenz existed no longer; the good and large hôtel was full of officers, who were also walking about the clean streets. We were waited upon at the hotel by a waiter; the *Kellnerin* of the Tyrol was not as yet to be seen in that polite region, which we soon found contained large cotton-mills and oil-mills. The river Ill is a beautiful stream, along the banks of which we travelled, as we proceeded towards the pretty locality around Bludenz, the great country for cherry trees, from the fruit of which a considerable proportion of the Kirsch Wasser in Germany is made.

It was growing late as we neared Dalmas, beholding as we travelled, the aspect of the Arlberg, on Adlersberg, *Anglicè*, Eagle's Mount, rising in stern sublimity before us. The post-waggon at this moment rattled by us. There was only one traveller inside it; he put his head out of the window, and we guessed by the clean, smooth

face, and the absence of the continental *moustache* (for there every Englishman, young or old, was to be known, as a national feature, by his well-shaven chin), that he was a countryman. It was very late when we reached Dalmas; but we found, when we entered the comfortable inn there, that beds were prepared for us; coffee and eggs were ready; a stove was lighted; and a *kellnerin* came forth to tell us that *Einer Engländer Herr*, having noticed a carriage full of ladies as he passed—though the post-waggon did not wait five minutes—desired her to have everything ready for the late travellers. Unhappily our benefactor was far, far before us, at that hour. We cherish his memory to this day; though it was never our lot to see his face again.

It was just after sunrise that we passed through the miserable village of Stuben, and began our ascent of the Arlberg. We were replenished by an excellent breakfast at the comfortable inn at Dalmas; and, indeed, we would fain have lingered in this very lovely spot, so replete with home-like scenery, which brought back England to remembrance. Even the herd of beggars and pedlars who inhabit the wretched houses in Stuben were scarcely astir when we stopped to bait our horses, and to take on two others at the wayside inn. The Arlberg was in shadow, but soon the fine road which winds up it was brightened by the summer's sun. We ascended it with wonderful despatch, considering not only the steepness of the mountains, but the imperials and handboxes which made our carriage heavy. As we were slowly proceeding, a poor pedlar followed us from Stuben with his pack on his back—a representative of all the trade in that quarter. He modestly crept behind us. We made him stand on the step, and advised him to plant his pack on the top of our omnibus, and thus he went along with us until we reached the hospice on the summit, where we halted to surrender our additional horses, and to rest those which were to go on with us in this toilsome journey. The air now became very cold; no herbage, except some patches of brown grass where the snow had melted away, was to be seen; we had left a delicious

green valley around Dalmas, and exchanged summer for winter. We were now on the very summit of the great Arlberg; the hills which had frowned over us, and the heights of which had seemed almost inaccessible, now appeared quite low. In one of the ravines between them, in eternal solitude, without a tree near it, stood the small, unpretending hospice, the memorial of sterling charity and true Christian pity. Surrounded by snow-clad peaks, near which one could see the very sources of those mountain streams whose pellucid waters had gushed over many a rocky fragment near our road, here was the work, humanly speaking, of a poor peasant lad, a cow-herd; moreover, not a youth cherished by careful parents or nurtured in religion, but a foundling.

It is the custom in Tyrol to keep the kine and goats all the summer on the Alpine pastures on the mountain sides. Here these free and happy creatures remain until they grow quite wild; until they are brought down, decorated with flowers and streamers of ribbon, with great rejoicings in September, to be placed in the warm cow-house, generally close to the dwelling of the farmer, or joining his very chambers, there to be well cared for all the long, bitter winter. We used to see them on the Alma, on Alp, a green plot half-way up the mountains, fierce from seclusion, yet answering to the musical yodel of the herdsman, sounding amid the solitude, and echoed by the rocks. Whilst the cows are thus turned out, the herdsman never sleeps below, nor even on fête-days descends. He becomes wild and shy like the cattle; one solace alone is his; by the rule of the Austrian government he is taught to read; the schooling process is obligatory. He has—not his Bible—for that luxury of the heart is forbidden, but paltry legends and precepts, and the doings of saints, and his missal, are his companions. In those majestic scenes, alone with nature, with none but his Creator near him, the herdsman knows the return of the fête-day, and celebrates each revolving festival of the church by a bon-fire lighting up the crags, and gleaming on the snow masses, and testifying to the devotees in the remote village, or pro-

claiming to other herdsmen, solitary like himself, that he is alive, and has remembered the day. I know no practice more touching than this.

Such was the life led for many a summer by Henry Windelkind, whose office it was to attend to the cows of his master, a farmer, during the week, and to follow him on Sundays, to church, carrying his sword. By the roadside lay many a trace of those ill-fated travellers who had perished in the snow, and whose carcasses had become the prey of the eagles, whose very province and territory those heights then were. In his own poverty and isolation, the youth formed a scheme for rescue. Noble and generous boy! he saved up his miserable wages, about twenty-five shillings annually, and, in ten years, had accumulated enough to save several lives, and to form the brotherhood of St. Christopher. He laboured, he travelled, he spent his all; and God responded to his prayers. The brotherhood now boasts many a noble name. The good Emperor, Joseph the Second, improved the road which forms, over those mountain tops, the connecting link between Switzerland and Tyrol. The good work was perfected; and Henry Windelkind went to his last rest, conscious that his human agency had, with a blessing from above, been the means of saving fifty lives.

We were now six thousand and two hundred feet above the sea; where no summer is; where the snow lies twenty feet thick on the earth, and generally remains all the year on the ground. We had ascended the steepest side of the Arlberg; and now, leaving the genial aspect of the hospice behind us, prepared to descend. We passed soon into the wild and exquisitely lovely valley of Reosanna, and hailed, with rapturous exclamations, the opening of that earthly paradise, the Ober-Innthal.

I know not another thing in Tyrol more striking than the approach to Landeck. The river Inn flows close to the road, and here the Tyroleans industriously cultivate the fields in that delicious valley; and the climate is balmy, and there is but one defect—the national costume is not present. Is it because in the valleys man loses his individuality? He loses his con-

sciousness of *caste*, which the mountaineers of the Tyrol have in so great a degree? In the Ober-Innthal the men are shorter, of a different race and calibre to the sturdy and noble beings who dwell in the Ziller-Thal and the passes north of Innspruck.

But to return to Landeck. Here war has made its ravages, and here it may again deluge those pleasant fields, and tinge those blue waters with blood. Man to man, here fought the Bavarians with the Tyroleans once; what standard may we not hear of next, planted on the ancient castle of Landeck, as it frowns over the dependent town beneath it? Shall Schrofenstein, its rival, on the opposite bank of the Inn, show the colours of a contending host? Shall that tranquil valley, so varied by the sight of shattered forts, and of decaying monastic buildings, become the territory of France? Shall the tricolour be seen on those heights telling the tale of conquest and desolation? I think not. The Tyroleans will, I believe, be true to their sovereign to a man. They have borne grievous oppression; they have met with ingratitude for long and past services; they writhe under the priestly yoke which, of late, for political reasons, has forbidden dancing and meetings of all sorts, lest men should not only congregate but talk. They have groaned under the tax-gatherer's grasp; yet their hearts are loyal. The present emperor has mistaken their character. His government has nearly driven them into disaffection; but, when he is assailed, they will, no doubt, find them true, even though there are those amongst them who would gladly throw the country under the mild and beneficent sway of the Bavarian monarch.

We recrossed the Inn, and, on the following day, after a journey of some hours of surpassing beauty, found ourselves in the Lamb Inn at Imst. This humble inn contained in truth a friend, and was chosen by us for that reason as a resting-place. It stands by the roadside looking towards the Oetthal, that valley of ice and rocky crags, the scenery of which we knew only from the rough German pictures in the 'Lamb,' by which it seemed as if it was worth men's lives to pene-

trate far into that pass, which terminates in glaciers.

Our host of the 'Lamb' came out to receive us with the courtesy of a nobleman. He was a tall man, about forty, the father of our honest driver, with the deportment of what he was—a true gentleman at heart. The innkeeper of the Tyrol is generally a farmer or a butcher; our host was the former. His wife, a gentle little woman from the Bavarian Tyrol, welcomed us almost affectionately. Some years previously two of our friends, ladies, had been thrown upon the kindness of these good people. Their carriage had broken down; their money happened to be exhausted, not from poverty but from miscalculation. It was impossible to get on to the place of their destination and at the same time to pay mine host of the 'Lamb' his bill. With that noble confidence in human honour which the honourable alone feel, he not only insisted upon their leaving his bill unpaid, but sent them to the next post in his own carriage, trusting the repayment of that also to their honesty. Nor was it only this trust; but the delicacy and consideration which was manifested to these perfect strangers, who had no luggage with them, as it happened, nor any means of verifying their statement.

We were not tempted to explore the Oetsthal, but hastened on the next day to Innsbruck. Never was a city placed in a more exquisite region than the capital of the Tyrol. We approached it beneath the grand and famed Martinswands, to which so much of legendary interest is attached. Our *voiturier*, an aged man whom we took at Imst, raised his hat as we passed the crucifix high above the road, which has been placed there to commemorate the almost miraculous escape of the Emperor Maximilian from destruction. And now we entered the Lower Innthal.

It was a hot summer's morning; the valley was glittering with the winding and rapid river irrigating it in many a turn. This on our right; to the left the great rock, that barrier of the Lower Inn that hung over us in crags that were interspersed here and there with light feathery foliage; with an effort we saw where the Mar-

tinswands, grey and stern, was contrasted with the blue sky. As we drove on, Innsbruck, with its wooden bridge whence it derives its name, appeared as if under the very shadow of the lofty mountains which close in the valley at either end. The situation has but one defect; it is unhealthy. Bitterly cold in winter, owing to the searching winds that drive up the valley, and seem to penetrate into one's very bones, it is subject in summer to the sirocco: the gusts and tempests are fearful. 'I ascribe to Innsbruck,' said a bereaved mother to me, 'not my daughter's death, for she must have died, but much of her suffering during the last months of her life.' This remark referred to the young wife of an Austrian officer stationed at Innsbruck; she had died of consumption. It is, however, fatal to any affection of the lungs to remain during the winter in any part of the Tyrol; the very beauty of Innsbruck is its defect. Although the mountains are several miles distant, the valleys and ravines among them generate the bitter blasts which 'rack the bones.' One trembles to think of the time when wolves lurked in these mountains, wistfully turning their savage glances towards this city of the valley. She stands there in her prison as it were, encased in that range of summits which, as one gazes, seem infinite, one above the other, the tops lost in the blue firmament.

But we have gained the town. The carriage is rattling over the long bridge; lounging young officers, the Kaiser Jäger Regiment, in grey uniforms turned back with blue, are hastening to the *table d'hôte*, at the Golden Sun, the second-best inn, where we also drew up, too hungry to cast a more than passing look of admiration at the clean, quiet, and old-fashioned street in which our inn was situated.

After a capital dinner we drove in the evening to Schloss Ambras, where a beautiful Archduchess of Austria, the daughter of a simple burgher of Augsburg, was long resident. Such unequal marriages are not uncommon in Germany, although there is no country that attaches such absurd importance to family as that nation. Even the Scotch do not come near

them in this respect; witness the tomb upon a daughter of the house of Besserer at Ulm, in Bavaria. In the inscription, after stating her many virtues—faith, charity, and the like—it is said, but to complete the whole, she was a 'Besserer-geborn' (a Besserer by birth), as if that were the acme of every virtue. Nothing is so dreadful as a *mésalliance* in Germany, even rank is sullied if not forfeited by it. The present Prince Wallenstein having married a gardener's daughter, the due representative of the family is his younger brother.

The Archduchess of the Schloss-Ambras, was, however, for many years the happy wife of the Archduke Ferdinand, and a later prince of that same house, Don John, espoused an innkeeper's daughter.

We took the higher road to Schloss-Ambras by the fall of the river Sill, and had a close survey of this old feudal castle with its tilting-ground, now used for a place of exercise for the invalids; for the place is converted into a military hospital. As we returned we stopped to take coffee at a pleasure-garden, with a sort of casino in it, on the outside of Innsbruck; officers, ladies, burghers, and strangers were walking about in an amusing medley, and the green walks, the flowers, and the gay costumes, formed a striking contrast to the solemn mountain scenery around.

Of course we pushed off on the following day to see the famous tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I. in the Hof-Kirche. No one, be it observed, looks at the church, which as a structure is unworthy of this, one of the finest monuments in Europe. It is most remarkable, as affording a sort of biography of the hero, whose bones, nevertheless, repose elsewhere. First there are his kinsfolk, the most eminent male and female personages of the House of Austria. They stand, colossal in size, in the aisles on either side of the sarcophagus whereon the Emperor, kneeling, with his face to the altar, is depicted. I confess I was startled as I entered the church; the day was rainy, a deep shadow behind these bronze figures threw them forward. They are exquisitely grand and fine, and the idea of thus surrounding the dead hero, not with mere

entablatures and inscriptions, but with the very life-like statues of those whom he honoured in life, and who are now supposed to honour his tomb, is very original. I was glad, too, to see the ladies introduced for once in juxtaposition with the great potentates, and the notable heroes of the past; and my nationality, to make use of a fashionable word, was gratified by observing King Arthur of England amongst Charles the Bold, Clovis, king of France, Ferdinand the Catholic, and other famous monarchs. The costumes of all these sovereigns, and their curious and perfectly wrought armour would have furnished a fitting subject for Sir Samuel Meyrick's ingenious disquisitions. These figures are said to have been cast by Tyrolese artists, although statements differ as to the name. The great talent, which the Tyrolese even among the peasantry show for modelling, by their wonderful carving, proves how akin they are, in many of their natural capacities, to the Italians, although of an infinitely nobler grade in the scale of humanity as far as the *morale* is concerned.

But even greater than the figures, grand as they are, is the wonder excited by the bas-reliefs round the tomb. Carved in Carrara marble (with the exception of four of them), by Collin of Mechlin, they form a complete chronicle of the life of him whose career was so prosperous and so remarkable. Throughout, the portraiture of Maximilian is preserved. His public and private history, his marriages, his interviews with other sovereigns, his battles, his sieges, are not only given with the nicest finish, but preserve in the most exquisite manner the various characteristics of the nations whose notabilities flourished at the period. Maximilian's marriage with Mary of Burgundy is peculiarly interesting; and again the importance of small England in the sixteenth century is manifested by the appearance of Henry VIII. on the scene, leading on the men-at-arms at the battle of Guine-gatte, and at the siege of Terouenne, where Maximilian served as a private in the army of the English king, a courteous piece of chivalric attention; a handsome tribute to the Tudor monarch amid all

those effigies ; those Ferdinandas, and Philips, and Clovisses.

Wenext turned to the Silver Chapel, so called from the image of the Virgin Mary, and an altar, both in silver. And this chapel has an interest independent of its wonderful workmanship and splendour. It is the tribute of affection from the great to the small. Here rests the remains of the heroine of Schloss-Ambraa, of that same beautiful and virtuous Archduchess, Philippina, who was the daughter of a citizen of Antwerp, named Welsler. Long had the proud Emperor Ferdinand, her father-in-law, refused to acknowledge her, until at length she obtained an interview, and her distress and her beauty won the day. Still it was what is termed a morganatic marriage, her sons were created Margraves ; they had not from their birth the rank that some grandiloquent writer I have met with compared to the origin of the Phoenix, rising from the ashes of his sire. The whole of the two monuments in the Silver Chapel are beautifully conceived and executed by Collin : that of the Archduke commemorates in inimitable bas-reliefs the scenes of war and state in which he played a part ; his action against the Turks ; his being appointed Governor of Bohemia, for example. But the altar tomb of the once lowly Philippina, on which reclines her figure sculptured in black marble, is encased in bas-reliefs representing her acts of charity, whilst the city in which these good deeds were performed, Innspruck, forms the background. Between these tombs stands beautifully-executed figures, in bronze, of saints, so called, chiefly of the House of Hapsburg ; but amongst them the Englishman again appears, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, though no saint, was a crusader, which in those days was next to it, and St. Jodok—a worthy with whom the humble chronicler of these objects of interest must needs confess he is not acquainted.

We quitted the silver chapel to stand around the tomb of Hofer, near the entrance of the church. In England the history of Hofer may be well nigh forgotten, but it has an undying hold over the memory of the Tyrolean.

Nor can we wonder : from infancy the

Tyrolean is trained to a sort of warfare, and initiated in the use of the rifle. He is one of the few soldiers with whom the necessity of drilling can be dispensed ; with their heavy awkward-looking rifles, they can master a host, dispute a pass, lord it over the boasted armaments of France and Sardinia. The spirit of Hofer lives among them still ; it breathes in every Tyrolean : for he was a man sprung from the people ; he was nature's aristocrat. Born in the valley of Passeyer, between Meran and Sterzing, he exercised what we, in England, may deem the humble calling of an innkeeper in a country village. But it is a very different calling in Germany, in every part of which one finds the hotel-keepers generally intelligent, almost always kind and friendly even in matters in which they have not interested motives to sway them, and punctiliously honest. Witness what once occurred in Bonn on the Rhine, when an English lady there, losing several pounds which were supposed to have been taken from her purse by the waiter, the master of the hotel insisted on repaying her for her loss. And in Tyrol, as I have before remarked, the innkeepers are generally the only men of substance in the place. They are under the incessant surveillance of the police, and must be men of character.

Hofer indeed exercised his calling in the remote village of St. Martin, where he dwelt in a house, almost washed by one of the most turbulent rivers in Tyrol—the dashing, foaming Passeyer. His inn stood on the beach, and hence, as Germans couple nouns and nouns strangely together, he was called the Sand-Wirth ; just as one friend at Imst was called the Lamm-Wirth. That simple dwelling has been gratefully preserved from the fury of the stream near which it stands, by the Austrian Government, which made a sort of small break-water near it ; and did it somewhat sooner than the Shaksperian Club would have done in regard to Stratford, so as to save from destruction the home of their hero. We recalled his gallant exploits as we stood near his tomb, erected thirteen years after his death, which happened in 1810, a wonderfully short time for national

gratitude to take to express itself. All that commemorates the hero and his brave companions, is done by his countrymen. The tomb is of Tyrolean marble; the sculptor is Schuller. There stands Hofer in his national dress, no togas, nor drapery of any sort, but the defender of the country carries his beloved rifle over his shoulders with one hand, in the other is an unfolded banner. One word more about Hofer: it was his piety, his character for honour, and a natural gift of eloquence, that caused his countrymen to invest him with the command, and the Government to constitute him the military governor of Tyrol. Like most of the Tyroleans he was incorruptibly honest; during the period of his command he asked and received only twenty shillings a day for expenses. His death reflects the greatest disgrace on the French; and it may be, it *will* be, if ever the forces of that empire penetrate into Tyrol, avenged by hearts still burning with resentment. They hunted him into one of those chalets on the mountains in which the Tyrolean shepherds live during the summer, but was betrayed, I write unwillingly the truth, by a Tyrolean. One thousand Frenchmen were deemed necessary to catch one noble Tyrolean. He was captured of course; his great spirit was not permitted long to chafe itself in his prison, far from his native hills and streams, his beloved Passeyer, his cheerful inn, his family, his country. Did he dream of the cross on the Alp, where he had oftentimes knelt down and prayed? Did he fancy that he heard the rushing of the Passeyer as it dashed, carrying with it in its frantic course the pebbly beach on which the home of the poor Sandwirth was seated? At all events, he had one hope, one stay; and he knew that save for some high inscrutable purpose, his days would not have been ended in a prison at Mantua. He was shot in that city, wherein he was kept some time in irons, and then killed by the command of him, who, in his own time, was justly styled a cruel usurper, but whom we now call the 'Great Napoleon.' The smaller specimen of that dynasty whom we judge, perhaps more truly, would possibly have not condemned to death so noble

a warrior. His faults, great as they are, do not appear to have dyed his character with the deep hue of sanguinary cruelty that has tinged the memory of his uncle.

Hofer's grave commemorates himself alone. Near it is a monument to his valiant companions in arms, who fell in defence of their country.

We looked with an interest on the old Palace of Burg, feeling more sympathy with Hofer, the Sandwirth, who here lived during his governorship of Tyrol, than with Charles v. in his fit of the gout, when nearly taken by Maurice of Saxony in his bed. Hofer, often accused of roughness of manners, a fault not common with Tyroleans, here kept his court, received his officers. Ennobled by his courage, above all by that piety which is the only safeguard against worldliness, Hofer rose truly great on this occasion. He remained simple and modest, the soldier merely; or, perchance, the Sandwirth, with the graceful hospitality displayed by his class in Tyrol, who receive their customers as if they were entertaining a guest. A pardonable superstition clung to the warrior. Among the relics preserved of Hofer in the Picture Gallery of the Museum at Innspruck, is a small tin amulet which was fastened in his hat. He wore it at the time of his death; on it were painted the head of the Virgin and of St. Andrew. Around his neck was a medal with the head of St. Michael. The last letter he ever penned is also to be seen in the Museum, which, as being filled with native productions, has an interest for those who love to believe in the honour, nobleness, and piety of the Tyroleans.

How long these virtues may flourish amongst them; how long English travellers may abstain from corrupting them; or French hosts may be held back from again invading their fastnesses, none can know. There is one great drawback to the former source of corruption. There is scarcely a good inn in Tyrol, except, and the exception is very faintly recorded, those in the capital, Innspruck. Even these are liable to the strong expression I once heard used by an English lady, when speaking of a room without carpets, 'hardships.' If, indeed,

carpets are now to be found in Innsbruck, it is a grand and promising innovation. Then the Tyroleans, pure in heart, are not a clean people. Their habits are rough, their cookery, though in my opinion far more *appetisant* than that of the common inns in Prussia, or Bavaria, is highly national. At Innsbruck there are French cooks, *perhaps*, and some French dishes; but, in travelling, a vast share of enthusiasm must needs keep down a great deal of discontent. Nevertheless, give me their sweet Tyrolean wine, in Magnums; give me their venison, or their trout; give me their bliz-cooken, a delicious kind of cake or pudding (of which I carried off the receipt); give me the delicious *sna-rame*, a frothy cream, with my wild strawberries; give me, now and then, a *spiel hahn*, a sort of moor game, both black and white flesh; give me the keen hunger after the mountain air, and throw in, if you please, a dish of knoodles, small puffs of milk and eggs conjoined, I know not how, and I will wait for my French cookery until the hosts of his Majesty Napoleon the Third shall introduce it by force of arms into Tyrol.

But I must bring my recollections to a pause. Our omnibus is at the door. Lina, our Bavarian maid, is standing in her silver head-dress, and in humble accents, announces to her 'most honoured lady,' that the 'waagen' is ready. Our horses have a rose in their head bands. It is a fête-day at Schwaz—the fête of Cor-

pus Christi. All Innsbruck is deserted, for Schwaz is one of the most pious, not to say bigoted, of places. See it we must, yet we linger at Innsbruck. The University, the Museum, the Capuchin Church, have been ill explored, and hastily glanced at. As to the former, we rejoice to think that that which was, till 1826, a Jesuit College, is now free to all students, entirely gratuitous, a lesson for us; and that exhibitions are liberally given to the industrious.

In the church, we saw, it is true, the cell wherein Maximilian II. used to spend a fortnight of every year in penitence and solitude; otherwise it did not greatly interest us. But the new street is full of strange sights; the fine Austrian cavalry in their spotless white uniforms are riding down it; there are numberless quaint figures about—women in tall green hats, with boddices so rich in satin sleeves, so bedecked with several gold and silver coins, so gay and varied in colour, that one pardons the masculine hat for the sake of the gorgeous costume below. We have provided ourselves with carvings of Hofer in every possible article: he figures on a paper-knife, or he reposes on an inkstand, or he stands at full-length on a pedestal as he should do. We are going to see the very heart of those scenes in which the best hearts' blood of his country was shed. We have two hours' drive close by the slow-flowing Inn ere we reach Schwaz. Adieu, therefore, to Innsbruck.

MY FIRST SITUATION:

BEING THE FUGITIVE REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED GOVERNESS.

'You cannot have money and comfort both. This I lay down as a principle to begin with,' said my aunt, emphasizing her speech by tapping first one and then the other of two letters which lay on the table between us. My eye fell from the kindly countenance of the speaker, to those two folded bits of paper; and rapid visions of the future to which they might lead me passed across my mind, while through the open cottage window the pleasant voices of summer-time in the country echoed to my meditations.

How well I remember the scene! It was one familiar to my whole life; for this dear aunt, this more than mother, had received us, my sister and myself, as mere babies, thrown orphaned and penniless upon her care. How many straits she underwent, and how much ingenuity she displayed to bring us up, and maintain the three upon an income which she had found but modestly adequate for one, we never knew for years. The neighbourhood was cheap; a mere village, but accessible through the aid of a carrier's cart to the large manufacturing town of Latham, where, as we grew into girls on the borders of womanhood, we went twice a week, in the aforesaid humble vehicle, to receive such lessons as my aunt's own resources, and those of 'our village' could not procure us. My aunt's mental 'resources,' I mean; for upon these we depended for nearly all the education we received. 'I am a plain woman,' she would say; 'all that my schooling amounted to was, in truth, little enough; but if I can help you to do thoroughly what you do at all, and to plant your foot firmly where you mean to stand, I have not much fear but that you may make your living—you, Phœbe, the most easily, but Rose, perhaps, the best in the end.' This preference yielded to my beloved Rose, was no mortification to me, though the elder sister of the two. Rose was my idol, my pride; and, next to the reverence and love I paid my aunt, the affection I bore my sister had been always the sun and centre of

my life. 'Yes, I should think so indeed, dear aunt; Rose can sing like a nightingale, and draw better than our drawing-master; and her very step, and voice, and laugh are all like music. Of course her pupils will try to imitate Rose, and she will teach them without knowing it. While I must be content to drive tuition of all sorts into mine by main force, as you have driven it into me.'

'No need to disparage yourself, Phœbe, darling. If you keep that cheerful spirit of yours, it will be worth a dozen accomplishments to you and to your pupils too, depend on that,' my aunt would kindly put in.

I was in my eighteenth year, and the subject of our present morning's discussion had been of late frequently canvassed between us. Rose, we did not generally admit to these conferences. She was a year my junior. It was not time for Rose to take wing as yet. How thankfully we repeated this fact to each other. What seemed perfectly natural, almost delightful to me, with strong health, and an active, busy spirit, was far otherwise in our eyes, and, alas! in those of Rose herself, when she was in question. Rose knew the necessity. She never dreamt of rebelling; but she shrank and shuddered at the prospect of going among strangers, and the bare topic of my departure threw so sad a gloom over her lovely face, that by tacit consent, my aunt and I held our debates upon it when she was by chance away. And so it happened on the morning in question. Rose was gone to the house of our only intimate friends in Bierley. She was helping Mrs. Hayes, the curate's wife, with a great batch of preserving, and in her absence two important letters had arrived. They were from relatives of my aunt's; strangers to us, but kindly interested in the task she had undertaken, and kindly endeavouring to promote her present object in seeking a suitable engagement for me.

'As Phœbe is so young,' thus ran one of the letters, 'she must not expect a large salary at present. Yet, I

own, the £20 per annum offered by Mr. Grant is a very small pittance even for a beginner. You must, on the other hand, take it into the account, that in this family Phœbe would be quite as one of themselves; she would be most kindly treated, of that I am confident; and if Mrs. Grant could not teach her anything very valuable, she would be quite safe, I am sure, from learning anything objectionable with her.'

My aunt smiled at me with a fond pride as she concluded the letter thus. I understood the confidence and affection which that smile expressed, and laid it by in my heart as a treasure to be stored there.

'Well, and Mrs. Clevedon, auntie, what do you think of her?'

'Read again, Phœbe.'

I obeyed, as follows.

'Mrs. Clevedon, between you and me, is decidedly a fine lady. Not ill disposed, or unprincipled, by any means, but the "claims of society," which she loves to descant upon, leave but small time or attention for her family, who are, therefore, growing up as children with only a nominal care from their mother are sure to grow up. Plenty of work, and not a little trouble, would await your niece, I should conjecture, in Cambridge Square; but as the Clevedons are willing to try her, and to pay her £40 per annum in spite of her youth and inexperience, she may think it worth considering before she rejects the situation, which I am officially commissioned to offer her.'

It was at this point that my aunt uttered sententiously, 'You cannot have money and comfort both;' and her words called up to my anxious speculations an imaginary picture of the two families, whose descriptions we had just read. Somehow the 'comfort' my aunt spoke of would not fit at all into my notion of Mrs. Grant's household. It rose before me in all the disorderly license of good-natured easiness and indolent misrule. Not that I knew Mrs. Grant. I had never heard of her before, yet from some instinctive prompting, I turned distastefully from a home with her. As for Mrs. Clevedon, there was no promise here to allure; even the £40 a year. I could not, in these

days, hope to be 'passing rich' on that; but in the words of Bassanio, I felt perhaps attracted by the very absence of all outside charm, and said to myself—

'But thou,

Which rather threatenest than dost: promise aught.

. . . . Here chose I.'

Not that I flourished off any quotation of the sort to my aunt. She it was who interrupted the silence, giving me a piece of advice, very frequent with her: 'I would think it well over, and wait till to-morrow before we decide anything, Phœbe;' advice in which I readily acquiesced; but I kept to my first resolution notwithstanding, and to Mrs. Clevedon, and it was settled I was to go there at the end of the present month. We were half way through it now; a sultry July: and the first of August was to see me in Cambridge Square. My poor Rose shed more tears in one day than my aunt and I in the whole term of preparation. Her merry face was quite changed, and if anything upset my own fortitude, it was the sight of this. Excitement such as I had never felt before in our even and tranquil way of life, effectually kept me up for the most part. Besides, there was no small amount of real hard work to be done, in order to fit out a sufficient wardrobe upon the smallest possible means. Dear aunt! How she planned, and sewed, and denied herself, to spend on me! Dear aunt! the moss, and grass, and my rose-tree, wave and blossom on your quiet grave this many a year, but your kind face, your loving counsels, are as fresh and vivid to me now, as on the day when you bade me that tenderest of farewells, and launched me forth into the world, my own part in whose labours I was to fulfil henceforth. Ten miles in Farmer Wise's spring-cart took us to meet a stage-coach; there was no railway thereabouts in those days. We ordered a substantial luncheon at the inn where the coach would stop to change horses, but we only made a pretence of eating it, when it came. Rose always had her handkerchief in her hand; my aunt's smile was but a moonlight one, compared with the usual sunshine of her looks; and as for me, I

now began first to realize the fact, that after another hour, I should see their dear faces no more for many and many a day. A strange choking misery seemed catching at my breath; everything looked unreal, and I felt as if I was in a dream. In twelve months I was to have a two-weeks' holiday. This bargain had been made, not without difficulty, in our correspondence with Mrs. Clevedon; and the coming year, on whose first day I should not enter till the morrow, looked a black gulf to me now. However, I resolutely kept my thoughts as much as I could from dwelling on that intervening gloom, and talked away about their meeting me that day twelvemonth, or the next, without very well knowing what I said. It did as well, I daresay, as any more connected talk just then. A loud note upon the horn soon announced the coach, and with a tremendous dash and bustle, it thundered up. Rose rushed away from the window to hide her swollen features; my dear aunt stepped out, looking very pale, and spoke to the guard to see after me. His face, rosy and cheery, beamed upon me, half comic, half sympathetic. He took me, I think, for a girl going to school.

'Yea, ma'am. I'll see to the young lady, ma'am. All right,' and he whirled me into my place inside, scarcely allowing me time to receive a last kiss, and a last whispered blessing from my aunt, or to wave my hand once more to poor little Rose, peeping furtively from behind the curtain at the window of the inn parlour. The coachman sprang into his seat, the whip cracked, and with a great bound off went the 'four-in-hand,' wrapping, in an instant, those beloved faces from my sight. I drew in my head, with a sigh, which was so nearly a sob, that my only fellow-passenger, an elaborately dressed lady, looked up for an instant from the book she was reading, with a glance of cold astonishment, which quickly sent me into myself again. I shrank into my corner, pulling my veil over my tell-tale face, and felt I had begun my woman's life. Mrs. Stewart, the relative of my aunt, who had procured me the situation of governess at Mrs. Clevedon's, followed up her kind

offices in this respect, by a cordial invitation to me to stay a few days with her before entering on my new duties. She lived in London, and promised to invite me to her house when I could get away for an occasional holiday; and as she had children, both sons and daughters, who were about my own age, my aunt had thankfully accepted this last proposal. The 'few days, however, I could not endure to spare from my last at home; but I was to sleep at Mrs. Stewart's that night, and Mrs. Clevedon had undertaken to send her carriage there for me the following day. So to Mrs. Stewart's house in New Ormond Street, my driver was directed to take me by the friendly guard, whom I lost sight of with a new pang, remembering how it was my aunt who had consigned me to his care. Weary and confused, I saw, but had not spirit to be interested, or even surprised at the new and strange spectacle offered to my country eyes in the vast and busy maze of human life, bubbling and boiling, as it were, on every side. Neither is that first glimpse of the family of strangers amongst whom I presently found myself safely deposited, more distinctly impressed on my mind. I have a vague sense of wondering they should be so cheerful; so naturally and easily occupied with the everyday trifles of the hour; a dim recollection, too, clings to me of feeling dreadfully afraid of betraying my own pretty sharp spasms of homesickness; and of forcing myself to listen and talk till the effort sent me to my room in the paroxysm of the first real headache I had ever suffered from in my life. A night's rest, sound in spite of every care, did not fail, however, wonderfully to revive my courage. 'After all,' I reflected, as my thoughts returned from that first upward service which they had been trained from earliest consciousness to pay before all other claims—'after all, I am very lucky. A situation and a tolerable salary both secured; besides, it must surely depend on myself very much how the rough side of things is smoothed; for, of course, I suppose, a rough side there will be.' It was very well I did not anticipate otherwise; for the whole of that day was one long strain upon my nerves, one

long heavy tax laid upon my hopes, such as they were. About noon, Mrs. Clevedon had written that she would send for me; but noon came and went, and still with a sickening heart I waited on, at first with an embarrassed fear that I should tire out the patience of my hostess and her daughters; who were, however, in a light-hearted careless kind of way, very attentive and considerate indeed. The sons were off to business directly breakfast was over; and as the day wore on, I persuaded Mrs. Stewart and her daughters to leave me for the daily walk of which some quiet hint had dropped. Alone in that somewhat dingy, to my eyes as they saw things then, that *very* dingy drawing-room, with its view upon that yet more dull and dingy street, though my mind was freer, and the relief from constraint most sensibly felt, yet I confess life began to assume a thousand deepening shadows, such as had never belonged to my pictures of its scenes before. Scarcely a carriage entered the street all morning; and of those which did appear not one could for a moment beguile me into the hope that the wretchedness of suspense was over. They were all shabby hirelings, and I was led to expect that everything belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Clevedon would be stylish, if not splendid. The August sun blazed down upon roof and wall and pavement, driving all pedestrians into the narrow slip of shade which bordered the south side of the way. Without a cloud to mitigate its heat, the tide of sunshine ebbed behind the chimneys, and at last began to sink beneath this to me so new horizon line, yet still all was silent, except the great general hum, of which during these hours of anxious watching, I had grown painfully and oppressively conscious. The visions of home, which I had fought against all day, came back with an irresistible rush upon me now. Our cottage parlour, where the sweet sunshine came, in tempered brightness, through the western window, and where at this hour the urn was hissing on the table, the tea was duly set, and my aunt and Rose were sitting, thinking not of the sunset, or the roses which looked at them through the open casement, or the mignonette which wafted incense

from without, thinking and talking of me, and only me. A convulsive catch in my breath scarcely forced down the rising tears, before Mrs. Stewart and the two young ladies re-appeared, full of commiseration and wonder, and speculations which made matters ten times worse. Mentally wishing myself anywhere but there, I found myself unpacking my box to prepare for dinner, and then seated, an unexpected guest, to bring my wandering mind back, as best I might, to the polite small talk of the now re-assembled group. The longest lane, however, truly has its turning, and before we had left the dinner-table, a carriage rattled to the door, which shook again beneath the thundering knock, announcing, 'Mrs. Clevedon's carriage for Miss Hayworth.' Five minutes more, and my adieus were made, and I myself alone in a handsome close carriage, was wheeling away through streets and squares, and streets again. Now all was brick and mortar, then trees, and a semblance of country greenness, beaming on me through the gas-lighted air, then streets once more, dingy, interminable as I thought; while I glanced with renewed tremors at the name of every square, wishing, fearing, and seeing Cambridge Square on every one, to find out my mistake again and again, till at last, suddenly, in no square at all, as it seemed to me, we stopped. The knocker rang a peal of thunder again; the door flew open as the liveried lacquey handed me out. I hurried up the steps into a little decorated hall; the man 'out of livery,' who preceded me, led me on right across it, through a door on the other side, which admitted us into a lobby, at one side of which another open door showed a lofty, bare-walled apartment, with dark crimson curtains, much deepened in their hue by time and smoke. They were drawn over a wide window; a pair of candles, with long unsnuffed wicks, stood upon a heavy square table, with a black leather top, in the centre of the room; a few chairs were ranged formally round the walls, a few books lay upon an old-fashioned chiffonier; other furniture there was none. The magnificent servant held the door, showing me I was to enter; he closed it behind me, and I was left

alone to my reflections. How long I waited I would not venture to guess, but whatever number of minutes might have elapsed, they seemed to me as long as the whole sum of minutes in all that weary day of waiting. At last there was a sound—a foot approached; a hand was on the handle of the door, and my eagerness almost overcoming all timidity or shyness, I turned to catch a first glimpse of the lady who was now so important a person in my little sphere. But as the door opened, only a young girl appeared; a fashionably-attired child of thirteen years or so, whose flounces and ribbons, however, made her look older than she really was, an effect increased by the entire self-possession of her air and mien. Without the slightest embarrassment she accosted me.

'Mamma has friends to-night, Miss Hayworth,' she said, after asking me with a little show of polite condescension how I was, and whether my journey had been pleasant, &c. 'You will either remain here in the school-room, or join us, as you prefer.' This then was 'the school-room,' and this beflounced and fashionable young lady was Miss Clevedon, my oldest pupil! I felt an unformed country girl indeed beside *her*, my five years' junior! How coolly she eyed my face, my figure! How composedly criticised my dress, glancing complacently from its homely simplicity to her own Parisian modes! She did not stay with me many minutes, but ringing, consigned me to the care of a maid, who took me up to the top of the highest house I had ever climbed, and showed me into a room which she signified to be mine. I saw, with no small chagrin, that I was not to occupy it alone. It contained two beds, and upon the larger lay the smart morning dress, evidently recently thrown off by Miss Clevedon. Bussing herself with putting away the young lady's leavings, the servant, who it seemed was nurse, began to talk, not with offensive familiarity exactly, but still with a garrulity I had not been accustomed to in her class.

'It's high time the children were kept steady like, Miss Hayworth, and so I tell Mrs. Clevedon, for I always speak my mind; and the last governess was no match for them at all.

They are not bad children in the main, by any means, ma'am; but they are that boisterous and rummaging in their ways, that they're fit to tear the very clothes off one's back sometimes.'

'Indeed,' observed I, for she paused, I thought, for some answer on my part. 'Yet Miss Clevedon seems to me quite a *young lady* in her manners already.'

'She's dressed, for company, you see, Miss Hayworth,' returned the nurse, with a sagacious nod, as she left the room, after civilly offering to assist me with my boxes, which I found had already preceded me upstairs. I did not accept her offer. To be left to myself seemed the very best thing any one could give me just then; and as soon as this boon was secured, and I had ventured to draw the bolt against any hasty intruder, I began next to feel that a good cry was the second best thing that I could have. Down upon my knees with my head in the pillow, the tears were fast gaining their way, when somehow my better self seemed to speak sternly out to my weaker self, and say, 'You wished to come here, and you are here. What are you crying about?' 'To be so coldly received, forgotten all day, and no word of excuse; and then to come into their house like this!' cried my weaker self vehemently with a new outburst. 'You are quite ignorant of people's ways, and you are home-sick besides,' re-urged my good genius firmly. 'Keep quiet; dress yourself and go down among the visitors, lest you give them a bad impression of you. *That* is your concern, and all you ought to fret about. If *you* are right, anything *they* can do does not signify a bit.' After this inner debate I still knelt with hidden face, but I was not any longer crying. A higher voice than my good genius, as I have called it, was making itself heard in my heart; and when I rose, it was with the strengthening conviction that the One who alone could really help me, was as near to me here as in my dearly loved and loving home. Blessed with good health, a blessing whose inestimable value I can never too much and too thankfully acknowledge, my natural cheerfulness did not long *altogether desert me*.

Of my introduction to the Clevedon

family in the midst of their guests that evening, I have not much to say. When I had made the most suitable toilette I could muster, I timidly crept down stairs, and encountering the same imposing servitor who had admitted me on my arrival, he comprehended at a glance that I destined my silk dress for drawing-room, and not school-room inspection, and ushered me, with a loud announcement of my name, into a many mirrored dazzlingly lighted suite of rooms. A tall and rather handsome lady advanced to meet me, and addressed me with graciousness, a little condescending, but still kindly enough to help me to go through the further ceremony of presentation to Mr. Clevedon and my pupils with tolerable equanimity. Mr. Clevedon was, like his wife, rather prepossessing in appearance; and beyond this fact, during all my residence under his roof, I never penetrated further. He was impressive in silence; majestic, so to say, in speechless dignity. How much or how little mind lay hid beneath I cannot pretend to conjecture. My introduction over, I devoted myself to cultivate the acquaintance of the three boys, ages five, seven, and nine, who with their sister made up the family, and formed my class of pupils. They received my attentions not unwillingly, and the youngest, a pretty fair-haired child, presently mounted, unsolicited, upon my knee; and as I always liked little children, I began to feel at home and happy with them; but this was soon ended by a private summons from the nurse, which, after some demur, they decided to obey. Left alone, for Miss Clevedon was too busy with the gay ladies round her to find time for me, I experienced for the first time the solitude of a crowd. The indistinct hum of well-bred conversation sang dreamily in my ears, no one spoke to or looked at me, and the one or two timid experiments I made in addressing myself to those who sat nearest, were so received as to convince me that I might look and listen, but had better do no more. Realizing my own insignificance without a pang, and comfortably assured that no one heeded me in the least, I was able at last to derive some amusement from the entire novelty of the scene. The scraps of

conversation, however, which reached me, if such they could be called, surprised me more than anything; so ineffably poor and purposeless, or vain and censorious they seemed! I took myself up at the last reflection, however, as falling into the very fault I was criticising; and finding it very hard not either to condemn or to drop off fast asleep, for I was worn out with two days' intense excitement, I was rejoiced when Miss Clevedon intimated in a whisper that she was going to retire, an intimation which I understood as including my own dismissal. Thankfully I saw her lay her head on the pillow, and yet more thankfully had speedy evidence in her deep and regular breathing that she was fast asleep. Extinguishing the candle, I sat up in my bed and thought, till, weary of thinking, sleep came to my rescue; and I awoke to feel myself fairly launched into the life of a governess at last. The window showed a narrow strip of blue and sun-illuminated sky; a few sparrows twittered as they hopped over a vast expanse of roofs. My pupil still slept profoundly, and so, as far as my sense of sight or hearing gathered, did the great city round us. Nothing but those sparrows and myself seemed stirring, yet it was almost seven o'clock. I thought how many hours the sun had been abroad, and as I hastened my toilette that I might be dressed before Miss Clevedon woke, I recalled the sweet sounds of early life as I had always known them in my country home; the lowing of cattle, the first song of the birds, and the voice of labourers as they went forth to their work, in the midst of Nature's freshest beauty. These were dangerous memories for me just then, as I recognised when my dimmed eyes reminded me in what I was indulging. But when I turned to my present abode, the remembrances of the previous day helped little to cheer me.

And here I cannot help pausing to observe how strangely parents overlook their own interests when they fail to apply the Christian rule of right to their treatment of their children's teachers. Let not the observation be condemned as irrelevant in this place, nor the writer be set down as a captious and over-sensitive critic,

who views trifling omissions with morbid self-commiseration, and would exact such rigid payment of her own small claims as is quite incompatible with the demands of a wider sphere upon the attentions of her employers. I write after the lapse of many years, and with the sedate judgment of one who has the comforting assurance that, humble as might be her field of battle, she has, in some good sense, come off a conqueror, and now rests in peace from her labours. For the benefit of others, both employers and employed equally, I would say, 'Remember the mighty force of first impressions, and be careful that you give such as you would wish your governess to receive and to retain.' Leaving duty, and kindness, and Christianity, which comprises every duty, quite aside, and addressing only the *policy* of the parent, I would most emphatically assure them, from the experience of many years, that they would be far better and more effectually served, would, in short, get '*more for their money*,' if they, as a rule, gave a little thought to their governess, not as a hired servant alone, but as a fellow-creature, and a woman with a heart and interests of her own. Taking my own case, as in my first situation for an example. Had Mrs. Clevedon pictured to herself my position; a country girl, away from her friends for the first time in her life, cast among strangers, and at seventeen oppressed with a deep and solemn sense of the importance of the duties she was undertaking, her reception of me would assuredly have been different. She would have encouraged and not depressed me; have lightened my heart and relieved (a few kind words would have done it) my weight of loneliness; and in the bitter struggles for cheerfulness and composure she would thus have spared me, her children would have been infinitely the gainers. No mother ought to engage a governess who cannot do at least as much as this. I have heard them argue that 'a governess so often presumes and intrudes, if she is noticed much,' which degree of notice, as far as I could learn, included but the common politeness due from one lady to another. Let them dismiss all who so presume, without demur. They are

not fitted for their post; and it would be to the benefit of their class if they were expelled from it without delay. Much might, I own it sorrowfully, much sad truth might be said about the inefficiency of many who seek this mode of making a living. I have nothing to say here about the absurd demands made upon them for inadequately paid accomplishments. Of course the faults on both sides react upon and aggravate each other. The deficiency of which I speak, and for which I deeply grieve, is a want of hearty, conscientious devotion to their calling. Grant this to exist, and I care not how much or how little a governess may possess beyond the plain elements of a respectable education; she will do for her pupils all that a reasonable parent can desire. She will aid in their free and healthy growth, and will inspire them with her own high sense of duty, as the first great law of life; and if they learn this, if they grow thus, everything else will follow its right course likewise. The brilliant in intellect will find a fitting field and fitting help to develop the talent committed to them; the slothful will be urged to effort; the vainglorious will learn a higher motive than mere display. Teacher and pupils will work together as friends; and being such, no true mother can or ought to look upon her children's friend as other than her own. Respect and kindness from her hands will cement the union between the governess and her charge, and will, if the parents look no higher, secure most effectually to themselves, '*the most*,' as I have said, '*for their money*.'

But this is a long digression, and promising to keep closer to my tale henceforth, I must return to my first day in Cambridge Square.

Far from consoling myself with reflections such as those which, after the lapse of years, I have just been making, I went down stairs depressed enough; nor did the morning aspect of the house offer much to reassure or cheer. The school-room, to which I bent my way, looked if possible less inviting than it had done the night before. Breakfast was laid upon a table-cloth by no means spotless; and the heavy crimson curtains, now drawn

aside, revealed a yard between four walls, three of them being the sides of houses, merely a narrow square, some nine feet every way, with leads for flooring, and smoke and dirt for a relief to its monotony. Such was my daily prospect for many years.

The room was empty as I entered, and I had ample time to make myself familiar with its details before any one else appeared. Presently, with loud whooping and hallooing, in burst the three boys, Alexis, Charles, and John. Such were their names. The two eldest, without taking the smallest notice of me, rushed upon the bread and butter, and began quarrelling for the thinnest pieces. While I looked on in great dismay and hesitating how best to interfere, a touch upon my hand drew away my attention for a moment, and the little Johnnie, with upraised mouth, stood at my knee. No words can tell how that childish-offered kiss strengthened and encouraged me. Holding him in my arms I boldly faced the combatants, now waxing red and wrathful. They stared at me when I bade them be quiet, as if they thought me daft; and at the spectacle of Johnnie's elevation, changed the object of their attack to him. 'Look at Johnnie! Coaxing the new governess! He's always coaxing and wheedling,' cried one. 'Where's mamma's baby boy,' rejoined the other, pointing disdainfully, at the child, who began to cry loudly. At this uproarious moment Miss Clevedon appeared upon the scene, and in spite of my real tribulation and perplexity, I could scarcely repress a smile at the dignified demeanour she assumed. Seizing Charley by the arm, she ordered Alexis imperatively to sit down, and to my surprise he obeyed her, when, turning to me, the young lady said stiffly, 'Mamma does not like Johnnie to be nursed, Miss Hayworth.' Oh, the infinite torment to me during all those early days of Miss Clevedon's ever ready 'Mamma does not like' this or that. In any similar circumstances let me advise my sister governesses to make a prompt stand against such juvenile interference. A little well-grounded assumption of independent authority, they will find, is a most wholesome check upon the children, and upon the mother no less, if, un-

happily, she needs a check. Not by any means daring as yet to show myself independent of Miss Clevedon's authority, I set poor Johnnie down, ruffled inwardly, and all the more so as I felt myself blush, and perceived that the precocious young lady saw both my discomfiture and that provoking blush with unalloyed satisfaction. Under such auspices our morning meal began; the first, but not, alas! the last repast at which I felt myself appointed to preside nominally, while my real power was worse than nought; as power unsupported from within must ever be. That unlucky blush seemed destined to become the permanent colour of my cheeks, I thought, for they had no time to recover their usual hue as contretemps after contretemps, and squabble after squabble, were perpetually throwing me into new difficulties and new confusion. Even Miss Clevedon, I found, could condescend to bickering, and to a pretty rough hand-to-hand combat with the others now and then. It was from this discovery, inauspicious as it may seem, I drew the only augury of better times which dawned upon my mind that day. Armed with her grand air of immaculate example and precept, I felt her as unapproachable as she was unlovable; but transformed into a child again, even into an angry quarrelsome one, I had hopes of becoming some day her teacher in more than in mere name; and silently comforted myself with the reflection that my day might yet be to come. It was many a long week first, however, and much I needed, during their course, that, or any other crumb of comfort which I could gather to support my fainting hopes.

The lessons that morning were a specimen at which I have smiled many a time since. Mrs. Clevedon, whom I had not as yet seen since the preceding evening, startled me out of nearly all my presence of mind by walking in, with much stateliness, just as our books were opened, and taking her position in a chair opposite my own, with the avowed intention of inspecting our proceedings. From that moment I yielded myself a victim for the hour to Miss Clevedon and her unhesitating decrees. At almost every

proposition made by me, she put in her little phrase of query or disapproval not only unchecked, but encouraged by her mother, who softly smiled upon her, saying to me the while, 'Yes, Miss Hayworth. My Adelaide will know how I like things done. You may always apply to Adelaide when you are at fault,' a permission of which, I need hardly say, I felt little inclination to avail myself.

Mrs. Clevedon had magnanimously resolved to devote that morning to her children; and, lessons being over, she announced her intention of walking with us; accordingly we presently set out, the two elder boys, Miss Clevedon, her mother, and myself. Johnnie, who was only 'partly in the school-room,' as the nurse expressed it, took his walks with her. It required but little penetration on my part to perceive that my pupils' mother was analysing her new governess. There are some gifted spirits possessed of a golden key, at whose sympathetic touch all hearts fly open. Not so Mrs. Clevedon. She cared little, it is true, for opening the heart of her auditrice. I believe it never occurred to her that she could have any interest or concern in me beyond that of making any intellect I might possess as efficient as possible in her service. The whole walk, therefore, was passed on my side in listening to a string of maxims and modes of instruction which she laid down, evidently with very little previous digestion, in order to impress me, I suppose, with a profound consciousness of the knowledge and keen vision with which my proceedings would be overlooked. Bewildered and fatigued, I found myself next called upon, on our return to the house, to take the carving at the children's dinner; a small trouble, certainly, but for the moment a very real one; with all those youthful eyes, as well as Mrs. Clevedon's, who took her luncheon at the same time, spectators of my bungling noviciate. I mention this trifling circumstance as a warning to others, that they may acquire proficiency in a very desirable and fitting art, while they are in some more indulgent school than 'a private family' is likely to prove. Mrs. Clevedon's carriage came to the door before we had finished dinner. She hurried away; and here

I may as well mention what would have been an inexpressible relief to me could I have known it then, that although I remained in Cambridge Square some years, she never again 'inspected' the lessons, nor endeavoured to enlighten my mind by wise precepts during our morning walk. Satisfied with having amply fulfilled her maternal duties, she could now attend at leisure to the 'demands of society,' nothing doubting that her daughter would thoroughly perform the office of a spy upon the governess; a task which the young lady's disposition made her nothing loath promptly to undertake and actively to discharge. Suspecting little of all this, and alarmed only at my own shortcomings, I set to work, after the prescribed interval, at the lessons for the afternoon; contenting myself still with giving Adelaide the lead, and waiting till I felt strong enough to introduce ways and plans of my own. The method answered for the moment, as, her vanity appeased, Miss Clevedon grew more tractable, and suffered herself to be guided here and there, without perhaps discovering that she did not herself entirely lead. At all events, that memorable 'first day,' which is as fresh in my recollection now, as at the time, came, in tolerable harmony, to its close. The parlour dinner ended, my pupils left me at eight o'clock, and as the last departing, closed the door, I laid my face upon my hands, and—did as I daresay most governesses do on the like occasion. From eight o'clock till ten I was my own mistress, and a strange life I lived for some months during those two evening hours. The one event which at all belonged to my separate and individual being, was the arrival of the country post. Letters cost money in those days. Be grateful, lonely young governess, pining no longer for news of home; and look upon the features of our noble sovereign, franking those precious, frequent documents 'from home,' as the harbingers of better times come and coming still. You have not to wait, and long, and wait as we had, when I was young. How I devoured the very writing on the address! how I hoarded my treasure all the day unopened; or only peeped at one short sentence to assure myself all was well. But I

need not dwell on these things here. We women are to blame in giving way too much like this. Most wisely Sydney Smith wrote to his friend, an anxious mother, seeking advice for the bringing up of her girls. 'Women have often ill health and irritable nerves; they want, moreover, that strong coercion over the fancy which judgment exercises in the minds of men; hence they are apt to cloud their minds with secret fears and superstitious presentiments. Check, dear madam, this in your daughters; dispel that prophetic gloom which dives into futurity, to extract sorrows from days and years to come, and which considers its own unhappy visions as the decrees of Providence. We know nothing of to-morrow; our business is to be good and happy to-day.' 'A woman's heart,' he goes on to say, 'does not want softening; it is a strange composition of tears, sighs, sorrows, ecstasies, fears, smiles, &c.; a man's is all flesh and blood.' There seems to me great truth in this picture of 'woman's heart,' and if so, her best help in guarding against its besetting weakness, is to open her eyes clearly to what they are. *Hard*, no true woman ever will become: *Strong*, she may be, if in true service she seeks her strength.

Thirty years ago none of this had occurred to me. Home and its affections were so dear and sacred in my eyes, that I never suspected any harm could come from dwelling upon them in every interval of leisure with a fond and painful absorption, which made my actual circumstances less and less congenial, my every-day trials twice as burdensome as before. My aunt would have taught me better, had she guessed the truth; but I carefully concealed the home-sick fever from which I was suffering, having yet to learn that the truest bond of real affection is perfect openness and sincerity; and that no systematic false seeming, however well-meant, can really answer a good purpose in the end.

Meanwhile Adelaide Clevedon tyrannized over the children and over me. My authority in the school-room remained almost as nothing, and I was dissatisfied, self-accusatory, and miserable enough. The conviction that I gained no way with Mrs. Clevedon rankled in my mind, with

the added bitterness of believing I did not deserve her respect, and should never—so whispered despondency—honestly earn my wages by becoming the true guide and directress of my unruly charge. 'Teaching was not my vocation.' 'Some more active sphere was what my nature needed; cooped up here, I should pine away a life of wasted energies.' Thus I grew to think, with bitter, impotent longings, that from some unexpected quarter relief or change might come. But the summer days succeeded each other in swift, unheeding succession; they shortened and waned into autumn, but that season helped me none the more: was it that, at the time of fruition, I came, but not, alas! bringing my sheaves with me? I did not know. I was very unhappy; till, in one of my darkest times of self-abandonment and discontent, after spending my evening in unoccupied and hopeless reverie, I went weary, but yet restlessly wakeful, to my room. Miss Clevedon was long since fast asleep; but for me, the climax, I suppose, was come, and, neither caring for sleep nor rest, I extinguished my candle, in order to avoid attracting notice from without, and, with my head leaning against the pillow, sat plunged again in profitless repining, scarcely rousing myself to notice how hour after hour struck from all the clocks in the neighbourhood, and found me still dressed, and sitting there. With closed eyes, but senses miserably alert, I counted three o'clock, and, as the last clock struck, I fancied my dear aunt stood by me, and looked at me with that tender expression which was habitual to her, and which always seemed to me more loving than any words. I felt no surprise to see her. It was *her* hand which had soothed every trouble of my life, and it was natural that she should be with me in this my sorest need. She gently passed her hand over my forehead. It was her most frequent fashion of bestowing a caress; and her touch seemed to thrill soothingly through my whole being. 'I was a solitary woman till I knew you, my children,' said she softly, and I concluded Rose must be on her other side as she thus addressed us both; but her hand on my forehead seemed to keep me still, with gentle imperativeness, as she

went on—'God has been very good in enabling me to bring you up, dear ones. I could not teach you very much, I know; but if you have learnt to serve him first of all things; if you have gathered strength enough to plant your foot firmly where you mean to stand, I shall not fear for you. You will lead useful lives, though I may not live to see.' A great sob burst from my heart at this last allusion, and I started up. There was nothing but darkness and silence round me, excepting that through an opening in the curtains, one pale, silvery thread of moonlight slept upon the pillow where my head had lain. I had dreamt it, then? and, half softened, half contrite and ashamed, I quickly undressed, and went to bed, to awake, however, with a most real remembrance of my dream, and of my aunt's favourite expression, now brought livingly back to my mind. How far I was from having 'planted my foot firmly!' How shocked my aunt would be if she knew! Perhaps Mrs. Clevedon had written, or would soon write to make complaints? I coloured crimson at the bare idea; and before I had finished dressing, took a resolution on the very next occasion to resist any improper interference from Miss Clevedon, nerving myself to abide by the result. Let any young beginner, who may need such encouragement, take warning, and avoid the ordeal I went through, by making a stand at once, as I have advised, should she be in any case parallel to mine. I have omitted any lengthened detail of the constantly recurring scenes of petty rebellion which had now been confirmed by several months of feeble resistance on my part, but they were of daily occurrence, so that I was sure to have my resolution speedily put to the test. The morning lessons over, we betook ourselves, according to Miss Clevedon's usual decision, to the garden of the square, for the hour of exercise. The boys would frequently have preferred a walk, but their sister's will overruled their choice, and mine was never consulted.

I believe the square was fixed on by Adelaide as much out of opposition as anything else, for she evidently quite enjoyed carrying her point against the

invariable squabbling it occasioned. The time for returning to the house always afforded a fine field for new contention, not that there was any doubt at what hour it was to take place, but each of the three disputed the correctness of my watch, and even of the church clocks no less. All were too slow or too fast, as the inclination for out-of-door recreation, or the contrary, happened to be in the ascendency. This was a subject of discontent necessarily involving me with the rest; and I had encountered it daily with futile reasoning, or with entreaty, which was, if possible, vainer still. It seems equally surprising and absurd to me now, that I should have allowed this daily altercation, of course always more or less exposed to public observation, to render me so miserable and ashamed, or rather, that feeling it so acutely, I did not sooner contrive to find a remedy. But for my own morbid dependency, no doubt I should have done so, and in all this I may, we will hope, have been weaker than most girls of seventeen similarly situated would prove. On the morning in question, by some unaccountable freak, all my pupils combined, were against me. It was time to go in, but one and all declared their resolution to stay where they were. My hour, therefore, was come: 'Now or never,' I said to myself, detesting my own weakness which was dyeing my cheek deep red, to the no small encouragement of my juvenile tormentors. As I carried the garden key, I really possessed a very ready hold over them, which only want of resolution had inspired no courage to use before.

With what composure I could muster, I therefore announced that I, at all events, was going in; and, following up my declaration, I walked out of the gate, preparing to lock it behind me. No one chancing to be there but themselves just then, the prospect of an imprisonment of some doubtful duration, caused a sudden panic among the rebels, who made a rush at the gate, forced it open before I had turned the key, and dashed, hallooing, the boys especially, like emancipated wild beasts, right and left into the street. Miss Clevedon bethought herself of her dignity in

time to resume her self-possession, and enter the house with me, when the servant opened the door, but Alexis and Charles still whooped and yelled as if possessed, up and down the square, drawing spectators to many neighbouring windows. Inwardly much perplexed, I took the bold measure of desiring the man who still stood at the door, to 'see that the young gentlemen came in;' and not without considerable mental compunction for the difficult part I thus imposed on him, I walked up stairs to my room, hearing, as I reached the door, the opening sentence of Miss Clevedon's impetuous address, as she rushed to her mother in the back drawing-room, exclaiming: 'Oh, mamma! what do you think Miss Hayworth has done?'

I was in it for it now; and, to my surprise, I felt quite cheerful and composed; elated, in fact. The shackles which had so galled me, I suddenly found, were endured only at my own option; a discovery which removed at one magic stroke all the heaviest of my burden. I arranged my dress, and smoothed my hair with a deliberate calmness which did not desert me when, before I had fairly done, Miss Clevedon swept in like an avalanche, and summoned me imperiously to her mother's presence.

'I will come in a moment,' said I, putting a finishing stroke to my costume.

'Mamma is waiting,' returned the young lady with dignity, as she withdrew to attend the court in its impending debate.

As I followed her, I saw, with no small satisfaction, the two runaways, with looks considerably crest-fallen, slinking noiselessly to their rooms. They were both well-disposed boys at bottom, and I felt that I might reckon on their consciences for my advocates.

I had been 'talked at' by Mrs. Clevedon more than once before, thanks to Adelaide's constant exercise of her privileges as spy and censor of my doings; so that the order of the coming *séance* was not new to me. But Mrs. Clevedon's brow was, indeed, ominously black; the cause of which I could quite understand from her first words. 'Your pupils have been exposing us to the observation of all our neighbours, I find, Miss Hayworth,' she said severely.

'Yes, indeed. I am quite sorry and ashamed, but so it certainly has been,' answered I with perfect sincerity.

'How can you allow it then?' rejoined Mrs. Clevedon with increased asperity. 'And where are my sons, whom you left to riot about the streets, I find?'

'They are in their own room.—Miss Clevedon, be so good as to call your brothers,' was my somewhat daring experiment in reply; and, as the young lady was not at all accustomed to do any one's bidding, least of all mine, I scarcely expected she would comply. For some reason, however, she did as I asked. Perhaps my unwonted self-assertion surprised her into it; anyway she left the room without opposition, and I profited by her absence to say, 'I am glad of this opportunity to explain to you, Mrs. Clevedon, that I find it necessary to be a little more authoritative than I have been while I was but a stranger to my pupils. You will not, therefore, be surprised if your daughter's interference in the schoolroom is checked. I now fully understand how things have been done, and what are your wishes as to all our arrangements, and you will, I am sure, agree with me that anything you may desire changed, had better be spoken of directly to myself.'

Some rather impetuous speech was cut short in its first beginning by the entrance of the two boys following their sister, with as much bravado in their looks as they could assume. Charley was the one who cared most for me, I knew, and addressing myself chiefly to him, therefore, I said: 'Now, boys, you have your own story to tell to your mamma. She is as much shocked at your rudeness as I am, but I have told her no particulars; I have left that for you.' And, so saying, I put the climax to the general amazement at my coolness, by quietly walking out of the room, and closing the door behind me upon their conference.

I will not deny that I felt considerable trepidation as to the result of my proceedings; yet, on the whole, I thought I could justify myself to my aunt if I were dismissed in consequence; and, as her approbation had not yet ceased to be my highest rule, I rested tolerably satisfied with this conviction.

Nothing of the sort happened, however. The three eldest children were unusually well behaved at dinner; and their mother did not, as was her custom, join us at that meal. When next I encountered her, which was not till the following day, her manner, if altered at all, was certainly rather improved towards me; so I felt that, indeed, the ordeal was over, the Rubicon was passed.

And now my heart began to warm a little towards my work, and I ventured to hope 'my foot' really was 'firmly planted' on the first step of an uphill road. With many a back-sliding indeed, but with ground never entirely lost, we did, in fact, progress steadily enough to satisfy my conscience into tolerable repose, and to give my ambition a wholesome stimulant in matters of intellectual advance; for the boys were by no means wanting in ability, and even Miss Clevedon would sometimes exert herself for the hope of future display.

The drop of honey in my daily cup was the love and attractiveness of my little Johnnie. Taught by experience, I was careful to avoid the jealousy which I found was very easily excited in both mother and sister, and even nurse, if the child's early fondness for me came too prominently before their observation. But, in my secret heart, his childish sweetness, and his winning ways, were a delight that could cheer me in almost any vexed and embittered mood. Mrs. Stewart did not altogether forget me, meanwhile. I received, indeed, more invitations from her, than it suited Mrs. Clevedon's convenience for me to accept; but I spent an occasional evening at her house, and though not ever likely to become more than an acquaintance to her daughters, who looked upon me, I fancy, as a most homely and sober specimen of a drudge, yet I always went back from them to my work refreshed. It was something to breathe a new atmosphere; something, even to look out into that street which had seemed so dull to me when fresh from Bierley, but which wore another aspect now to eyes accustomed only to a leaded and high walled court-yard, nine feet square, for prospect, morning, noon, and night. But more, and better than every other source of

cheerfulness, was the happy consciousness that time was still, as ever, rolling on and on; and that the year would soon come round, the summer days return, and bear me to home once more. Very steadily the weeks sped away, one after the other, till I could count myself a ten months' inhabitant of London; then they became dull, and slow as lead, and every day eked itself into twice its usual length; and so passed six weeks more, till suddenly old Time woke up from his lethargy, and, in a fever of excitement, lashed his coursers on through those two remaining weeks, till, giddy with his mad career, I scarcely knew myself or my doings, till I found myself fairly seated in that selfsame coach; placed there with smiling recognition by that selfsame rosy guard; and whirled away through noise and smoke, out into peace and freshness, and country scenes once more.

There is certainly intense suffering closely bound up in the intensest joy; and I believe I lived a fuller life of passionate emotion in that one short day's journey, than in many a year of a busy but uneventful life.

Eagerly looking out for Farmer Wise's spring-cart, our usual conveyance where no public stage was to be had, I never even noticed a pretty open carriage, standing before the inn, carefully drawn aside out of the dangerous proximity of the coach. No cart appeared; but scarcely had the guard ceased to blow his horn, scarcely were the prancing horses reined in at the door, when a sweet face glanced at me through the window, and a gay voice cried, 'Welcome! welcome home!'

'Rose, Rose!' cried I, quite oblivious of the smiles my outcry excited in my companions. I only gathered very gratefully the pleasant sympathy expressed in the countenance of the elderly gentleman who sat opposite me, and who started up to help me in my frantic attack upon the handle of the door. My friend, the guard, relieved us both. In the twinkling of an eye he had me out, and handed me over to the blushing Rose, who received his obeisance as if he were some grand dignitary of the land.

'Where is my aunt? and how did you come?' were my first in-

quiries, while my luggage was taken out.

'Clement drove me over in his father's gig,' Rose answered shyly, glancing towards the aforesaid open carriage, whose youthful charioteer greeted me as I looked that way, raising his hat, and bowing from his seat.

'Clement?' I exclaimed. 'What, Clement Hayes! That boy. Did my aunt trust you to him?'

'Clement is not a boy now,' answered Rose a little warmly; but laughingly, she added, 'Come and look if he seems fit to be trusted, you sober Phœbe,' and she drew me up to her companion, son of the curate of Bierley, whom I had known well as a boy, but had not seen for several years. A fine young man, truly, he had grown; with an open manly countenance; a frank and pleasant bearing; all forming an exterior well fitted to inspire interest, and the confidence no less, which his pretty advocate claimed in his behalf. But I was not five minutes in their company before he had established a far more urgent claim on me than any merely personal gifts could have bestowed; for it required even less time than that to convince me how highly the young charioteer valued the privilege of being 'trusted with Rose.'

My letters from home had of late been pretty full of 'Clement,' but only in connexion with his father and mother, friends so dear and intimate that they were sure to bring about frequent intercourse with their son and us. Nothing, however, had for a moment excited in my mind any suspicion of the little dawning romance which opened itself now so clearly and suddenly to my astonished and somewhat anxious thoughts.

I put away the anxiety, however, for the moment. 'After all, my aunt knew best. My aunt was sure to be right.' And thus deciding I gave myself up to all the full delight of my happy circumstances: and felt how truly those bright young companions were in harmony with the lovely summer time. It was a living idyl, that summer evening; the hay abroad in many a field as yet, the harvest changing to a golden hue, the scented hedges, the song of larks in upland pastures; and, gentler sweeter far than

all, the softened tones of the pair beside me, whose young voices melted from gentleness to something gentler still, when they addressed each other, and whose untried years seemed fresher and fairer than harvest fields or luscious summer time. Plunged from that London school-room into this! no wonder I was intoxicated; and grew romantic, impassioned, forgetful of all sublunary cares, all commonplace troubles; beside myself, in short, as completely as either of those more particularly engaged in the 'action' of the drama. The carriage had a seat behind, large enough to hold Rose and several of my smaller packages; while I and Clement occupied the wider front-place, with my box between our feet. But during the whole of the ten miles, both he and I found such a wonderful attraction towards the face which was constantly leaning forward between us, with some tender word for me, or some gay speech for him, that it was a marvel our steed did not take advantage of us, and deposit us in some hedge or ditch.

We reached home safely, however. 'Home!' When had the word sounded so sweet before! At the little garden gate stood my aunt; and a brief pang thrilled through the halo of joy which environed me; for I thought her worn and older-looking; wasted as if she had been ill. Rose, however, had assured me she was quite well; and dismissing any unwelcome suggestions of doubt, I sprang to receive her dear embrace, and with my arm drawn fondly through her own, my hand held fast in hers, she led me up the flowery pathway to the cottage door; leaving Rose and Clement busy with my effects, which he must needs help her carry thing by thing. In the little parlour, where the western sun was shining, I seated my aunt. It was her own especial easy-chair, with a distant peep of country over our garden, and the fields beyond; and as I placed her in it, my eye lovingly took in the whole familiar details of the scene, while answering with a full heart her tender questionings. Clement Hayes being at last dismissed, we three were together there once more; Rose standing opposite me, holding the bonnet she had taken from

me in her hand, and critically surveying me as I sat close to my aunt.

'Changed, but not much, aunt, I think,' she observed presently, with a playful assumption of pronouncing a severe judgment.

'Dear Phoebe!' returned my aunt, stooping to kiss me again. 'She is a year older, you know, Rose.'

'Yes; eighteen; and I am a year older too, auntie. Am I changed too, I wonder?'

'You changed! silly child! What have you had to change you, I should like to know?' and my aunt gave the pretty questioner a look which seemed to me to have a touch of anxiety in its fondness. Did she, too, read the 'idyl' as I did? I could not tell.

'I am glad you have made those children better behaved, Phoebe,' Rose resumed. 'I should have run away in a month; I know I should. But you were always so patient and resolute.'

I shook my head, knowing something of the reverse of the picture, but my aunt interposed.

'Come, children, we will first have tea, and then talk as many volumes as we please. Rose, dear, here are my keys; Phoebe and I will go up stairs, while you make ready.'

Again, as we mounted the steep and narrow flight, a change in my aunt impressed me. The old free step was gone; she climbed each stair with slow, laborious effort; and paused at the top to rest, pale, and with quivering lips.

'Dearest aunt, I see you are not well,' cried I, in an agony. She put her hand gently on my lips.

'There is nothing new, nothing; it is nothing, Phoebe, except—I will talk of myself some other day. To-night let me only talk of my two dear girls; my children!'

Her wish was law to me, and I waited till she should voluntarily renew the topic. Waited day by day, but did not lose again that sense of ill; that first foreboding. And so upon my perfect sunshine, already a cloud began to brood. 'E'en such is life.'

Still, how full of deep-felt happiness each moment seemed. Rose danced about the house and garden like a veritable sunbeam; carolling her gayest songs; and performing with innate

skill and ease, a multitude of household labours, my former share as well her own, and many a little task coaxed or pilfered from what my aunt considered her own appointed duties in the house. We only boasted a girl-servant, so there was always enough to do; and I would willingly have done, my part too, once more, but Rose would not hear of it.

'Two paltry weeks of idleness and country air! and you want to meddle with my department, Mrs. Phoebe! Not on any account will I have you prying into everything, to see if there are signs of degenerating since your day, madam. So be as happy and useless as you can,' with a hearty hug, and a whispered flattering assertion: 'Your idleness, dear old thing, is better than my thrift any day in the year.'

Bright spirit! Lovely vision! How congenial my girl-sister's image seems with youth and hope; with days serene and blessed, and skies too pure for clouds! Despite of her multifarious occupations, I observed that Rose had constantly time at her disposal for often-recurring snatches of talk with our neighbour the curate's son. Clement's tall figure might be seen leaning over the sweet-briar hedge, which ran between our garden and the road, regardless apparently of its thorns; which were, perhaps, fully compensated to him by the sweets it procured him. Quite openly, as if still in profound unconsciousness of the serious nature of their proceedings, Rose would dart from the house to greet him, and linger for one and then another word, till with nod and smile, and sometimes, but not often, a little blush, she would accuse him of making her waste her time, and fly away again, light and swift, almost, as the tame robin who hopped out of her path. These little scenes were daily pictures added to my summer idyl; and still I asked myself wondering, 'Does my aunt not see?' Many a quiet hour of precious intercourse were there between that revered and beloved friend and me, but as yet only touching my London life, or topics of wider and more general interest. She drew from me a confession of all those early trials, bearing them with sweet and soothing pity, but to my astonishment, without

surprise. She had guessed much from the constraint she easily perceived in my letters during that wretched period of morbid self-abandonment.

'It was sure to be so,' she would comfort me by saying. 'Nor do I regret it, Phœbe; much less do I blame you as heavily as you do yourself. Remember, dearest child, that as your favourite poet tells us, it is "at the flaming forge of life," we are to work out our moral growth, to hammer it out on the anvil; does he not describe it so?' and she added, smiling, 'forgive my prosaic version, Phœbe, and look me out the poem to read me when I come back; you have the book, I see.'

She left me sitting in a little shady arbour, where we had spent the morning *tête-à-tête*. Rose was at market; but soon I heard her voice, followed by a merry laugh.

'What do you think, Phœbe,' cried she, as she came running through the garden, followed by that tall shadow which had constituted itself her satellite. 'Clement fancies you ride on horseback in London, like the grand people in that "Rotten Row" Miss Stewart told you about. What would Mrs. Clevedon say to him, do you think?'

'You mock at the contrast between Clement's fancy and the truth,' said I, giving her a tap on that rosy cheek. 'But how came this weighty subject under discussion?'

'Oh, Clement has been teaching me to ride, you know, and he thought you might have liked to learn, only for the accomplished horsewoman London might have made you.'

'Clement is very kind to think of me, I am sure, and if I were only staying longer, I should like it of all things,' said I, turning to him to look my thanks. But his eyes were for Rose, who grew very grave at my allusion, and said sadly, 'Only think, Clement; she is shut up all day almost in a dark back parlour, and sees nothing but her naughty little pupils, and the stupid people "in the garden," as they call a dreary little enclosure in the square. Is it not dreadful? And soon, I too shall be in some just such another place.'

'You, Rose?' with unutterable dismay.

'Yes, of course. You don't suppose I am going to let Phœbe work and work, while I stay to be idle and happy here?'

Her eyes glistened beautiful through gathering moisture, and I did not wonder that, as they fell from his face, an impetuous exclamation followed of, 'That *must* never, *shall* never be.'

Rose coloured deeply, and not altogether it seemed with gratified emotions. Perhaps, in her still slumbering consciousness, and dim delicious blindness, the girl's nature within her, so ignorant of itself as yet, was swayed by an impulse not less unreasoning than that which moved her namesake, the rose now waving over her head at the bidding of the wind. The '*must* not' and '*shall* not' of the young man, might startle her in its ardent imperativeness perhaps. I cannot say. How, indeed, should I read such unknown emotions! At all events, her colour rose, and she changed back from these rather sombre descriptions of my *present* and her *future* lot, reverting to the riding lessons, and saying, with demure gravity, 'So, as Phœbe is here for only two weeks, we will let the riding-lessons stand over at present, Clement, if you please.'

Poor Clement looked quite crushed by her words, but there was nothing for it but submission, and with an effort at recovering himself and conversing pleasantly, which I thought did him infinite credit, he seated himself a few minutes, and then quietly took his leave; not rewarded, however, by a word or look from Rose, who seemed entirely engrossed in the selection of a nosegay she was gathering. His adieux made, he scarcely reached the gate when Rose was at his side with a bound, proffering gently her request. 'Will you carry these to your mother, with my love, Clement, if you please?'

Her voice, clear and full, was audible enough to me, but I did not hear the low and somewhat lengthy speech with which her companion received and answered the simple question. His face, however, as at last he turned to shut the gate, carrying Rose's nosegay in his hand, was radiant enough, I thought, to throw the very flowers

in shadow, brilliant offspring of the summer as they were.

'What does my aunt think, I wonder?' was again my reflection, when, as my gaze left the pair I have been describing, it met that of my aunt herself, standing looking into my face. Rose did not join us, but returned quietly into the house, with averted face; and my aunt resuming the seat at my side which she had lately quitted, answered my thought by another question. 'So *that* is also your opinion?' she observed, though I had not spoken.

'What is Clement Hayes doing at Bierley, aunt? I mean, what is the avowed purpose of his stay?'

'He has been in Germany for the last few years, you know; and came to see his father and mother, and decide his own future course.'

'He has not decided then? Yet he must be three-and-twenty at least, I think.'

'Yes, he is; four-and-twenty almost. But he has not led a merely idle life. He has been tutor in several German families; people of high standing and intelligence. His father is peculiar, as you are well aware; not but what I quite agree with him as regards this matter, and so does his excellent mother. Being their only child, they have no other interests to clash with his; and their chief anxiety has been to prevent his too hastily deciding on his father's profession. He himself did not feel sure of his own inclinations till lately, but now he appears quite resolved, and is only waiting till he gets a curacy to suit him.'

There was here a long pause. My aunt seemed lost in thought, and I could not bring myself to speak of dear Rose and her unacknowledged, perhaps unconscious preference for this young man. At last my aunt resumed.

'I wanted to see what your impression would be, Phœbe. It is a delicate affair for us to interfere in. Yet, if we are right, the parents ought to be awakened to the truth. Their private income is chiefly a life annuity settled on Mrs. Hayes by her former husband. Rose has not, of course, a penny. Even at my death—' she made a sudden stop, and I felt my heart cease beating with a nameless dread of what was coming next, but

she went on quite calmly. 'Even at my death there will be almost nothing. I found it best to sink my little property; otherwise I could hardly have done even what I have for you both.'

I could only press her hand in great and speechless emotion. My aunt drew a deep breath. 'I was able to realize a rather large annuity,' said she; 'though it is many years ago. Yet even then, Phœbe,' and she turned her eyes full on mine. What an untold tale those eyes revealed; a tale of bodily and mental suffering; the strength of a heroine, and a martyr's faith.

'Speak, dearest aunt!' cried I, in agony. 'Anything is better than suspense.'

'I see you guess the truth, Phœbe. Years since I knew my appointed end. Providence has mercifully relieved me. Both my children will soon be independent of my care. Do not distress yourself, love; of my care, I mean as helpless beings require it; that loving care will follow you in thought, I feel assured, even from another world.' My sobs alone broke the solemn silence till she spoke again. 'Why I shrink from naming cancer, I cannot say. It is a weakness,' placing her hand detainingly in mine, as I started up in inexpressible horror. 'God does not lay a wanton burden on us; I speak not irreverently, I trust. All we are charged to bear by Him we can turn to blessings; and aid in doing this, I look for, dear Phœbe, at your hands.' But I could not respond to her touching appeal. I could only cry out that it was dreadful; that I could not bear it; that I could find no hope or courage in life without her to fly to. Such a mood, however, could not hold against her holy calmness, and ere long I listened hushed and penitent, to all she pleased to tell me of the past, till she concluded, when she saw me quite composed. 'And now, my Phœbe, we will leave each other a little while; another time we can talk of Rose, and look on into the future as far as may be. Fare-thee-well for a little, dear child; only put faith above,' she added, in a whispered accent, 'then all will be well.'

Like one stunned and bewildered, I asked myself, 'Was it all true? Was

this the same flowery spot of earth so bright an hour before? Was that the branch of roses under whose wreath of blossom my fair young sister stood but now? Scarcely more than half an hour had passed, yet how secondary all that flush of interest and excitement had already grown. 'Life and death! love and immortality!' I kept murmuring to myself in incoherent thought, where, alas! the bitter so overcame the sweet.

But Rose knew nothing yet of this impending calamity. My aunt had told me that; and now as she came to join me, I crushed down into my heart for the moment all this horror, feeling I must not hastily let loose its floodgates over that happy heart. So the day passed slowly on, to me at least; but Rose was happy, and that other dear and almost sainted spirit was perhaps happier still. I did not think so then; but years have taught me that it might be, and I love to believe that so it was.

The result of our next conference on the subject of Clement and Rose was, that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes must be warned; a task which my aunt and I set off together to perform, leaving Rose busy in some delicate culinary labours, which Clement, I suspect, shortly after joined in either making or marring, as the case might be.

Mr. Hayes was something of a humourist. Dry, sometimes sarcastic, but always kindness itself at bottom; while his wife had been for all our lives friend to my aunt, and bountiful caterer of every accessible enjoyment and benefit to us. My welcome at the parsonage had been scarcely less warm than that I received at home, and the present was by no means my only visit since I returned to Bierley. Yet I looked at everything with new feelings now; new interest as regarded Rose; new emotion as I thought of my aunt.

Mrs. Hayes, an indefatigable gardener, was among her flower-beds, and as we approached my aunt said quietly, 'She knows about—about me, Phœbe. Mrs. Hayes has known some time.' I pressed the arm which rested upon mine, in token that I understood. I could not talk of *that* as yet.

'The study window is wide open, and the room empty. Ah! there is Mr. Hayes watching the bees.' The old gentleman heard my exclamation, and rose from his rustic seat to give us welcome. He did not look much like a clergyman certainly, in his loose trousers and broad-brimmed straw-hat. The day was hot and sunny, and he held an umbrella over his head, forming altogether an apparition which would have scared the busy population of any unaccustomed hive; but his bees, sagacious creatures, knew Mr. Hayes, umbrella and all, and never interrupted their labours lot him approach as near and sit to observe them as long as he would.

Eccentric undoubtedly, but no less surely a gentleman always, our old friend put every one at their ease, except when it suited his humour to throw them into sudden confusion by some pointed criticism, or half-jesting half-earnest remark, which seldom failed to come sharply home even to the dullest brain.

'Good-morrow, madam; happy day to you, Mistress Phœbe,' and he gave his right hand to my aunt, his left to me as he spoke; then making her lean on him, he accommodated his hale vigour to her slow feebleness, while I ran on to announce us to Mrs. Hayes.

'Ah, Phœbe!' said she, looking at me over her spectacles; 'and your aunt too, I declare. It is a hot day for her to walk so far. Stay, let me make myself decent,' divesting her large plump hands of the thick leather gloves, out of which they appeared as white as any fine lady could desire. The gardening apron was next untied, and rolled into a bundle with the gloves; the spectacles carefully shut up in their case, and stowed into the ample pocket, after which we were at liberty to follow the others to the house, where Mrs. Hayes, first ordering wine and biscuits for my aunt, led me into the study.

We found my aunt was already seated, her face very pale and working with unusual signs of agitation. Mr. Hayes stood at the window with his back towards her, occupied in passing both hands through his hair, a process by which he always gave himself a certain air of ferocity, as the thick locks raised in perpendicular walls,

bristled menacingly on either side of his bald high brow. He did not move as we came in, nor till my aunt had sipped the wine which Mrs. Hayes instantly poured out for her; untying her bonnet and taking away her shawl, not resting from her kind attentions till her friend was comfortably supported with cushions and footstool, and till the colour was faintly returning to her face. As if he had watched all these little circumstances by some unseen gift of vision from behind, her husband then quitted his post, and drew a chair opposite to mine, and close to my aunt's side. Mrs. Hayes appeared to see in his movements some note of solemn preparation, for she too immediately drew her chair into the group thus gathered round my aunt's arm-chair.

'L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose,' commenced Mr. Hayes, after a pause. 'Your aunt, Miss Phœbe, a sagacious person as I have always found, came here to-day under the curious impression that she was about to communicate a fact to me, which fact I knew much sooner than she did herself.'

Mrs. Hayes glanced at him with some little nervous tremor in her look of surprise.

'Yes, my excellent wife, I understand that look. You are tormenting yourself, as you not uncommonly do, with a fear lest your husband should be about to commit himself; to make himself or somebody else ridiculous; and which of the two you fear the most it is hard to tell. Be composed. I shall keep myself strictly to facts. First, however, Mrs. Hayes, answer me one question. Are you aware that your son has formed an attachment?'

'Clement! me aware! oh, no; and her eye just faltered on to me, as if that way her first suspicion fell. But Mr. Hayes took her up with 'Clement, I aware, &c.,' you should have said, my dear. Strong emotion, however, by the laws of nature, makes us neglectful of the rules of speech. You were not aware then. I thought as much. Yet women pride and pique themselves upon their penetration, especially in affairs like this.'

His poor wife looked on thorns, but she knew him too well to interrupt, and he went on, his tone of badinage suddenly changing into one of deep

feeling, as his eye rested on my aunt. 'The child you have brought up, dear madam, must be a prize to any man. Yet I will own, do not be angry with me, that I sent Clement abroad in great measure to avoid all risk of this.'

Again Mrs. Hayes gave me a furtive look, which her husband intercepted with a smile.

'Now, now, my dear, don't trust your own conjectures; you see how blind you are in these things; you must apply to me, I tell you. Truly, as I said, however,' and he turned back again to the pale face which rested against the chair at his side, 'God it is who disposes of our vain schemes, and no sooner was Clement home again, no sooner had he and that little half-blown rose of yours been once or twice together in my presence, than I saw plainly the vanity of all my plans. Why, my dear madam,' and Mr. Hayes waxed suddenly quite excited and enthusiastic, 'I forgot, like an ass, that the gradual growth which we watched day by day would have been far less dangerous for him than the sudden blaze of all that ripening beauty, the sudden perception of all those sweet young budding charms. Looking at Rose, however, I really could only commend his taste.'

'Rose!' exclaimed Mrs. Hayes hastily.

'Yes, Rose of course, my dear; no slight to Phœbe neither; the deed was done long before her *beaux-yeux* had any sphere to shine in here. The original obstacles, of course I mean their youth and poverty—there can be found no other—remained in full force; and I questioned myself whether it were not wisest and best for both to send the boy away. Perhaps it would have been best; perhaps I have been falsely and blameably indulgent—to myself, I mean; but somehow the sight of their bright young being grew so lovely in my eyes that in short—' and here Mr. Hayes abruptly broke off, interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, during which Mrs. Hayes poured kind and happy speeches into my greedy ear, until her husband as suddenly put an end to them again, saying with great solemnity, 'And now something must be done. But what?' He paused and

looked slowly round from face to face, as if to seek an answer to his query. 'Done!' cried his wife, 'why, let them marry of course. Dear little Rose! To think of *her* never entering my head as a daughter!' My aunt laid her hand gratefully upon that of her friend. 'Thanks, thanks to you both in behalf of my child. Yet let us not be blind. Rose is a perfect child as to experience of life. She is but seventeen.'

'There it is, dear madam; there it is. Clement, too, has his house to build. Unquestionably they must wait.'

Just at this moment the objects of our grave debate came in view, slowly climbing the hilly road between the cottage and the parsonage. Clement was eagerly enforcing something to which his companion, it was plain to see, listened with questionings and doubt. I believe we all thought, as we looked at them, that such 'waiting' would not be at all an unendurable lot; but my aunt's gentle voice recalled the wandering eyes and thoughts of each, as she said earnestly, 'I am then to understand that you, his parents, are both willing that Clement, if he be so minded, shall bind himself to Rose, penniless as she is; that in whatever time it shall seem fitting, those two are free, with your full consent, to become man and wife?'

'Assuredly yes. I can answer for my wife and myself; *yes*, most assuredly.'

'That is one great point, and I am truly grateful,' responded my aunt with glistening eyes, and hands clasped earnestly for a moment, before she went on; 'I need say little to either of you, here present, respecting my own uncertain life. Nay, Phoebe, be composed,' and Mrs. Hayes enforced the mandate by her whispered 'Hush, dear girl, you will grieve and distress your aunt.' That plea was enough, and she quietly resumed: 'I now know, however, that the remaining days I can count upon will be few indeed; it may be a few months, it may be only days. You will see, therefore, that I cannot well dispense with Rose. Yet these two must not burn their life's flame out, forgetting as they do in each other, all but their own world.'

'No, no, Clement shall be sent away. His holiday has been long enough. I have an offer of a temporary post. He shall accept it and be gone.'

Mr. Hayes' decision was so manifestly the best for all, that my aunt contented herself with thanking them for the sacrifice they were making in parting with their son; thanks which they would hardly hear, and which were interrupted by the entrance of the pair whose approach we had already seen. They, too, had sought the study for an important purpose; and while Clement entered boldly, Rose, but for his firm clasp on her hand, seemed ready to fly like a bird through the open window, as with downcast eyes and burning cheeks he led her in.

'Father! mother!' cried the young man ardently, looking, as he spoke, from the one of his parents to the other. 'She will be your daughter; my Rose has promised, and you will not say us nay.'

Poor Rose melted into happy tears, as these kind old people caressed, and called her their daughter, their darling Rose; but she sank on her knees before her dear aunt, and laying that tearful face upon her knee, whispered, 'Am I wrong—selfish to be so happy—auntie dear!'

Clement looked as if he could have worshipped her; his every feature glowed and shone. Not so my own.

Sick at heart I turned away, and shut my ears to the chorus of affection which every voice poured out, for I saw the cloud gathering over my darling's unconscious head; my aunt's impending doom, her long tale of agony already endured; and added to this, an early and prolonged separation from the man who loved her, and whom she loved.

It was a time of exquisite emotions, joy and grief, hope and despair, alternating; and thus Rose took her first lesson in the trials which not even she could be sheltered from or spared.

Mrs. Hayes was a true mother to the beloved of her son. It was from her lips my poor sister learned the truth about my aunt; in her arms were shed the first bitter drops which paid their tribute to Clement's banishment from home.

I cannot describe the brief remainder of my stay at home: it is too sad a passage to be dwelt upon, a complication of such deeply engraven experiences, so mingled with present sweet, though mournful pleasures, and with a terrible conviction that every fixed point of earthly trust and happiness was hurrying to swift extinction, and that soon I should call no spot of ground my 'home.' Neither can I picture, even to myself, the parting from my aunt, when at length the day of departure came. It remains in my memory, as one great spasm of anguish, and almost of despair.

Poor Rose had Clement with her for still a few more days, and her arm rested on his as I caught my last glimpse of them when I was seated in the coach to go away. Only two weeks had come and gone since they met me at the same spot before, yet they, and I, and everything were changed. 'Well, they have at least each other,' I thought, dismissing thus briefly my 'summer idyl' from my mind, which returned again to the cottage parlour, and the lonely figure sitting there, drawing such draughts of misery as I paused upon that scene, that heart and mind alike welcomed with gratitude the closing day, and with it new fields of work and thought.

This time I drove straight to Cambridge Square. The 'garden' which poor Rose had painted so dismally, certainly justified her description, parched, as it was, by summer heat, and powdered with months of dust. Nor did our dull 'back parlour' seem at all brighter than when I left it, but I bestowed small thought upon it now. The welcome I received from my pupils was warm enough to give me some share of gladness, however. Their mother was dining out, and I found a little fête arranged in honour of my return, the children all spending the evening with me; and though it required an effort to join in their games, and to forget my own concerns, yet the very effort proved its own reward, and I slept a night of refreshing sleep, such as I had not known since my aunt's revelations that morning in our cottage arbour.

I had a formal interview with Mrs.

Clevedon on the morrow, and I availed myself of the opportunity it afforded to take my first entirely independent step in life. Alluding to my dear aunt's state of health, I told my employer that I must either then give notice to leave her at the expiration of the proper term, or have her permission to return to Bierley at a moment's warning, should any summons come.

Mrs. Clevedon was much annoyed. She showed me again and again, how unreasonable and unheard of was my request. 'A thing no one ever does,' 'Quite without precedent,' &c. &c.; but finding I was firm, she at length gave way, giving me clearly to understand that my salary ceased from the moment I left her, until the time of my return; if, indeed, she kept the situation open for me till then. To this, of course, I could offer no objection. I did not wish or expect otherwise from her; nor did I overlook the inconvenience my sudden departure might occasion her. I was sorry for it, but my own path and my own resolve was clear. I would rather, ten thousand times, have a new situation to seek, than forego the liberty of being with my aunt, when, alas, that sad summons she had solemnly promised me, should come. This somewhat stormy debate amicably settled, Mrs. Clevedon dilated a little on the merits of her children, especially Adelaide. Was she not grown? was not her figure graceful? was she not, generally, most surprisingly improved? I answered, when called upon inevitably for an answer, with what union of politeness and sincerity I could; and so we parted, she friendly and condescending again, I thankful that it was over, and my point secured. Privately, I had a strong opinion that there really was a change in Miss Clevedon; a change, but small improvement to my mind. Always too womanly for her years; she now, though certainly not much more than fourteen, assumed all the airs and graces of a lady of fashion. She worried her mother for new dresses, coaxed bracelets and brooches from her father, and spent far more than the appointed time in adorning, and contemplating her own beloved image in the glass. To me personally she

was also different ; her love of rebellion seemed extinguished, her craving for petty power asleep. Yet she annoyed me almost more in her altered conduct, for I now detected a not unfrequent attempt to wheedle and fondle me, an unnatural, and I was sure, a totally insincere movement, which was less tolerable by far than open resistance and bold defiance had been before. Doubtful and perplexed, I watched and wondered long enough before any key to the enigma presented itself. Meanwhile, I and my three boy-pupils were on the best possible terms. By their agency and contrivance, I was now not unfrequently included in various little expeditions of pleasure, which, formerly, always took place without me, so that I began to gather some clearer idea of the vast and hitherto quite unknown city in which I dwelt. Once, even, I accompanied them in an evening visit, by special invitation, as I was assured, of their hostess ; and as this lady has some share in the remainder of the reminiscences I am here recording, I must speak of my introduction to her house.

Mrs. Lance was a widow in easy circumstances, living in our square. She had two daughters and a son, children of the age pretty nearly of my pupils, whose acquaintance they had made by frequent meetings in the garden, and frequent games of play. Hence arose a slight intercourse between the parents, Mrs. Clevedon pronouncing Mrs. Lance 'a very respectable woman, but nothing more ;' Mrs. Lance, no doubt, responding with probably an equal mixture of fact and one-sided judgment, though her opinion did not, of course, transpire to me.

Entering her drawing-room at seven on an October evening, I felt the greatest surprise that so different a scene to that of Mrs. Clevedon should be presented, the two apartments being alike in aspect, and alike in size. The one was all dazzle and glitter ; the other all softness and repose. The one always looked 'got up for company,' the other struck me as the very perfection of home-like comfort, and elegant, appropriate decoration. In much the same fashion the mistress of each apartment differed from the

other. Indeed, I have often observed, or fancied I could observe, the closest resemblance between a lady and her familiar sitting-room. It is doubtless true enough, as has often been remarked, that character is markedly disclosed by taste in dress ; but I believe the taste in furniture, and, still more, in general arrangement within doors, to be a test more infallible still.

The children were soon happily engrossed in each other and in their amusements ; Miss Clevedon was not of the party, feeling herself too old ; and I, at a mute signal of invitation, drew my chair nearer to Mrs. Lance, admiring, as I turned towards her, the sweet gentleness of her not handsome features, and the delicate refinement of her whole appearance. She engaged me in pleasant friendly talk on various topics ; talked to me of London, discovered I was a prejudiced lover of the country, sympathizing with my avowed prepossession, while opening to my eyes many of the peculiar advantages of a town, and of London in particular. In half an hour, in short, Mrs. Lance knew more of me, and my belongings, and had won far more upon my heart, than Mrs. Clevedon had ever tried to do in my whole residence under her roof. It was a very pleasant evening, and as we were taking leave, our hostess drew me aside to say—'In a short time, Miss Hayworth, I think I shall need some young friend to help me with my little ones. Will you bear this in mind, and try if you can think of some one ? Some one like yourself,' she added kindly. I promised with a grateful blush, and took my leave ; ever after noticed with equal consideration, when any opportunity occurred for me to see the gentle widowed mother.

As the weeks passed on, my undefined mistrust towards Miss Clevedon began to assume a form. Under a variety of pretexts, she constantly chose the side of the square garden away from the house, and if possible also away from us, walking alone book in hand ; though I suspect the volume was only exhibited for effect. For some time I paid little attention to these manoeuvres ; occupied myself with telling stories, or

playing games with the other three. But I was startled, at length, to observe, more than once, an elaborately attired young gentleman, lingering outside, and always just by the spot where Miss Clevedon and her book were to be seen. Child, as she really was, I still never dreamt of *her* having any share in this coincidence, till, by dint of constant observation, I grew slowly convinced that an active flirtation was on foot between the precocious fair one and her perfumed and whiskered cavalier.

Here was a dilemma! I had no proof to bring, for my own conviction was built up of intangible nothings, quite insufficient in their bare recital to awaken the suspicions of my pupil's doating parents. Yet she was in my care. I felt accountable for her, and miserable about her to an overwhelming degree, and yet I could see no way to act; could devise nothing but the sharpest and closest, the most undeviating inspection. During some weeks I underwent an excellent preparatory training for the office of a detective police; and in all my most trying experiences, which from first to last were not a few, I never found myself called upon to perform any task half so revolting and so distasteful as this. Having no faith in the young lady's truthfulness, any more than in her good sense or good taste, I never for a moment felt safe unless she were in my sight, and that pretty closely too. She was very wily by nature, and now that we were both on our probation in the arts of circumvention and stratagem, I felt many times very forcibly that she made by far the greater progress of the two. At first, she betrayed a suspicion of my keen observation, by her unwilling blushes, but ere long she sustained my sharpest glances quite unmoved. I was no match for Miss Clevedon, that was very plain. Had it depended upon her alone, I do not believe detection would ever have been possible; but she was not able to impart her own talents to her swain, and one day by a capital blunder on his part, the game was suddenly thrown into my hands. Miss Clevedon was confined to the house with a cold for several days. We took our walks as usual; and so did the disconsolate admirer,

whom the boys, noticing his constant appearance, had christened 'Don Whiskerandos,' much to Miss Clevedon's disgust, though, of course, she dared not avow it. Driven, I suppose, to despair, the unfortunate 'Don' had the boldness to write to Miss Clevedon, and his brain being, doubtless, of a less flourishing growth than his whiskers, he had the hardiness to leave his effusion himself at the door! having apparently waited till Mrs. Clevedon had just driven away for morning calls. Most fortunately I came into the hall at the moment the servant was taking the letter from his hands; and possessing myself of it at once, I carried it into the school-room, locked it safely in my desk. Turning from this occupation I met the eye of Adelaide, who had stolen close in upon me unobserved. How much she conjectured of the letter I cannot say, but with a poor attempt at playfulness, she endeavoured to persuade me to show her what I had put away, till reading my indignation in my looks, she saw, I suppose, that the cause was lost, and drew into herself in grim defiance. I own she almost terrified me in this mood. She was so young and yet so old in double dealing and deceit, it pained me to look into her face. Rejoiced, as I was, to possess a written proof which, once in the hands of her parents, removed this hated responsibility from me, it was with shame and deep concern I requested an audience with the mother, whose heart I was about to tear by such a revelation of her child. Mrs. Clevedon took the matter much more coolly than I did, however. Nay, I am not sure but that she was secretly rather vain of her daughter's powers of attraction, proved, as she thought, by this affair. Her husband, as I gathered, viewed it more gravely; as various *tête-à-têtes* with his daughter showed, by the swollen eyes and subdued demeanour they produced. The final result, however, was, indeed, an important gain to me, for, at length, it was decided that Miss Clevedon should go to school. Christmas was pretty near us now; she went, and from this time my life in Cambridge Square had fewer troubles than I fancy it falls to the lot of governesses in general to endure.

My letters from Bierley reported many fluctuations in the one absorbing topic of my dear aunt's state. That she still lingered was, indeed, a cause of gratitude and surprise, for they assured me her sufferings were not increased, while her serene cheerfulness grew even more unruffled as the time passed on. For a long time after my return to London, I lived in hourly expectation, and hourly dread of being summoned home. Gradually, however, these fears faded away, and I accustomed myself to hope that at least another summer's peaceful intercourse would be vouchsafed. But, alas ! it was not so ordained.

Quite late one evening, as I sat alone, I heard a double knock ; heard, but little heeded it ; when, in a second more, the door was opened, 'a gentleman' was announced, and, looking up in much surprise, I saw Clement Hayes before me ; saw also, at a glance, the errand on which he came.

The blood rushed violently to my heart, and I started up to prepare without a word, but he checked me kindly, as a loving brother would, and spoke a word or two of comfort and of cheer ; hope there was none to give.

'It might be yet a day or two, possibly several days, much more it could not be, or they would have waited a little longer. Rose wrote to me to come for you, Phoebe. They give me leave to take you home. When shall we go ?'

'In an hour,' I answered breathlessly ; and in an hour we were gone.

There was a night coach starting in time for us ; we were fortunate enough to find places ; and soon were undergoing the misery of enforced quiet, acting like poisonous irritants on racked and tortured nerves. Such was my case, at least. Clement, of course, had larger joy than sorrow for his share ; but not the less was he invariably tender, exquisitely mindful of what he well knew that my feelings must be.

But let me hasten over these sad times. Those memories, so sacred for me and mine, have they not an echo and a counterpart in every one's experience ? a solemn 'it is finished' inscribed for all on many a closing page !

One little scene, one short commu-

nion with that almost disembodied spirit, and our 'finis' too is reached.

Both the families were assembled at the cottage ; I sitting by my aunt's bedside, the rest below talking short sentences in lowered tones. I thought the sufferer slept, but she suddenly raised herself a little, and startled me by her eager question, 'Phoebe, what is to become of Rose ?'

It was a question I had often pondered ; and one in which above all I yearned for her to counsel us ; so I answered gently, 'Will you tell me your opinion, dearest aunt ?'

'She must not be persuaded to marry yet ; at least I cannot feel she ought. But, Phoebe, I am growing weak, and dare not trust myself.'

I drove back my rising tears, and hastened to speak, hastened to soothe, if possible, the anxious meaning in those gentle eyes. 'Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will want her to go there to live,' I said, and paused, not sorry to see no approval in her beloved face. 'I am glad to see you are against it, dear aunt ; for I cannot bear she should depend on them ; and when her first—when she can reason calmly, I am sure she will feel so too.'

'Then let her follow your example for the next few years, my child. She will thus learn more fully the blessings which seem in store for her. Think you not so ?'

I did most cordially believe it ; and poured new comfort and conviction in my dear companion's mind by telling her of Mrs. Lance, and of her commission to me respecting the situation in her house, which recently, I knew, was not filled up. 'And now, let me call them up, unless, indeed, you are tired, or not prepared. It will be everything towards reconciling them to it, if your voice has suggested this as our course.'

'Go, by all means, and at once, dear Phoebe. I have no time to lose. Nay, do not be afraid to leave me, my love ; the hand is on me, but with gentle touch.'

She was right. We were round her bed ; we all heard her sweet, quiet tones of entreaty and advice ; her heartfelt comments on the brief day in which it is given us to labour ; and her solemn, yet cheerful allusion to the night 'in which no man can

work ; and, when her words died on the silence, we saw that her spirit had accompanied their flight ; her soul was winging its way where there is no sighing, nor anguish, neither any more pain.

When a short week, so long to all of us, was passed, and all was over and arranged, I prepared at once for my own return, hoping also to be accompanied by Rose, whom Mrs. Lance expressed herself as delighted to receive. But that dying injunction even could hardly reconcile Clement to this, to him terrible decree. 'A governess !' The word embodied every sort of horror in his mind. Willingly would he have cut off his right hand, I am persuaded, to save his darling Rose from such a fate. As for Rose herself, she only wept, and elung to me, bidding me do with her as my aunt desired ; and I did it, I am glad to say, without incurring Clement's positive abhorrence.

Changing the scene now to the well-known Bierley parsonage, and moving our date forward many years, let us look into the study, cozy and cheerful as of old, and dwell one moment on the picture it presents. It is thickly tenanted. At the tea-table presides a handsome, matronly figure, and opposite her her husband evidently ; he, too, a handsome man, and one on whom the years tell lightly as they pass. Busily placing the seats, and merrily chatting the while, a happy blooming troop of boys and girls are gathering round the board.

'Now, aunt Phoebe !' cries one, addressing an elderly lady, writing at a table apart. 'Tea's ready ; come auntie ! come ! chime in a chorus of youthful voices. 'In one moment, children,' auntie responds. 'But first be quiet, if you can, while I ask a question of mamma and papa.' To their credit be it spoken, an immediate silence ensues ; 'mamma' and 'papa' looking round at the scribe in some surprise.

'I want you to tell me, Clement, plainly and downrightly, are you satisfied Rose was right in going to Mrs. Lance ?'

'Mrs. Lance ! defend us, Phoebe. She has been dead—let me see—how many odd years ? Are you trying to raise up ghosts ?'

'Don't shirk the question, Clement. If it were to be done again, would you say to Rose "go" or "stay" ?'

He looked at his wife a moment fondly, a smile of half-comic humour lurking round his mouth, as he answered : 'Well, I suppose I had better be candid ; and I believe though she was too good for me before, she grew more so in consequence of you and Mrs. Lance.'

'In consequence of doing my duty, if I grew better at all, papa. Yes, Phoebe, but for my governess life, I should not look round on such good little faces here, I inspect.'

Her words contented 'anntie,' whose pen soon ceased to travel over the page, as she allowed a small, rosy tyrant to drag her away to the rest.

GERMAN STORY-TELLING.

AN enemy—for an enemy he must be—lately sent us a batch of recently published German stories, hoping, we suppose, thereby to make an end of us. And he very nearly succeeded. By what infatuation impelled we know not ; but we read on and on and on, from one tale to another, through many a hundred weary pages beset with chimeras dire ; and we have little doubt but that we should have read ourselves to death, had not somebody, fortunately, for us stolen our only paper-knife.

In all truth, the Germans are not

strong in prose fiction. They have had no masters of the first class ; nor even of the second class : for, properly speaking, in the first class Scott stands alone. They have no Hugo, no Cooper, no Thackeray, no Manzoni. In this department of literature they are as yet little better than apprentices ; nay, what is not impossible, great masters they may never be. But if they thus fail in the full-sized novel of at least three volumes post octavo, still more signal, generally speaking, is their failure in shorter stories.

This we have proved, but too pain-

fully, in our recent experience, and without entering upon any systematic criticism, we may point out, in a desultory way, what in such tales are the offences of which we have most to complain.

First, let us look at the accessories which we find in them; the scenery, for instance. Now, landscapes in a story are all very proper; only, they should have something to do with the story. But these German landscapes, in general, have nothing to do with the story: they are introduced merely for their own sake, and might serve as well, or rather as badly, for any story. The personages shall be town's-folk, and the action shall be carried on entirely in a town; yet the writers will babble of green fields, as if smitten with calentures; or, if the description is not altogether out of place, individuality is almost sure to be wanting in it. In a small theatre which we used not unfrequently to visit in our college days, there was an odious scene of a tree and a rock, a distant waterfall, and a rustic bridge, which the niggardly manager would present indifferently in 'Rob Roy,' and in 'Pizarro,' in 'As You Like It,' and in what not. Much in the same way your German story-teller; he seems to have had his picture in his portfolio, and to have thought it would do perfectly well for this or that or any situation, especially as he flatters himself it is rather a pretty one. When Scott leads us out into the old English oak-forest, we find ourselves in the very place where we would expect to meet the swine-herd with his swine, in the company of Wamba his gossip; when Moore floats us on the Nile with his Epicurean and the beautiful Alethe, his highly-toned and mellifluous description is all in perfect keeping; wherever Cervantes, in his great work, places us, is the country of Don Quixote, and none but his; but the German descriptions we have before us remind us only of the titles to some of the scenes in Bailey's *Festus* — 'Somewhere,' 'Nowhere,' 'Anywhere,' 'Everywhere.'

And this leads us to another remark: not only is their scenery faulty because it is not characteristic, it is further faulty in being altogether indistinct. Outline there usually is

none; and as for the colours, they may all be there, but if so, it is as the colours are on the painter's palette. Take the following as exhibiting, in very few words, both faults; it forms the first paragraph of a story:—

'Whether the golden sky of noon, or the deep blue, but on the western rim blood-red evening, looks down on a waving sea of corn, or on the shrouds of winter, splendidly thereout shine Nagy-Balas and Kis-Balas, two of the richest villages of the Hungarian Banat.'

Here we have all the three primary colours; yellow, blue, and red; but what sort of a painting is made out of them? And if any is made, does it peculiarly represent anything in the Banat?

Or again, an interior is to be described. Here the want of artistic skill is exhibited in a different way. We are perhaps presented with a correct inventory of the furniture. It reads like an auctioneer's advertisement: one table, six chairs, muslin curtains, book-case, lot of books, excellent hair-cloth sofa; or if the description had anything peculiar about it, there is, after all, no purpose served by the peculiarity. When Hogarth furnishes a room, each and every article in it possesses a significance, if it does not even point a moral; but the German story-teller brings in a cart-load of odds and ends, places them here and there, and then makes no more of them: they in no wise bespeak the character of the inmate; they do not at all contribute to the conduct of the story, nor even to the embellishment of it. Here is an example:—

'I was shown into a large vaulted chamber, looking out upon the garden. In the middle of it stood a great round table, upon which there was a sand-glass and a Bible, both of them very unusual things to find in an inn. Opposite the two high windows, there was a couch of an antique shape, and with only three legs; the fourth had been broken off, and was now stuck upon the wall, over the seat, as if by way of ornament. One of the side-walls was decorated with a painting representing the Judgment of Paris, the figures the size of life. At the other end was an alcove, contain-

ing a bed, which outwardly made something of a show, with its gilding and its hangings of silk, but contained inside only a wretched sack of wool for a pillow, and a torn mattress evidently stuffed with straw.

Now this would not be bad, if it led to anything, or was connected with anything or anybody. But it is not, and a very knife-grinder's story follows the elaborate preparation of which it is a part.

Much in the same way it is with the costumes of these authors. If a Chinese were writing for the Chinese, it might be very well that he should describe minutely the ordinary European garb; but except in such a case as when a body is 'Found Drowned,' and the identification of it is desired, why should a European tell his readers about a round hat and a black cravat, or waistcoat and trousers of ordinary cut, pattern, and material? So also with regard to manners. Hadji Baba is as entertaining as he is natural when he describes our trivial peculiarities elaborately, for to him these are strange and wonderful peculiarities; but what should we say if Morier had made the same observations proceed from the pen of an Englishman? We are made irate by all this unmeaning circumstantiality and purposeless detail; just as the already irate Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck was made more irate, when the provoking old woman described her lingering coach as having 'three red wheels an' a black ane.'

Then again, as to another point, the choice of the names he gives his characters will never be an indifferent matter to the skilful story-teller; and if he is not always successful in his choice, the names he selects or invents will, at all events, not be ridiculous. Not so it is with the Germans. Here, for example, is a specimen of German taste and judgment in this respect. The hero of the tale, a German who has been in an English mercantile house, speaks, on his return home, of 'the old owl, Mr. Nothing,' who was the head of the concern; of 'Mr. Sway,' the arrogant book-keeper; of the junior partner, the proud 'Mr. Puppet,' who had married 'Lady Dingsda,' the widow of 'Sir Thomas Dingsda'; and of his fellow-clerks,

'Messrs. Silly, Plain, Simple, and Ninny.' Perhaps 'Sway' might pass; but we suspect that, in this case, the author has stumbled on a tolerable name merely from having found it in his English dictionary as the translation of *Uebergewicht*, and we only wonder that he did not prefer the more sonorous word he probably found beside it, and called his arrogant book-keeper 'Mr. Preponderance.'

Yet, perhaps it might have been just as well if these German fictionists had followed the example of good John Bunyan, and had named their characters after moral attributes, simply and openly. For it is one of their greatest defects, and a much more serious mistake than those we have already alluded to, that their characters are but too frequently mere embodiments of single qualities. The effect of this is most ludicrous, from the contrast between such metaphysical actors, and the material accessories amongst which they move. The stage being furnished, after a catalogue, in the substantial and matter-of-fact way we have just animadverted upon, enter three abstract ideas to occupy three of the mahogany chairs. A personified vice lives in an old castle full of rusty armour and his ancestors' portraits; and there he forms plots against the happiness of a personified virtue, who has a hut in a neighbouring forest, and chops wood for his livelihood. The German writers we have in view are, in short, without intending it, almost as allegorical as Spenser was, in his *Faëry Queen*, designedly.

When this great error is avoided by the German story-teller, others of a similar though different kind are but too frequently committed. The character is something like flesh and blood perhaps, but it wants personality. Thus, for instance, we are made to see only one passion at work, and not a conflict of passions: a master-passion has annihilated all other passions, instead of having constantly to strive with them for the maintenance of its mastery. The personage thus becomes the mere representative of some one passion, instead of being, as he would be in nature, still essentially himself, at once a distinct and a complex creature, however

much under the influence of that passion. Such authors would have pushed the ambition of Lady Macbeth to such a point as to have made her murder the gracious Duncan in his sleep, however like her father he had looked ; the character of Hamlet would, in their hands, have been so obvious as to admit of no dispute. But treatment of this sort, we are sorry to say, is not peculiar to our German story-tellers, and so we say no more of it here : it is the basis of our own legitimate melodrama, as distinguished equally from our almost obsolete tragedy and comedy, and as these Germans have perhaps but followed too faithfully our bad example, it is a point on which we at least should not reproach them. And, on the same principle, we shall be silent as to some other sources of failure in their delineation of character as regards the personality of it ; such as making the individual represent a class, without bestowing on him anything to mark his individuality, or drawing him after a conventional type, or sending him forth a walking and talking contradiction and absurdity, all of which sins are being constantly committed nearer home.

There is one point, however, with regard to which the story-tellers, though not the only, are such original sinners, that it must have a passing notice : we refer to their taking up a political, moral, or even religious theme or doctrine, the elucidation or urging of which is the sole object of the fiction. Of course it is not to a general moral tendency in the story that we object, for such there should always be, but to the enforcement of some one particular opinion or principle, and that an abstract and perhaps much controverted one. Nor do we object to such moral tales as those Miss Edgeworth gave us under the very title of *Moral Tales*. The kind of tale against which we protest is that in which the tale reads as if it were not a tale at all, but a sermon or an argument. And especially do we protest against such, when the story, in so far as it is a story, teems with absurdity. It does not conduce to the cause of truth to paint things and beings which never possibly could

have existed. This sort of thing, however, has become very common in Germany. The Germans, we see by one of the works before us, have even coined a new word to qualify novels of the kind : 'Tendenzöse Novelle,' they style them. We have, in all truth, had enough of something like this from our own novelists of these days. To take only some of the most popular among them : that right honourable gentleman, the present Chancellor of Exchequer, has given us *Coningsby* and *Sybil* ; his right honourable colleague, who attends to our fifty colonies, is supposed by some to have a profound philosophy of his own running through all his works ; to every one it is evident enough that Mr. Dickens wrote his *Bleak House* and his *Little Dorrit* with the intention of reforming the Court of Chancery, and of putting down the Circumlocution Office ; and, across the Atlantic, Mrs. Stowe, whom by courtesy we may call an English writer, has published two novels with a view to abolish slavery. But, with the exception of the American lady in her second work, none of these authors proceed at all after the German fashion. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* tickled us, or interested us, with its negro life ; it attracted all of us, as Ethiopian minstrels do many ; and if *Dred* was a comparative failure, it was chiefly because it gave us too much in the way of disquisition, and did not give us enough of funny niggers. Bulwer offers us fine language, and fine thoughts too, which so far as we can see have nothing directly to do with his philosophy, whatever that may be, and are very acceptable for themselves ; moreover, he works both consciously and conscientiously, and therefore, with his ability, successfully, as a true artist. Mr. Dickens never preaches and never reasons ; his serious purposes, such as they are, he veils under caricature ; when he would be wise, he is wise as the Fools of old were : motley is your only wear, quoth he. And as to Mr. D'Israeli, his radicalism, or socialism, or mysticism, or crochet of the hour, more or less sincerely maintained at the time, and perhaps only for the occasion, is made tolerable by *Devil's dust* and the like ; and he does not

weary us with his diatribes about a Venetian constitution, because the wickedness of our natures is gratified by the malice which created his *Rigby*. Thus with these writers: their peculiar views are not so forced upon us at every page as to make us feel that it is not a novel, but a homily that we have before us. But it is otherwise with our German friends. They are too honest to go indirectly to work. They raise a question at the very outset, and never allow us to lose sight of it for a single page. None of their personages his or her mouth can open, but out there flies an argument. And the story comes to an end, not till, and just when, the proof is supposed to be completed.

Now, against such 'Tendenzstücke' we must strongly object. For, in the first place, the method of them is not fair; indeed it cannot but be unfair. It is not in human nature that the opponents of the author should be impartially represented; the best of their case will never be made; their views will be constantly exaggerated or distorted; their weak arguments will be ostentatiously demolished, while their strong ones are altogether suppressed; add to which that we are almost sure to find the parts of the author's antagonists played by characters no better than they should be, if not indeed by the very villains of the performance. In the second place, such a mode of controversy is not discreet. Feeling instinctively that it cannot be a fair one, the reader is rendered suspicious; and being suspicious, some glaring instance of unfairness disgusts him; and being disgusted on one point, he is apt to become disgusted with the whole, and with the author also. Thus an author of the best intentions may bring himself into discredit; and what is far worse, he may bring the best of causes into discredit. Further, in such works we have only fiction after all; and what can fiction prove? Finally, and this is what most of all concerns us here, for it is chiefly a question of taste that we are now discussing, these German writers totally mistake the province of story-telling. The novel, great or small, ought to be a holiday garment to the author, not a pulpit-gown. If he is

to lecture, let him appear as a lecturer. What should we say if we were offered Euclid done into blank verse, or the *Principia* of Newton into Hudibrastic? In our infant schools, indeed, instruction is frequently, and not injudiciously, conveyed in verse, or doggerel; but the readers of novels are not infants, and rebel against being treated as if they were. Yet what else is it than to treat them as children, when it is attempted to expound principles, or exhort to duties, under the pretext of telling them the much-tried loves of Eduard and Cunigunda, with the relieving accompaniment of Hanswurst's jocularity? Let us instance, on this point, a couple of the works before us; both are by ladies, and by married ladies. With regard to the one of them, the title was quite enough for us—let us be understood to mean that it was so only on the grounds just stated—and we consequently can find no fault with the substance of the book, any more than we should be disposed to find fault with the good intentions of the authoress. That title is, '*Sabbath Observance: a Romance*.' By Eliza Polko. Now, what should we say if we read in an advertisement, 'Total Abstinence: a Farce?' or, 'The Soup-kitchen: a Tragedy?' or, 'The May-Meetings in Exeter Hall: an Opera, with Ballet Divertissement?' Yet, essentially, '*Sabbath Observance: a Romance*,' seems a combination of terms almost as incongruous as those others, and, to us at least, reads nearly as jarringly.

The other tale we have here to notice is called '*Durch Eigene Kraft*,' a title which we can scarcely translate without having recourse to a circumlocution. The theme is the 'emancipation of woman.' In this case we have read the preface, though no more, and now we shall quote a paragraph from it:—

'Woman was not made only with a population-object, nor only for her housewifery. She is not merely Woman, she is human. We dare not assume that she is only Woman, for in the tropics she ceases at between thirty and forty years of age to be such, and yet lives, like man, to seventy or eighty years: there, we cannot suppose that Nature has en-

dowed her with no capabilities to be anything else than Woman!"

The mark of exclamation is not ours; though, had it been wanting in the original, we should certainly have been tempted to insert one. But this strong-minded lady braves opinion such as ours; and it is not blindly, but designedly, that she proceeds on what we have just been denouncing as a false principle in a story-teller. 'A leading thought,' she says, in this same preface, 'must hold together every production of the fancy: why should not the thread which runs throughout this novel be spun from the realization of the much talked of emancipation of woman? The action must be carried on by beings of flesh and blood: why should not these be the bearers of principles?' Why not, indeed! But when the bull, that is to say our criticism, is thus taken by the horns, we have nothing for it but to pass on to another topic.

We come accordingly to the plots of our German friends. Here, too, their imperfections are great and manifold. It is not indeed an easy thing to plot a good plot for a short story; a plot which shall be tolerably original, tolerably sustained, and yet sufficiently natural. But their plots are truly wretched, woful, exasperating; and especially exasperating are they when, as is the case frequently, they proceed excellently well for a considerable way, and go off in a lamentable failure just as we have become fully interested. We remember to have read somewhere, how in a certain school it was the custom for the lads in one of the dormitories, to tell each other stories after they had gone to bed, and how a certain Smith acquitted himself on the first occasion it came to his turn. Something of this sort was his contribution: 'Once upon a time, there were four brothers, all very poor, so they determined to go and travel. One night they came to a wood: it was a very dark wood, and they were afraid of ghosts. At last they saw a light, and went to it, and cast lots who should knock at the door. The lot fell on the youngest, so he knocked. A man with a great beard opened it. They looked in, and saw fifteen other men with great beards, sitting round a table at supper.

The first man asked them if they were hungry, and they said they were, very; so he asked them in, and they sat down and had a jolly good tuck out. That's all!' Upon which abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion, the eldest lad of the set, being enraged, calls out pleasantly, 'Smith, come here;' and Smith, expectant of some reward for his pains, readily obeys. But, 'Take that, you precious fool!' roars the senior, as he launches a bolster at the other's head. Now, very much as that critic have we more than once felt lately, on coming to the winding up of a German story; and much inclined we should have been, had the author stood before us, to request him to 'take' something. As it is, we have not patience to enter upon lengthened remarks as to these plots, and choose rather to give a sketch of one, so that it may speak for itself; especially as by so doing we shall also incidentally illustrate one or two of our previous assertions.

A son returns home to the poor roof of his widowed mother.* He has been absent some seven years, and has become a rich man; but he has not helped his mother, being of an avaricious turn; and during all that time she has existed, and no more, by the meagre profits of a small chandlery shop in a Prussian seaport. Very proudly, however, she now looks on her returned Joseph, as he tells her about himself: he is so much improved, so handsome, so tastefully dressed. Then she, too, must tell her story, must speak of his father's death; 'in doing which she, from more causes than one, began to weep;' must tell him how dull business has been, what has become of his old school companions, and all about the servant girls she had successively had: a mighty tale! The conversation, however, languishes at last, for they get sleepy, and the mother must be up at five, when the milk-woman comes. So they go to rest; but before the poor woman has time to fall asleep, a cry is heard from

* The title of the story here analysed is *Nur ein Contorist: Erzählung in fünf Capiteln*. Von EMIL ROSSMANN. It appeared in the *Unterhaltungen am häuslichen Herd* (New Series, 1856, Nos. 28, 29, 30), a literary periodical published weekly at Leipzig.

Joseph's room. She springs up and runs to him: 'Joseph! Joseph, my own boy! what is the matter! what has happened!' Joseph is sitting up in bed, wiping his damp brow, a wild look in his eyes: 'Mother,' he whispers, shuddering, and looking round him, 'did you not hear it! the knocking! the knocking! But, it was nothing, I must have been dreaming.'

It is to calm his mother that he accounts for his alarm by attributing it to a dream, for the words, 'the knocking,' have awakened in her the most frightful recollections: 'Ah! Joseph,' she says tremblingly, 'is that to begin again then!' At last, however, he succeeds in soothing her, and the rest of the night passes quietly.

Joseph Ulrich had returned comparatively rich, it has been said. It still, however, was not his policy to let his mother know this. He allowed her to believe that he returned almost as poor as he went; that he was a clerk, living from hand to mouth; that he was looking out for a situation. Not but that he loved her well, only 'the avaricious speak of anything rather than their money.' He had brought her handsome presents, however. He had presents also for his little sister Jenny; 'ladies' watches, brooches, rings, kerchiefs, and whatever, in short, may most rejoice the heart of woman; 'which liberality, it seems to us, though apparently not to the author, ought to have awakened some doubts as to his pretended poverty. Probably, however, it was thought necessary to make him avaricious, in order that the widow might be left in her former house, for the sake of 'the knocking,' which it might have required some little ingenuity to introduce effectively otherwise; but for any other end that this avarice serves in the story, the chief character in it might as well have been inclined to any other vice, or to none.

His presents presented, Joseph goes out for a stroll; and calls upon his uncle's widow, who was a young widow, gay and charming. Now here we must note, what probably will be new to some readers, and what we at least did not know till we learned it from this tale, that in Germany a man may marry the widow of his father's or mother's brother; we knew that even in Pro-

testant Germany, an uncle, on obtaining a dispensation from the Church, may marry his own niece, but we believed that by no dispensation may he marry his aunt. This, however, it would seem, applies only to an aunt by blood, and not to an aunt by affinity. Therefore, on visiting the widow, Joseph is quite entitled to fall in love with her, if he chooses. And he does: 'in one word, Joseph was enchanted with his aunt.' And the lady, on her part, who had behaved in a very supercilious way at the beginning of the interview, changed her demeanour very decidedly when she heard from her visitor that he was now a man of means, and intended to establish himself in the town as a merchant. It will be observed that Joseph very readily tells this lady what he had concealed from his mother; it will also be said, perhaps, that his dissimulation to the latter was absurd, seeing that she must very soon have heard of his establishing himself on a great scale, within a street or two of her. But such trifles are not heeded by your German story-teller. And upon the whole, we have no great reason to quarrel with the exposition of this story. Nor are there wanting in the sequel some really good passages; the following, for instance, which now meets us, and to present which we shall postpone for a little our analysis of the plot.

'The native town of our Joseph Ulrich possessed in its pastor Rakemann, a spiritual shepherd, who was one in the fullest sense of the word. The most of his hearers came with two pocket-handkerchiefs to his discourses. No clergyman levied more contributions for pious purposes; none busied themselves with so many charitable and philanthropic institutions. And then, what a stately appearance he had! What expression there was in that double chin, and in those heavenly eyes, so full of soul! It was only for the sake of Dr. Rakemann, and for the sake, not merely of his words, but of his looks, his gestures and his deportment generally, that almost all the ladies, old as well as young, attended so regularly the Missionary Society meetings, the Bible Distribution Society meetings, the Bible Interpretation Lectures, the Wed-

needay Divine Services, and the meetings of the Infant Asylum Union.* Altogether, he was a true preacher for the fair sex, and they called him a saintly man.

This saintly man, who it should be said was a widower, awoke one morning in no very serene frame of mind, and when the servant-maid brought him his coffee (it was his wont to take a cup before leaving his comfortable bed), he addressed her in a very different voice from that which his worshippers so much admired. The coffee came too late—it was almost cold—it had an abominable taste—this sort of thing was no longer to be borne; in one word, the pastor kept grumbling and growling behind the curtains at the bad housekeeping, and declared at last that he would turn 'the whole of them' away. At all this, Rosetta was not so much astonished or frightened as might have been expected; indeed, she took no notice whatever of his bad humour, being used to it, but arranged the dressing-table and brought shaving-water without any discomposure.

'Send up Ferdinand to me!' said the pastor to her at last; and as she went he rose.

Ferdinand was the younger of the two sons the good man had; sons very unworthy of such a father. The one and the other had distinguished themselves at school by extraordinary stupidity and uninterrupted laziness. From school the elder had proceeded to a gymnasium, and then to another and another, till he had been at six. From the last he went to Halle as a theological student; but ere long, from some cause not generally known, he left that university, and devoted himself to medicine at Berlin. There, somehow or another, he attained to the degree of doctor; after which triumph he returned home, and attempted, though without success, to practise. As to the younger, Ferdinand, he had been bred to trade, or was supposed to have been, and as a wood and charcoal merchant, on his return home, he was set a-going by his father, after marrying the sister of that 'Aunt

Laura,' who was so pleased with Joseph Ulrich, and so pleasing to him. But he managed his business in a peculiar way. He left it entirely to the charge of a clerk; and passed his time at the billiard-room and similar resorts. This, however, was for a long time unknown to the pastor, though the young couple had come to live with him; nor was it till a certain bill, drawn upon himself and bearing his son's signature, had been presented to him by a certain Levi, that he began to suspect the truth. That bill he had received the day before the troubled waking we have witnessed, and since he had last seen his son.

'It must be about Levi's business!' exclaimed Ferdinand, when Rosetta delivered her message from her master, the two young men being at the breakfast table. 'Infernal folly! But after all—things had come to such a pass, it won't do any longer. The game is up.'

'How?' said the doctor. 'And it is only for three hundred. We should have let loose the Jew with the five hundred. It would have been all one storm, and when he had swallowed the big pill, he would not make wry faces at the smaller one.'

'Come up along with me, do,' returned the other; 'you are a good talker, and can manage him better than I can.'

The doctor consented, and the noble pair of brothers came into the presence of the pastor. 'Good morning, father,' began the elder, cheerfully; 'slept sound?'

On this the father looked up sharply from the learned and edifying folio he had chosen to be found studying: 'Is Ferdinand there?' said he, wheeling round his chair so as to confront the evil-doer; who, not being yet quite so hardened a sinner as his brother, stood mute, turning his hat in his hands, and keeping his eyes fixed on a button of his parent's morning gown.

'Ferdinand!' thus the pastor addressed him, after an awful pause. 'Tell me—what's the meaning of this, that yesterday a Jew came to the house, and held out a bit of paper, and asked for three hundred dollars?'

'A cursed story,' stammered Ferdinand. 'An infernal purchase of charcoal, as will happen at times in busi-

* Infant Asylum Union. These three words are intended as a translation of the single (and rather long) German one—*Kleinkinderbewahranstalten*.

ness ; you can easily imagine, my dear father, that one has not always ready money ; it must be laid out on stock ; one has to buy when there is an opportunity.'

Here the doctor interposed, and enlarged on the text. 'You don't make it clear to our father. Let me explain. Some little time ago he had to make a large and important purchase of wood, because it was remarkably cheap, and he gave a bill for a part of the amount, which you accepted, father. Also, a purchase of charcoal. And now the former bill is due, and must be met ; and as Ferdinand is not flush of cash at this moment, Levi naturally came upon you, because your acceptance is on the bill, so that you will have to pay the trifle at once.'

For a full minute the pastor was left speechless, and his eyes wandered between the doctor, who nodded pleasantly to him, and Ferdinand, who now appeared totally absorbed in the contemplation of the flowers patterned in the carpet ; but then the saintly man sprang up, and, 'What !' he cried. 'How—you don't mean—that I—that I have to pay—three hundred dollars—for you, Ferdinand ? You don't mean to say that you have used me, your father, who has so sacrificed himself for you—given you everything—as a cloak for speculations—which may the devil take !'

'Only this once ; only an advance for the moment,' stuttered Ferdinand imploringly.

'Not a crooked pfennig !' roared the father, becoming nut-brown with rage. 'You are a bad man ! You wish to ruin me ! But I withdraw my hand from you. Not a pfennig !'

The doctor of medicine had coolly seated himself. 'But, dear father,' remarked he, on this outbreak, 'you are bound as much as Ferdinand by this bill ; and as you have money, you had better pay ; for in bill-business people don't much stand on ceremony.' The pastor was struck speechless again. 'Yes, dear father,' continued his precious son, 'they will arrest not him, but you. Levi has got it into his head that it is you who are his debtor. And he seems to be right too.'

Pastor Rakemann threw himself back in his chair. 'No, no, no !' he groaned,

'I won't pay ! Wicked sons ! Was it for this I brought you up ? For this have I sacrificed myself for you ? For this was it that I saved you, sir, from disgrace, when you stole the two hundred dollars at Ottos ?'

Thus the elder brother also came in for his share. Over the rest of the scene we draw a veil, and shall only say that in the end the pastor resigned himself to the new sacrifice demanded of him. Then, Ferdinand having retired, 'How are you getting on with your sister-in-law ?' he asked his other son. That gentleman's countenance fell at the question.

'Laura is not such a fool as you think,' said he ; 'there is a fellow of a merchant who has returned here with I don't know how much, and begun business in a very brilliant way, and I am afraid she is thinking of him.'

'Ah, there now !' cried the father. 'Just so ! That's the way you bring to nothing all my plans for your happiness. You might have had her and her ten thousand dollars long ago, for ten thousand she has if not more, but now—No, no ! I have no comfort in you ; bad sons, bad sons, you and your brother. Who is the merchant ?'

The doctor named Joseph Ulrich.

'Do you know the young man ? What is his disposition ?' asked the pastor, after a moment's reflection.

'Does he come to church ?' 'Hm—it be well if we were to have this lover here, and if you and Ferdinand were to make yourselves his friends. If you would only play your part. But here the speaker remembered that he had a christening to perform. He rose and went : and his son, remembering that he had been disturbed at his breakfast, and when he had taken only his second glass of wine, returned to finish his repast, his constitution not allowing of irregularities.

This brings us to the fourth of the five chapters composing the tale. Several months have passed. Joseph Ulrich is carrying on a flourishing trade, and has become a man in high credit on 'Change. He has not been long about it. Also, in his visits to the widow, he has passed from 'Aunt Laura' to 'Laura, and from that to 'dear Laura,' and other suitors, several in number, and including Dr. Rakemann, have for some time been think-

ing how best to effect an honourable retreat. One day a pic-nic is got up, and almost all the characters join in it; among them is a Dr. Dumdumdum, but we mention him only to illustrate again the absurd way in which a German story-teller will name his personages. This pic-nic is described at great length, and much conversation is given as having been carried on at it. But scarcely a word of what is thus given has anything to do with the carrying on of the plot; nay, the pic-nic itself is altogether impertinent to it, except in so far that it introduces the following scene:—

Joseph, who had wandered away alone from the rest of the party, comes again upon them suddenly, and they receive him in an unaccountable manner; in particular, the widow looks at him with coldness or even worse, the doctor with an air of triumph. And some one says to him rudely, 'Herr Ulrich is probably studying in solitude the answers he will give on the prosecution which awaits him! Have you read Schiller's Robbers! Your firm should call itself Franz Moor and Company!' And now comes the catastrophe, and such a catastrophe!

Joseph's father had been a drunkard, had been used to beat his wife, had fallen down stairs into the cellar one day, and had been kept there for seven months by his son, who would no longer see his mother ill-treated, and, besides, was in hopes of reforming his other parent. The neighbours thought and said that Ulrich senior had run away; pitied the poor woman he had deserted, as they supposed; and made no inquiry about him. In the end, Joseph brought him up to day-light again, but the unfortunate man had become an idiot! And shortly afterwards he died; and died, we are expressly told, without having in any way disclosed the treatment he had been subjected to. While in the cellar he had been wont to knock against the walls of it; hence the mysterious knocking which Joseph had heard on the night of his return home! Such is the discovery. 'Justice, however, declined to interfere; Joseph Ulrich found no accuser; and the town admired the son—admired him, shuddering!' But, for all that,

he blows his brains out; leaving Dr. Rakemann to marry the widow, and little Jenny to be married, some years later, of course, to a certain Lieutenant Pikat.

Such is the discovery, we say. But, will it be believed that we are not told how the discovery was made, and how Dr. Dumdumdum and the rest came to learn the secret during the pic-nic? Such is the fact, however. And, what is more, from the whole story it is plain that (unless indeed it had been supernaturally, which is not hinted), no discovery could possibly have been made; for the mother did not make it, the father had said nothing, and, excepting them, no one knew of the matter save Joseph himself. Now, is not such a style of story-telling beyond all measure intolerable?

We have not exhausted our criticism, and we had some thoughts of instituting a comparison between the German story-tellers and the French of the day, but our limits forbid; for we are anxious to present a little sketch which contrasts pleasingly with the majority of those before us. Here it is, very freely translated we should premise, and with it we shall close.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.*

It is in the time when the Netherlands are beginning the struggle which will end in their throwing off the yoke of Spain.

Hieronimus Lobskin, therefore, must leave his native place, and learn his trade in other lands, if he is to learn that trade at all, or any trade, except the uncertain one of war. For, throughout all the country, the Flemish towns are enrolling, nay impressing soldiers; and though Rony, as his father usually calls him, is only just turned of seventeen, he will be forced into a gay coat and all the rest of it, prefer as he may a garb more sober.

The daughter of Claas Rypa, however, even the pretty Bathsheba, has opposed this intention, and that in good earnest too, although she has never spoken a word on the subject, nor even allowed it to be seen that she

* From *The Dresden Gallery: Stories and Pictures*. By A. von Sternberg. Leipzig, 1858.

cares about it. It has been something in the mere existence of the young girl, which, whenever Rony has seen her, has said to him in a language not to be mistaken, 'You shall not go! Here you must stay!' What is poor Rony to do?

This evening he will bring the matter to a point, and be done with it; for he sees Bathsheba alone in the garden (though not bathing), and he seizes the opportunity. 'Why is it, Seba, that you will not let me go?' he runs up to her and says.

'I? Not let you go? Who told you that?'

'Your eyes,' returns Rony.

'Come, master Hieronymus, my eyes are—'

'Only far too sweet!'

'It will be best for you to go. I will wish you a good journey. That is what my mouth says.'

'Then which tells stories? Your mouth or your eyes?'

'Hold your tongue, sir.'

'Well then, I will, and, like you, let my eyes speak.'

'And what say they, pray?'

'Look into them, and see, Seba.'

'Nay, I may not look into strangers' houses, through windows left open by chance.'

'Try it for once. Besides, the windows have been left open on purpose.'

'Well, then, Hieronymus, I will. Inside the house I see a little woman sitting, who does you no harm, but, on the contrary, keeps the house in order, and will take care that, when you are away, no unseemly guest shall enter.'

'Ah, dear Seba! Then I shall go abroad with you in my heart? And you will be with me, and never leave me, wherever I go?'

'Did I say that, Hieronymus?'

'Yes, indeed, you did!'

'Then neither my eyes nor my mouth do their duty.'

'Let me punish them for it!' And the happy youth pressed kisses both on mouth and eyes.

This was very pleasant. But, as will happen, when such things are done in a garden, by daylight, it was witnessed, and by Claas Ryps, too, Seba's father, who came out in a passion. But his daughter and Rony were so imploring, and so—In short,

that evening the young couple were betrothed to each other.

Joyfully, now, the lad took his departure. How often has it been said that it is well for us we cannot foresee the future!

Three years had passed while Rony wandered among strangers. He came home, suddenly, and altogether unexpectedly. There was much stir in the village. Count Horn had established his head-quarters there, and the whole place swarmed with soldiers. On Master Ryps a lieutenant had been billeted, a handsome young fellow of rank, who would fain win his first laurels. He began in a bad way. Rony had learned the danger that threatened Seba. Hence his quick and sudden return home.

He had come as quick as he could, yet he came too late.

The poor girl did not survive her shame long.

These were dark days for poor Hieronymus!

Many years rolled by. Rony had again wandered far and wide during them, and now he returned to pass the rest of his life in the place of his birth. He was upwards of forty, and unmarried; he became a schoolmaster.

One evening some one knocked at his door; and a rough-looking figure, stained with blood, and carrying one arm in a sling, addressed him as he opened it: 'You are the schoolmaster of this place?'

'I am.'

'We are carrying a wounded man with us. They are pursuing us hotly. Could you conceal him for one night? To-morrow we shall return for him.'

'Bring him in.'

They brought him in, laid him on a bed, and hastily left him, to continue their flight. Softly approaching the sufferer, who was quite insensible, Rony held a candle so that he could see his face. Whom did he recognise? The wretch that had robbed him of his greatest earthly blessing; the destroyer of all his hopes; the murderer of his Seba.

At this moment there was another knocking outside, and a furious knocking it was. Gently drawing the curtains of the bed, Rony left the room with the view of answering the summons; but, before he reached the

door, it was broken open, and a number of soldiers rushed in. The Spanish troops had taken possession of the village, and were in search of a marked partisan of Count Horn. The head of the Count himself had fallen on the scaffold but a few days before.

'The criminal we are in search of has taken refuge under this roof!' they thundered.

'I am alone with my siek brother in the house,' returned Hieronymus, steadily. 'I pray of you not to disturb the last moments of a man who is perhaps very near his death. He is sleeping lightly just now.' And as he spoke he opened the door of the room where the wounded officer lay, and pointed to the bed with the curtains drawn.

The soldiers held back; their leader made a sign to them, and they at once left the house; then he nodded to Hieronymus, and followed them without another word. The quiet speech and calm demeanour of the man had convinced them, leader, and all.

Next day, as they had promised, the rallying comrades of the schoolmaster's guest returned, and took him away. Hieronymus in the meantime had carefully and skilfully dressed his wounds. To whom he was indebted for his life that night, the officer never knew.

Now, if you wish to make the personal acquaintance of the worthy Hieronymus Lobskin, you have only to go to the Dresden gallery, and there you will see him represented by the pencil of Gerard Douw in his picture of 'the Old Schoolmaster.' He is standing at the window of his school, mending a pen: behind him, in the background, are his scholars. As to his general character, what has already been said will perhaps suffice to show the nature of it. But to show what he was as a schoolmaster, and what his opinion was as to the proper functions of his most important office, let the following be added:—

Thus spoke Hieronymus, one night, to the guests assembled in the best room of the Golden Cask—

'I visited in my youth many towns and many countries, and made many reflections on them, as I passed on. I may tell you, that even then, the future schoolmaster lay hid in me, though at that time I drove another trade, and had other things than edu-

cation in my head. But a man is always moving towards an ultimate goal, though it may not lie directly before him at the time. Many a man works very hard, with a particular view, but works in vain; and when he has quite done doing so, lo! he shows himself the very man for something quite different, having a peculiar gift for it, and having, though unconsciously, had that gift all along: long that gift may have lain hid, and he may, perhaps, have been thought to possess no gift at all, but in the end it discovers itself, and he comes to honour and fame. Now, in me lay hid, as I have said, the schoolmaster.

'When I chanced to arrive in a strange town, I was wont to look about for the best street in it, and observe, and consider how that was built. For there is much character to be read in a street. Now, for instance, I would find one, where the houses were all the one just like the other, and none of the builders had dared to bring his front one step out in advance of the general line, or to give it anything that his neighbour's had not, such as a pretty balcony or the like. And certainly, upon the whole, this was to be praised. For I could easily conceive, that if a certain degree of regularity were not insisted on, side by side with a noble building, a very mean one might be found; and here, perhaps, a fantastic piece of gimerack, there a mere mass of stone and lime, might shock the eye. So that the town might come into bad repute, as of having been built by people who were not altogether right in the head.

'But on the other hand, again, a too stringent system of regularity was equally displeasing to me. I thought to myself, in that house dwells a man, perhaps, who is fond of light, and round whose head the sunshine and the moonshine can never dance too freely, but who, nevertheless, must be content to have, like his neighbours, mere pigeon-holes for windows: or here may live some one who would like a flat roof, from which to have a view of the town, and hail the distant landscape, while he or she—a young girl, perhaps—is condemned to wear life away in a confined chamber, the atmosphere of which weighs on the mind like that of a prison. Such a

young girl would very likely become morose, might even depart from the ways of virtue, just because she had not so much liberty, and room, and extent of prospect, as were necessary to her healthy development. And so on in many fashions.

Here the old schoolmaster paused a moment. Was he perchance thinking of his lost Seba, and of the little allegory she and he had made up, about a house and its windows, in the happy time now so long gone by? Who can tell?

Presently Master Hieronymus resumed:—

'Yes, so I have often thought about streets and houses, and the architecture of them. Now, is there not something similar to be thought and said about education? In schools, do we not often build streets as straight as a right line, and houses as like each other as equilateral triangles on equal bases? Where a full wide window is the thing necessary, does not our plan sometimes forbid us to introduce such a thing? Do we not measure out light and space to one pupil as to another? My friends, that is what I often thought even then, when I was but a lad, in my visits to stranger towns and foreign cities.

'Later, when I became a schoolmaster, I resolved to adopt an altogether different method in my little work of edification. I set out upon this principle, that I would lay out streets in which not any two houses should be alike: not indeed, so that the differences should be of a merely arbitrary, and therefore foolish kind, but that they should proceed after a fine idea I had in my head, and so as to secure the approbation of all the world. For, eccentric I would not be. The man whose duty it is to put the first, a creative hand to the formation of another's future—the builder who, in any street of the town, that is to say, the commonwealth, is about to erect a house which shall be an honour, and an ornament, and useful to it—must not set to work after silly or empty fantasies, but keep himself ever mindful of the Eternal Architect, and beware of doing aught to incur His censure.

'How then have I been wont to bring up my children? I can assure

you that not one has left my hands exactly the same sort of being as another, and yet I may assert, that in my street not a single house has proved a total failure, or so that no human being will inhabit it. And how came this about? I observed in what case a great door or window was necessary, and in what a narrow door or small window would suffice. I considered; and when much space and a wide view seemed the things needful, I took my measures accordingly; where modest retirement, or life on a limited scale, was to be provided for, I aimed at securing so much, and no more. And so on.

'For fifty years it has been on this plan that I have built, and admirable houses, I can assure you, there have been among mine. For instance, do you remember Jert Blicher, who was steward to his lordship the Bishop of Liège, and who was sent to Italy for the purpose of conferring with, I forget with what cardinal, about something or other of the greatest possible importance? Well, him I built with plenty of balconies and terraces. Wherefore? Because I early saw in the boy a remarkable desire for air and expansion. He was always restless to know what was going on in the next lane, what was to be seen on a distant hill. Had I left him without any observatories, and made a house of him just like the rest, with common windows and so forth, he would have been a very ordinary person. Then, you have seen Jans van Brugger? He was the child of poor people, and I took him into my school out of charity, that cold winter morning, when Madge Timple was found frozen to death in the pond. That is now more than thirty years ago. But I see that morning as if it were only yesterday. The boy seemed fit for nothing. He sat there in utter dejection, with his eyes cast down, and his hair over his forehead, and his long, lean hands laid on his two knees. "What sort of a house are you to make out of that?" I asked myself. But I began to build. I built a lower storey, saw it would not do, and pulled it down again. Then I began to build a house with considerable architectural pretensions, because I thought the lad was, in the depths of his soul, a genuine

artist. It was not that either. At last I built a dark, secluded house, with little light in it, but much order, strong floors, large ware-rooms, roomy cellars. And see you now? Our Jans van Brugger is at this day the great merchant and rich banker whom I visit every time—that is to say, once every four or five years—that business takes me to the opulent and stately Antwerp. Thus, in short, it is, that I have built my streets, and still build them. May the Lord add his blessing.

Thus the old schoolmaster. One word now as to Gerard Douw, who has so well delineated him. Douw was the son of a glass-stainer, and was born in the year 1613. At the early age of fifteen he became a pupil of the great Rembrandt. Far, however, from following the bold style of that master, he adopted a style of which minute finish is the predominant characteristic. He painted, moreover, exactly what was presented to his eye, and no more, and no less. As an amusing instance of this it may

be mentioned, that there is, in Paris, a portrait by him of a young lady, who evidently had grown weary of the slowness with which he executed his work, and who thus looks out of the canvas, as if at the laborious but tiresome artist, with an expression of great fatigue and even of vexation. He died leaving a large fortune, about the year 1680.

We said that we should translate this sketch very freely. We should, perhaps, say, in justice to the author, who probably would think that we have not improved it, though we of course are of a different opinion, that we have even gone so far as to transpose the two parts of the story. We have only to add, and this again is in justice to ourselves, that we have written 'Count Horn,' since we found it so in the original, although a comparison of dates would, we believe, show that there must almost necessarily be an anachronism involved by such an introduction of that name.

A BRACE OF NOVELS.*

Most of our readers have some idea what the prevalence of an east wind in the month of March is; as something dry and parching, drinking up all the juices and sap of their nature, and reducing their shrivelled integuments to resemblance in everything but feeling, to the skin which covers the drum-head, when that skin is relaxed, and the bold *rouédy-dow* becomes the husky and muffled *ruff-duff-duff*. They know it, moreover, as something searching, policemanlike, inquisitorial. If there be a carious tooth, a rheumatic joint, an asthmatic lung, it is sure to find it out and grasp it in its remorseless gripe, till poor wincing humanity quivers under the infliction, and gasps for very breath. But they do not know what the east wind is in the chops of the Channel to vessels from long voyages,

* *The Bertrams: A Novel.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Three vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

Creda. By the Author of the *Morals of May Fair*. Three vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1859.

India, China, the Pacific, blowing them back again to sea, provisions, water, and patience well nigh done, and the prospect of perishing in sight of home taking place of the hope of release from the confinement of ship-board, and the rare delight of ranging on *terra firma*. If the man leaving his native shores for long exile abroad may apostrophize the Needles thus—

'Cliff of the pearly blue!
Far, far at sea,
Sad men turn their view
Sadder on thee!'

much sadder may those be who approach that pearly promontory after a long sea voyage, and find themselves baffled by contrary winds in making port. Out there west of the paradise of island-homes, the Isle of Wight; out beyond Scilly; far away to the remote Azores, they ride as best they may—three-decker, sloop, frigate, tender, East Indiaman, barque, schooner, brig, South Sea whaler, clipper, cutter, transport, crowding the sea with their hulls, and cursing Eurus with no

bated breath nor moderate imprecation. Every day adds to their number, and every day to their disappointment and distress, till at last that Providence which watches over poor Jack sends a favouring wind, and the host of belated vessels are swept into the classic Downs, where 'black-eyed Susan' 'waved her lily hand' to her lover, and London once more rejoices in its forest of masts, and custom-house officers are busy. Like that retarded fleet and empty Thames was but lately our dearth of novel literature for the season, and, like that majestic and miscellaneous navy released from its durance of lying-to in the face of unfriendly breezes, the plethora of fiction that now covers our table and solicits our notice. Would we could as conscientiously praise the various ventures that crowd the port of the Muses, as we can the sea-worthy qualities of frigate and free-trader jutting the surface of the pool! But alas! many of our novel wares are very small craft indeed; a flotilla of Lilliput in the hands of a single Gulliver, and cranky and unsound to boot. So old, so worn-out, so used-up are the materials of which most are made that we turn from their inspection with instinctive loathing; while very few can command our admiration to any high degree. Now novelty in novel-writing we fancy might be secured at the sacrifice of some small pains, and as this is the chief merit of the novel, we desiderate its presence with the more intense longing, and condemn its lack as a crowning and capital fault of narrative fiction. The 'stale' and 'flat' is sure to become 'heavy' and 'unprofitable.' The lees of beer are sparkling champagne to a tedious and stupid novel.

Of the last batch of fictitious stories ushered to our view, we select one or two for comment and extract, not on the ground of merit, but because they belong to a class. Of these Mr. Trollope is *facile princeps*, first in rank, and fairly entitled to the precedence in our review. His *Bertrams* does not come up to the finished excellence of Obadiah Slope and Dr. Purdy, for truth to say our author is writing too fast for his fame; but still his pen is one gifted with considerable power of

delineation, especially in the line of showing up the follies and weak points of his fellows. His three leading personages are these: first, a young clergyman, who, failing to obtain a first-class at Oxford, is condemned to vegetate on a curiously hampered vicarage, and gave up a projected alliance for a time, gaining, however, his very sweet partner ere the story is done. Secondly, George Bertram, the real hero, a clever young fellow studying for the bar, but who ere choosing a profession takes a run in the Mediterranean, where it is his lot to meet with Caroline Waddington, the beautiful heroine. He wishes to marry this young lady at once, but she, more prudential than her betrothed, refuses till he shall be called to the bar, and started in his profession; whereat her George breaks off the engagement in high dudgeon, leaving two people free and both miserable. The third chief personage is a college friend of George's, Henry Harcourt, who has achieved a solicitor-generalship, a knighthood, and a seat in Parliament, in the course of five years, pays his addresses to Caroline, and is accepted and wedded without delay. This loveless union is unblest both to Lady Harcourt and her spouse, and they separate ere long. On the death of her grandfather, a miserly millionaire, Sir Henry, disappointed of any legacies on behalf of his wife, shoots himself in his bedroom, and leaves Caroline to marry her old lover, a union of tranquil decorum and moderate happiness, but the memory of both charged with too painful recollections, to ever recall the bliss of their early hopes. There is thus a kind of moral and retributive award observable in the end of the story, which leaves an impression that justice on the whole is done, but nevertheless the close is not happy, and is, so far, not to our taste. In the serious and sentimental portraiture of fiction, Mr. Trollope is not at home, but in tearing to pieces social hypocrisies, and in sketching with a pen of wonderful point and sarcastic power, the current follies of the day, he is a master. The clergy he does not spare, and yet he is evidently no enemy of the clergy. We doubt not that any of these reverend gentlemen who may

indulge themselves with a perusal of the novel before us, will laugh at Mr. O'Callaghan quite as heartily as ourselves. Our extracts from *The Bertrams*, we promise, shall be all of the lighter and more amusing sort.

The following sketch of a card-party at Bath is in that style of satire, dashed with caricature, in which Mr. Trollope delights, and, we shall add, shines :—

'Yes. The great Miss Todd had arrived at Little Bath, and had already been talked about not a little. Being a maiden lady, with no family but her one own maid, she lived in lodgings, of course. People at Little Bath, indeed, are much given to lodgings. They are mostly a come-and-go class of beings, to whom the possession of furniture and the responsibilities of householding would be burdensome. But then Miss Todd's lodgings were in the Paragon, and all the world knows how much it costs to secure eligible rooms in the Paragon: two spacious sitting-rooms, for instance, a bedroom, and a closet for one's own maid. And Miss Todd had done this in the very best corner of the Paragon; in that brazen-faced house which looks out of the Paragon, right down Montpellier avenue, as regards the front windows, and from the back fully commands the entrance to the railway station. This was Mrs. O'Neill's house; and, as Mrs. O'Neill herself loudly boasted when Miss Todd came to inspect the premises, she rarely took single ladies, or any ladies that had not handles to their names. Her very last lodger had been Lady M'Guffern, the widow of the medical director of the Great Indian Eyesore District, as Mrs. O'Neill called it. And Lady M'Guffern had paid her, oh, never so much per week, and had always said every Saturday—"Mrs. O'Neill, your terms for such rooms as these are too low." It is in such language that the widows of Scotch doctors generally speak of their lodgings, when they are paying their weekly bills.

'And these rooms Miss Todd had secured. She had, moreover, instantly sent for Mr. Watsanbeans, who keeps those remarkably neat livery stables at the back of the Paragon, and in ten minutes had concluded her bargain

for a private brougham and private coachman, in demi-livery, at so much per week. "And very wide awake she is, is Miss Todd," said the admiring Mr. Watsanbeans, as he stood among his bandy-legged satellites. And then her name was down at the assembly rooms, and in the pump-room, and the book-room, and in the best of sittings in Mr. O'Callaghan's fashionable church, in almost less than no time. There were scores of ladies desirous of being promoted from the side-walls to the middle avenues in Mr. O'Callaghan's church; for, after all, what is the use of a French bonnet when stuck under a side wall? But, though all these were desirous, and desirous in vain, Miss Todd at once secured a place where her head was the cynosure of the congregation. Such was Miss Todd's power, and therefore do we call her great.

'And in a week's time the sound of her loud but pleasant voice, and the step of her heavy but active foot, and the glow of her red cherry cheek were as well known on the Esplanade, as though she were a Littlebathian of two months' standing. Of course she had found friends there, such friends as one always does find at such places—dear delightful people whom she had met some years before for a week at Ems, or sat opposite to once at the hotel table at Harrogate for a fortnight. Miss Todd had a very large circle of such friends; and, to do her justice, we must say that she was always glad to see them, and always treated them well. She was ready to feed them at all times; she was not candid or malicious when backbiting them; she never threw the burden of her pleasures on her friends' shoulders, as ladies at Little Bath will sometimes do. . . .

'Miss Todd was not a bad woman. She spent much in feeding those perhaps who were not hungry, but she fed the hungry also; she indulged a good deal in silk brocades, but she bought gingham as well, and calicos for poor women, and flannel petticoats for motherless girls. She did go to sleep sometimes in church, and would sit at a whist table till two o'clock of a Sunday morning; but having been selected from a large family by an uncle as his heir, she

had divided her good things with brothers and sisters, and nephews and nieces. And so there were some hearts that blessed her, and some friends who loved her with a love other than that of her friends of Little Bath and Ems, of Jerusalem, and Harrogate.

'And she had loved in her early days, and had been told, and believed, that she was loved. But evidence had come to her that her lover was a scamp—a man without morals and without principle; and she had torn herself away from him. And Miss Todd had offered to him money compensation, which the brute had taken; and since that, for his sake, or rather for her love's sake, she had rejected all further matrimonial tenders, and was still Miss Todd; and Miss Todd she intended to remain.

'Being such as she was, the world of Little Bath was soon glad to get round her. Those who give suppers at their card-parties are not long in Little Bath in making up the complement of their guests. She had been there now ten days, and had already once or twice mustered a couple of whist-tables; but this affair was to be on a larger scale. . . .

'Miss Todd stood at her drawing-room door, as her guests were ushered in, not by the green-grocer's assistant, but by the green-grocer himself in person. And she made no quiet little curtsies, whispered no unmeaning welcomes with bated breath. No; as they arrived she seized each Little-bathian by the hand, and shook that hand vigorously. She did so to every one that came, rejoiced loudly in the coming of each, and bade them all revel in tea and cake, with a voice that demanded and received instant obedience.

'“Ah! Lady Longspade, this is kind. I am delighted to see you. Do you remember dear Ems, and the dear Kursaal? Ah, me! Well, do take some tea now, Lady Longspade. What, Miss Fonesse—well—well—well. I was thinking of Ostend only the other day. You'll find that Flounce there with coffee and cake and all that. You remember my woman, Flounce, don't you? Mrs. Fuzzybell, you really make me proud. But is not Mr. Fuzzybell to be here? Oh, he's be-

hind, is he? Well, I'm so glad! Ha, ha, ha! A slow-coach, is he? I'll make him faster. But perhaps you won't trust him to me, I'm such a dangerous creature. I'm always eloping with some one. Who knows but I might go off with Mr. Fuzzybell! We were near it, you know, at the end of that long walk at Malvern—only he seemed too tired—ha, ha, ha! There's tea and cake there, Mrs. Fuzzybell. My dear Sir Lionel, I am delighted. I declare you are five years younger; we are both five years younger than when we were at Jerusalem.” And so forth. . . .

'It was a strange sight to see the Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan among that worldly crowd of pleasure-seeking sinners. There were, as we have said, three sets of people at Little Bath. That Miss Todd, with her commanding genius and great power of will, should have got together portions of two of them, was hardly to be considered wonderful. Both the fast and heavy set liked her good suppers. But it did appear singular to the men and women of both sets that they should find themselves in the same room with Mr. O'Callaghan.

'Mr. O'Callaghan was not exactly the head and front of piety at Little Bath. It was not on his altars, not on his chiefly, that hecatombs of needlework were offered up. He was only senior curate to the great high-priest, to Dr. Snort himself. But though he was but curate, he was more perhaps to Little Bath—to his especial set at Little Bath—than most rectors are to their own people.

'Mr. O'Callaghan was known to be condescending and mild under the influence of tea and muffins—sweetly so, if the cream be plentiful and the muffins soft with butter; but still, as a man and a pastor, he was severe. In season and out of season he was hot in argument against the devil and all his works. He was always fighting the battle with all manner of weapons. He would write letters of killing reproach to persons he had never known, and address them by post to—

JOHN JONES, Esq.,
The Sabbath-breaker,
5, Paradise Terrace,
LITTLE BATH.

'Or,
 Mrs. GAMBLER SMITH,
 2, Little Paragon,
 LITTLE BATH.

'Nothing was too severe for him. One may say that had he not been a clergyman, and therefore, of course, justified in any interference, he would have been kicked from Little Bath to London, and back again, long since. How then did it come to pass that he was seen at Miss Todd's party? The secret lay in Miss Todd's unbounded power. She was not as other Little-bathians. When he unintentionally squeezed her hand, she squeezed his in return with somewhat of a firmer grasp. When, gently whispering, he trusted that she was as well in spirit as in body, she answered aloud—and all the larger Paragon heard her—that she was very well in both, thank God. And then, as her guests pressed in, she passed him on rapidly to the tea and cake, and to such generous supplies of cream as Mrs. Flounce, in her piety, might be pleased to vouchsafe him.

"What, Mr. O'Callaghan!" said Sir Lionel into Miss Todd's ear, in a tone of well-bred wonder and triumphant admiration. "Mr. O'Callaghan among the sinners! My dear Miss Todd, how will he like the whist-tables?"

"If he does not like them, he must just do the other thing. If I know anything of Miss Ruff, a whole college of O'Callaghans would not keep her from the devil's books for five minutes longer. Oh! here is Lady Ruth Revoke. My dear Lady Ruth, I am charmed to see you. When, I wonder, shall we meet again at Baden-Baden? Dear Baden-Baden! Flounce, green tea for Lady Ruth Revoke." And so Miss Todd continued to do her duty.

"What Miss Todd had said of her friend was quite true. Even then Miss Ruff was standing over a caril-table, with an open pack in her hands, quite regardless of Mr. O'Callaghan. "Come, Lady Longspade," she said, "we are wasting time sadly. It is ever so much after nine. I know Miss Todd means us to begin. She told me so. Suppose we sit down. . . ."

'Just at this moment, as Miss Ruff was looking out with eager eyes for a fourth, who would suit her tastes, and

had almost succeeded in catching the eye of Miss Finesse—and Miss Finesse was a silent, desirable, correct player—who should walk up to the tables and absolutely sit down but that odious old woman, Lady Ruth Revoke! It was Mrs. Garded's great sin, in Miss Ruff's eye, that she toadied Lady Ruth to such an extent as to be generally willing to play with her. Now it was notorious in Little Bath that she had never played well, and that she had long since forgotten all she had ever known. The poor old woman had already had some kind of a fit; she was very shaky and infirm, and ghastly to look at, in spite of her paint and ribbons. She was long in arranging her cards, long in playing them; very long in settling her points, when the points went against her, as they commonly did. And yet, in spite of all this, Mrs. King Garded would encourage her, because her father had been Lord Whitechapel.

'There was no help for it now. There she was in the chair; and, unless Miss Ruff was prepared to give up her table, and do something that would be uncommonly rude—even for her, the rubber must go on. She was not prepared at any rate to give up her table, so she took up a card to cut for partners. There were two to one in her favour. If fortune would throw her Ladyship and Mrs. Fuzzybell together, there might be found in the easiness of the prey some consolation for the slowness of the play. They cut cards, and Miss Ruff found herself sitting opposite to Lady Ruth Revoke. It was a pity that she should not have been photographed. "And now, Mrs. Fuzzybell," said Mrs. King Garded, triumphantly.

'But we must go awhile to another part of the room. . . . The second table went to work. And then there was a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. Miss Ruff's example was more potent than Mr. O'Callaghan's presence in that assembly. That gentleman began to feel unhappy, as there was no longer around him a crowd of listening ladies sufficient to screen from his now uninquiring eyes the delinquencies of the more eager sinners. The snorting of the war-horse, and the sound of the trumpet, had enticed away every martial bosom, and Mr. O'Callaghan

was left alone in converse with Mrs. Flounce.

He turned to Miss Todd, who was now seated near enough the door to do honour to any late-arriving guest, but near enough also to the table to help herself easily to cake. His soul burned within him to utter one anathema against the things that he saw. Miss Todd was still not playing. He might opine that she objected to the practice. Sir Lionel was still at her back; he also might be a brand that had been rescued from the burning. At a little distance sat Miss Baker; he knew that she at any rate was not violently attached to cards. Could he not say something? Could he not lift up his voice, if only for a moment, and speak forth, as he so loved to do, as was his wont in the meetings of the saints, his brethren?

He looked at Miss Todd, and he raised his eyes, and he raised his hands, but the courage was not in him to speak. There was about Miss Todd as she stood, or as she sat, a firmness which showed itself even in her rotundity, a vigour in the very rubicundity of her cheek, which was apt to quell the spirit of those who would fain have interfered with her. So Mr. O'Callaghan, having raised his eyes considerably, and having raised his hands a little, said nothing.

"I fear you do not approve of cards," said Miss Todd.

"Approve! oh, no! how can I approve of them, Miss Todd?"

"Well, I do with all my heart. What are old women like us to do? We haven't eyes to read at night, even if we had minds fit for it. We can't always be saying our prayers. We have nothing to talk about except scandal. It's better than drinking; and we should come to that if we hadn't cards."

"Oh, Miss Todd!"

"You see you have your excitement in preaching, Mr. O'Callaghan. These card-tables are our pulpits; we have got no other. We haven't children, and we haven't husbands; that is, the most of us. And we should be in a lunatic asylum in six weeks if you took away our cards. Now, will you tell me, Mr. O'Callaghan, what would you expect Miss Ruff to do, if you persuaded her to give up whist?"

"She has the poor with her always, Miss Todd."

"Yes, she has; the woman that goes about with a clean apron, and four borrowed children; and the dumb man with a bit of chalk, and no legs, and the very red nose. She has these, to be sure, and a lot more. But, suppose she looks after them all the day, she can't be looking after them all the night too. The mind must be unbent sometimes, Mr. O'Callaghan."

"But to play for money, Miss Todd! Is not that gambling?"

"Well, I don't know. I can't say what gambling is. But do you sit down and play for love, Mr. O'Callaghan, and see how soon you'll go to sleep. Come, shall we try? I can have a little private bet, just to keep myself awake with Sir Lionel here."

But Mr. O'Callaghan declined the experiment. So he had another cup of tea and another muffin, and then went his way; regretting sorely in his heart that he could not get up into a high pulpit and preach at them all. However, he consoled himself by "improving" the occasion on the following Sunday.

The only idlers present were Miss Baker and Miss Todd. Miss Baker was not quite happy in her mind. . . .

She was not, therefore, in her very high spirits when Miss Todd came and sat close to her on the sofa.

"I am so sorry you should be out," said Miss Todd. "But you see I've had so much to do at the door there, that I couldn't see who was sitting down with who."

"I'd rather be out," said Miss Baker. "I'm not quite sure that Mr. O'Callaghan is not right."

"No; he's not a hit right, my dear. He does—just what the man says in the rhymes; what is it? you know—makes up for his own little peccadilloes by damning yours and mine. I forget how it goes. But there'll be more in by and by, and then we'll have another table. Those who come late will be more in your line; not so ready to peck your eyes out if you happen to forget a card. That Miss Ruff is dreadful." Here an awful note was heard, for the Lady Rnth had just put her thirteenth trump on Miss Ruff's thirteenth heart.

"What Littlebathian female soul could stand that unmoved?"

"O dear! that poor old woman," continued Miss Todd. "You know one lives in constant fear of her having a fit. Miss Ruff is horrible. She has a way of looking with that fixed eye of hers that is almost worse than her voice." The fact was that Miss Ruff had one glass eye. "I know that she'll be the death of that poor old creature some of these days. Lady Ruth will play, and she hardly knows one card from another. And then Miss Ruff, she will scold. Good heavens! do you hear that?"

"It's just seven minutes since I turned the last trick of the last hand," Miss Ruff had said scornfully. "We shall have finished the two rubbers about six in the morning, I take it."

"Will your Ladyship allow me to deal for you?" said Mrs. Fuzzybell, meaning to be civil.

"I'll allow you to do no such thing," croaked out Lady Ruth. "I can deal very well myself; at any rate, as well as Miss Ruff. And I'm not in the least in a hurry." And she went on slobbering out the cards, and counting them over and over again, almost as each card fell.

"That's a double and a treble against a single," said Lady Longspade, cheerfully, from another table. "Six points and five—theotherrubber—makes eleven; and the two half-crowns is sixteen, and seven odd tricks is nineteen and six. Here's sixpence, Mrs. Fuzzybell; and now we'll cut again."

This was dreadful to Miss Ruff. Here had her rival played two rubbers, won them both, pocketed all but a sovereign, and was again at work; while she, she was still painfully toiling through her second game, the first having been scored against her by her partner's fatuity in having trumped her long heart. Was this to be borne with patience? "Lady Ruth," she said, emitting fire out of her one eye, "do you ever mean to have done dealing those cards?"

Lady Ruth did not condescend to make any answer, but recommenced her leisurely counting; and then Miss Ruff uttered that terrific screech which had peculiarly excited Miss Todd's attention.

"I declare I don't like it at all," said the tender-hearted Miss Baker. "I think Mr. O'Callaghan was quite right."

"No, my dear; he was quite wrong, for he blamed the use of cards, not the abuse. And after all, what harm comes of it? I don't suppose Miss Ruff will actually kill her. I daresay if we were playing ourselves, we shouldn't notice it."

The quarrelling had been going on unabated, but that had caused little surprise. It is astonishing how soon the ear becomes used to incivilities; they were now accustomed to Miss Ruff's voice, and thought nothing of her exclamations. "Well, I declare! What, the ten of spades! Ha, ha, ha! Well, it is an excellent joke; if you could have obliged me, Lady Ruth, by returning my lead of trumps, we should have been out." &c. &c. All this and more, attracted no attention, and the general pity for Lady Ruth had become dead and passive.

But at last Miss Ruff's tongue went faster and faster, and her words became sharper and sharper. Lady Ruth's countenance became very strange to look at. She bobbed her head about slowly in a manner that frightened Mr. Fuzzybell, and ceased to make any remark to her partner. Then Mrs. Garded made two direct appeals to Miss Ruff for mercy.

But Miss Ruff could not be merciful. Perhaps on each occasion, she refrained for a moment, but it was only for a moment; and Mrs. Garded and Mrs. Fuzzybell ceased to think of their cards, and looked only at the Lady Ruth; and then of a sudden they both rose from their seats, the Colonel rushed across the room, and all the players at all the tables put down their cards and stood up in alarm.

Lady Ruth was sitting perfectly still, except that she bobbed her old head up and down in a strange unearthly manner. She had about ten cards in her hand which she held motionless. Her eyes seemed to be fixed in one continued stare, directly on the face of her foe. Her lower jaw had fallen so as to give a monstrous extension to her cadaverous face. There she sat, apparently speechless; but

still she bobbed her head, and still she held her cards.

'It was known at Little Bath that she had suffered from paralysis, and Mrs. Garded and Mrs. Fuzzybell thinking that she was having, or about to have, a fit, naturally rushed to her assistance.

' "What is the matter with her?" said Miss Ruff. "Is anything the matter with her?"

'Miss Todd was now at the old lady's side. "Lady Ruth," said she, "do you find yourself not well? Shall we go to my room? Sir Lionel, will you help her ladyship?" And between them they raised Lady Ruth from her chair. But she still clutched the cards, still fixed her eyes on Miss Ruff, and still bobbed her head.

' "Do you feel yourself ill, Lady Ruth?" said Miss Todd. But her ladyship answered nothing. It seemed, however, that her ladyship could walk, for with her two supporters she made her way nearly to the door of the room. There she stood, and having succeeded in shaking off Sir Lionel's arm, she turned and faced round upon the company. She continued to bob her head at them all, and then made this little speech, uttering each word very slowly.

' "I wish she had a glass tongue as well, because then, perhaps, she'd break it." And having so revenged herself, she suffered Miss Todd to lead her away into the bedroom. It was clear, at least, that she had no fit, and the company was thankful.'

We have known few combinations of the horrible and grotesque, to exceed the force of this sketch.

From Joppa to Jerusalem, and the gossip of the *table-d'hôte* at the latter place, will give a pleasant idea of Mr. Trollope's lively manner.

'There is something enticing to an Englishman in the idea of riding off through the desert with a pistol girt about his waist, a portmanteau strapped on one horse before him, and an only attendant seated on another behind him. There is a *soupeçon* of danger in the journey just sufficient to give it excitement; and then it is so un-English, oriental, and inconvenient; so opposed to the accustomed haste and comfort of a railway; so out of his hitherto beaten way of life, that he

is delighted to get into the saddle. But it may be a question whether he is not generally more delighted to get out of it; particularly if that saddle be a Turkish one.

'George had heard of Arab horses, and the clouds of dust which rise from their winged feet. When first he got beyond the hedges of the orange gardens, he expected to gallop forth till he found himself beneath the walls of Jerusalem. But he had before him many an hour of tedious labour, ere those walls were seen. His pace was about four miles an hour. During the early day he strove frequently to mend it; but as the sun became hot in the heavens, his efforts after speed were gradually reduced, and long before evening he had begun to think Jerusalem a myth, his dragoman an impostor, and his Arab steed the sorriest of jades.

' "It is the longest journey I ever took in my life," said George.

' "Longest; yes. A top of two mountains more, and two go-down, and then there, yes," said the dragoman, among whose various accomplishments that of speaking English could hardly be reckoned as the most prominent.

'At last the two mountains more, and the two go-downs were accomplished, and George was informed that the wall he saw rising sharp from the rocky ground was Jerusalem. There is something very peculiar in the first appearance of a walled city, that has no suburbs or extra-mural adjuncts. It is like that of a fortress of cards built craftily on a table. With us in England it is always difficult to say where the country ends and the town begins; and even with the walled towns of the Continent, one rarely comes upon them so as to see the sharp angles of a grey stone wall shining in the sun, as they do in the old pictures of the cities in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

'But so it is with Jerusalem. One rides up to the gate feeling that one is still in the desert; and yet a moment more, with the permission of those very dirty-looking Turkish soldiers at the gate, will place one in the city. One rides up to the gate, and as every one now has a matured opinion as to the taking of casemated

batteries and the inefficiency of granite bastions, one's first idea is how delightfully easy it would be to take Jerusalem. It is, at any rate, easy enough to enter it, for the dirty Turkish soldiers do not even look at you, and you soon become pleasantly aware that there you are beyond the region of passports.

George Bertram had promised himself that the moment in which he first saw Jerusalem should be one of intense mental interest; and when, riding away from the orange gardens of Jaffa, he had endeavoured to urge his Arab steed into that enduring gallop which was to carry him up to the city of the Sepulchre, his heart was ready to melt into ecstatic pathos as soon as that gallop should have been achieved. But the time for ecstatic pathos had altogether passed away before he rode in at that portal. He was then swearing vehemently at his floundering jade, and giving up to all the fiends of Tartarus the accursed saddle which had been specially contrived with the view of lacerating the nether Christian man.

"Where on earth is this deuced hotel?" said he, when he and his dragoman and portmanteau had been floundering for about five minutes down a steep narrow ill-paved lane, with a half-formed gully in the middle, very slippery with orange peel and old vegetables, and crowded with the turbans of all Eastern races. "Do you call this a street?" After all his sentiment, all his emotions, all his pious resolves, it was thus that our hero entered Jerusalem. But what piety can withstand the wear and tear of twelve hours in a Turkish saddle?

"Is this a street?" said he. It was the main street of Jerusalem. The first, or among the first in grandeur of those sacred ways which he had intended hardly to venture to pass with shoes on his feet. His horse turning a corner as he followed the dragoman, again slipped and almost fell. Whereupon Bertram again cursed. But then he was not only tired and sore, but very hungry also. Our finer emotions should always be encouraged with a stomach moderately full.

At last they stopped at a door in the wall, which the dragoman pronounced to be the entrance of Z's

hotel. In fact, they had not yet been full ten minutes within the town; but the streets certainly were not well paved. In five minutes more George was in his room, strewing sofas and chairs with the contents of his portmanteau, and inquiring with much energy what was the hour fixed for the *table-d'hôte*. He found, with much inward satisfaction, that he had just twenty minutes to prepare himself. At Jerusalem, as elsewhere, these after all are the traveller's first main questions. When is the *table-d'hôte*? Where is the Cathedral? At what hour does the train start to-morrow morning? It will be some years yet, but not very many, before the latter question is asked at Jerusalem.

Bertram had arrived about a fortnight before Easter, and the town was already full of pilgrims congregated for that ceremony, and of English and Americans who had come to look at the pilgrims.

The inn was nearly full, and George, when he entered the public room, heard such a Babel of English voices, and such a clatter of English spoons, that he might have fancied himself at the top of the Rhine, or in a Rhine steam-boat. But the subjects under discussion all savoured of the Holy Land.

"Mrs. Rose, we are going to have a pic-nic on Monday in the valley of Jehoshaphat; will you and your young ladies join us? We shall send the hampers to the tomb of Zechariah."

"Thank you, Miss Todd; we should have been so happy, but we have only three days to do Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, and Jericho. We must be off to-morrow."

"Mamma, I lost my parasol somewhere coming down the Mount of Offence. Those nasty Arab children must have stolen it."

"They say the people in Siloam are the greatest thieves in Syria; and nobody dares to meddle with them."

"But I saw it in your hand, my dear, at the well of Enrogel."

"What, no potatoes! there were potatoes yesterday. Waiter, waiter, who ever heard of setting people down to dinner without potatoes?"

"Well, I didn't know what to say to it. If that is the tomb of Nico-

demus, that seems to settle the question. May I trouble you for the salt?"

"Mr. Pott, I won't have anything more to say to you; you have no faith, I believe, at all!"

"What all? From Calvary up stairs in the gallery, down to the dark corner where the cock crew?"

"Yes, all, Mr. Pott; why should not a cock crow there as well as anywhere else? It is so beautiful to believe."

George Bertram found himself seated next to a lady-like well-dressed Englishwoman of the middle age, whom he heard called Miss Baker; and next to her again sat—an angel! whom Miss Baker called Caroline, and whom an odious man, sitting on the other side of her, called Miss Waddington.

All my readers will probably at times have made part of a *table-d'hôte* assemblage; and most of them, especially those who have travelled with small parties, will know how essential it is to one's comfort to get near to pleasant neighbours. The young man's idea of a pleasant neighbour is of course a pretty girl. What the young ladies' idea may be I don't pretend to say. But it certainly does seem to be happily arranged by Providence that the musty-fusty people, and the nice-spicy people, and the witty-pretty people, do severally assemble, and get together as they ought to do.

The overland journey from Suez is thus humorously and not less truly described:—

'Here (at Suez) the two travellers encountered a flood of Indians on their return home. The boat from Calcutta came in while they were there, and suddenly all the cells were tenanted, and the cave was full of spoiled children, tawny nurses, pale languid mothers, and dyspeptic fathers. These were to be fellow-travellers homewards with Bertram and Wilkinson.

'Neither of our friends regarded with favour the crowd which made them even more uncomfortable than they had been before. As Englishmen in such positions generally do, they kept themselves aloof and scowled, frowned at the children who whined

in the nearest neighbourhood to them, and listened in disgust to the continuous chatter about punkahs, tiffins, and bungalows.

'But close to them, at the end of the long table, at the common dinner, sat two ladies on whom it was almost impossible for them to frown. For be it known that at these hotels in Egypt, a man cannot order his dinner when he pleases. He must breakfast at nine, and dine at six as others do, or go without. And whether he dine or whether he do not, he must pay. The Medes and Persians were lax and pliable in their laws, in comparison with these publicans.

'Both George and Arthur would have frowned if they could have done so; but on these two ladies it was impossible to frown. They were both young, and both pretty. George's neighbour was uncommonly pretty—was indeed one of the prettiest women he had ever seen, that any man could see anywhere. She was full of smiles, too, and her smile was heavenly; was full of words, and her words were witty. She who sat next Arthur was perhaps less attractive; but she had large soft eyes, which ever and anon she would raise to his face, and then let fall again to her plate in a manner which made sparks fly round the heart even of our somewhat sombre young Hampshire vicar.

'The four were soon in full conversation, apparently much to the disgust of two military-looking gentlemen who sat on the other side of the ladies. And it was evident that the military gentlemen and the ladies were or ought to be on terms of intimacy; for proffers of soup, and mutton, and wine were whispered low, and little attempts at confidential intercourse were made. But the proffers were rejected, and the attempts were in vain. The ladies preferred to have their plates and glasses filled by the strangers, turned their shoulders on their old friends with but scant courtesy, and were quite indifferent to the frowns which at last clouded those two military brows.

'And the brows of Major Biffin and Captain M'Gramm were clouded. They had been filling the plates and glasses of these two ladies all the way from Calcutta; they had walked with

them every day on deck, had fetched their chairs, picked up their handkerchiefs, and looked after the bottled beer at tiffin-time, with an assiduity which is more than commendable in such warm latitudes. And now to be thrown on one side for two travelling Englishmen, one in a brown coat and the other in a black one: for two muffs, who had never drunk sangaree or sat under a punkah!

'This was unpleasant to Major Biffin and Captain M'Gramm. But then, "Why had the Major and the Captain boasted of the favours they had daily received, to that soft-looking, superannuated judge, and to their bilious friend, Dr. O'Shaughnessy?" The judge and the doctor of course had their female allies, and had of course repeated to them all the boasts of the fortunate Major and of the fortunate Captain. And was it not equally of course that these ladies should again repeat the same to Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Price? For she who was so divinely perfect was Mrs. Cox, and she of the soft lustrous eyes was Mrs. Price. Those who think that such a course was not natural know little of voyages home from Calcutta to Southampton.

'But the Major, who had been the admirer of Mrs. Cox, had done more than this; had done worse, we may say. The world of the good ship "Lahore," which was bringing them all home, had declared ever since they had left Point de Galle, that the Major and Mrs. Cox were engaged. Now, had the Major, in boasting of his favours, boasted also of this engagement, no harm perhaps might have come of it. The sweet good-nature of the widow might have overlooked that offence. But he had boasted of the favours, and pooh-poohed the engagement! *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* And who shall say that the widow was wrong? And as to the other widow, Mrs. Price, she was tired of Captain M'Gramm. A little fact had transpired about Captain M'Gramm, namely, that he was going home to his wife. And therefore the two ladies, who had conspired together to be civil to the two warriors, now conspired together to be uncivil to them. In England such things are done, as it were, behind the scenes;

there these little quarrels are managed in private. But a passage home from India admits of but little privacy; there is no behind the scenes. The two widows were used to this, and quarrelled with their military admirers in public without compunction.

Hinc illæ lacrymæ! But the Major was not inclined to shed his tears without an effort. He had pooh-poohed the idea of marrying Mrs. Cox; but like many another man in similar circumstances, he was probably willing enough to enter into such an arrangement now that the facility of doing so was taken from him. It is possible that Mrs. Cox, when she turned her pretty shoulder on Major Biffin, may herself have understood this phasis of human nature.

'The Major was a handsome man, with well-brushed hair, well-trimmed whiskers, a forehead rather low but very symmetrical, a well-shaped nose, and a small pursy mouth. The worst of his face was that you could by no means remember it. But he knew himself to be a handsome man, and he could not understand how he could be laid aside for so ugly a lout as this stranger from England. Captain M'Gramm was not a handsome man, and he was aware that he fought his battle under the disadvantage of a wife. But he had impudence enough to compensate him for this double drawback.

'During this first dinner, Arthur Wilkinson was not more than coldly civil to Mrs. Price; but Bertram became after a while warmly civil to Mrs. Cox. It is so very nice to be smiled on by the prettiest woman in the room; and it was long since he had seen the smile of any pretty woman! Indeed, for the last eighteen months he had had but little to do with such smiles.

'Before dinner was over Mrs. Cox had explained to Bertram, that both she and her friend Mrs. Price were in deep affliction. They had recently lost their husbands—the one, by cholera; that was poor dear Cox, who had been collector of Honourable Company's taxes at Punjabee. Whereas, Lieutenant Price, of the 71st Native Bengal Infantry, had succumbed to—here Mrs. Cox shook

her head, and whispered, and pointed to the champagne-glass which Bertram was in the act of filling for her. Poor Cox had gone just eight months; but Price had taken his last glass within six. And so Bertram knew all about it.

'And then there was a great fuss in packing the travellers into the wooden boxes. It seems that they had all made up their own parties by sixes, that being the number of which one box [omnibus] was supposed to be capable. But pretty women are capricious, and neither Mrs. Price nor Mrs. Cox were willing to abide by any such arrangement. When the time came for handing them in, they both objected to the box pointed out to them by Major Biffin, refused to be lifted in by the arms of Captain M'Gramm, got at last into another vacant box with the assistance of our friends, summoned their dingy nurses and babies into the same box (for each was so provided), and then very prettily made way for Mr. Bertram and Mr. Wilkinson.

"Then they all stayed a night at Cairo, and then they went on to Alexandria. And by the time that they were embarked in a boat together, on their way to that gallant first-class steamer, the "Cagliari," they were as intimate as though they had travelled round the world together, and had been as long about it as Captain Cook.

"What will you take with you, Mrs. Cox?" said Bertram, as he stood up in the boat with the baby on one arm, while with the other he handed the lady towards the ship's ladder.

"A good ducking," said Mrs. Cox, with a cheery laugh, as at the moment a dashing wave covered them with its spray, "and I've got it too with a vengeance. Ha, ha! Take care of the baby, whatever you do; and if she falls over, mind you go after her." And with another little peal of silver ringing laughter, she tripped up the side of the ship, and Bertram with the baby followed after her.

"She is such a giddy thing," said Mrs. Price, turning her soft eyes on Arthur Wilkinson. "Oh, laws! I know I shall be drowned. Do hold me!" And Arthur Wilkinson did hold her, and nearly carried her up into

the ship. As he did so, his mind would fly off to Adela Gauntlet; but his arms and legs were not the less at the service of Mrs. Price.

"And now look after the places," said Mrs. Cox; "you haven't a moment to lose. And, look here, Mr. Bertram, mind, I won't sit next to Major Biffin. And, for Heaven's sake, don't let us be near that fellow M'Gramm!" And so Bertram descended into the *salon*, to place their cards in the places at which they were to sit for dinner.

"Two and two; opposite to each other," sang out Mrs. Cox, as he went. There was a sweetness in her voice, a low, mellow cheeriness in her tone, which, combined with her beauty, went far to atone for the nature of what she said, and Bertram not unwillingly obeyed her behests.

"Oh, my blessed baby!" said Mrs. Price, as the nurse handed her the child, which, however, she immediately handed back. "How can I thank you enough, Mr. Wilkinson! What should we have done without you? I wonder whether it's near tiffin. I am so faint."

"Shall I fetch you anything?" said he.

"If you could get me a glass of porter. But I don't think they'll give it you. They are so uncivil."

'Arthur went for the beer; but went in vain. The steward said that lunch would be ready at twelve o'clock.

"They are such brutes," said Mrs. Price. "Well, I suppose I must wait." And she again turned her eyes upon Arthur, and he again thought of Adela Gauntlet.

'And then there was the ordinary confusion of a starting ship. Men and women were hurrying about after their luggage, asking all manner of unreasonable questions. Ladies were complaining of their berths, and servants asking, "where on *hearth* were they to sleep?" Gentlemen were swearing that they had been shamefully doubled up; that is, made to lie with two or three men in the same cabin; and friends were contriving to get commodious seats for dinner. The officers of the ship were all busy, treating with apparent indifference the thousand questions that were asked them on every side; and all

was bustle, confusion, hurry, and noise.

'And then they were off. The pistons of the engine moved slowly up and down, the huge cranks revolved, and the waters under the bow revolved and gave way. They were off, and the business of the voyage commenced. The younger people prepared for their flirtations, the mothers unpacked their children's clothes, and the elderly gentlemen lighted their cigars.

"What very queer women they are!" said Arthur, walking the deck with his cousin.

"But very pretty, and very agreeable. I like them both."

"Don't you think them too free and easy?"

"Ah, you must not judge them by women who have lived in England, who have always had the comfort of well-arranged homes. They have been knocked about, ill used, and forced to bear hardships as men bear them; but still there is about them so much that is frank and charming. They are so frank."

"Yes, very frank," said Arthur.

"It is well to see the world on all sides," said George. "For myself, I think that we are lucky to have come across them; that is, if Major Biffin does not cut my throat."

"I hope Captain M'Gramm won't cut mine. He looked as though he would."

"Did you ever see such an ass as that Biffin? I don't wonder that she has become sick of him; and then he has behaved so very badly to her. I really do pity her. She has told me all about it."

"And so has Mrs. Price told me all about Captain M'Gramm."

"Has she? Well! It seems that he, Biffin, has taken advantage of her frank, easy manner, and talked of her to every man in the ship. I think she has been quite right to cut him."

'And so they discussed the two ladies.

'And at last Mrs. Price got her porter, and Mrs. Cox got her pale ale. "I do like pale ale," said she. "I suppose it's vulgar, but I can't help that. What amuses me is, that so many ladies drink it, who are quite ashamed to say they like it."

"They take it for their health's sake," said Bertram.

"O yes, of course they do. Mrs. Bangster takes her half-pint of brandy every night for her health's sake, no doubt. Would you believe it, Mr. Bertram, the doctor absolutely had to take her out of the saloon one night in the 'Lahore'? Didn't he, Mrs. Price?"

"Indeed he did. I never was so shocked.—Just a little drop more to freshen it." And Mr. Wilkinson gave her another glass of porter.

'Before they reached Malta, all the passengers from India had agreed that Mrs. Cox and Bertram would certainly make a match of it, and that Wilkinson was also in danger.

"Did you ever see such flirts?" said Mrs. Bangster to Dr. O'Shaughnessy. "What an escape Biffin has had!"

"She is a deuced pretty woman, Mrs. Bangster; and I'll tell you what; Biffin would give one of his eyes to get her back again, if he could."

"Laws, doctor! You don't mean to tell me that he ever meant to marry that thing?"

"I don't know what he meant before; but he would mean it now, if he got the opportunity."

'Here Captain M'Gramm joined them. "Well, Mac," said the doctor, "what news with the widow?"

"Widow! they'd all be widows if they could, I believe."

"Indeed, I wouldn't for one," said Mrs. Bangster. "B. is a deal too well off where he is. Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what about Mrs. Price; eh, Mac?" continued the doctor.

"There she is. You'd better go and ask her yourself. You don't suppose I ever cared for such a woman as that? Only I do say this: if she goes on behaving herself in that way, some one ought to speak to the captain."

'But Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Price went on their own way, heeding not such menaces at all; and by the time they had reached Malta, they had told the whole history of their lives to the two gentlemen, and perhaps something more.

'At Malta they remained about six hours, and the four dined on shore together. Bertram bought for them Maltese veils and bad cameos; and

Wilkinson, misled by such an example, was forced to do the same. These treasures were not hidden under a bushel when they returned to the ship; and Dr. O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Bangster, the fat judge, and a host of others, were more sure than ever that both the widows were re-engaged.

"And Arthur Wilkinson was becoming frightened in his mind.

"Upon my word," said he, as he and George were walking the deck at sunrise the next morning, "upon my word, I am getting very tired of this woman, and I really think we are making a show of ourselves."

"Making a show of ourselves! What do you mean?"

"Why, walking with them every day, and always sitting next to them."

"As to sitting next to them, we cannot help that. Everybody always sits in the same place, and we must sit next some one; and it would not be kind to leave them to walk alone."

"I think we may overdo it, you know."

"Ah, well," said George, "you know some one else to think about. I love no one, unless it be this widow. She is kind to me, and as to what the world says, I care nothing about it."

As we hope our readers are somewhat interested in this young and really guileless Mrs. Cox, we take it upon us to inform them, that after a little more flirtation, Mr. Bertram gives her up, and she becomes, in due time, Mrs. Major Biffin. But Bertram would have done better with that cheery, simple girl-wife than he did afterwards, although he reverted to his old love. There was always a spectre sitting by his hearth which marriage could not lay. Arthur's heart was safe, preoccupied with Adela Gauntlet, the only really respectable and loveable person in Mr. Trollope's life-history: so that Mrs. Price remained still unmated at our latest advices.

Mr. Trollope's novel is clever, and, as will be seen by our extracts, amusing here and there: but it is not agreeable as a whole, and leads us to long for a second visitation like *Barchester Towers* and the *Warden*, and less resemblance to the style of a

certain gifted lady who bears our author's name.

Creeds has a taking title, like its predecessor by the same author, yet scarcely justifies its name by its subject-matter; for it neither advocates nor condemns any creed whatsoever. The most interesting person in the novel is one Gerard Ward, a student at Bonn, son of a dissenting minister of Yorkshire, who first becomes flattered into Romanism, by the attentions of the priests, and then disgusted into professed atheism by their neglect of their convert when he was won. This young atheist dies in a very theatrical fashion, saluting the rising sun on the Rhine, on his knees. An English baronet, of the name of Harley, his acquaintance and friend, is as little incumbered with a creed as the deceased Gerald, and in the issue marries a Popish lady, whose devotion to her own religion is of no ascetic character. This lady, who is the heroine, boasts the pretty name of Estelle, and is the daughter of a deceased French emigrant, residing in England. She is brought up from childhood by her step-mother, an amiable Frenchwoman, in the west of England, along with a nephew of the lady. This youth, Cyprian St. Just, brought up at Stonehurst, adopts the priesthood for a profession, just at the time when the pretty and impassioned Estelle expected from him a declaration of attachment—a bitter cup for the young lady, and a trial to himself. But ambition was his ruling star; love was hers. Under the influence of disappointment and chagrin, she accepts an offer of marriage from a disreputable but wealthy *roué*, a Count D'Alembert, urged thereto by Cyprian, who resigns her hand. The young man had been incited to the sacrifice by the understanding with the Count, that if he procured Estelle's assent to the alliance, the Count would forward his views in his profession. Thus Estelle at seventeen marries without love, and soon comes to loathe her husband, and long for Cyprian in most unwife-like fashion. She cherishes hopes, borne of despair, that Eugène may die, and Cyprian renounce the priesthood before he is inextricably bound in eccle-

siastical chains ; that this release from a hated bond, and hymeneal happiness with another, may come to her in the same day.

The trials and temptations of this lady, it must be owned, awake a considerable interest, but neither is that interest itself of a healthy tone, nor the tale promotive of edification. She shall tell her own story, however, in a narrative of considerable power, which embodies, in fact, the substance of the entire novel, and plead, if she can, her vindication with her readers. For ourselves, we must confess, that ambiguous French countesses walking about unmarried gentlemen's parks at midnight, in company with those gentlemen alone ; and telling tales of the virtual, if not actual, murder of their brutal husbands by their own hands, form no attractive *dramatis personæ* for any stage except that which is honoured with the exploits of a Jack Sheppard or a Peg Woffington. The story is too romantic to be like truth ; and if it were more truth-like and less romantic, it would be too horrible. The obnoxious husband dead, Estelle thus describes her history, to her new and affianced lover, seated in his park at midnight, her early priestly gallant having deceived her throughout, and taken upon him the irrevocable vows that rendered marriage with his widowed cousin out of the question.

"Begin your story, Estelle. I can hear it with calmness ; I am fortified against all your confessions now. There ; turn your face away, poor child ! that the moon may not rest with such cruel search upon it. I am no priest ; yet will I listen to you like one—with eyes averted, with solemn patience." "And absolve me when I have finished ?" "No ; there the resemblance ceases. I may pity only ; God absolve." "You will pity at least, Sir Ralph. If guilt and suffering were ever worthy of compassion, my life must be so. Listen."

"The earliest grief that I can remember was for my father's death. I was seven years old then ; and I asked my nurse to let me be buried with him. Upon the afternoon of his funeral a nephew of my step-mother, whom I had never seen before came to our cottage ; and to quiet my desperate

fits of crying, told me that if I would dry my tears he would love me. I looked in his face, and dried them. I never wished to die again. This nephew, then a boy of eleven, was Cyprian St. Just." "And after so many years, Countess, your voice still changes at his name." "Yes, Sir Ralph, and will do so while I live. If it was my marriage-day, if I was standing at the altar with you, my cheeks would burn, my breath fail me in a second, if I saw St. Just. If I was dying and some one said his name, I know that my heart would tremble as it did when I was first deceived by him at seventeen. This may be blind folly, a species of madness in a woman of my age ; but so it is. And you are too good that I should seek to mislead you, even in this." "Go on," said Harley, somewhat bitterly ; "you are right to tell me all ; confession that is partial avails nothing. But truth in this case is bitterer for the confessor than the penitent. Go on, Countess, and when your voice trembles over-much for this priest-lover of yours, I must bear its faltering in silent patience for the future." "I would speak briefly of him if it were possible, Sir Ralph ; but it is not. Most love is an episode in life that one can allude to and pass on. St. Just is interwoven with every thought and action of my whole existence. In telling my story, I am constrained to speak to the full as much of him as of myself. Well, I need not tell you of my childhood, nor of my early youth. You can imagine a passionate impetuous child, loving one human being, and only one, with blind idolatry ; obeying him alone ; living for him alone in the world. You can imagine this child a few years later, walking through summer woods with hope shining on her face, whole worlds of foolish passion at her heart, listening to a voice in whose tones she as yet has recognised no deceit, believing that life (both lives) shall flow on blest together. You can imagine all this ?" "Too well, Countess." "Sir Ralph, when I was scarcely seventeen, I woke. Woke to find my fruit, ashes ; my pleasant dreams, lies ; my idol, sullied ; my belief in happiness, over. When I was scarcely seventeen, Cyprian St. Just sold me to Count D'Alembert. Yes, sold me de-

liberately. For the pitiful pottage of worldly advancement, of ultimate service to his church, he gave me over to the arms of a man whose very heart was corruption, whom I loathed upon my marriage-day. I was so young, so ignorant of life, that I obeyed his wishes, even while he gave me up for ever. As I could not marry Cyprian, I thought I was careless whom else I married." "And this, when you knew that he disposed of your hand for his advancement?" "No; of that I was ignorant. I believe that for worldly consideration he advised me to accept Count D'Alembert, but nothing more. Had I known then what afterwards I was forced to admit as truth, I would have died sooner than submit to St. Just's will. Believing that a mistaken sense of duty prompted him, I consented with a kind of despair to my fate. Had I suspected him of selfish or mercenary motives, my heart would have rebelled in a second, and my life, however hopeless, have at least been spared the guilt to which my marriage brought me. But I only saw him broken-hearted at parting from me, urging me *on principle* to take the step which divided us for ever, and pitying him while I condemned the austerity of his judgment, I became another man's wife. With no lie upon my lips though, I told Count D'Alembert, before I married him, what regard he must expect from me. I gave him the unvarnished story of my passion, as I give it to you now. And so he took me. Sir Ralph, I believe that had I married any man but him, I might have rallied. Respect for my husband, the interests of common domestic life, might have not effaced St. Just, but brought me to look upon our division as inevitable; a life-long cross, yet one that with much effort I could bear. As it was, can you imagine a girl honestly brought up, delicate, sensitive, proud, suddenly thrust after a fortnight's preparation into the closest of all companionships with a man like Count D'Alembert. A man whose whole nature was so steeped in vice, that to breathe the same air with him was to be contaminated. Whose love, as he termed it, for me, was in itself the deepest humiliation—whose person was abhorrent to me—whose thoughts

were all debased and paltry ones—whose conversation was bounded by histories of the gaming-table, and of his vile Parisian associates—whose intellect was constantly besotted with wine, as his nerves were paralysed by the lowest excesses of human nature. Can you imagine me, at seventeen, as *his* wife?

"He took me abroad after my marriage, and for two years we lived at different watering-places on the Continent. It was a positive relief to me when Count D'Alembert, tired of domestic happiness, again found an occupation in gambling, and during this time I lived in a kind of dull torpor, less poignant than my first passionate regrets, more befitting for one in my position than the restless wish for excitement to which I afterwards awoke. I need not describe to you the various grades of debasement through which I had to pass during these two years. You can imagine to what the wife of such a man must be exposed!" "And young and fair as you were, Estelle!" "Yes," she went on quickly; "but the attentions I received from the frequenters of Hombourg and Baden-Baden only filled me with disgust; the admiration I awakened in the companions of Count D'Alembert only served to strengthen my loathing for them, and for the life I was forced to lead. I was surrounded by humiliation, not by danger then." "Then, Countess," broke in poor Ralph. "When I returned to Paris, it was different. At first I intended to shut myself up with my own bitter thoughts, as I had done ever since my marriage; through some caprice, however—probably because my position as Eugène D'Alembert's wife itself gave me an evil notoriety—the great Paris world chose to run after me. I accepted a few invitations; found out that excitement was a better palliative than I had imagined; and soon became the elected queen, as they term it, of the season. There was no revolution going on; the winter had been a dull one; Paris wanted something to talk about, and it found it—in me."

"And then came temptation?"

"Temptation to become vain and frivolous, Sir Ralph; no deeper danger. I confess that I grew into a

thorough woman of the world, with all the levity and heartlessness, probably, that such a name denotes (qualities not inborn in me, you know); but I never sunk to the level of the women among whom I lived. I had *loved*, I could have no *lovers*. I was faithful to St. Just, not to Count D'Alembert."

"Who appreciated the fidelity, doubtless," said Ralph, drily.

"Who detested me the more for it," she cried with bitter emphasis. "Whatever the causes of my circumspection, he knew well that my name stood alone among those of my frivolous compeers; that my indifference to himself was extended to every man with whom I associated; and, I repeat, for this reason he detested me the more."

"Impossible, Countess! However selfish or debased, men do not absolutely cease to be human in this life."

"Listen a little longer. Defer your judgments until you have heard me out. You will presently feel less disposed to doubt Count D'Alembert's capabilities of evil! Although we were nominally living under the same roof still, my husband and myself had been in reality divided ever since our return to Paris. Often I did not speak to him even, for days together; if I met him in my drives, he would salute me as a stranger, and pass on. Imagine my surprise when one morning he came suddenly into my apartment, inquired for my health, remarked that I was looking ill, and finally proposed that I should write and ask my old friend, *Monsieur St. Just*, to come and stay with me. *He must have much to talk over*, he added. *It was not well for me to be so entirely cut off from my English connexions*. Well, the proposal was not counter to my own wishes. I judged Count D'Alembert's character too acutely not to suspect him of some sinister motive in originating it; but it required more strength of mind than I possessed to throw away the chance of seeing St. Just again. I argued with myself that this influence must prove a purifying one in this hot city life, that his face must bring me back to my early English days. And I forgot (though my husband remembered) that to be so brought back was fuller of danger than all the excitements of Paris—of

the world. Forgot that while I was true to Cyprian in absence, I might be faithless to myself in his presence! And I wrote.

"Sir Ralph, I am getting near a portion of my story from which, even now, I shrink with shame. Although innocent myself, to be in any way implicated with such infamy as surrounded me, was in itself a stain. And yet this is a necessary part of my confession. Ignorant of it, you would judge my own after guilt too harshly. Knowing it—although you may pronounce any woman lowered who has been brought into contact with such corruption as fell to me—you will yet acknowledge before *what* amount of temptation I finally fell! what terrible provocation to take my fate into my own hands was mine! About a week after he had bidden me invite St. Just, Count D'Alembert offered me the first positive insult I had ever received from him—displayed himself opposite my box at the opera with two of the most openly notorious women in Paris, and this too, in a manner which showed to every person present how deliberate and intentional was the indignity to myself. I cannot speak more of that night to you. Sir Ralph, my shame seems upon me still. I vaguely remember that I went to some great party after I left the theatre, and danced there for hours, while my heart seemed bursting; also that, upon my return home, I wrote to Cyprian—you can imagine what kind of letter."

"But," interrupted Ralph, "Count D'Alembert must, at least, have had some motive for this outrage? Mere hatred would not have prompted him to commit an act so likely to drive you into desperation."

"And if I tell you that that *was* his motive!" she cried passionately. "That to drive me into desperation, make me callous to the world's respect, faithless to myself and to my vows before God, *was* the aim of my husband's life; how will you view the case then?"

"Such infamy would be beyond belief," said Harley, slowly, "unless from your degradation he could have derived personal advantage to himself."

"He could do so, as you shall hear. Under the conditions of an

extraordinary will, made a few years before by one of his uncles, Count D'Alembert hoped to enjoy one of the largest properties in France. And these conditions—"

"Proceed, Countess; there is nothing in this to falter about, surely."

"These conditions were, that if Eugène D'Alembert had a son by the first of January, Eighteen hundred and fifty—, this son, under the father's guardianship, should inherit; while, if he continued childless, the property should at once pass away to another member of the family. Can you see clearer into the dark schemes at which I hinted? See how it was the interest of Count D'Alembert to get me utterly into his power, even though my own good name was to be the price of submission? Can you imagine how a temptation devised with all the subtle refinement of French depravity was to be thrust upon me when my pride was in revolt, my bitterest hatred roused against my husband? Can you imagine all this, or must I tell you more?"

"No," replied Ralph. "I see enough; enough to palliate your own after guilt, however great."

"Well," she resumed, evidently forcing herself with pain to tell this part of her history, and bringing out each word with quick nervous emphasis: "I did not fall, Sir Ralph. Blinded by my confidence in my own strength, and unwarned, I don't swear that I should not have done so; for I was becoming desperate, and any state on earth might have seemed to me less dishonour than remaining Count D'Alembert's wife. Thank God! I did not fall. If I had done so, my hand would not be in your hand now! In that great heartless Paris, one voice spoke out to tell me of my danger; one wretched woman, who owed a life-long grudge to Eugène D'Alembert, warned me (not out of pity to myself, but hatred towards him) of the plots by which I was surrounded. She knew even St. Just's name, the story of my childish love for him, the readiness with which I had now invited him to stay with me! I had sunk to this, Sir Ralph; my husband made a jest of me, and of the one pure feeling of my life, among the vilest of his vile associates! His indiscretion cost him dear! Upon the

evening that I received the letter I told him that I was acquainted with his intentions, that I would remain with him no longer, that I would never see St. Just while I was his wife. I said things which, if one iota of honour or manliness had yet been in Count D'Alembert, must have divided us at once, and for ever. He remained firm in his resolution of keeping me with him; he goaded me into madness almost with his coward tyranny; told me what till then I never rightly knew, of the part St. Just had taken in my marriage; half-hinted (and this was false) that Cyprian had some share in the present plot against me. Then, when all the passion of my nature was up, I warned him."

"She turned abruptly and clasped both her cold hands upon Harley's."

"Do you hear me, Sir Ralph? I repeat, I warned him."

"Of what, Estelle?"

"I warned him to let me go. I told him there was that in me which made me no safe companion for him. I besought him, while this fire yet smouldered, to set me free. I conjured him for his own safety, if not for my soul's sake, to force me no longer into my fearful bondage. He sneered at my threats; he laughed at the talk of separation; told me that he would have no such scandal; I should remain his wife both in deed and name. And I remained so; yes, yes, I remained so. My God!"

"Stop, my poor Estelle; you have said enough for once. This little hand that was so cold a while since, burns like fire now."

"As it has done for years," she said piteously; "as it would have done for ever, if you had cast me off. No; don't kiss it, Sir Ralph; wait till you have heard me out; then, take it again, kiss it, respect it if you can. I was forced into submission, and I submitted. After that interview with Count D'Alembert, I fell back into the sullen silence of the first years of my marriage. I refused to go into the world; I would see no visitors. I used to shut myself up for days together in a kind of torpor which astonishes me when I recall it now; and so weeks passed on. During this time I received no answer from St. Just to either of my letters.

My husband left me entirely to myself; the only person to whom I ever spoke was my director."

"Ah, your director?" interrupted Ralph; "we have forgotten that personage hitherto. What counsel did you receive from the sons of the church to guide you in your difficult course?"

"A counsel such as our church always gives," replied Estelle gravely; "uniting worldly wisdom with sacred precept. As I could not undo the tie of marriage, my director counselled me to make the most of my unhappy position; to avoid the scandal of leaving my husband, even to obey him in such things as were not directly contrary to the will of God. I was never a devotee; there are no materials for one, alas! in my character; but I have always respected my church, even when I have wandered farthest from her rules. I did so now. Abandoned by every one else; abandoned well-nigh by my own reason, to whose voice but my director's could I listen? And the passive obedience he exhorted was just such negative virtue as I had power to fulfil. Anything approaching real self-sacrifice would have been beyond my grasp. Dull, cold, inert, was my whole miserable life; corresponding with such a state was the duty imposed upon me."

"Of course; priests don't study human nature so long for nothing. To have roused you into healthy action might have been to put yourself and the inheritance beyond their reach for ever. Doubtless, your director was a friend of Mr. St. Just, Countess?"

"If he was, I am unaware of it. He was an old man, the *cure* of the parish in which I lived, and knew nothing, I firmly believe, of my past life, or of the conditions under which my husband should inherit. Don't confound the innocent with the guilty, Sir Ralph! God knows, St. Just wrought me evil enough in my life, without laying to his charge any share in the scheme of Count D'Alembert."

"They pulled well together once," remarked Ralph quietly.

"Well," she answered after a minute's silence, and if it was so—if in this, too, Cyprian was false to me, I

would rather remain ignorant of it still, than be forced to acknowledge another error in him. I will not, I cannot, accuse him of such deliberate infamy, even with all my present knowledge of his imperfections. You think this madness, Sir Ralph."

"No," said Harley, "I do not. I think it love."

"Love! wait till you have heard me out; hear how Cyprian and I met again, met last; you will not accuse me of over-much weakness then. Why, Sir Ralph," her voice softening, "I have spoken to you of love this very night. Could I do so if I loved St. Just still? Is it likely that, true in everything else, I should deceive you in this?"

"No, Countess, but it is quite possible that you might deceive yourself."

"Sir Ralph, have you no recollection of the past, which, though your judgment condemns, your heart clings to? Was there no portion of your own youth when you were deceived—so well that no truth of after life has ever come up to the sweetness of that first falsehood? Would you not rather view that dream as it was, and with your own knowledge of its untruth, than have its frail fabric touched by any other hand, and fresh flaws brought to light upon the sullied image which once you thought pure gold? Don't you still feel such lingering jealousy for its perfections, that while your own lips can speak its condemnation, you could not bear to hear that condemnation from another? Such is my feeling towards St. Just. Fallen though he is from the place he once held, I wish to think of him with no new bitterness; to hear no harsh word of him—even from you! He deceived me in my youth; he was the instrument of my after guilt. I do not believe that he joined Count D'Alembert in his plots against my honour; I do not."

"Pray, don't get so warm, Countess," interrupted Ralph. "I retract my suspicions. As you say, Mr. St. Just has sufficient to answer for already. What do you conceive to have been the cause of his remarkably opportune silence during this period?"

"That was easily accounted for. After more than a month's suspense I received a letter to say that he had

been for some weeks past at St. Omar, and had only then got both my letters together. He gave me sympathy and advice; agreed with me that his visit ought to be deferred; urged me to patience and submission; even hinted that from the failing state of Count D'Alembert's health, mine might not be an eternal cross, and—and—

"I listen with attention, madam."

"Well, Sir Ralph, once again, as I had so often done years before, I thought—that St. Just wavered in his resolution of entering the priesthood. Poor fool that I was! Wild hope had birth that instant. I re-read his ambiguous words; words which, without committing the writer, betrayed a hidden meaning to me. I connected them with the allusion to D'Alembert's possible death, and dreamed—God knows how falsely! And that letter, more than the counsels of any director on earth, served to render me submissive. I could bear the Count's presence when later he forced it upon me. I consented; I would stay with him, go with him, where he chose. With the letter of St. Just's next my heart, I felt that no evil could happen to me. I woke out of my despair. I forgot that Cyprian had ever before deceived me; forgot all but the hope his words had awakened. I returned to life. *Patience* was what my heart whispered, and you shall be his—Cyprian St. Just's wife. And I shut my eyes to the fact, that for one bound hand and foot like me, this whisper might be the first concession of conscience, the first vague yearning toward crime. I forgot, or strove to forget, that between myself and Cyprian was still Count D'Alembert's life, that something of even greater importance in God's eyes than a priest's vows must keep us asunder, although St. Just himself were free to claim me.

"Early in July my husband suddenly proposed that I should accompany him to his estate in the south of France for a few months. *The change was recommended for his failing health*, he urged; *travelling might prove beneficial to my own low spirits*. I consented without a word. To leave Paris in my present state of mind, was in itself a relief; I even felt something like pleasure at the

approaching change; my suspicions regarding D'Alembert were lulled; and when, previous to our departure, he dismissed the whole of my servants, on the plea, that we should find old family retainers in Provence, I was so taken up with other thoughts, that the circumstance awakened no mistrust whatever in my mind. Upon our road to the south, Count D'Alembert treated me with just such cold attention, as in our mutual position was most fitting. He neither obtruded attention upon me, nor testified, in his own manner, any sense of our recent disagreements. He comported himself simply as any other French husband, forced into his wife's society for eight-and-forty hours, might have done. And I believe during the whole of my married life, I never so little disliked him as on that fatal journey. We travelled by steamer from Lyons to Valence, and there found a carriage in waiting to take us on to the Château de Mordain, some leagues distant. When we were within a few miles of our destination, a visible change came over D'Alembert. His face flushed, his manner grew nervous and excited, he looked out at every object by the roadside with a restless eagerness, as though he longed for, and yet dreaded the journey's end. At last, when the carriage reached a slight eminence commanding a wide view of the surrounding country, he gave a sort of cry and exclaimed, '*Voilà Mordain! Madame, nous sommes chez nous! Mordain!*' And then came such a string of muttered oaths, as struck me oddly from a man returning to his patrimony and his birthplace.

"I believe that at this moment I could paint that scene correctly; with such strange distinctness did my mind take in and retain, not only the general effect, but the minutest details of the whole landscape. The interminable tracts of dazzling sand, too white to blend even in the extreme distance, with the dense smalt-blue of the sky, the stunted olive bushes, the parched vineyards, the unnaturally clear and silent atmosphere, are present to me now (among these sweet English woods), in all the glare of arid desolation with which they first oppressed me. '*Nous voilà!*' repeated

Count D'Alembert, as we stopped before the gateway of a large old country house, white like everything else, and with no garden, nor tree, nor plot of grass even to relieve its glaring whiteness. '*Nous voilà, mon amour. Comment cela vous plaît-il ?*' I looked in his face, and knew that I was betrayed. An expression at once sinister and triumphant had replaced the apathy he had shown during the journey, the excitement of the last half hour. The term *mon amour* was in itself a renewal of hostilities. '*Monsieur,*' I cried, '*this place does not please me ; I dislike its appearance and your own manner, and I refuse to alight.*' He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. '*Gonton, dépêche-toi !*' he called to an elderly peasant woman who was staring at us from the open doorway. '*Come here and welcome your new mistress.—A faithful servant of our house, mon amour ; to me my own foster-mother.*' The woman approached ; looked at me for a full minute longer with a cool steady scrutiny ; then turned to Count D'Alembert as he was getting out of the carriage, seized him in her arms, bore him into the house, and bestowed the while such honest kisses upon his face, as filled me with a kind of wonder to witness. Could even the woman that bore him on her breast feel love for Count D'Alembert ?

"I know not why, but the sight of that woman reassured me. A moment's reflection, too, had served to show me how vain any opposition of mine must be. Surrounded by D'Alembert's people, far from all other help, my position would be only a ridiculous one, if I refused to leave the carriage. Besides, my suspicious might prove false ; the Count might have resumed his old manner, solely because the necessary restraint of the journey was at an end. So I alighted, and, following the same direction as that taken by Gonton and my husband, passed along a low stone passage, and walked in at the first open door I came to. Here I found a little peasant lad and the woman engaged in serving up dinner ; Count D'Alembert seated at the kitchen-table, where covers were already laid for three, and opposite to him, and with his back to the door, another man dressed like a Parisian,

bending forward and eagerly talking to the Count. '*Te voilà !*' cried my husband quickly, when he caught sight of me : '*found your way, Estelle, in spite of your repugnance to Mordain, eh ?*'

"Madam," said the other man, turning round with a profound bow ; "I am your most humble servitor. I am charmed to meet madame once more in Provence."

"I saw his face and felt how my own blanched. It was the face of the man who hated me most on earth,—of Count D'Alembert's inseparable, and his worst associate, Anton Duval. I have forgotten to mention this man to you sooner. In the first days of my married life, he had attempted to address me ; not only as an equal but as a lover ; and from that time forth, while he rarely intruded upon my presence, had entertained just such good feeling for me as my cold rejection of his advances was likely to engender. When I saw him here, with Count D'Alembert, saw the unconcealed triumph upon the faces of both, my heart for a moment stood still. I felt that a scheme, compared with which those of Paris were mere child's play, was to be worked out now."

"*Monsieur Duval,*" I remarked, with as much coolness as I could, "*this pleasure is unexpected. I believed you to be in Paris.*"

"Where you would like to be yourself," broke in my husband, coarsely. "Come to dinner, Estelle ; and do you and Duval reserve mutual compliments for dessert."

"Doesn't she want to take off her things ?" Gonton asked, without looking round from the fire.

"*Il fait une chaleur de cent mille diables ici.*"

"Oh, we dispense with ceremony," returned the count. "Lay your bonnet on the dresser, *mon amour* ; the soup cools."

"And so I went through the meal, in a heat such I never before, nor since experienced—the air actually quivering from its intensity ; with Gonton and the child staring at me as though I were some newly-caught wild bird brought there for torture ; with Duval and my husband, each striving to enliven the dinner by jests

and innuendoes, which—though I could not fully understand them—I felt had me, and the conquest they had gained, for the point. At length, when the last dishes were removed, I rose, and addressing myself to D'Alembert, observed, that I was faint and tired, and wished to be shown my room."

"Our room," he answered, with a smile: "I shall have the happiness of conducting you to it myself. Naturally, in your situation you feel fatigued, very naturally." And then turning to Gonton, he asked if she had prepared the west room for my reception."

"No," said the woman, shortly. "I have not; nor would any one but a born fool, *petit*. A vine-dresser could not support the west room in July. I have got ready the state-room, Eugène, where it is *convenable* that you and your wife should sleep."

"For this announcement, the Count rewarded her with a whole volley of curses, all of which Gonton received with perfect placidity; then, addressing Duval, he asked why, in God's name, he had let that idiot get ready the state-room."

"Because I thought you had possibly overcome your fancies," returned his friend. "If you are afraid still, you had better keep clear of the ghostly precincts."

"Count D'Alembert, upon this, muttered about a dozen more oaths, then abruptly gave me his arm, and led me from the room: first bidding Gonton have ready a pack of cards and the brandy by his return. Neither of us spoke a word until we reached the bedroom door; then D'Alembert hesitated, and I observed upon his face something of the same nervousness he had betrayed during the latter stages of the journey."

"Do you open it, Estelle," he said to me, letting go my hand uneasily. "I can't see the handle in this infernal darkness."

"I turned the heavy fastening, and as the door rolled slowly back, a kind of groan sounded from the room."

"Did you hear that?" cried D'Alembert, starting—"a groan!"

"I heard the creaking of rusty hinges, monsieur, I answered," and I am too tired to take notice of omens.

So this is to be my room?—it is large enough."

"Our room, *charmante*."

"Count D'Alembert?"

"He returned to the door and shut it—starting again at the renewed groan from the hinges—then came up and looked steadily at me, as I had seated myself in a huge old chair at the foot of the bed."

"Estelle," he said, "do you know what I have brought you here for?"

"To kill me, perhaps, monsieur, I suggested."

"Try again, my love," he went on, "and think before you speak. My son is to inherit before next January; my son must own you for a mamma. Your death, *at present*, therefore, is not only undesirable, but impossible—you understand me? Another guess, *ma femme*."

"For your own health, perhaps; it appears to be in a worse state just now than usual."

"Bah! madam," he cried angrily. "Leave my health alone, if you please. You know well enough *that* is not my reason for coming to this cursed place."

"Then I am at a loss, Count," I said; "and hopelessly sleepy into the bargain."

"Sleepy! ah, of course; fatigued and worn out. So natural, so very natural in your condition. Such a long journey *was* almost a risk," he added with an air of affected anxiety. "We must trust that a few days' rest will thoroughly restore you."

"I don't understand you, monsieur," I said, shortly; while a new and revolting suspicion flashed suddenly before my mind.

"No! Is it possible that on such an interesting point you of all others should remain unenlightened? That—while the whole of Paris is aware of the circumstance—the Countess D'Alembert can be ignorant that she has come to Mordain for her *accouchement*? You jest, *mon amour*!"

"Sir Ralph, if I had had a man's arm, I believe that I would have killed him, then and there. But weak as I was, I dared not even give vent to my passion. I could only, clasping my hands in despair, pray God to send me death sooner than abandon me to the power of this man."

"Monsieur," I cried, after a moment or two, "what is this new infamy? What is expected of me now?"

"You should have left your theatrical expressions behind you in Paris," he answered, "they will not tell here. We are plain, primitive people in Provence, as you have seen to-night. Somewhat rough, if occasion requires; but unused to *grandes dames* and their caprices! You will therefore find it as well to accept your new rôle quietly, and at once, as a *mère de famille*, Estelle. I remember once seeing a dainty piece of child's work in your apartment, in Paris; you can solace your lonely hours here by preparing a whole *layette* of such things for your expected son."

"While he was speaking I had collected my thoughts sufficiently to take in the real meaning of his words, which had at first appeared to me in the light of wanton insult. An heir was to be forged, and I made to connive at forgery!"

"The happy event," he went on, "is proclaimed, by the voice of rumour, for October, three months hence, only you will find Mordain rather dull after Paris, I am afraid. However, you will have your delightful maternal hopes to engage you; also the society of Duval and myself, whenever you will honour us by accepting it."

"I forget now what else he said to me; but I know that he thoroughly impressed me with his will and power to carry out his plans; thoroughly showed me that all resistance on my part would be useless, and that I was a prisoner. I scarcely attempted to answer, and was stunned by this fresh blow; silenced under the consciousness of my own utter weakness; too degraded, even before him, to care to hear my own voice, and thus he left me. I don't know how long I remained seated in the same place; but I suppose it must have been for some hours, for when at length I woke with a cold shiver from my stupor, daylight had gone and it was night. I walked up to the open window, and looking out experienced a strange sensation of wonder, that the stars should be shining there in their old brightness, the moonlight lying peacefully

on the vineyards, the night air falling fresh on me—on me, forsaken and alone, betrayed—just as it had fallen years before in my happy English home with St. Just. Did it matter so little to heaven then whether I was innocent or guilty? happy or most miserable? Were these stars going to shine upon me every night as they did now? never caring for my sufferings, my tears, my death perhaps? For the first time since I was born, God's might seemed mockery to me, and taking St. Just's letter from my heart, I clung to it as though it had been a living thing; kissed it; cried over it; sought, and I believe found a comfort from its lifeless presence, which moon, and stars, and night had all refused me. 'Cyprian, Cyprian!' I cried aloud, as though no hundreds of weary leagues divided us; 'you will not forget me even here; you will save me yet.' And so, my arms stretched forth, my eyes strained towards the cruel line of distant white horizon, I knelt till midnight;—till my husband, cursing his evil luck at cards, cursing Duval, Gonton, me, himself, stumbled drunk into the room; and bade me, with more oaths, to give up dreaming by open windows, and go to my bed, which I did, and slept.

"Of the two months which succeeded I can give you but few details. Although as they dragged by in terrible monotony, minutes seemed lengthened into hours, weeks into years, I retain of that dread time now scarcely more remembrance than of one long lurid day sinking suddenly into night. A day of blank despair; a night of darkness and deliverance. Before I had been twenty-four hours at Mordain, I was utterly convinced of the hopelessness of my position. Even when alone I was watched without ceasing; if, on an evening, I walked out among the vineyards to get a breath of cooler air, Duval or my husband would immediately join me, and, with mock anxiety for my health, remain by my side till my return. I had no means of communicating with St. Just; no hope of receiving his letters, should he discover my address and write to me. Heaven had deserted me, I thought. And with my old sullen despair I abandoned myself to my fate, resolved only on one thing,

that I would die sooner than be coerced into the schemes of my husband and his companion.

"The first occurrence which again roused me into life was the sudden illness of Count D'Alembert. He had long been ailing under a complication of disorders; the heat of the climate, and a strange nervous horror he entertained towards the place, made him worse; he took to his bed, he had a fever. At first Gonton alone attended him, and made light of his sickness; then when he became delirious and tried to strangle her, she grew frightened, and greatly to Monsieur Duval's anger, despatched her grandson to the nearest town for a doctor. I was in the bedroom when he came, and listened for his report with such trembling eagerness as few wives on earth have ever sustained when awaiting the verdict upon a husband's state. He looked long at the Count's bloated, fevered face, felt his pulse, ordered his head to be shaved, and shrugged his own shoulders. '*Il mourra*,' he remarked placidly; 'keep him cool, give him *tisane*; *il mourra*. It is unlikely that he will ever recover his senses; at all events, *il mourra*, Madame la Comtesse need have no fear,' he added, interpreting for himself the expression of my face, 'the fever is not infectious.' Fear! my heart could scarcely beat for happiness. Well, Gonton gave her patient *tisane*, and kept him cool. She did more. She wept over Count D'Alembert; and during the three days and nights that he continued senseless, nursed him with the jealous tenderness of a mother; preparing his drinks with her own hands; scarcely quitting him for a second; never suffering Duval even to approach the bedside of his friend. Her tears were hard to witness. D'Alembert's death was life to me; still I felt a vague remorse for my own joy in the presence of this woman, and would gladly not have looked upon her grief. But the sick-room was my only refuge from Duval, whose hateful attentions to me had of late recommenced; and so, a forced watcher, I remained beside my husband, and with Gonton waited for his death. Looking out day and night through that window which faced the north; looking out, longing, towards that

far line of cruel blank horizon, whose whiteness seemed to change to gold with every failing breath of D'Alembert's.

"He rallied. On the night when the doctor said he would and must die, he rallied. By the next day he was conscious; by the next comparatively safe. In my certainty of his death, I had neglected the chance of freeing myself which the presence of a stranger might have afforded; and now, with despair deeper only for the false hopes awakened, I again gave myself with silent indifference to whatever awaited me. Heaven was not upon my side, I thought; D'Alembert was to live. What did it matter whether I died at once or dragged on a few years longer as his wife, and apart from St. Just? Gonton was not slow in observing the change on me.

"Madame la Comtesse has looked worse since your recovery, *petit*," I heard her say to the Count one night, as I sat motionless in my accustomed place. "She got quite a good colour when your life was despaired of."

"We must not notice these variations of temper," D'Alembert replied, "they are natural in her state. Remember, Gonton, she is within a fortnight of her accouchement."

"*Ma foi*, I always forget madame's state," replied the woman with a laugh. "We must hurry on the *layette*, Eugène, your illness has delayed us."

"So in a fortnight more the work was to be finished. I waited until Duval entered the room, walked abruptly up to the bed, and faced them all, the two men and Gonton.

"I will not obey you," I exclaimed.

"What in, *mon amour*?" said my husband. "I will not be an accomplice in your fraud. If you pass off any child as mine, I will deny him as soon as I am free."

"Then we will delay your freedom, *mon ange*, at least till my son has inherited."

"You cannot touch the principal, then, Monsieur," I persisted. "My assertions will cause the money to be restored to its rightful owners"—

"Madame," broke in Duval, "take

my advice as a friend, and obey your husband. Don't put us to the painful necessity of coercing you."

"It is not in your power to do so, Monsieur," I cried.

"Is it not?" he returned with a smile. "Do not be too confident in your own judgment, Countess D'Alembert."

"Most wives who have no children would be glad to adopt one," remarked Gonton, "without requiring to be forced to do so."

"Count D'Alembert," I said, looking full at my husband, "you hear how your associates speak to me; am I to believe that these threats are yours? Are you going to keep me here for life, or stop my lips by murdering me? I should prefer the latter alternative."

He shifted about uneasily on his pillows, said my ungovernable temper would kill him in his weak state; cursed Gonton for giving her opinion at all, told Duval he was a low-born, coarse scoundrel; he covered up his face, and refused to speak another word. This was not remorse, Sir Ralph; not compunction even; it was only the lingering feeling of a gentleman at seeing his wife so outraged in his presence. But it was something to cling to in my position; and when next I was alone with him, I threw myself on my knees before Count D'Alembert, and besought him to have pity upon me, and let me go. I told him that he should never more see my face, that I would hide myself so that no one should ever find me out, leave him free to marry again, to do as he chose without me.

"And be sent to the galleys for bigamy, while you became St. Just's mistress," was his answer.

"No, Estelle, if I risk the law, it shall be for something better than a second wife. Get up, madame, make no more whining speeches. I have made up my mind, and shall keep to it."

This was his answer. I never appealed to him again.

On the following Sunday I observed preparations for departure, and asked Gonton what they meant. She said Duval was going to Paris for the nurse and child, and would be back by the following Friday at latest. I

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took the intelligence quietly. I knew that the absence of this man gave me no additional prospect of escape; still I felt that I should be somewhat freer when relieved of his presence; free at least to leave the sick-room of my husband, in which I was now a prisoner night and day. Perhaps with one less to watch me, I might find means yet to despatch a last letter to Cyprian.

Late that night I overheard a conversation between Duval and my husband respecting me, which showed that, even if I could write, the time was over now when others could help me. If a blow was to be struck, it must be by my own hand, and at once. I had left the bed-chamber with Gonton as Duval came in; and, concealed by the heavy draperies of the bed, neither he nor my husband perceived my re-entrance a few minutes later. I caught at once that they were speaking of me, and moved on quietly to the window, where I hid myself among the hangings, and listened. It was a matter of life and death to do so. I was threatened with such infamy as made this a very trivial dishonour.

"And you heard," said Ralph tenderly. "You heard, my poor Estelle, that your life was to be the forfeit of your disobedience. Did you persist in it? I suspected this long ago."

"I heard far worse," she answered in so low a voice that Harley had to bend nearer her to catch her words, "heard that which my darkest fear had never pictured to me."

"If she refuse to obey you, Count," said Duval, "threaten to hand her over to me. Let her think that the world and St. Just shall believe her to look favourably on me, and she will take fifty oaths, signed, sealed, and attested, to the legitimacy of the heir. Oaths, so worded, that it shall be to her own shame to break them hereafter."

And I listened while they went into details: heard D'Alembert, after a faint hesitation, express his approval of the threat. I listened, and resolved that, as Heaven had so abandoned me, I would at length seek to aid myself. Had they meditated my death only I might have been passive still. But I had come to a pass where

foul dishonour hemmed me in on every side. I must be an accomplice in a felony, or Duval's reputed mistress. And a terrible third road started up, unbidden, before my mind. I stole noiselessly from the room again, and re-entered with Gonton when she carried in the lights.

"*Diab! Estelle*," cried my husband, "how well you look! The evening air has given you quite a colour."

"I told him I felt very well, better than I had done for weeks past. I smiled at his compliments; I spoke cheerfully to Gonton."

"*Madame's* health is improving," said Duval. "When most mothers-expectant flag, her strength and beauty increase."

"I am looking forward to a joyful deliverance, *Monsieur*," was my answer. At which they all laughed, and rallied me upon my good spirits. That night I never closed my eyes. I lay quiet and listened to the uneasy sleep of D'Alembert; the deep, regular breathing of Gonton as she dozed beside him; to the ticking of the old clock above the fireplace; the moaning of the autumn wind without: I listened to all this, I say, and thought.

'At daybreak, Duval left for Paris, after taking a smiling farewell of his friend and myself. "Although loath to break in upon the sweetness of a connubial *tête-à-tête*," he said, "he should return on Friday without fail, and hoped *Madame* would be satisfied with the son he should bring her."

'D'Alembert sent a few of his accustomed curses after him as he left the room, then transferred them to myself, with a request that I would leave him alone for the rest of the day. He was weary of seeing my white face; he wanted to sleep. Gonton's grandson might guard me if I chose to go abroad.

"There are plenty of vintagers about," he added maliciously, "you will be quite safe."

'The prospect of pure air was welcome to me, and accompanied by the boy Jacquet, I at once availed myself of the liberty, such as it was, and left the house. The path I chose led me to a slight hillock among the vineyards at some distance from the chateau. And here, sitting down un-

der the shade of one or two stunted olives, I began to gaze upon that far line of north horizon, which for so long had seemed to mock me with its dazzling brightness.

"*Madame*," said the boy, suddenly looking up from the low bank where he was catching lizards in the sun, "*vous pleurez*."

"I told him that I did not know it; that I never knew now whether I cried or not."

"Can you be miserable?" he asked next, in his broken *patois*, "you, who have a gold chain and three rings!"

'Something in the child's simplicity touched me. His words were the first human ones that had been spoken to me at Mordain. So I took off one of my rings and gave it to him. "Rings don't make happiness," I said, "but you may keep this to remember me by when I am gone." He looked at it, put it on his own little brown finger, danced, laughed, almost cried with joy; then, when his passion of delight was over, knelt down and kissed my hands.

"You are good," he said, "for you have given Jacquet a ring, and Count Eugene only gives him curses. You are good, I don't care what they say. *Ecoutez donc!*" he went on in a whisper, "when *Mère Gonton* killed my bird last Friday, I swore to punish her wickedness, and this morning I stole one of her letters as she was taking them up to *Monsieur's* room. You may have it if you like, and know their secrets; *je ne sais pas lire, moi*." And he took out a letter from under his little ragged shirt, and laid it in my lap. It was for me, and from St. Just. "*Madame* turns so white," said the child; "is she ill?" I told him I was well, and he went back singing to his lizards. And I read my letter.

"I could repeat it to you now."

"Repeat it, *Estelle*."

"It began without my name, it ended without a signature, it was contained in four lines. '*I am not changed concerning you, but in all things else. Be constant as I am. Bear the cross which passes, in the hope of a joy which shall endure. Bear for a short time longer, and then — no more partings.*'"

"Somewhat enigmatical, Countess!"

"It was not so to me. It told me that Cyprian was faithful; that he had positively abandoned the priesthood for me; that upon D'Alembert's death I should be his wife. Such interpretation, at least, my heart put upon it then. And, prisoner though I was, with shame or guilt threatening my whole future life, this confession from St. Just gave me a joy such as the best and happiest woman on earth might have sustained and not blushed for. He loved me. After so many years' uncertainty, he had at length given up his dearest ambition for my sake. He loved me. I awoke to the far song of the vintagers, to the fresh smell of the grapes, the purple flush upon the vineyards, the purple richness of the sky. Scorching sunlight, blank horizon, barren plains were gone; the world had got back its glory."

"Their secrets must be worth knowing," cried the child, looking up from his play, "they have dried all Madame's tears."

"And the day flew by so rapidly, that I shivered when I found it night, when I had to say, 'and the twelve hours are gone; I am so much nearer to my life's turning point.'"

"I asked Gonton, when bed-time came, if I might sleep in another room that night; I urged that I was ill from want of rest; that it disturbed me to hear the Count's broken sleep; I wished to be alone. She looked oddly into my face as I spoke, then said she would consult my husband. For her own part, she thought it infinitely better that I should have an apartment to myself."

"*Non mille fois, non*," I heard D'Alembert cry out as she asked him. "I will have none of these cursed fancies! Bid her come here this moment."

"I went into the room at once. 'Monsieur,' I said, 'I prefer sleeping in another apartment to-night.'"

"I prefer your sleeping here," he answered. "What do you mean by loss of rest and fatigue, when you have done nothing for me during my whole illness? You shall begin this very night to be of use. And you," turning to Gonton, "can take your-

self off. You snore; I am sick of you. Your hands are rough."

"*Petit*," replied Gonton, "I shall not leave you alone with her." "You will do as I command," he replied. "You will let the Countess take your place. Fatigue! Want of sleep! Bah! She shall begin to attend to her duties in real earnest and wait upon her husband!"

"I shall not leave you with her, Eugène." Upon this he arose in his bed, and livid with rage, poured forth such imprecations as made even Gonton quail.

"Some devil is in you to-night," she said, when he finished; "that is certain." He replied that a hundred thousand devils were in him as she would find, if she attempted to come near him. He chased her with oaths out of his room; then he bade me lock the door, and get his medicines ready for the night. I told him that I declined locking the door, or giving him his medicines either. I did not want to remain near him in his present state. "You shall do so, then," he cried. And with a strength of which I had believed him incapable, he got out of his bed, walked to the door, double-locked it; then returned, and placed the key under his pillow.

"*Votre serviteur, Madame!*" he remarked, with a nod of triumph; "your plans of escape are over for to-night."

"Escape," I said slowly, "escape to-night; is it possible?" He never thought of the terrible meaning of my words—a meaning more instinctive, Sir Ralph, than expressing any actual resolve of my own will—and began making sarcastic remarks upon my health. Hoped my fatigue would have no serious consequences; alluded to Duval and his attentions to me; hinted that the day might come when my severity to him would relax; finally spoke of St. Just! Gonton said right that some devil possessed him on that night. Had he been even in his accustomed senses, he must have noticed my whitening face, my compressed lips, my rigid hands, as he heaped insult after insult upon Cyprian and upon me! When he stopped, I walked up to him, and said: "Have you finished, Count D'Alembert; are those your last words to me?" He attempted to seize my hands, making

some remarks about my beauty when I was enraged ; he would have thrown his arm around me, but I broke away from him.

"You look cursed well, so, Estelle," he cried ; "but too much as I have seen you look twice before ; too much of the tigress, *mon amour*. I shall have to hand you over to Duval yet."

"These were the last distinct words he ever spoke."

"Estelle, Estelle !"

"No ; I did not murder him so. I waited until I heard him sleep, until his accustomed potations of brandy had deadened him into unconsciousness ; and then—"

"My God ! not while he slept !"

"Then, Sir Ralph, I fell upon my knees. I prayed that this horrible cup might pass from me—through this fiery temptation I might come out unscathed. With my blood on fire, my heart so torn with passion that it refused to give ear to the voice of my reason, I could yet pray, yet kneel before Heaven."

"And when you rose from your knees ?"

"I returned to my husband's side ; I looked down into his face ; saw the smile of drunken triumph yet upon it ; saw the door-key, tightly clutched even in sleep in his hand ; heard the mutterings that mingled with his hot feverish breath. Then I turned to the table beside the bed, on which were ranged his medicines, stooped and read the labels upon each. One was a cooling draught to be taken when he woke in the night, the other an embrocation for his chest ; and this was labelled, in clear distinct letters : LAUDANUM, POISON. Here, then, was temptation actually thrust upon me ! A moment's work—to transfer the contents—and it was done. D'Alembert waking, half-drunk yet, would die by his own hand. A kind of vertigo possessed me as I leaned over the table ; an irresistible attraction kept my eyes fixed upon that bottle labelled *poison* ; involuntarily my hand approached to take it—"

"*Dors-tu, Eugène,*" cried a voice in the passage : "*Petit te sens-tu mieux maintenant ?*"

'It was Gonton, hovering near to reassure herself of his welfare. After gently trying the handle of the door,

and waiting to hear that all was quiet, she passed on. But her voice had entered my heart. D'Alembert was not merely my tyrant, my destroyer, then, a noxious life that it was a moment's work to take away ; he was human, ill, helpless : *Dors-tu, Eugène ? Petit, te sens-tu mieux ?* He was to her, still, as when he lay upon her breast. Was I sure that God had for ever abandoned him ? Shuddering I stole away : I lit the night-light and placed it by his side ; I left the things as Gonton had arranged them for him ; then laid myself down upon my bed, which stood in the farthest corner of the room, and tried to sleep.

'The weather throughout the evening had been changing ; and wild gusts of wind and rain now swept against the windows at my side. The great room that at midday was never light, lay in blackness which the night-lamp could not break. I watched the heavy hangings surrounding the bed, and fancied that they moved with every fresh burst of wind ; watched the grim figures upon the chimney-piece, where they caught the feeble ray of the lamp, and imagined each elfish face was distorted to a smile. My eyes rested upon the table by the bedside, and saw even at that distance the word POISON written there in clear red letters. POISON—POISON—POISON. It seemed to me that the whole room became gradually charged with that one word. I held up my hands, and still the word was stained upon the palm of each, and I could not wipe it off. The ponderous carved ceiling descended slowly upon me ; the floor sunk ; I fell, I fell—D'Alembert holding me with his cold arms so firmly that I had no power to resist—on through an endless space of darkness, whose only light was still that one word POISON, standing out everywhere in huge letters of tawny fire, down to a wide chill river beneath, and here I shook off D'Alembert, and watched him sink slow in the silent water, and met his glazing eyes as he turned them in agonized entreaties up to mine. And over this river upon the far side, broke morning. And fresh red sunlight swept away the night. And the terrible word was gone. And presently St. Just was with me ; and, as we walked, I saw

that he wore no priest's dress now ; and I asked him why ? And he turned and told me with a long kiss—*Because this was our wedding-day.* And my breath failed for sudden joy ; my heart stood still with rapture. And so, hand in hand, we entered a chapel where the altar was decked, the priest stood ready. And I became his wife. And he led me away home ; led me up-stairs into a room like one of our rooms at Herne ; and he put his arms round me, and bade me look at our marriage-bed. And there, with the orange blossoms I had thrown down, lying upon his breast, I saw Count D'Alembert ; his livid face swollen ; his lips parted in his death-agony. And he cried out to St. Just, *Look on your wife's hands, and died.* Then St. Just looked ; and upon each of my palms was written POISON ; and I could not wipe it out. And I tried to scream, but had no power. And again I was at Mordain, in D'Alembert's chamber. I could see the waving tapestries. I could hear the storm without, blent up, as it seemed, with blasphemies and dim oaths. And again I tried to scream but could not. An iron weight was on my chest ; my mouth, dry and fevered, could bring forth no sound, and once again it seemed to me that the word POISON was reddening into shape before my sight. Not in fancy only now. The waving tapestry, the grim carvings, the heavy shadows became gradually more palpable. I knew that I had been dreaming ; and at length regained sufficient consciousness to shake off the night-mare which oppressed me, and raise myself in my bed.

'I don't know whether I had slept for minutes or for hours ; but the storm, which threatened only when last I heard it, had now heightened into fury. Torrents of rain poured against the windows, flashes of lightning at every instant lighted up the room, showing forth its remotest corners with lurid sharpness, and making the night-lamp pale, as though it had been broad noon. In one of these flashes I saw Count D'Alembert. He was sitting up in his bed. I could not hear his voice ; but I saw his lips parted, and knew that he was calling to me. He looked scared and white. He beckoned to me, but I did not go.

Then he stooped to the table, and lifted one of the bottles and the glass ; it was the smaller bottle, and had two labels on it ; the night draught had only one label. He took out the cork, and smelt the contents, and held it out towards the lamp ; his hand trembled violently. I believe he was not sober. Then he poured out half a glassful. A long blaze of lightning seemed to fill the room. I saw my husband as plain as though I had been close beside him. I saw the glass in one hand, the phial in the other ; I saw, or believed I saw, in bright red letters, the word POISON upon the label. He hesitated, and I had time to think. "Save him !" said a voice, "his life is in your hands." "Let him die !" said my heart, "and I shall be free !" If I tried to speak, I am unconscious of it. I do not remember that I strove to leave my bed. My limbs felt rigid ; my breath came with pain ; and while I sat thus, staring and motionless, D'Alembert raised the glass to his lips, and drank off the contents. And his eyes met mine ; they had the same look which they wore in my dream ; and then he fell back upon his pillow, and his face was hid from me. And slowly the storm abated. The lightning flashes became less vivid ; the wind died away into sobs, and soon a great star shone, close as it seemed, beside the window where I lay ; and next morning rose, as it had risen in my dream, dim, trembling, soft, and a freshness seemed to fall upon my face, and the horrible tension of my nerves relaxed. Something long bound was suddenly loosened at my heart—and I slept.'

"Estelle," said Harley solemnly, "I pronounce you NOT GUILTY."

A verdict we by no means adopt in regard to the heroine. She is elaborated with some skill, and is evidently a favourite with the author, but we do not admire a lady who is a Brinvilliers in intent, and only stopped in her murderous purpose by a lucky accident. It was under extreme provocation, doubtless, but most murders plead provocation. We fervently trust that the *morals* of the real May fair and those of the *May fair* of fiction—both alike unknown to us—differ widely from those exhibited in the special pleading of Estelle.

GETTING ON.

CHAP. XII.—WANTED, A CURATE.

DAISY carried out his resolve. In spite of the great temptation which his popularity proved to him, he managed to keep himself pretty quiet while the Divinity lectures went on. He began at once to look about him for a curacy. Knowing that his father would not assist him in this, and not trusting his friends in the country, he advertised in some three or four ecclesiastical papers. The only replies he received were from other newspapers begging to be allowed to insert his advertisement in their columns at so much per line, 'a deduction made for curates, tutors, and governesses.' Then he determined to answer some advertisements, in which £50 per annum was usually the highest emolument offered.

He sat down one fine morning, picked out the best from the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, the *English Churchman*, the *Guardian*, and so forth, and replied to about two dozen of them in the same strain, but different language, stating who and what he was, what he wanted to do, and what were 'his views.' He did this last with some disgust. It pained him to think that there should be that dissension and bitterness of feeling in the Church that an incumbent with Low or High Church ideas could not even endure a curate with High or Low. What was the meaning of High and Low, of Tractarian and Evangelical? What the real difference between them? Were not both in God's service? Was not He the master of their minds; was not the Church of England sufficiently clear in her doctrines; or if not, if she were somewhat too large, too liberal in the tone in which she put them forth, why on earth could not her ministers be large and liberal too? What was the meaning of this liberality in the Articles of the Church, if not to save uncharity, if not to let men, while they belonged to her, think with little differences, little shades of difference on such knotty points as Baptismal Regeneration, Justification, the Eucharist, and

yet be members of one church, bound together by the same broad doctrines, by the same objects, and by that best gift of all—charity? Why on earth was Charity raised above Faith, nay, above our hope of life hereafter even, if not so much as faith, not nigh so much as hope, but that most impudent, obstinate, contemptible self-pluming Opinion, was to quash it and destroy it, and fill the Church with haters? How ridiculous, thought he, must all these men seem to the angels, who understand these questions! How absurd to hear men arguing, bickering, and even fighting, about minute points for which they had little guide in revelation, and that guide *purposely* obscured. Of what good to turn and return, and sift and analyse and distort every word St. Paul ever wrote, if they were to disregard one of his chief injunctions—that they should avoid vain disputations? Was the Church always to be torn by silly controversy, about gowns and candles and crosses, and the real work abandoned for these—the work of converting, elevating, purifying the long-debased, long-darkened people? Heigh-ho, he was only on the threshold of the weary scene as yet.

So he wrote that his 'views' were the views of the Church of England, the views, he believed, of the Gospels and Epistles; that he detested partisanship, and was content to leave uncut the knots of doctrine if he might be permitted to work rather than dispute. His views in short were liberal and broad. Alas! poor youth, he little knew that this kind of talk was too common with young men who sought the loaves and fishes at any cost, and who began professing to be 'broad,' and once installed were wont to become intolerably narrow. He did not know that there was as much cant in professing to have no views as in acknowledging yourself to be High or Low. In fact, the latter course was always considered more honest. To have no extreme views was to be cowardly, indifferent, unin-

formed, mercenary. Such is the sweet charity of our English Church now-a-days, that men cannot be even respected unless violent in one direction or the other. Has there been a bishop made within the last ten years who has not ranged himself long before with one party or the other? Is there a man of note in the Church who is not a partisan?

So among the High Church who wouldn't have him because he was not High, and the Low who declined him because he was not with them, and the moderate who mistrusted him because he pretended, as they thought, to be moderate, his proffers were all disregarded with only two exceptions.

The Rev. Mr. Stubby wrote from a chief town of a midland county; the Rev. Mr. Balls from a manufacturing district in the north. Mr. Stubby wrote all awry, without stops and on dirty paper. Mr. Balls wrote like any other man decently educated. Yet inasmuch as the midland town was far more attractive than the northern one, to Stubby did he first apply. On the appointed day he found himself in the town of B—, looking for the Rev. Ananiah Stubby's residence. He was directed to a very small house in a very 'small' neighbourhood, with 'Stubby, surgeon and accoucheur,' on a brass plate on the door. He was just doubting whether his informant had not made a mistake, when he was accosted most smilingly by an individual who had the appearance of a broken-down waiter retired in advanced life from some London coffee-house, after wasting the pence of his profession in the strong waters of consolation. His figure was extremely diminutive, but flabby and puffy. His waistcoat was extremely loose and yet wanted several buttons; his coat was even looser than the waistcoat. Like it, it had once been black but was now green. But the loosest of all was the neck-tie, which appeared to have taken up the dark dyes discarded by the cloth garments, and to have gone into mourning for the washerwoman from whom it had been so long separated.

'Am I mistaken in supposing you the young person who applied for my curacy?' said this individual, turning

up the corners of a painfully small mouth.

'Mr. Stubby?'

'That is my name, sir. Mr. Lorimer, I presume?'

Thereupon they entered the house.

'My son,' said the loose old gentleman, 'a member of the College of Surgeons, lives with me.'

With this explanation they proceeded to the drawing-room, where Stubby sat down with the victim opposite to him. For a minute or two there was an awkward silence, during which the clergyman was examining the applicant somewhat rudely, and smiling peculiarly at the sight of his moustache. He then cleared his voice and began.

'What are your views, Mr. Lorimer, with regard to Baptismal Regeneration?'

What could he say? He had positively no views on this intricate question.

'I should say, sir—' he began.

'Well? yes, encouragingly, 'quite right.'

'Well, really sir, I fancy that a young man requires a great deal of reading and reflection before—'

'But this I should hope you have given to this matter. You see you will find many very advanced Christians in your congregation here, who will look for your views to be expressed.'

What on earth was an advanced Christian? Was Christianity an art or science which you learned by degrees, and got on in or not according as you took the trouble? Fancy too a whole congregation hanging on his views of such a matter, gloating over his doctrinal discourse, rather than being taught to avoid the common sins of life, ill-temper, selfishness, uncharity.

Mr. Stubby still waited patiently for his 'views,' and not receiving any more information on this point, passed on to Justification.

'Well,' answered Lorimer gravely, 'I am quite of St. James's opinion. Show me thy works without thy faith, and I will show you—'

'Yes, yes,' interrupted Stubby impatiently, 'I know the text, but I hope you set no value on works.'

'Why, sir, believing them to be, as

our Article says, "pleasing and acceptable to God," I cannot but set some value on them, since whatever pleases Him must be good.'

In this way they went on through half the disputed doctrines of the Church of England; and Daisy thought that he had given satisfaction on the whole.

'You see, my friend,' said Stubby, in conclusion, 'we are a strictly Protestant parish. For my own part, I am somewhat inclined to favour works, but my congregation abhor them. If you come here you must preach faith and nothing but faith; no works, sir, no works at all.'

After this Mr. Stubby proceeded to make the picture yet more lively by a description of the parish.

'The population is 4000, but at least 2500 of these are Baptists. We are on very good terms. There is so little difference, you know, and we make common cause against the scarlet woman. Our parish comprises all the low parts of B—, but as the church only accommodates 800, you will not have much to do with the most abandoned. Then we have a few men of first-rate position with us. There is Mr. Slykins, the attorney; Mr. Cheap-stuff, the haberdasher; Mr. Snick, of Snick and Snack's, the great confectioners—Snack, the other partner, is a Baptist. You will only have three duties to do on Sunday. My health is failing, and I therefore cannot preach much. Now and then I might relieve you in an afternoon, but generally you would be required to preach three sermons. But there is no weekly duty; we are not superstitious, Mr. Lorimer. Of course, I shall not complain, if you like to preach somebody else's sermon once on a Sunday, and the other two your own, but you must be careful that our more advanced Christians do not discover it. Snick, for instance, passes half his time in reading sermons.'

'May I ask how you visit your parishioners?'

'Oh dear, yes; very systematically. I give them two days a week, and take them in routine. I generally manage to make thirty visits per diem, that's sixty a week, 240 a month, so that as there are only about three hundred families that I am called upon to visit,

I give them each on an average twelve calls a year.'

'A very convenient system—for you. But in case some people should be more difficult to deal with than others, and require more looking after—'

'I allow of no partiality,' replied Mr. Stubby, severely; 'good and bad share alike. I do my duty, and they must take the consequences.'

'Ah!'

They then proceeded to the church. On the road thither Stubby's heart and mouth expanded together.

'You've heard of Jabez Ranter, of course, the famous evangelical preacher?'

Daisy bowed. 'He had not heard of him, but—'

'He has the next parish to me.'

Mr. Stubby looked for signs of emotion in the future curate, and was disappointed to find that this intimation did not produce much excitement.

'It's natural that he should draw a large attendance, and as a large portion of my benefice is derived from pew-rents, I am, as you can understand, anxious to meet with an impressive—an impressive curate. I don't ask for much talent; it would be lost. And I am aware that the stipend I offer is small; my place being only worth about £400 a year; but what I do expect is a loud and powerful voice, and a good acquaintance with the texts—you understand me—the texts of Scripture. With this and an impressive manner, a young man may make his way very well in my church.'

They were now inside the church.

'Will you oblige me,' said Mr. Stubby, 'by mounting the reading-desk, and allowing me to hear your voice. Say a passage from Revelations, a very striking book; wait a minute, please.'

While Mark opened the Bible, Mr. Stubby took his seat in a pew at the other end of the church, and Daisy proceeded to read in his natural style, but solemnly as became the matter. How strange it seemed to him to be reading to those empty pews, with the echoes of the aisle taking up his words!

Mr. Stubby was careful to express neither satisfaction nor disapproval. He was engaged on a bargain.

They returned to an early dinner at the small house. The accoucheur and his wife joined them. The repast was substantial; plenty of beefsteak with oyster-sauce, and an ample apple-tart, washed down by a liberal supply of draught porter, of which Stubby partook copiously. The son and his wife were lively. The latter scolded the servants, and whispered orders to them very audibly, and with all the anxiety of a true Martha. They both appeared quite ignorant that there was such a letter as *k* in the English alphabet; but they were good-natured people, and Daisy's heart warmed towards them.

After dinner Stubby resumed business.

'The stipend that I am able to offer, Mr. Lorimer, is not large; but you see that the duties are not severe.'

'Oh, my dear sir, do not mention stipend. I have some private means' (believing that Sir Tattenham would make him a meet allowance), 'and I desire to take orders solely for the purpose of doing good in my generation.'

'Very, very laudable, indeed.'

'Very much so,' echoed the accoucheur.

'I was thinking, then, of offering £50 per annum, but if stipend is, as you say, no object, perhaps £30.'

'Really, sir, do not mention it.'

For a week after this Stubby kept him uncertain. Mark did not relish beginning life under such a rector, but he convinced himself that the more difficulties there were in his way, the better it would be for his character; and though Stubby and his parish both gave him the shivers, he determined to accept the curacy. In a week's time, however, came a little note:—

'DEAR SIR,—I think that the advanced Christians of our parish will be better pleased by a man of more experience and greater age than you seem to possess. I therefore regret that I must decline your services.—Yours, &c.,

'ANANIAS STUBBY.'

Such was Daisy's first experience of getting on in life. He determined not to be discouraged, and therefore applied to Mr. Balls. He was a very

different man from Stubby, but his parish was even less attractive.

Mark happened to arrive at P—, the nearest town, on a Sunday morning. Of course, there were no cabs, so he hired a small boy to carry his bag. As he passed through the streets he saw hundreds and hundreds of operatives from the mills, as they called them, standing lazily about.

'Hey lad, there, working on the Sabbath?'

'Shame on thee, shame on thee!'

These were the greetings of the inhabitants of P—. W—, which was Mr. Balls' parish, was a suburb of this pleasant town. Over it hung perpetually, day after day, a thick grey heavy mass of smoke-clouds, which were there summer and winter without change, for the hottest sun could not pierce them. There were fine hills around of which you never saw the tops, but neither on them nor anywhere else was a tree to be seen. The roads, the fields, were covered with black coal-dust. There was not a cow, not a sheep, not a flower, not a turnip even, in all the country. For miles and miles you saw nothing but tall slim chimneys, towering over tall stout manufactories, and surrounded by 'closes' of small grimy brick cottages. The people were in keeping with the place. When Mr. Balls took them wine, medicine, or alms, they received them with a grunt, but never a 'thank you,' never a mark of gratitude or a word of respect.

'And yet,' said Mr. Balls, 'they are really grateful, though they are too independent to show it. Everything here is ranked according to wealth. Many of these workmen in their little cottages, are as rich as I am, most of them make their three guineas a week. They spend it all in drink and in having the best of meat, nay, even delicacies at their meals; and when sick, they are glad enough to take whatever I can give them.'

Mr. Balls and Daisy suited one another admirably, and the one left the other with an agreement for the curacy. From there Daisy travelled to the Bishop's. Knowing that his lordship might keep him waiting many a day if he asked for an interview, he boldly took him by storm. The proud Plush took in his card with that of

Mr. Balla, and after waiting about half an hour, in a room surrounded with Hansard's Parliamentary debates, and a goodly collection of blue-books, he was ushered into the great man's presence.

His lordship was a small man with a good-looking face, and young for a bishop. After a few preliminaries he asked—

'What editions have you read?'

What did his lordship refer to?

'For instance, of the Greek Testament?'

'Alford's.'

'Good, very good. And what other theological works?'

'Pearson on the Creed.'

'Oh! tut, tut! leave Pearson alone. It is a dangerous book for young men. What else?'

'Burnet's Church History.'

'Humph, humph—' and so on through a whole list.

'Your reading is not very extensive,' said his lordship in conclusion. 'Now, what reference can you give me? I mean to some person of standing, a member of Parliament or so; some one that I am acquainted with, would do best.'

Mark was unprepared for this. He had indeed written to several old friends for permission to use their names, but one after another had shirked the responsibility. 'If Sir Tattenham asked me,' one had hinted

very broadly. 'I can scarcely say I know you well,' said another, without mining the matter. All of them had heard that there was a difference between Sir Tattenham and his son, and were unwilling to risk offending the elder gentleman. He suddenly remembered that the member for P— was an old friend of his father's, and a very good-natured man.

'Ah, that will do very well,' said his lordship. 'He is a great friend of mine. We differ a little in religious matters, you know.'

It was then that Daisy remembered that the member for P— was a Unitarian.

In this fashion did his lordship accept Daisy as a candidate for holy orders, in this fashion he 'examined diligently' into his fitness, never asking one question as to his motives for entering the ministry of the Church, or how far he felt himself called thereunto.

'I think you said you were an Oxford man?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Ah, then, I have no objection to your standing at the next ordination. I never receive Durham and St. Bees' men, half-educated only.'

And with this he bowed him out.

'A gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian,—on his epitaph,' thought the accepted candidate.

CHAPTER XIII.—ONE WEARY JOURNEY ENDED, ANOTHER BEGINS.

One clear frosty November morning, the bell in the tower of Painswick church sends out a long, dismal, dreary note. Some five minutes, and there is another, and so on, through half an hour. Presently the figure of Mr. Crispin is seen advancing briskly into the churchyard. His face glows with exercise, health, and cheeriness; he rubs his long thin hands and elats to the clerk in a suave, oily tone. From time to time that official peeps impatiently down the walk, and at last exclaims, in a tone of relief: 'They're a-coming, sir;' whereupon Mr. Crispin dives into the vestry, and presently re-appears in his surplice, and wearing a little skull-cap on his scalp.

The very simple procession is seen coming up the walk, slowly and almost solemnly. It consists of William Jones and three other lads from the night-school, whom he had persuaded to assist him, bearing on their stout shoulders a large, rough, common-looking coffin. They are followed by a single mourner, whose head is bowed so very low upon her bosom, that you cannot see the face.

'Come, look sharp,' cries the impatient clerk to the pall-bearers; 'it's a cold morning to be waiting here.'

Would he have spoken like this if it had been a hearse with four dyed horses, and covered with dyed plumes? But what matter? This was only poor

Kate Morgan following her mother's body to its narrow bed.

It is soon over, for Crispin can read against time when he chooses, that is, when no Sir Tattenham or other grandee is present. Then, earth to earth, a few pebbles rattling on the lid of lowered coffin, and all move away, all but the poor daughter, now alone in the world.

And so there lies poor Mary Davenport, at peace at last, after all her suffering. If there be any peace on earth, let it be by the grave-side. Peace, then, to the selfish, worldly, pride-eaten father who is sulking against himself and all the world beside in that distant land, while his one ruined child is buried as a pauper. Peace to Mr. Eden, perchance at this very moment telling, in respectable cant, the story of this poor suffering woman, to a thoroughly well-bred table full of the best society, who express their utter inability to understand how any young lady could, under any circumstances, marry such a low creature as a gardener. Peace, lastly, to that rough, rude convict, working among cut-throats and highwaymen, in some distant island, which this great civilized country has changed from a fair green spot, swept by breezes from all quarters of the sea, a sunny home for sea-gulls and the petrel when the storm is passed, into the howling, cursing outer-hell that their grand civilisation makes necessary.

This child is gone to her true Father now; this woman to her real and only faithful friend and protector; but she is gone, forgiving those others;—perhaps, who knows? to win forgiveness for them too.

But the dead are done with. The world forgets them and so must we. Ay, and the world might easily forget poor Mary Morgan. It had forgotten her long since, and now none but the one mourner, the one last friend would know even her grave from another's. There was no stone to mark it. How should there be one? How could the orphan pay the price of even the poorest tribute to memory? And in purse-proud England, the poor are shamed to set up some simple wooden cross over their fathers and mothers. If they have anything at all to mark the spot, it must be a stone like that of

the rich, and so this cringing, aping pride—the worst vice of England, worse even than its drunkenness—clings even to our graves in death. Not that poor Kate had much of it, but she was too humble to set a new fashion, if she had ever thought of such a thing. She was content to wattle the long mound across with prickly briars, as if the thorns that she had bled with in life should wound the sod above her clay, left cold alone now that the soul was fled. But evening after evening, when the sun went down, and lit up the gilt cock on the tower-top, and gave a glow to all the thick, green ivy that clothed the church-side, or streamed in long red rays through that close, dark yew-tree which the owl so loved; you might see the poor girl coming in such mourning as she could get, with her lap full of autumn flowers, such as they were, from the hedge-rows. For, in the west of England, there is many a good old custom left unscared, as yet, by utilitarians, and among the sweetest of them is this same decking of the new-made graves. The hard use of that life is gone, and now it is given up to beauty and to love; so scatter its grave with flowers, the beauties of the earth. She was a flower on the earth too, and is faded. Strew her bed with blossoms, that one night will kill, and to-day we shall remember she was fair; to-morrow that she is dead.

Perhaps such thoughts scarcely entered into the head of the poor girl when she brought her flowers to the unturfed grave, and ranged them with sad, careful taste upon it. They were all she had to give her mother's dust, except her piteous tears, and they were beautiful and therefore she brought them. But in truth the poor child came to this grave because she could not keep herself away. Have we some lock of hair, some dead rose-bud or what not, which was once our beloved's, and she far from us, maybe estranged? Do we not love it, gaze on it, take it out early in the morning and late at night? And yet in itself it is nothing, a very trifle. It is the memory of the absent that it freshens, the strange little lurking feelings which it drags out from their hiding-nooks in our breasts, till they show themselves in smiles or tears.

Just so was the ugly grave to lonely Kate. She knew well enough that the soul was not there, but the body it had so long worn was there, and by the grave-side she still seemed near to the one who alone in the world had been so dear to her, with whom and for whom she had endured so long, from whom she had received so much, whom she not only respected, but so deeply loved, for there had been none of that maternal propriety or stiffness in Mrs. Morgan which ladies in better society sometimes think it right to awe their daughters with. These two women left alone together had become almost like sisters, strengthening one another, cheering each other on, and raising hopes even when they saw none.

And now the poor girl was utterly alone. To whom could she turn, whom depend on but herself? Her dying mother had begged her never to seek out Mr. Davenport; and as for her own father, it was hopeless. What should she do, where go? Oh! if she had only Mr. Lorimer to ask advice from. But no; his one letter she had received. She had even now in her pocket the last few shillings left from the money he had sent, but somehow he had forgotten to put any address. She only knew he was at Oxford, and she had written to thank him, and again when Mrs. Morgan became worse, but of course the letters never reached him, and for some strange reason he had never written to her again.

At first her sorrow overwhelmed her. Day after day she rose only to weep and mourn, and sit with her head between her hands thinking of her lost companion. How often at night she started up, thinking that she still heard her mother's feeble call, and then how utterly alone she felt. Poor child. She had had many a trial and borne it bravely, cheerfully even for her mother's sake, but now she felt, like a forsaken lamb, as if the first danger would crush her.

Honest William had been kind. He had come down awkwardly, but quietly, to offer to bear the coffin, and had won over the other lads—not without some little trouble—to join him. But the poor girl could not pour out her heart to him and ask for sympathy. Nay, the sight of him

vexed her, and he saw it, and came seldom.

One day about a week after the funeral, when the girl was sitting working alone, and from time to time breaking out into fresh tears, who should come to the cottage but Mr. Williams, Sir Tattenham's steward. After a few commonplaces he got at once to the object of his visit.

'I came to see what you intend to do.'

'Indeed, Mr. Williams, I can't tell.'

'Well, but you must do something. You don't mean to stay here, I suppose?'

'Oh! I couldn't bear to leave.'

'Well, but how will you live? You can't live alone here, it ain't becoming for a young female, and I don't see what you'll do for a livelihood. Have you no friends?'

'Never a one.'

'That's a bad look-out. How do you think to find a living?'

'By washing or needle-work, I thought—'

'But where are you to find one or the other here? Mrs. Powell has all the washing of the place, and Mrs. Carter does all the sewing. I don't see how you can keep on.'

'Will you advise me what to do, please, Mr. Williams?'

'Sure I don't know; but, bless my soul, if I was a girl like you, I'd go up to London and get a situation; there's always plenty for a hactive young female to do up there.'

'Young Mr. Lorimer promised to get me a place,' said the girl timidly.

'Do you think, Mr. Williams, he'll be coming back soon?'

'Not he. He's offended his governor, and won't be back in a hurry here.'

'Is he at Oxford College?'

'So they says; but if I was you, I wouldn't count much one way or t'other on Mr. Lorimer. Young men, you see, they goes away and forgets all about it almost, before they've turned the corner. I daresay he's enjoying of hisself now, and no more thinking of getting you a place than Queen Victoria is about me.'

There could be little doubt that Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland's cogitations were not especially directed to Mr. Williams,

great as that personage was in his own sphere.

'Well, what do you think about it, now?' he resumed. 'You see, I've got a kind of offer for the cottage—' this was not strict truth. Mr. Williams had had no kind of offer for it—'and if you'd like to give it up now, I daresay I could manage so as not to take any rent for this bit of a quarter that we've begun with you the other day, don't you know? Your last quarter was up on Saturday week, and I should have been down for the rent before this.'

There was much appearance of kindness about all this in spite of the condescending manner, and so Kate replied that she would think of it, and let him know the next day.

She now forced herself to look at the grim £ s. d. of the question. There were two or three things to pay up, besides this rent, and the few shillings she had would not nearly cover them. Nay, there was the sexton and the carpenter to satisfy yet, and the more she thought of it the more there seemed to be owing. To pay all this there was nothing but the furniture. This must be sold, and if so, then she must go and seek her fortune elsewhere.

On that day week she was making up her bundle with a very heavy heart; the furniture had been sold, the money it brought paid away except a few shillings; when there was a knock at the door. It was a rare sound now, and her heart leapt into her throat. She wished, and hoped, and almost thought that it was Mr. Lorimer come back at last; how long, how very long he had been away!

'Come in.' It was only William Jones.

'Where are you agoing to, Kate?' said he.

'I can't say, William. Leastways, it's plain I can't stop here.'

'Why not, lass? You've a friend or two in these parts. There's none so low but what has a friend.'

'Yes, I know, William. God will protect me.'

'Ay, but not to go so fur off. Maybe you've got a friend in Painswick as'd take care on you.'

Kate shook her head mournfully.

'Haven't I been a friend to yer, Kate Morgan?'

'That you have, William, and many's my thanks, but it's no use now, William.'

'Why not?'

'I'm going up to London; it's the only place I can get work in, and it's no use to stop here to starve.'

'Lunnun's a goodish long way,' responded the youth, bringing his schooling prominently to bear, 'hundred and thirty moile as the crow flies, it is. Now you'd have to put a week to doing that, lass, if you go a-foot.'

'Which I must.'

'And have yer got enough to keep yer?'

'Yes, for a day or two, and then I must work or beg or something.'

'William rubbed his knee most vehemently.

'Oh! lass, oh! Kate, doant go for to talk of begging. Now, then, you stop here, and I'll take care on yer.'

'You, William! you can't find me work here, can you?'

'Sooner or later, we should.'

'And meanwhile, what am I to do?'

William rubbed again and looked down.

'I du know one way for it,' says he, as if he had just made a discovery, whereas it was just this that he had been thinking of for the last ten days.

'What is it, William?' said the girl eagerly. 'I do want to stop here, if so be as I can.'

There was William at the whitish patch on the corduroys, rubbing away and getting very red. Just then, as she waited staring at him, Kate noticed that he had on his Sunday coat, that his hair was combed out very neatly in two long spikes at the side of his ears, and that his general appearance was sprucer than on ordinary occasions. He rubbed for some time, and got redder and redder, and at last, with a jerk, he said, 'Man bain't made to live alone.' The sentiment was from the copy-book, but to honest William it was very fine.

'Well?' said Kate, smiling for the first time that week.

'It's plain he must have summun to live with nn.'

Kate saw what was coming.

'I've a pretty good place, Kate.'

'I'm glad to hear it, William, and hope you'll keep it.'

'Thank you; wishes is next best to ax. - Now, there be enough for two.'

'Then you can help your father a bit,' said she, cruelly.

'Ay, ay, but I'm bound to help myself first.'

Kate said nothing. It is almost as painful to a good-hearted girl to refuse a man she does not absolutely dislike as to accept one she hates, and she was thinking how she should answer him kindly. William's mind was not capable of carrying out a scheme of diplomatic argument. He had begun well, but, by this time, he had lost the thread of his discourse. He knew the end of it; but, not being able to work up discreetly to it, he got redder than ever, and giving a violent jerk up to his corduroys, he began rubbing a new spot with fresh vigour, while Kate, not knowing what to say, finished making the knot in her bundle, and turned round to look if there was anything missing.

William seized the moment when her back was turned, and exclaimed with a great effort: 'Oh, Kate, why shouldn't you and me be mon and wife?'

Kate turned round towards him.

'It's very kind of you, William,' she said in her softest tone; 'indeed and it is—'

He sidled up to her in hopeful expectation.

'But—no, William, it can't be.'

'Can't lass,' said he, bitterly disappointed. 'What's to come atwixt us?'

'Just this, William, that it can't be, because my heart's gave to another.'

'I knowed it,' said the boy, looking very sheepish. 'I knowed as much. It's the young squire as come down here so often. Oh, Kate, it's very foolish on yer.'

But Kate took no notice, and moved with her bundle towards the door.

'Come, William, don't think no more about it. I'm going now. You've been very kind to us, and this was kindly meant, that I know. May be, if I come back here one day, please God, I'll be able to do as much for you as you've done for us. But you'll find many a girl in the parish as

would make you a better wife nor I.'

'Naw, naw, that cannot be.'

'Well, William, I must be off now, for it's a long way I must walk before night-fall, and you'll be able to do me a service, if you will.'

'Ay, that I will.'

'It's just to give the key to Mr. Williams, when I've locked up the cottage.'

They came out, and she carefully locked the door, William being too shy to say much, until they came into the lane.

'Which way be you going?' he then asked.

'Across the fields to the London road, I think.'

'Ay, that's the shortest way. But think on it again, lass. Lunnun's a big place, and a bad place, they says. Maybe you'd be coming to harm there.'

'I can take care of myself,' she says proudly. 'I'm not afraid, William. Good-bye, lad.'

She wants him to go, that she may take a long last look at the cottage, where Mark has so often sat with her, and where that loved mother, that one true friend, gave up her soul. William has just tact enough to see it, and, though he is loath—very loath to turn his back upon that loved face, he puts out his great, hard, dry hand for the farewell.

'God go with you, to keep you, lass!' says he, choking with feeling.

'The same to you, William. I'll never forget you as a friend.'

The kind words ring again and again in his ears, as he goes whistling, not 'for want of thought,' but to hide the too much grief he feels. Then she, the girl, now the woman, sits down on the hedge-bank opposite, and lets out the lake of the waters of sorrow.

Later you see her figure in the silent churchyard. Her hands are planting a little rose upon the grave. 'When I come again, if ever, it will be all flowering,' she thinks, 'and I shall know my mother's grave, if by no other token.'

Later still, she is trudging away along the hard, dusty high-road, with a little hope to keep her up, and just a little money to keep her body from sinking. From time to time she asks

if that is the road to Oxford, and her thoughts are all about the joy of seeing Mark once more, if only for a moment.

The next day and the next she is still on the road, trudging wearily now, and asking, whenever she can, how far it is to Oxford. On this third day, she spends her last sixpence, and at night she lies down under a hedge in a field. The night is very cold, but fatigue brings sleep—that kindest gift of God—and, when she wakes again, the sun is up and warm, and she walks on cheerfully. She learns that there are now only forty miles between her and Oxford. Strengthened by hope, she has walked twenty miles and more each blessed day, and now she is very, very weary, and has had no breakfast. Timidly she goes up to a great house, and begs a mouthful of bread. There are great loaves being cut into huge slices for the servants' hall, but she is sent rudely away without anything. Master does not give to beggars. Master, and mistress, and the young ladies, and their young dandy swains are walking down the park as she returns, footsore and weary, to the road. She drops a curtsy, and begs a halfpenny. No; they will give their five or ten pounds to the clergyman for the poor, they will have their names figure grandly for £50 or £100 at the head of a subscription list, but the tramp and the beggar are outcasts, and it would be immoral to give to them, to encourage mendicity. Oh, what a creed for a Christian country! Oh, Christ! how can Thy confessed servants so close their ears to Thy tender words, and shut their bowels against their fellow-creatures whom they see in need! Was it the respectable poor alone that Thou didst vouchsafe to heal? Didst Thou ask if this man or that belonged to Thy parish, or was it not every suffering comer to whom Thou gavest Thy blessed aid? Oh, curse of respectability! oh, charity, systematized and calculated by the Devil! Little, little indeed, will your rich alms avail you in that Day, ye who can turn from the footsore wayfarer without an ear for his sad pleading, and send your guineas to the parson. Is this love, this charity, to shut up your

bowels against those you do see in hunger and misery, and give largely to those whom you do not see, and do not care for. Your coals, that you distribute so ostentatiously at Christmas, shall be coals of fire in your torment. Your clothes, that you send in huge parcels, with your names affixed, shall not shield you from the ice of the lake of hypocrites. Your bread, and your soup, that you bid your servants distribute, too proud to reach your own hand to the poor, shall not support you in that fearful, gnawing hunger which you who have turned unrelenting from the beggar shall suffer in that other death.

For what, indeed, does God send us the mendicant and the starveling, if not to move our bowels of compassion? Is there any love in cold systematic almsgiving, any real charity in the performance of a mere duty? No. In the praise of the parson and the magistrate, to whom you send your bank-notes, you have all the reward that you ever shall have: in the death of the starved foot-pad under the hedge, to whom you in your plenty have refused your pence, there will rise up a dread accuser, whose one voice shall stifle all your offerings and gifts, which you have thought so respectable. Oh, my country! the most respectable in the world, the most passionless, glorying in your system, your calm discountenancing of beggary, glorying in the thought that you, refusing your coppers, have helped to discourage mendicancy; can you not see that your respectability is the razor with which you gash your own stiff throat! Can you not see that for all your hardness, you are the most mendicant nation under the sun; that it is nonsense to say you are putting down the begging system; that there is not one of you up to the dissipated monarch, who runs into gross debt, and then has the impudence to ask the country for a few scores of thousands to pay it, or what not, who is not a beggar. All is beggary, respectable beggary; all is interest, and interest is the upholder of beggary. Go on begging for place, you hard, cold souls, that worship respectability;—go on bothering your friends in the Ministry, your friends everywhere in power, and go on refusing a halfpenny

to the starveling. Go on, I say, you will have your reward !

At the lowly cottage outside the park gates, the complaint was not disregarded. The poor man and his wife were not respectable enough to send their subscriptions to the clergyman. They only saw a suffering, way-worn fellow-creature, and such as they could give they gave, a crust of bread, a mug of water, and the wayfarer trudged on gratefully.

So now she had to live by begging for the present. The trade may be a profitable one to some people—to witless voters who have M.P.'s among their acquaintance ; to secretaries of benevolent institutions, where a certain sum subscribed must be used for 'the expenses' of the charity ; to clergymen who appear fired with zeal for some unenlightened thickly-populated neighbourhood, and demand a few stamps by return of post, with a view to building a church, of which the applicant will be the proprietor ; to those other eloquent individuals, of whatever denomination, who rant for an hour, and then send the plate or the hat round, as the case may be ; and lastly, to women in all classes of life, who don't mind what they ask. Living on charity, again, may be a pleasant kind of life for princes of the blood, and indolent, port-bibbing, college-Fellows, but to the wayfarer it is by no means the luxurious course which respectable people, and the police in general, suppose or affirm it to be.

Even if she had not to walk many a long mile before she could induce a passer-by to take pity on her, it was only a halfpenny or a penny at most that she could get, and perhaps not more than three or four of these in a day. Now a pennyworth of bread is but little support to a weary walker who has been travelling at the rate of twenty miles a day. Then there is uncertainty even in this. Often she walked on and on for miles and miles along the high road, without passing a cottage or meeting a single being. 'Just another mile,' she would say to herself, 'and if I meet nobody, I will lie down and die.' And then she would meet some one, and that some one so long waited for, so joyfully spied, either could not, or would not,

relieve her misery. Or, if the great greasy brown penny crossed her palm, she had to walk another mile or two at least, before she could exchange it for bread. Perhaps, after all, she would pass the baker's shop, without the power to purchase a crumb. There, indeed, was temptation to put out her hand and take, and if she had done so, society would have branded her for ever ; that respectable society which comes forward so boldly and magnanimously to shield the directors of some grand bank of chicanery from the widow and orphan shareholders whose substance they have ruthlessly stolen.

Shall I speak too of the shame of begging ! Thank Heaven, that habit soon deadens all sense of that kind ! but when the respectable gentleman-like man turned away from her, without so much as a yes or no ; when others harshly bid her 'go away this instant,' as if she were insulting them in supposing them capable of charity ; when refusal followed refusal, she could not but feel how wretched, how disgraceful it is to be one of those poor, of whom the Founder of our religion said, 'Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven.' Well, we call ourselves a very charitable nation, and calculate in figures how much is given in alms per annum in these islands, and glory in the enumeration of thousands of benevolent societies ; but I guess that the hard creed of respectability, which bids us refuse an alms to the casual beggar, is enough to out-balance all our subscription lists. They have no such creed anywhere out of England. Better we should support ten thousand professional rogues, than that one poor wretch should perish from our refusal.

When the poor girl reached Ensham on the fourth day, she thought she could go no farther. But suddenly she caught a vision of fair towers, and domes, and spires, all red with the setting sun ; and she asked, and heard that this was Oxford.

Oh, then, the few more miles seemed nothing to her. On and on she went, heedless of the holes in her boots, and the stones that cut her feet through them ; heedless of the hunger that cut her stomach as sharply ; heedless even of the passers-by who

might have given her a halfpenny or two, if she had asked.

And when she reached Oxford, she would fain have sunk down, but hope held her up. From street to street she went, dreaming that she might meet with Mark, now her only hope. She was dismayed when she found how large a place it was, but she soon discovered which was the High Street, and kept to that, dragging her steps up and down, looking eagerly on either side for one she found not.

At last she gave it up. She saw a fine large building with a flight of steps up to it. This was Queen's. She sat down on those steps and nursed her despair.

The night was now come on, and there she sat, no one taking notice of her. Many a red-nosed, jaundiced Don walked by, doing all he could to keep himself steady after his common-room revel. Many a band of young drunken students came shouting and laughing along, but none, not one, stopped near her.

She knew not what to do; at least, she must rest awhile there, but perhaps she might rest never to rise again, so sore did hunger press her.

In vain she strove to keep awake, fatigue and weakness overpowered her. She might have slept long indeed, and been happy awhile, but the respectability of this highly Christian country would not allow it. We may let the wild bird perch on our trees; we let the rabbit burrow in our fields. We don't drive away that prickly hedgehog that rolls itself up in a corner of our garden; and as for dogs and cats we give them board and lodging for nothing, and get very little in return. But our own species, our own kind, made in the likeness of our Maker, must not even lay its weary limbs on our precious door-steps. A heavy hand was laid on her shoulder. A brutal shake woke her to a sense of her misery and hunger.

'Come, get up, young woman, and move on, you can't stay here,' said one of the servants of respectability, in a glazed hat and stiff collar, the

personification of hardness and implacability. Oh! that perpetual 'move on' of the poor! Oh, that the weary and the starving may find no spot to rest if they cannot pay for it! Why should the curse of the Wandering Jew hang for ever upon the wretched of our cities? Is there no place where it is not a sin to lay the worn-out limbs? Yes, there is one place. Thou, God in heaven, wilt give them rest at last, and in the grave, but only there; they will not hear the voice of the minion of respectability, though he knock at their coffin-lids and bid them 'move on' for ever.

She rose and slunk, supporting herself against the wall, a few steps farther, and then sank down again. The policeman watched and followed her. Happy man! It was his duty, his profession never to trust, never to believe, to doubt all and everything, to suspect for ever! Sweet Christian-like existence. He doubted the poor worn-out woman and followed her.

'Didn't I tell yer to move on? You know you've no business 'ere. I knows what you'd be up to. Come, get on—move on—do.'

Again—again to rise wearily. But this time suspicion went too far, and made its object really deceitful. The poor thing sneaked on till the policeman was quite out of sight, and then sank down again. Then came the blessed sleep once more, but this time fitfully, for she had the dread of that stiff man upon her, and she would not let it come as boutifully as it was given. From time to time she dreamed then. She saw an ogre who for ever was driving her before him. She pleaded her weariness in vain. She could move on no more. He grew furious. He took her by the shoulder and shook her till she was sick, and would have shaken her to death, but at that moment up came Mark Lorimer and sent the ogre spinning. She heard his voice distinctly. She started up, it seemed so real. Yes, yes, it was not all a dream. That really was his voice; that really was himself.

CHAPTER XIV.—A VERY FLAGRANT CASE.

Mark had not wholly given up the idea of doing some little good in Oxford. Vol. XXVIII.

He had taken Fretful in hand. This youth was a good-hearted, off-

hand fellow, who prided himself on the good story he could tell, the good song he could sing, the good pace he could ride to hounds, and the good pair of whiskers that adorned his physiognomy. That was about all the good in him, but really there was little harm. He drank, and was now and then drunk, but that was nothing in Oxford. 'I was so jolly screwed last night, old fellow,' says young Fitzmuddle, quite proud of it. 'We had such a wet evening,' echoes Boozey. 'What do you think, old boy,' sighs Sotkins, with his head splitting in the morning, 'I've just had my bill in for sober-water, and I find I've drunk two hundred bottles of the beastly stuff this term.'

Daisy, therefore, had no very great difficulty with Fretful. To break him of drinking and gambling, he induced him to go long rides to Thame, or walks to Godstowe, where they would dine, and not get back home till after supper time. Then Fretful was particularly fond of his friend, whom he respected as 'an awful clever buffer,' with 'the devil's own will in him,' and 'no humbug about him.' In short, Mark's strength of character won his way for him pretty generally.

But at the same time his own ideas altered a great deal with circumstances. He continually doubted whether he could possibly be happy with a girl of so little education, and, as far as he could judge, so little mind as Kate Morgan; whether, in short, she would be an adequate companion for him.

He had never deluded himself into the idea that he was in love with her, and he began, now he was absent, to question if she were really in love with him. At least, he thought, I can try her by this separation, and to make it complete I will not write to her. She will write to me if Mrs. Morgan becomes much worse, and therefore I will leave it to time to decide.

One night when Daisy and Fretful were returning from a walk to Nuneham, where they had made themselves merry with spiced ale *ad libitum*, they were just passing Queen's when they were accosted by a beggar, who said in a low hollow voice: 'Will you give me a penny, Mr. Lorimer?'

Daisy started as if stabbed, and stopped.

'Come along, you fool,' cried Fretful, 'it's only a confounded beggar.'

'My dear Pug,' said the other, loosening his arm, 'just walk on and get out some supper in my rooms for you and me, and I'll follow you in five minutes.'

'Oho! Mr. Pious; oho! this is a revelation. Here's a go. A very pretty fellow to preach, indeed!'

'Hold your row and go.'

Pugnacious whistled and sauntered on.

'What on earth has brought you here, Kate?' said Daisy, turning back to the poor girl, who had overheard the conversation, and was doubtful how Mark would notice her.

She then told him all that we know already, and all that she intended to do in London. He walked down the street with her asking all kinds of questions, but never for a moment dreaming that she was sinking all the while from hunger.

'You asked me for a penny just now,' said he. 'Tell me the truth, are you in want of money?'

'I'm afraid, sir, I spent what you sent me much too quickly; but you know what expenses there must have been,' she said, as if he had been accusing her. 'It was very kind of you to send it, and perhaps I ought to have been more careful with it.'

'But now you have very little left?'

'None at all; I spent the last on Wednesday.'

'Two days ago,' cried Daisy, in horror; 'and how have you lived since?'

'I was forced to beg a little.'

'My poor child! You begging! Take this for the present, and to-morrow I will give you enough to take you to London and set you up there, since you have made up your mind to go; though, with your pretty face, Kate, it is hazardous.'

The poor girl blushed deeply as much with pleasure as shame. She had had no such kind words for many a day. Daisy emptied the silver from his pocket into her hand. It was the change out of a sovereign, but for the time being he was rich, and he was one of those natural spend-

thrifts who must send their money somewhere, and are too unselfish to spend it on number one.

Kate noticed that he talked of setting her up in London, as if all thought of marriage had been given up, but she was too humble, poor thing, too broken down by hunger and misery, to wonder at this change.

But as they walked on and talked of everything, Daisy drew her close to him fondly enough, more from pity than affection perhaps. The night was dark, the lamps were few, and the passers fewer still. Suddenly, to the amazement of both, a man, who had come up from behind, seized one of the girl's arms. Another, pushing Lorimer off, seized the other. Mark raised his fist.

'Leave her alone, you impudent rascals!' he cried, advancing to them. The next moment his arms were pinioned from behind. He would have struggled and got free, but that the voice of his captor, mildly persuading him to be calm, was well known to him. He turned a look over his shoulder, and saw the old sturdy wary face of the University marshal.

'Bull dogs!' he muttered to himself, and saw that to resist would only materially injure his cause.

As for poor Kate, the fright of this sudden capture, following a long day of fatigue and hunger, so affected her that she burst into tears, while the bull-dogs dragged her away in order to prevent any collusion between her and the 'young gentleman.'

'Never mind,' cried Mark to her, as they took her away. 'I will make it all right in a minute.'

He had just spoken when up came a scraggy, sallow, bilious-looking gentleman, wearing a college-cap, which he politely touched to Mark, and a gown adorned with Theodore Hook's Manchester velvet, 'at how much a yard, sir, if not impertinent?' This individual was, in short, the senior proctor for the year.

'Your name and college, sir,' he asked somewhat sternly.

'Lorimer, Christ Church,' he replied without a moment's hesitation.

'Does any one know the woman?'

'No, sir,' from marshal and bull-dogs together.

'Not even you, Brown?'

'No, sir. I don't believe she belongs to Oxford at all.'

It was indeed a marvel for the marshal not to recognise a face at once, and with it recall a name and a list of offences, vices, or crimes. Brown was omniscient. Brown never erred. Brown's little word could condemn in a second the guilty and the innocent alike.

'The marshal is right,' said Lorimer. 'If you will allow me to speak to you aside a moment, I will explain the whole affair.'

The proctor acquiesced, and walked aside with Daisy.

'The fact is, that this young woman is perfectly respectable; that she is the daughter of one of my father's late tenants, who is recently dead. She is now on her way to London, with a view to obtaining some employment; and as I happened to know her and her mother well, and had promised to assist her if she should ever require it, she spoke to me when I chanced to pass her this evening, and I turned back to speak to her.'

The procuratorial optic twinkled incredulously. Alas! for the model youth of England, the hopefuls of the middle and upper classes, they had so liberally plied the poor man from time to time with clever prevarication, that he had made a rule never to believe anybody under a M.A., and him only on oath. Add to this, that the worthy had just left his College common room, where he had been inveigled into a dispute with the provost about the proposed repeal of a Statute prohibiting students from the use of 'arcubalistæ, culverinæ atque poppogueria' (Oh! shade of Cicero!), in which discussion the said proctor, being true to the noble principles of his forefathers, had expressed his firm conviction that Oxford would become a refuge for every species of Dissenter and infidel, a shelter for the enemies of order and the Church, in short a ruin, sir, a moral ruin, if that most salutary statute should be eliminated. Whereupon the low-minded provost, well known for his subversory principles, had expressed his opinion that Oxford would not suffer very much if a few Dissenters did mix with her alumni, on which the proctor

had risen indignantly and left the room in the greatest dudgeon.

No wonder then that he was out of sorts, and rather more jaundiced, if possible, than usual.

'We will see about that,' he replied with a sneer. 'Call on me to-morrow morning at eleven, and meanwhile have the kindness to return to your college at once.'

'May I ask what you intend to do with this young woman?'

'She will be taken to the Rooms.'

'And locked up?' very vehemently.

'Really, sir, this is not your business.'

'But I cannot allow her—'

'Go to your college, sir.'

'At least, sir, you will permit me to speak to her.'

'Certainly not.'

'Then I warn you that I shall do so.'

'Then I must send you under escort to Christ Church, with orders to the porter not to let you out again to-night.'

So Daisy was walked off to Canterbury Gate, and poor Kate Morgan to those terrible rooms under the Old Clarendon, where she was sternly interrogated by the proctor as to her moral character, closely inspected by half-a-dozen policemen, who treated her with that extreme gentleness and politeness for which policemen are well known, and then turned off with a warning that the sooner she left Oxford the better. The hard unbending official had not discernment enough to appreciate her modest bearing, in which, according to his rule, he did not believe; and so as Mark and she did not know where to find one another, and as Kate, poor thing, had got it into her head that this was some city where it was a crime to be feminine, the two never met again in Oxford, and she went on her weary way to the 'little village.'

In this town of monks there is still a statute, which makes it heinous for a student to address any woman in the street, at any hour, under any pretence. Consequently, when Lorimer called next day on the senior proctor, that official politely informed him that he had made inquiries into the character of the young person; that it did not appear that she was known

to the police; but that, as he had not only broken the statute, but aggravated its breach by speaking to a female of so very inferior an order, even if her character was reproachless, and worse than all, by attempting to interfere with the police in the execution of their duties, and making an effort to escape, he, the proctor, considered it his duty to rusticate him for the space of one year. The fact of his being a B.A., he said, only increased his responsibility. In a young freshman the offence might have been overlooked, but, in a man of his standing, it was doubly disgraceful.

The same evening, while Fretful and a few companions were cheering him up, and drinking perdition to all proctors, past and future, the censor sent for him. Daisy had never been on good terms with this gentleman. He was neither an Honourable, nor a gold-tassel, nor a gentleman-commoner, and his independent manner had much annoyed the impartial guardian of the morals of youth. The censor informed him that the proctor's decision had been made known to the college authorities, who were of opinion that the case was a peculiarly flagrant one, inasmuch as, besides the disgusting offence of a gentleman speaking to a creature of the lower orders, it appeared that Mr. Lorimer had sufficiently lost himself to tell the proctor a lie. (Daisy would have knocked him down if he had not been a parson.) That they had, therefore, agreed in thinking it best that Mr. Lorimer should remove his name from the college-books—a mild way of expressing expulsion—and that, of course, his testimonials for Holy Orders would not be granted. The censor concluded, by taking on himself the burden of breaking the intelligence to Sir Tattenham.

Two days later, Daisy received the following epistle from his father:—

'MARK,—You have concluded a career of ridiculous hypocrisy, by an act which disgraces at once yourself and your family in a manner which I will never forgive. From this time you never enter my doors. Your mother agrees with me in the propriety of this step. Your conduct is of that grossness, that it cannot, with delicacy, be mentioned to your sister,

but I have no doubt that her censure would be added to ours. I trust that time may convince you of the flagrantcy of your misdemeanour, but it will never alter my decision. Messrs. Snake and Wiggles have orders to allow you £100 per annum, and for the rest you must use those talents which you have so shamefully misapplied. TATTENHAM LORIMER.'

'P.S.—It will be useless to attempt to see me. I have given orders that you are to be turned from the doors like a vagrant.'

In vain did Mark write a long letter of explanations. It was returned unopened. He then wrote to Messrs.

Snake and Wiggles, informing them that he had no intention to draw upon Sir Tattenham for a single penny, and that, from this time, he should support himself as he could.

In the columns of the *Times* he saw the following advertisement:—

'*Secretary.* Wanted by a Company, now in course of formation under the Limited Liability Act, a gentleman of education and position, to act as secretary. Salary, £300 per annum. Apply to Homo, 10, P—Street, St. James.'

When he had read this over twice, he paid his term bill, packed up his luggage, and, with £40 in his pocket, left for the 'little village.'

CHAPTER XV.—ARCADES AMBO; OR, A PAIR OF RASCALS.

If the shade of Mr. Malthus were to descend or ascend, as the case may be, from its present abode, and look around into the corners of the metropolis, I have no doubt it would derive little comfort from what it there beheld. It is true that at first sight, the vision of fair club-houses, each last one more gorgeous than its predecessor, might cheer him awhile. When Cælebs is so well cared for, he would murmur, There is little fear of his marrying and adding to the ruin of my country by the propagation of his species. It is true that he would bear his thanks to the managers of the 'Wellington'—grand meed of immortality, to be god-father to boots and chop-houses—and smile to see how there was all but the winsomeness of home in those well-served dinners, and that luxurious smoke-room. But, if he turned to the middle and lower classes, the great masses of the nation, he would groan to see how resolutely they were bent upon the curse of matrimony, and how little there was in this progressive city to reconcile even the most inveterate celibate with his lot. The chop-houses of London declare war to the knife—and fork against Mr. Malthus.

In a little court in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn, is an establishment called 'The Sebastopol Dining-Rooms.' From the clatter and bustle of Holborn you enter the gloom and silence of despair. The little court is

very narrow and very dark, and nothing but a hurrying footfall ever echoes from its dirty flags. Even the sarcasm of the pot-boy, and the jeer of his contemporary with the newspapers, is damped by the solemnity of this retreat. Outside 'the Sebastopol,' as its frequenters delight to call it, are two huge, swinging shutters, so placed as to reflect into the establishment what little light may penetrate through fog and smoke to this gloomy region, and by the side of these is a large printed list announcing to those whom it may concern, that here 'joint and vegetables' may be had from three to six P.M., for the sum of one shilling; a cup of coffee for threepence; a chop for sevenpence; a steak for eightpence; and various other necessities of life for proportionately small sums. It would seem that this tariff of charges operates successfully to counteract the despondent appearance of the locality, for, between four and six in the afternoon, you may see many a young man push open the swinging door by which Sebastopol is entered. He may not be aristocratic in style or costume. He is usually under the average height, and aims in his attire at the striking rather than the harmonious. His trousers were evidently supplied by Benjamin—if he has been too proud to descend to Moses—and, though he does not aspire to the peg-top, he can afford to revel in sixteen shillings' worth of magnificent check.

On the whole, you can safely proclaim that the frequenters of Sebastopol are clerks in small warehouses, junior partners in the haberdashery business, or even youths of that nondescript order who inhabit 'up four pair' in Gray's Inn itself.

There is a certain air of comfort—none the less for dirt—in the interior of Sebastopol. The floor is fresh sanded; the little tables are surrounded by wooden screens, which protect you at once from the draught and the staring eyes of your fellow-diners. The room itself is long, low, and dark, but the eye soon becomes accustomed to the obscurity, and at the further end a gas-burner is continually alight. Then, too, there is a rich savoury odour of mutton-gravy and beef-fat, and as the frequenters of the establishment have anything but pampered stomachs, and only come there when they are hungry, this perfume wafted through the door into the court is a temptation and a charm to the well-worked clerk.

Between the two rows of boxes there rattle from time to time a low machine on castors, containing two sunken dishes with tin covers, and between them a huge pile of potatoes and greens. The individual who is perpetually accompanying this moveable sideboard is diminutive and aged, but there is a twinkle of benevolence in his eyes, as he sharpens one against the other two huge carving-knives covered with thin streaks of fat which have formerly belonged to the smoking joints beneath the covers.

If there is a peculiarity about this individual, it is that he knows his place. Though on terms of intimacy with every *habitué* of the dining-rooms, he has never been known to approach familiarity. Though he appears pathetically anxious that you should enjoy your joint and vegetables, he has never been seen to respond by a single glance to the most touching appeal for a second allowance.

The other waiter, on the other hand, is lugubrious during your meal. He appears to be oppressed by the responsibilities of his situation. It is his painful duty to repeat continually that *'The Times* is in 'and, sir,' and when he knows that you are likely to make him the handsome present of an extra

penny, he will place himself opposite to the stout gentleman who is spelling over the debates, and fix his dull black eyes upon him till that personage, striving in vain to escape from his gaze, at last relinquishes the paper in despair. He is a man of calculations, that long waiter, and somehow arithmetic seems to be the music of his soul. That one laconic inquiry 'pay?' which issues from your lips after dinner, is the prince's kiss which wakes all the energy within him from its long slumber. His face lights up, he twirls his greasy napkin round his greasier sleeve, he stands bending over your table, and demonstrates with wonderful rapidity that 'sixteen pence, that's one and sixpence, and twopence, eighteenpence, that's one and eightpence, and one bread, a penny, one and nine, sir,' and somehow, though your life has been passed in adding up rows of figures, two or three yards in length, every day between ten and four, you find it after dinner impossible to discover whether this ingenious Babbage has cheated you of fourpence or not.

In one of these boxes on a certain occasion was seated an individual whose appearance may be described as seedy-swell. Though it is the depth of winter, he wears a pair of very light bags, slightly disfigured by large spots of grease, which have been rubbed at in vain. His coat has once been an elegant blue frock, which would have been no disgrace in 'The Row,' and in his threadbare scarf is a handsome pin yet saved from my rapacious uncle! His whiskers are large and silky; his face, though not handsome, has that peculiar type which you see so often in the Park, in Piccadilly, and in the club-windows—for I was never inside them—of St. James'. He holds his head high in the air, twirls a quill toothpick between his lips, and scans the greasy sheet of *The Times*, which he has been enabled to secure. If you look over his shoulder, however, you will perceive that it is the advertisement sheet which he is reading, and if you wonder at a man of his appearance studying the list of 'wanted,' I can only say that he is at present among those whose purses are far lighter than their hearts.

'Well, corver,' he says, as the bene-

volent little man comes noiselessly to his table, 'What is there?'

'Why, sir, I can't recommend the mutton, but there's some bootiful veal an' 'am, jest fresh. Will you have a cut of the veal an' 'am, sir?'

'Hm, yes, well I think I will, aw.'

'It's a long time since we seed you here, sir,' says carver very respectfully, as he places the plateful in front of the individual with the large whiskers.

'Yes, aw, I've been in the—in the country, in short.'

'Indeed, sir; hunting, I suppose?'

'No, that is, yes.'

There is a very slight smile of incredulity on the carver's face, as he pushes his machine before him to another box.

He has not been long discussing the rich fat veal and the thin-sliced ham, washed down by a sweet black mixture yeleft London porter, when another individual of note enters Sebastopol and looks round him. This man is of undeniably plebeian cast. He may be some five-and-thirty years old. He is stout, short, with very broad shoulders and a very heavy fist which opens into a very red fat hand. There is good-nature in his eye, which sometimes quickens into fire, and in spite of his fat you see that the little man leads an active and bustling life.

He takes a rapid survey of the boxes, trotting briskly up and down between them, and at last squeezes himself into the place opposite him of the whiskers, and calling the carver, interrogates him cheerily.

'No greens; no, no; hang the greens, they fill one out so. Slice of mutton and potatoes; that'll do. Robert, pint of pale; no, stop, I'll take it old. Where's the paper?'

'In 'and, sir,' replies the lugubrious Robert.

'Hang it, always in hand.—Are you reading this, sir?' he addresses him of the whiskers, and looks for the first time into his face.

'Bless my soul, curious indeed, by the Lord Harry,' are words which escape at intervals from the new comer, as he looks again and again at his opposite neighbour. That gentleman, however, avoids his glance, picks his teeth with an air of majesty, and

appears absorbed in perusing a list of wines which is placed conspicuously over the chimney-piece.

The new comer discusses his mutton, and between every mouthful reads an advertisement. It is strange that he, too, finds great interest in those beginning 'Wanted.' Every three minutes, moreover, he looks at his opposite neighbour, and mutters to himself 'Very strange. By the Lord Harry; devilish rum.'

Still that gentleman avoids his glance, and as if determined not to be drawn into a conversation, impresses on Robert the imperative necessity of getting a paper of some kind 'out of 'and.'

'May I trouble you for the pepper, sir?' the stout little man then puts in, and steadily eyes the seedy swell.

The pepper is passed and set down with a determined air, and the owner of the blue frock-coat has again recourse to his tooth-pick.

'I know how I'll sound him,' murmurs the individual of the fat red hands, and making a sign to Robert, he orders, in a very audible voice, 'Half a pint of sherry.'

The little man is not wrong. His neighbour has no sooner heard the order than he visibly relaxes.

'I think you want the salt, sir—aw,' he says, and passes the bone salt-cellar across to him.

'Thank you, thank you, I did want it. Am I mistaken?' But the other is not yet won. He seems resolute, like Master Stephen in 'Every man in his humour,' to be as melancholy as he can, and he pulls down the corners of his mouth, passes his hand through his whiskers, and looks intently at the wine-list.

'A very curious advertisement, this,' begins the stout one again.

'I beg your pardon—aw.'

'Very remarkable indeed. Have you seen it? "To Rose. The petals of your blooming flower are drooping," and so on. Really incomprehensible that people should be found to write such nonsense.'

'Vary, indeed; aw, vary.'

'Dear me! bless my soul! am I mistaken, Mr. Marley?'

'Aw—ah! why, I certainly think I have had the—aw—'

'Of course it is. My name is Pop-ham. You remember me now?'

'To be sure, but let me see—where?'

The stout little man thereupon chuckles, and laughs, and gets very red, pronounces the word 'white' and then crosses his fore-fingers.

'By the Lord Harry, I didn't expect to see you out so soon, Mr. Marley. When did you get out?'

The owner of the whiskers looks very disconcerted. It is not always pleasant to meet acquaintance you have formed in Whitecross Street prison.

'I—aw, about a week ago.'

'Dear me, bless my soul, and I've been out this three weeks. How are you getting on now, Mr. Marley, if not impertinent?'

'Very flourishing, thank you, that is—'

'Robert, another glass; you'll join me, I hope, Mr. Marley, for the sake of the old place. You remember Watkins who always won at fives. He and I are doing business together now, in the tea agency. Watkins has an uncle in a very large way of business in that line, and we agent for him. I can do you a splendid four-shilling congou at three-and-five, and a very fine young hyson at four-and-two. You don't want a small chest, Mr. Marley?'

'Thank you, not at present. I don't drink *much* tea, just now.'

'Ha, ha, ha! prefer this, I daresay. How do you like this sherry? Not bad, is it, for a place like this?'

In such small talk they grew warm. A couple of glasses sufficed to open Mr. Marley's lips and heart together. He soon dropped the aw—aw style of conversation, and resumed the natural man.

'Do you find that line answer, Pop-ham?' he asked, after a time. 'Is there room for another?'

'Why, I thought you were getting on so well, ha, ha! You wouldn't give up your present line for ours, I fancy. To tell you the honest truth, it does not pay. Watkins is a man without connexion, totally without connexion, and not much manner. Now I, you see, I've a few friends in the country; nothing like country friends for a tea-agency. And then I've a good address

—nothing like address. By the Lord Harry, I do write them letters! Such flaming accounts of the four-and-six mixed, and terrible forebodings of the Chinese difficulty. I assure you my letters are political essays; by Minerva, they are! But you see, it does not quite answer, it's slow, very slow work to form a good connexion.'

'Ah! just so. Excuse me, who is your tailor? That's an uncommonly good coat, of yours.'

'Do you like it? You were always a judge of dress, Marley.'

'Well, I flatter myself that I do know a good coat when I see it. The fact is, that I am doing a little for the Colonies.'

'Agenting?'

'Just so. Aw—the fact is, I get a very good commission on cloth articles.'

'A very good line, by Jove.'

'Very good, indeed, with connexion. You don't want a good price for that coat now?'

'It's the only one I've got, my dear fellow; ha, ha!'

'Well, perhaps you've a few spare pairs of bags, or some old linen, or so? I can get you a very fair price.'

'Why, to tell you the truth, Marley, I sit in my wardrobe. But how do you find that line answer? I should think it rather better than tea, eh?'

'The fact is, I was getting on capitally till yesterday, when I made a very rash speculation. A fellow sold me three pawn-tickets, ten-and-six, twelve, and seven-and-six, thirty bob in all. He gave me his oath the things were worth three pounds, and the list looked very promising. I gave him seven bob for the tickets, and got them out. I expected to make at least half a skiv on the transaction, and had all the bother of going to three pop-shops, and stuffing two carpet-bags with the things. Well, when I came to inspect them, I found that none of the trousseurs had seats, so I lost three bob clean out of pocket.'

'Confounded shabby trick of his. But, hallo, what's the row?'

At this point in the conversation a most unusual commotion occurred in the court. People were heard running rapidly along it, shouts of 'fire' were raised, and Mr. Popham jumped from

his seat, and rushed frantically out of the place. Mr. Marley twirled his whiskers, and kept his seat. It was now a tempting moment for him, for there was one glass more left in the decanter, and his eyes turned longingly towards it. But would his acquaintance return? On the whole, he thought he would, and as he was in hopes that the bustling little man might put him up to some more profitable line of business than agenting for the Colonies—*alias old-clo*—he nobly resisted the temptation.

After a lapse of ten minutes, Mr. Popham returned very hot and very red, and sitting down, emptied the last glass into his own.

'What on earth possessed you?' asked Marley, with a gulp of disappointment.

'Hang it, a false alarm,' panted the little man.

'What did you expect?'

'Expect, why? a fire, to be sure. You see, I'm getting rather stout, and as I always had a turn for literature, I am doing a little in that line, just to bring myself down, for it's not very profitable.'

'Literature? What the deuce has that to do with reducing your corpulency?'

'Oh! it's the fires, you know, and the murders, and so on. I very seldom get a murder, however. I manage a few frightful accidents, now and then, and when I'm very hard up, I do a case of centenarian somewhere in the north of Scotland—very safe—or a shocking brutality.'

Mr. Marley was still in the dark.

'Why, hang it, for the newspapers, of course. I get a penny a line for a fire, three halfpence for a shocking occurrence, and twopence for a distressing suicide or brutal murder.'

'Aw, I see; what papers do you write for?'

'Three morning and two evening.'

'And how do you find out these cases?'

'Oh! just as it happens. If I hear a cry of fire, I run and see what it is. Then I make inquiries; whose house is it; how did it begin; what damage done; what engine was first on the ground; was Mr. Braidwood present—I generally get three-halfpence if Braidwood assisted—it adds to the

interest, don't you see? Then if I see a horse run away, or an infuriated ox, or a street row of any kind, I make a note of it, go home, write a flaring account, copy it out some five or six times, and take a copy to each of the newspaper offices. Of course, I put my name and address inside, and then I drop the envelope into the editor's box, and on the pay-day I go down for my money. It's an easy little business and clear profit; but there's been deuced little doing lately in the fire line.'

Mr. Marley could not but admire his acquaintance's versatile genius. Tea and penny-a-lining were certainly far superior to the old clo' business, and clearly more profitable, for Popham could afford his half-pint of sherry brandy.

'Literature,' continued Mr. Popham, smoothing his well-filled waistcoat with his fat red hand, 'is my recreation. It don't do for a profession; genius is not appreciated in this century, and the starring system creates a monopoly in that line as in every other. It's all very well for your Dickenses and Thackerays, but for men like me it only serves as a diversion.—Robert, you thief, just let me look at that. No. I won't keep it a minute. What is it—the *Daily Scrub*? Just what I wanted.'

So saying he tore the paper from the lugubrious long waiter's hand, and rapidly turned it over, passing his eyes along the bottoms of the columns.

'Ah, here it is. Look at that, my dear fellow; a very pretty thing, indeed. "Touching instance of animal sagacity; an old woman saved by her pet goose." Read it—read it—and tell me if you don't think I have an imagination.'

Mr. Marley perused the little story, and Mr. Popham stroked his swelling waistcoat with the air of a Richardson submitting the first pages of *Clarissa Harlowe* to the judgment of one of his lady worshippers.

'There you see the germ of genius. Great authors have grown out of the ranks of paragraphists. Dickens himself was only a reporter. It's an excellent preparation for a high order of literature. What do you think of that conclusion? "From this anecdote

dote we perceive that the poet-laureate may well be exonerated from the charge of triviality in making an individual of the *anser* species"—a little ornithology there, you see—"the subject of one of his most spirited poems, and we can proudly affirm that the winged biped of the episode here related, is no less worthy of receiving immortality from the plume of genius, than its mythic ancestor who was fabled to lay golden eggs." Isn't that grand? You see I've read Tennyson too.'

'Well, after all, it's only fair that those who live by the goose-quill should do something for the goose; but where did you get this story from?'

Mr. Popham did not reply, but laid a fat fore-finger on his brow, and putting himself into the attitude in which Sterne delighted to be painted, winked one eye at his neighbour.

'But don't you find that dangerous?'

'Not a bit of it. You see I've laid the scene in the neighbourhood of Christiania in Norway. Who's to find you out there? I afterwards regretted I had not put it into Norfolkshire, or the fens of Lincolnshire; among so many geese there would be difficulty in fixing it on any one in particular.'

'And you think people believe your little paragraphs?'

'Why not; or, indeed, why should they? It's just as amusing to them, whether it's true or not; and I know lots of people, particularly ladies, who never read anything else in a paper, but the paragraphs at the bottom of the columns. Of course, if you can point a moral, so much the better. You may be sure I always do adorn my tale.'

When Messrs. Marley and Popham parted that evening, it was under mutual promise to meet again the next day at Sebastopol. Marley saw in Popham that ingenuity and versatility which constitute the elements of success, where the consequence is not over lively; and Popham saw in Marley what he had not himself, an appearance which would be distinguished, if better arrayed, and a certain stupid grandeur of manner which at once disarmed any suspicion of dishonesty.

'He's a juiced clever fellar, and may be vary useful,' thought Mr. Marley, twirling his whiskers.

'He's a deal more tractable than that ass Watkins, and has something of the gentleman about him,' thought the other.

Accordingly the next day, almost the first exclamation of both was, 'We must get up something together.'

'By Jove, we will too,' was the mutual reply.

Mr. Popham did not on this occasion luxuriate in sherry-brandy, but after partaking of the solid veal an' 'am, he proposed that they should adjourn to the parlour of a neighbouring public-house, to discuss their unpretending fluids.

'It's a snug little crib, and we shall be quiet there,' said Popham. Over their brandy and water, Mr. Marley confessed that the Colonial Trade was falling off very rapidly, and Mr. Popham, stroking his waistcoat, declared that his talents and, he might say, his genius, demanded a loftier sphere of action than tea and twaddle.

'I have thought,' said he, 'of a benevolent institution. There is nothing like charity to pay. What do you say to a fund for the widows and orphans of deceased tide-waiters, for instance?'

'Aw, why you see there would only be room for one. You can't do with more than a secretary in that kind of thing.'

'Then, too, it's rather slow work, and requires a pretty good connexion among the nobility. People won't give unless my Lord A. or my Lady B. heads the list, and I must say my interest lies more with the commercial than the aristocratic classes.'

'For the matter of that, I could get a few good names. You know I have been in the army.'

'By Jupiter Ammon, what regiment?'

'The Spanish Legion. I was six months in the Peninsular.'

'Bless my soul, what a valuable man you are! You are a captain of course?'

'Of course.' And the hero of the whiskers winked meaningly across his glass.

'Why on earth didn't you go in for a pious officer? Nothing pays so

much now a days. Just look at Hedley Vicars.'

'I was fool enough to go to the Crimea in the baggage-train, and you see my little foibles are known in the army.'

'Ah, but the name, by the Lord Harrison, the name of Captain Marley would carry weight—with your military appearance too. We really must manage something. Now I was thinking of a series of auctions or sales, but you're too good for that, a great deal. Let me think now—a company—a company's the thing. Name among the directors, Captain Marley, C.B. You don't happen to have a medal, eh?'

'No, nor ribbon either, and I sold my uniform only the other day, because Solomon in Holliwell Street, offered me rather a tempting figure for it; there was a good deal of bullion about it. But what do you say to Vichy waters, eh?'

'By the Lord Harry, a good idea. The pump is Vichy, I suppose, and the drinkers are—'

'Everybody who has the gout or dyspepsia, or fancies he or she has it, and the latter are naturally far more numerous than the former.'

'Ay, true, and then every country gentleman has the gout; all the members of Parliament and all the judges have it. We could get a few good names. We would have letters by the dozen. "Your waters have done me much good," from old Lord Wheezer. "I have derived much relief from Messrs. Marley and Popham's Vichy waters," from Baron Looseboot, the Chancery Judge, and a long encomium from Maria Jolly.'

'Yes, that's all very well, and there's no doubt the pump-water would do them a deal of good, for they would drink it instead of port and sherry, and the gout would very soon disappear, but where are we to get the bottles from? To make it at all profitable, we must be prepared to supply immense quantities, and bottles cost money, and ———'

'Our credit is not perhaps very high. That is true, and I don't know what there is that we could start without some outlay, unless it was a mining company.'

'What? a—' with a peculiar wink.

'Yes; a—' with wink responsive.

'You mean, in fact, a—'

'Just so; in short, a—'

'Copper, tin, iron, or lead?'

'Why not all?'

'We must not overdo it. We must get a geological map, and study some as yet unexplored country.'

'*The Mining Journal*, price sixpence, will do just as well.—It is reported that copper has been found in large quantities in Monmouthshire, for instance. Well, we fix, say, on Monmouthshire; suppose we take the Forest of Dean. I know there's a lot of undeveloped mining about there, for I used to pass it when I travelled.'

'Commercially?'

'Well, yes; I don't mind saying it, commercially. I took up with it as an amusement, had a handsome dog-cart and splendid horse, and was quite the swell. Heigh-ho, those were the careless days of youth, Marley. If I wasn't so corpulent, and had a couple of hundreds as security, I would try it again. But my talents—I may say my genius—fit me for higher aims, Marley.'

And Mr. Popham pathetically stroked the well-filled vest again.

'Well, to return to our mining company,' said Marley, who had no experience of the joys of commercial travelling, and therefore—for for other reasons perhaps—despised it; 'we shall want some capital to begin with for advertising, printing, and that sort of thing.'

'We can get a secretary.'

'What for? I can be secretary at £300 a year.'

'But you can't pay for the place, eh, my boy.'

'Who would?'

'Hundreds. We advertise for a secretary of position and connexion. We shall have some fifty applicants. We describe the nature of the undertaking, and by pitting one against the other, we shall induce some one or other to take so many preference shares, and pay up in full, don't you see? With this money we set up, take an office, buy specimens at the nearest chemists—iron, lead, talc, ammonia, and so on; advertise largely, get a share-book printed, pay an assayer to give his opinion upon the specimens,

and then look about for our directors. You see I know something about it, for I have done a little in that line before.

'A splendid scheme—aw; but how the juice are you to prevent people running down to the Forest of Dean and asking for the mine.'

'Let them ask till they're tired, by the Lord Harrison. Of course, the mine is not opened yet, but we can get up a geologist's opinion without much difficulty. Well, we say nothing about the name of the estate, we call the mineral region something or other, draw out our plan in geological form, and the shareholders may look till they're blind; they can't prove that the mine is not there, though we can't prove that it is.'

'Then we are to raise money to buy the estate and work the mine?'

'Just so, hy Jove! I flatter myself that's a pretty little scheme, which can go on for some three months or so, and then we can—'

'—Slope? Hm! It will be troublesome work. I don't quite like it.'

'Hang it, then, you can go on with the old clo', not to put too fine a point on it.'

'Thank you. We had better not begin to throw stones, Popham; your house has a good deal of glass about it.'

'Come, all right, old fellow. Now,

let's think this plan over. Will you join me in getting it up, or shall I go to Watkins?'

'We agree to share all profits?'

'Every penny.'

'Then I don't mind joining. At any rate, we can give it up at any moment by declaring the mine unworkable, and return the calls paid up.'

'Just so; but now whom can you get for a name? You see a name is everything. Have you any friends in the nobility?'

'Hm! aw! yes, a few, but—well, there's Sir Fungus Hope. A man of some property, who wants to extend it, and is always doing his best to ruin himself. He's mad on the subject of inventions and discoveries. I had something to do with him on the Irish flax question. He paid my expenses to travel in the north of Ireland, and prospect the country. It fell through after a time. I fancy my report was a little too satisfactory.'

'Get him, by all means. He's the man for us, by the Lord Harry. When and where can we meet?'

'I'll see him and let you know.'

'Meanwhile I'll advertise for a secretary, and draw up a prospectus. Ta—ta.'

And thus was concocted the advertisement which brought Daisy to town.

CHAPTER XVI.—SINKING A SLY SHAFT.

Mr. Popham left his friend without a scruple. He was, as most successful men are, a man of one idea—one God, you may almost say, and that deity was business. Business to him was a cloak that covered every sin. All was fair—not in love or war—but in business. A mere matter of business, he would say. Men must not be shy in business, every man of business understands the transaction. It is a mere money-market affair. We supply the market with a new cast of shares, a new enterprise, a fresh interest, and they can only thank us for it. They at least lose nothing; the people who do lose are the greedy who want more than a reasonable interest for their money. No matter to me that they are half-pay officers,

widows, orphans, old maids, people of small settled income. They are covetous, and they come to my net. If I use their money, it only serves them right. It matters little whether the mine be real or imaginary; the shares go into the market, rise and fall, and it is the last holder that loses.

Mr. Marley, on the other hand, departed with something approaching to disgust. He had once been a gentleman; at least, in his acceptance of the word. He had had a position and a certain amount of education. He had been the associate of gentlemen. Honesty entered little into the compound. He had begun by debt, and his ingenuity had first been called into play either to avoid this or to pay it off. Having no fixed position, and a pretty

good *clientèle* of friends and patrons, he had gone from one thing to another, losing appointment after appointment from an unfortunate addiction to the bottle. The necessity of living had forced him to take up with not only inferior positions, but even servile offices, and in each and all vanity and drunkenness had ruined him. His career ended in a debtor's prison, from which he emerged to engage in an occupation which may not perhaps be much lower than many another, but which has the searing brand of the Hebrew upon it, and is therefore below par. Henry Marley had now positively nothing to lose in this world but his figure or his whiskers, and therefore he had everything to gain. His relations had discarded him; his friends shunned, his acquaintance doubted him. Yet he had to live, and that too by shambling of one kind or another. A sham mining company was scarcely more dishonest, he thought, than dealing in discarded garments, and yet it is just to Henry Marley to state that he felt a certain qualm at entering upon such an enterprise. He had done many a dishonest action in his life, and excused it, because the world did not blame it; but to enter deliberately upon a course of fraud was somewhat repugnant even to his blunted conscience.

Nevertheless, having arrayed himself in some rather more respectable attire, which constituted part of his present stock in trade, and to-morrow or the next day would be sold for colonial wear, he made his way to Sir Fungus Hope's, after visiting two public-houses and partaking of a quatern of gin at each, for the purpose of at once allaying his scruples and exciting his pluck.

Sir Fungus Hope was the victim of too sanguine a temperament. His credulity would have sat well upon a new-born infant. There was nothing or nobody in which he did not believe, except Palmerston and Russia. He had been the next heir to a baronetcy and good fortune. In early youth he had been first *attaché*, and then secretary of legation at the court of Dummkopff-Tollhausen, which everybody knows holds the medium position between Prussia and Russia. Having

here little to do but *viser* passports and flirt with married gräfinns rather fat than fair, he had applied himself to a study of prophecy. He was strong in Ezekiel. In Meschekh he recognised Moscow, in Tubal, Tobolsk, and as the two evidently made up the two Russias, he was satisfied that that great empire was the subject of the prophet's forebodings. Adding to this knowledge a certain sagacity, he applied his talents, which were by no means small, to the undermining of Russia's projects. Like many over-credulous men, he had an immense reserve fund of suspicion. The most superstitious, says a French writer, are generally the most *méfiant*. Young Fungus *méfied* Russia, and was superstitious about Ezekiel. He therefore set to work to write private despatches to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His lordship smiled to read, and read to smile. The young secretary grew impudent, and from warnings passed to threats. His lordship grew weary, and after a time induced the young man one way or another to quit the diplomacy, for which he was undoubtedly too credulous and too plain-spoken.

Sir Fungus returned to England and took to that natural outlet of those who cannot get an audience, and commenced a weekly paper which he somewhat appropriately called *The Finger*. Its columns were filled with quotations from the prophets, from Hurd, Faber, and Cumming, and presented such a fearful array of references that no one had the courage to peruse it. '*The Finger*,' therefore, soon ceased to point, and was obliged to have its nail clipped. Sir Fungus lost several hundreds by it, and then gave it up. From that time he pursued an initiative and reclamatory policy. He was continually starting fresh adventures, only to abandon them. He had invested a large sum in a company for the manufacture of *Bouchons de Liège* in Paris, and had retired before the company was well on its legs—cork legs, he used facetiously to say. He had invented a new life-boat, a most wonderful contrivance he told you with an air of great mystery, and induced some friends to join him in the patent. This was taken out and the scheme then abandoned. He had then tried to grow

flax in the waste lands of Ireland, but either the lands were too waste, or the flax wouldn't grow, and somehow nothing was ever woven out of that, except a long Chancery suit.

It is due to Sir Fungus to say that he never made a penny by his speculations, but rather lost. He had married a woman of good fortune, who delighted in society, and was content to leave her mate to his devices, as long as she could afford a new train for the next drawing-room, or a new horse now and then for the brougham.

Sir Fungus was evidently just the

man to suit the schemes of Messrs. Popham and Marley. It was only necessary to put the enterprise before him in a highly promising light and there was no doubt he would adhere.

Sir Fungus had a way of sidling up to you and whispering mysteriously in your ear: 'A most wonderful project; a certain prospect of 25 per cent.,' and to get him to do this you had only to assure him that the scheme was infallible.

After a third consultation, therefore, Popham and Marley drew up a magnificent prospectus:—

'THE NEVER ROCKS MINING COMPANY.

(LIMITED.)

Capital, £500,000, capable of being extended to £1,000,000.

Directors as at present nominated:—

SIR FUNGUS HOPE, Bart., late Secretary of Legation at the Court of	CAPTAIN MARLEY, C.B.
Dummkopf-Tollhausen.	CHARLES WATKINS, Esq.

Manager.—MR. HERRIES POPHAM.

The Never Rocks Estate is one of unusual productivity. An eminent geologist and certificated assayer are now engaged in testing its yielding powers. Iron is said to exist in large quantities; copper has been found in connexion with it. Lead, tin, talc, ammonia, and nickel are no less abundant. The above Company is now in course of formation for the purpose of working its valuable lodes, and they look with confidence to a return of 33 per cent. on the outlay.'

With this paper Marley repaired to Sir Fungus, and that gentleman was quickly won over. He agreed to purchase a hundred shares at £5 a share, and pay the first deposit of £2; and what was perhaps better, he consented to take an active part in the directorship and be present at the election of a secretary, which was to come off the next day.

Popham had only a little overrated the attraction of the advertisement. About twenty gentlemen of various grades and ages did apply for the situation, some by letter, some personally. Daisy thought the latter course preferable, and therefore on the morning after his arrival in town, made his way eagerly to P— Street, where he was ushered into a room in which were seated some five or six expectant candidates. There was the precocious youth of eighteen who had left his native village in Yorkshire, feeling confident that his self-taught acquirements would win their way

with a committee of conscientious directors. There was the world-worn man of many occupations, who had been secretary, and manager, and agent time and again, and was tempted by the high salary offered; there was the half-pay officer, and the aspiring clerk; there was the reprobate son who had never done well, and the elderly man who had a family to keep. But greater than all, true to the part, was the individual who was always waiting for something to turn up, and whom a diligent study of *The Times* brought to some office or other every week in the year.

From the inner room Popham, with his bustling, business-like manner, issued from time to time, and took a survey of the dupes.

'The directors are consulting, they will be ready to receive you in a moment,' he said, and retired.

The aspiring youths pictured to themselves a dread array of middle-aged men with a wonderful insight

into character, and a terrible talent for cross-examination. One after another the candidates were summoned by the fat fore-finger into the inner room. They entered with glee on their faces, and came out pale and despairing.

At last came Daisy's turn. He certainly trembled a little, for, on the decision of these directors, hung much of his future prospects. He was surprised to find none but Sir Fungus and Marley in mysterious conversation. A large book lay open on the table, and a printed prospectus covered it. Marley applied himself to various documents. Popham begged Daisy to take a seat and joined 'the captain' in his study. Sir Fungus sidled up to Daisy.

'A most wonderful discovery,' he whispered, 'this mine in the Forest of Dean. They have found every mineral and metal except silver and gold, and, from the abundant presence of copper, there is even some question whether we may not hit upon that most precious of metals.'

Sir Fungus had the appearance and manner of a gentleman, and Daisy's first suspicions were allayed.

He was then called to the table, and Marley, combing his whiskers with his fingers, began his examination.

'May I ask your name?'

'Mark Lorimer.'

'Any relation to Sir Tattenham Lorimer? the name is not a common one,' Sir Fungus put in.

'I am his son,' said Daisy.

'I presume you are an Oxford man,' continued 'the captain,' glancing at Popham.

'I have just left the university.'

'May I ask if you took honours there. Education is naturally an important point in this investigation.'

'No, I took no honours.'

'Humph. Do you speak French or German?'

'Both, a little.'

'Very good, very good indeed; in such an undertaking as the present a knowledge of modern languages is almost indispensable. Have you any knowledge of business?'

'I have none. I have just left the university.'

'But you could perhaps replace this by a good connexion? For instance

you might have acquaintance or friends among whom you could place shares.'

Daisy was anxious for the situation, and though he doubted a little of his power of convincing his friends of the value of the investment, he replied in the affirmative.

'Ah, very good! Sir Tattenham, for instance, would, perhaps, like to become a shareholder, not but what there will soon be a difficulty in obtaining shares. The moment they are fairly placed in the market, we have been given to understand that they will draw a high premium.'

'I fear my father will scarcely adventure in the speculation.'

'Aw—very good; you have friends though and acquaintance who might see the advantages in their true light. The immense resources of these mines will introduce the shares readily to all persons of business tendencies.'

'A most extraordinary productivity,' said Sir Fungus.

'Perhaps I had better introduce you to Sir Fungus Hope.'

Mutual bows and salaams.

Popham now took up the parable.

'I think we ought to inform this gentleman of the vast number of applications we have had. We have received no less than seventy-four overtures from gentlemen of position and influence, who are ready, as a guarantee, to invest various sums in the undertaking. Would you have the kindness to look over that prospectus? You will perceive that the mine in question is one of immense resources. The directors, as at present constituted, have no doubt of its yielding thirty-three per cent. We propose to offer to the secretary fifty preference shares, as guarantee for the payment of his salary of £300 per annum. You see we wish to do everything that is assuring to any young man who may join us, but I need scarcely tell you that the offers we have received are very seductive. Here is one gentleman offers to invest seven hundred pounds, another five hundred, but, unfortunately, these individuals have nothing but their money to offer. Now we want a gentleman by birth, position, and education, one who can do the shareholders of the company real justice; one who can appreciate their most delicate requirements;

a mau, in short, of tact and discernment, but, above all, a gentleman and man of education.'

'I have only to say that I have been educated at Oxford,' replied Daisy, still very anxious.

'That is certainly a great point. Are you prepared to accept fifty preference shares, and pay up the full calls?'

'To what do they amount?' he replied, a little staggered.

'Five pounds a share. Your money will then be at the dividends secured to all preference shares, and the first year's stipend will, as I need not tell you, cover your first outlay.'

'I will take till to-morrow to consider of it.'

'Can we give this gentleman till to-morrow?' asked Popham.

'Aw—well—considering his position as a university man, perhaps it may be done.'

'Certainly, certainly,' echoed Sir Fungus.

'But—aw—we shall be glad to have your testimonials, and it is only fair to warn you that you may be disappointed. We can make no promises—aw.'

And thus Daisy was bowed out.

CHAPTER XVII.—SECRETARY TO EL DORADO.

'So you are a son of Sir Tattenham Lorimer's, Mr. Lorimer? Clever man Sir Tattenham, vastly clever man. I shall never forget the way in which he put me right in the prophecies one day. Wonderful books the prophecies,' said Sir Fungus, following him out.

'Then you know my father?'

'A little, a little. Have you read Ezekiel, Mr. Lorimer?'

'I believe I have, at some time or other.'

'Ah, you ought to study it. Every man ought to have it at his fingers' ends. Most wonderful, most astounding intimations contained in it; most astounding—and all pointing to the present day. You read the papers this morning, I dare say? Did you see what Russia is doing in the Herzegovina? I predicted that seven years ago, and told Lord Palmerston of it.'

'Out of Ezekiel?' asked Mark innocently.

'Out of the prophecies, combined with personal observation. Most marvellous the results of the prophecies; a wonderful arrangement of Providence sadly disregarded by us. We don't know the resources of the Bible yet by half, Mr. Lorimer; there are few things however modern, however new we imagine them, that are not touched upon in the Bible. I have just discovered a full prediction of the use of the Electric Telegraph.'

Daisy looked searchingly at his new acquaintance. Sir Fungus was a tall thin man with a fresh healthy face,

ugly in itself, but very pleasing from the genial expression that lit it up. His hair was sandy and had the appearance of having been violently blown about in a high wind. It did not seem to be intimately acquainted with either brush or comb. For the rest his appearance was that of a man who did not care for it, but still employed a good tailor. There was no pretension of any kind about him, and a thorough honesty in his face. Mark's doubtful look perhaps recalled Sir Fungus from his dreams.

'I was at Eton with Sir Tattenham,' he said. 'Are you likely to be writing to him? I wish you would remember me, and remind him of our discussion on Meschec and Tubal.'

Mark felt that it was impossible Sir Fungus could be a cheat, and determined to question him.

'Do you recommend my accepting this post of secretary?'

'Certainly, certainly, though if you allow me to speak openly, I am surprised at your taking up with any such an occupation. I should have thought Sir Tattenham—'

'My father has nothing to do with it,' replied Daisy promptly. 'He does not even know of it, and it is quite my own doing, which makes me the more anxious about it.'

'You can have no fears about the mine. It will be one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age, if we can work it judiciously. Not only is its productivity so astounding, but its position in the neighbourhood of a

coal district—in the very centre of large smelting-works, and some of the hugest iron-works in the kingdom, doubles its value. Not a penny to pay for carriage, tram-ways all over the forest, connected with the South Wales Railway, and a new line in course of formation on the Monmouth side. Most admirable arrangements! most advantageous investment! Your shares will be worth £50 instead of £5, three weeks hence.'

'Is it usual to require the secretary to take shares in this manner?'

'Oh! quite so. You see you could not insure his working zealously for the company without it. You have no check over the secretary, unless he has an interest in the undertaking. That man Marley's a wonderful fellow—very clever man, very great genius for this kind of thing. I employed him years ago in Ireland. 30,000 acres of waste land admirably adapted for the growth of flax. Nothing like flax, Mr. Lorimer, it is the only crop—the only crop whatsoever that really enriches the soil. Requires no preparation. Quite a prejudice to suppose it is exhaustive; quite the contrary; farmers very much opposed to it.'

'What is the name of the other person?'

'Popham! Oh, Popham I don't know much of, but he seems to be a very shrewd man of business, wonderfully shrewd, quite the man for the affair. You could not be in better hands. You will join us of course?'

And Sir Fungus was moving away.

'Can you recommend me, Sir Fungus, a good channel for raising this money?'

'Oh! dear me. L.250! a mere trifle, anybody will lend it you. I would do so myself with pleasure to a son of my old school-fellow, but I think you would prefer to make it in a more business manner?'

'By all means. What do you think best?'

'An insurance on your life. Insure for L.500, and borrow the half. I shall be happy to be your security, if you like. You will want another.'

'You are really very kind.'

A friend in the temple shook his head at first, but when he heard that Sir Fungus Hope was a director, and

what he said of it, he altered his tone, and agreed to be the other security. Daisy talked it over, and thought it over, and the prospect of L.300 a year so won upon him, that he sent in his adhesion next day. He was soon informed that he was elected, and given to understand that it was mainly because of his being an Oxford man and known to Sir Fungus. The real fact was, that he was the only candidate who could or would invest L.250 in the concern.

A week later and you may see Daisy busy enough in a large handsome room on a second floor in Waterloo Place, on the blinds of which you read, 'The Never Rocks Mining Company (Limited).' The same words figure on a brass plate down stairs, and the whole appearance of the affair is highly respectable and re-assuring. In the room there is a round table covered with papers, charts, plans, reports, huge ledgers, and a fat long share-book. In one corner is the iron safe into which these are stowed. In another is a large box, lately arrived, still containing specimens packed in hay, and on a side-table are huge blocks of bright mineral colours, yellow, blue, red, green, coppery, and silvery. They are scrupulously labelled—such as 'Copper from the principal lode, Never Rocks,' and in some cases the percentage is added. It is needless to say that it was Mr. Popham's ingenuity and activity to which this attractive collection was owing.

The advertisements went forth, and the company flourished. Sir Fungus on the one hand talked an M.P. into joining, and Mr. John Burly, a truly patriotic representative, was presented with fifty preference shares, in consideration of his becoming a director, and lending his name to the concern. Popham, on the other hand, managed to inveigh a city-man of great standing, and from that moment the shares went up like wild-fire. The only fear was, that the company would become too popular, and excite comment or inquiry, but Popham had now talked so much and so inventively of this mine, that he could scarcely persuade himself that it did not exist somewhere or other.

Meanwhile the dupes came with

their money from east and from west, and clamoured for shares. The prospect of 33 per cent., and the respectability of the directors, could not be resisted. The greedy came from the city, the poor clergyman and half-pay officer from the west end, and money-makers from everywhere. The Never Rocks were spoken of in the most flourishing terms, in the mining papers, and even the city articles of the morning ones noticed the promising undertaking.

There is nothing like a mine for the covetous. California cannot hold the veriest dip to Cornwall, though the one gives gold and the other tin. The fact is, that whatever the metal be, it must not be too easy to get at, for then all the world can put a finger in the pie. Now mines cost money to work, though not to a very large amount, and so those who have nothing are kept off the prizes. Every one knows what enormous values the little shares of £5 have attained to even in English mines, but not every one remembers that lodes have ends, and veins limits, and that the scrip which this week you cannot buy for money, to say nothing of love (for no one ever did buy anything in this world for love, though a handsome young officer may now and then buy an ugly old maid and £100,000, with the *show* of that passion), will next week be utterly worthless.

In that happy age of superstition, when you and I wore short frocks and had our hair curled by the nurse, we were taught, I remember, to believe in one Mr. Thomas Tiddler, who possessed a certain estate known only as Tom Tiddler's ground, on which we youthful satirists were wont to make belief of picking up nuggets and other precious things, till the said Thomas, suddenly roused with indignation, rushed out upon us, and scattered us all far and wide.

The sport of the child mocks the business of the man. The share-market is the Tom Tiddler's ground of us grown-up children. Eagerly we fight, and struggle, and tear one another for the golden scrip. We win the prizes, and for a while make merry on the enormous dividends with all the vanity of carriages, and servants, and heavy dinners and solemn so-

ciety. For a while we are great in our own eyes, and happy in those of our neighbours, and we go on, though we do not enjoy our peacock's feathers, till suddenly the lode ceases, the mine is worked out, the railway is bankrupt, the great bank breaks, and we are left penniless. Will any one pity the sorrows of the ruined shareholder? Has he right to a single minute's sympathy? Did he not begin in covetousness, and go on in vanity? Was it not discontent and the contemptible desire to vie with his richer neighbours, that induced him to make, as he says, the most of his capital. This is a lawful desire in this nineteenth century, and yet there has been a time when the usurer was hated, and law, ay, even the law of this land, has proclaimed usury a crime. It never enters into the head of a shareholder, that he is really neither more nor less than a usurer. He lends his money to a company, instead of to an embarrassed individual, and the fact that that body of men is willing and happy to pay you a usurious interest for your loan is no excuse for the usurer. You are Shylocks, every one of you, and if we have rejoiced when the old miser was sent drivelling from the court without his ducats, we have a right to rejoice when you are ruined and left miserable by the iniquity of a British Bank or the mismanagement of a Great Western Railway; nay, we have a right to crow, and chirrup, and sing ha, ha! and point the forefinger at your misery, when some clever bubble-mongers who have offered you 33 per cent. go off to Yankee land with your guineas in their pockets. If you must lend your money in the century of money-lending, offer it to the nation, lend it to support the cause of constitutional liberty, of international security, of steady progress, the balance of right and justice in an evil age. You will get but a little interest for it, it is true; but of one thing you may be certain, you will *always* get as much, and the nation can never abscond with your principal, for if it is dishonest for an individual, it is strength, and honour, and power for a nation, to be in debt.

It is just to Mark Lorimer to say, that he often felt ashamed of himself for acting the part of flunkey to Mr.

Thomas Tiddler. Not but what he believed implicitly in the mine, and never for a moment doubted its existence or its capabilities. But when he saw the unwavering, steady faces of old city-men—when he listened to the eager and multifarious inquiries of ladies, of whom a few came personally to the office, and testified the utmost anxiety about the reality of 33 per cent.; when he did rapid, off-hand business with vulgar attorneys, brokers, and bankers' clerks, men without an idea beyond money, unless that of selfish, sensual enjoyment; when he caught from time to time hints of the under-hand dodges resorted to by men belonging to the profession of money, he certainly felt disgusted at them and ashamed of himself.

'To be door-keeper to this temple of Mammon,' thought he; 'to be pander to all the covetousness of these eager, shallow-fronted money-grubbers, who would sell their own brothers for 33 per cent.; for me, who aspired to make something for life, me, who was to have raised mankind, me, who hate money and all connected with it, and would fain loose men out of its trammels, and lead them up to the true wealth of a better life—for me this is a great shame.'

But the more he saw of this life, the more he became convinced of the difficulty of doing anything to raise such people. Here, in this metropolis, all, all of every class, seemed bent on making the most possible money with the least amount of labour possible. It was not only the desire to make enough for their wants, but the thirst for more, that lured them all to that candle where they were sooner or later to be burnt to death. He saw no phase of life but this. He was the dispenser who distributed the gilt poison to all. And it was not the great men of money who came to him most eagerly. It was not those so-called merchant princes who could throw down their thousands, that vexed him. The *Never Rocks* was too small a concern for them. It was the smaller people, the middle classes, that glory in their middleliness, the independent women, the priests of God, who should have let the world alone, the lawyers, the professional men of every kind. And so he learned to despise those

same middle classes, and there grew up in him almost as great a prejudice of caste as in his own father. 'Let me be a trader,' thought he, 'if I can only be honest; let me be an artisan, let me be duke or country squire, or what you will, but Heaven preserve me from being one of the middle-classes!'

But the customers of the company were delighted with the secretary. He was honest in face and manner. He explained simply the resources of the mine, without descending to ecstatic praises of its productivity. He showed the 'specimens,' poor dupe, to those other dupes, and answered the infinity of questions put to him straightforwardly and simply.

On the other hand, Daisy was charmed with his directors. In Marley he saw a man of the world, with an immense stock of experience and considerable fund of anecdote—whereof the six months in Spain supplied a large and highly coloured proportion. The active energy of little podgy Popham delighted him, and he thought to himself, If all this could be turned to working out some noble end, how valuable this man would be! But Sir Fungus particularly attracted him. Sir Fungus was a character to study. He was a man by himself. His credulity passed with Mark for faith. He could not but admire that pertinacity and courage which stood out for its own theories in spite of the ridicule of the world. And Sir Fungus no less found pleasure in the original and courageous theories of the boy.

A visible change soon came over the originators of the scheme. For a short time Mr. Popham's habits still hung about him, and in the midst of the most serious deliberations he would rush out into the street and not return for half-an-hour, having heard with a keen ear for alarm, some cry of fire, or some unusual commotion on the pavement. But he soon dropped this, as his occupations increased, and informed Daisy, as his fat hand wandered over his turbulent waistcoat, that he should now aspire to the higher walks of literature. Mr. Popham, moreover, appeared in a new great-coat and a very warm-looking comforter.

Mr. Marley, on the other hand, discovered that legs were made for show, and not for use, and discarding the *paré* as low, he was now never seen out of a 'Hansom.' He combed out his whiskers to their very utmost, bought a new blue frock, and a new set of double-breasted white waist-coats, and adorned his nether person in garments more suitable to the season.

So far all went well, and there was no difficulty in duping the public. But Messrs. Popham and Marley had a somewhat harder task to deceive the directors. Of course, their first principle was never to appear connected in any way. Not only was their partnership externally dissolved, but whenever Marley could oppose Popham without any risk, or Popham Marley, he made a point of doing so.

But Mr. Popham had need to go farther. The existence of the Never Rocks estate must be kept up, and to do this a correspondence was necessary. Mr. Popham as manager had all this in his power. He represented to the board the necessity of journeys down to the Forest of Dean, and the board signed cheques for his expenses. One journey he did make thither, in which he arranged with an inn-keeper in a certain village to send him answers to his letters, which he would per post dictate. To facilitate matters the little man represented to the board that there was a slight hitch in the title to the estate and the power of disposing of it, and thus while the real interest of the directors was turned to the progress of the undertaking in the market, the difficulties of the mine itself were lost sight of. Of course, too, the solicitors to the company, the assayer, the geologist, and the professionals connected with it, down even to the errand-boy, were appointed, or at least recommended by Popham. These therefore he held in his own power. Watkins again was made treasurer, and as the cheques had only to be countersigned by two directors, and Sir Fungus was very easy to win over, Mr. Popham had little difficulty in getting what money he wanted, if he could only invent a sensible pretext. It was then and only then that Sebastopol was revisited, and the two rogues shared the

profits across the table, and arranged their next steps. Mr. Popham always did most conscientiously go out of town whenever his expenses were paid to visit the mine and the owner of the estate; but the Forest of Dean had less charms for him than Brighton, where he visited the family of a large retired haberdasher, did his best to fascinate one of the daughters, Mary Jane, and to the believing Prodgers came out in the light of a city man of rising fortune.

One day while Popham was enlarging to Miss Prodger on his connexion with the London Press, she firmly convinced that he wrote leaders for the *Daily Scrub*, and articles for the all-powerful *Dictator*, while Mr. Marley was fitting on a coat at his tailor's in Bond Street, and Sir Fungus was discoursing somewhere or other on the prophecies, Daisy, seated at his ledger, heard a firm authoritative knock at the office-door.

'Come in.'

There entered a lady, tall, some forty years old, with a face still wonderfully handsome, of a perfect oval, and with large blue eyes. She was slightly rouged, and there were stray lines between her brows and round her mouth that told of a passionate existence. Her expression was extremely stern, almost fierce, and she walked up to the table with the air that would have suited a Roxalana.

Mark jumped up, of course, and placed a chair behind her.

'Pray be seated; may I—'

'I thank you, no,' she replied very decisively and continued standing by the table. Daisy waited for her to begin.

'I wish to look at the prospectus of this Company.' On the last word she laid a kind of sneer which was not pleasing to the ears of the young Secretary. However, with the utmost politeness he handed her a prospectus, which she opened and glanced over.

'Mr. John Burly, M.P.—vulgar fool! Mr. Amos Goldheimer (of the firm of Goldheimer and Schnickel), converted Jews! Sir Fungus Hope, poor old addlepaté; he has a fungus in his brain, I fancy. Captain, ha, ha, Captain Marley! how long has been Captain, I should like to know.'

Daisy was confounded. He could

not tell what to do or say, so he contented himself with looking at the eccentric visitor with a very stiff repellent stare.

'Secretary, Mr. M. Lorimer, B.A. Humph, you are Mr. Lorimer, then, young man?'

Her manner was really very disagreeable. Daisy simply bowed.

'I have heard of you, young man. You are a friend of Philip's; I mean Philip Trevelyan.'

Daisy bowed again.

'Poor Philip,' she sighed deeply, and her face assumed a momentary softness and a look of melancholy, that a little conciliated Mark.

'May I ask if you know Trevelyan, madame?'

'Know him, indeed! Is he much changed? I mean, what is he like now? I have not seen him since he was at Eton. He was a very handsome boy then; too handsome, too like—'

She threw down the prospectus, and turned away to the window. It seemed as if there was some pang in this remembrance, that moved her more than she dared to show. Daisy was more and more puzzled.

'Where is he now? Philip, I mean. Do you know?'

'I believe, madame, he is abroad; at Berlin or Dresden.'

'Ha! likely enough. Sir Howard, that amiable father of his, will be sure to keep him out of the way. He is jealous of his own son; he is afraid of his age being known, the vain old fool! O Sir Howard Leslie Howard Trevelyan, not all the blood of all the Howards, all the Leslies, and the Trevelyan will keep you from eternal perdition.'

This was a little too much.

'Really, madame, I must beg you to remember that Sir Howard is the father of my intimate and dear friend.'

'Do you know him?' asked the lady in reply. 'Do you know that old sinner, that old fox, that conceited, bescented, pachoulied, curled, padded, novel-scribbling old hell-bird? Oh! there is a vast difference between the father and the son.'

'I do not know Sir Howard personally, but I must beg, madame, to remind you that this is scarcely the place for indulging in—'

'Oh! I am not going to say much more, young man. Don't be alarmed. I have no money to invest in your *Company*. The guineas I ought to have are snatched up by those harpies, by Sir Howard Leslie Howard Trevelyan and his confederate, his friend, the sleek, gentlemanlike, sneaking scandal-monger, Eden.'

'What a woman!' thought Daisy. 'What on earth does she come here for?'

'So, young man,' she continued, 'I came to ask for that man Marley. Do you know, young man, what a charming director you have got there? Do you know that he is the creature, the spy, the lickspittle, the jack-of-all-trades, the scavenger, the dirty-work-doer to that noble expectant of a peerage, Sir Howard Les—'

'Really, madame, have the kindness to speak lower. I am not aware that Captain Marley is in any way connected with Sir Howard, and even if he were, I cannot allow him, as one of the directors of this *Company*, to be thus—'

'Well, young man,' replied the lady, softening her tone, 'you are right to be faithful to an employer, but if I were you I would get out of so low a concern as fast as possible. If you knew all, you would understand my vehemence—the outpouring of an oppressed, persecuted woman—and you would appreciate my advice. But I shan't quarrel with you as you are a friend of Philip's. Poor Philip, is he clever? He used to be. Cursed genius! I had rather be a fool than inherit it from such a father.'

At this moment they heard voices on the stairs. The door was open, and you could hear Sir Fungus' persuasive tones.

'Only come and see for yourself. It's the most wonderful discovery, the most unparalleled discovery, the richest vein in Europe, and combining all those products for which the English hills are so celebrated. You shall come and judge for yourself.'

'Ah?' said the strange lady with a smile, 'there's old addlepatte trying to get fish for his net. I may take this, I suppose. Good-bye, young man; I pity you.'

She folded up the prospectus and put it in her pocket. Marley's address

was on it, and that was all she wanted. She then walked out with the dignity of a tragedy-queen, leaving Daisy stupefied.

The next moment Sir Fungus entered, drawing in after him no other than Mr. Eden.

The knave of clubs was not the man to express surprise. Those highly respectable people who think it vulgar to be natural, of course consider it underbred, if not positively ill-bred, to show any sign of wonderment. The passions and feelings are very vulgar things; they distort and disfigure the face, they destroy that calm which every man in society ought to present. Then, too, they are so awkward, and necessitate the show of such a deal of sympathy, which of course one can't always feel. The passions are all very charming in Italian on the stage of the opera, where one does not understand more than a *maledetto*, or so; but in society they are a bore. Thank heaven! good society has learnt to do without them. Good society never feels unless it is expected to. Of course it is allowable, and indeed right, to look shocked and pained when you are told that Lady This' ample, not to say ridiculous, extension of crinoline caught fire and caused her to be badly burnt; or that young Lord That has died of consumption at Nice. You would be a heartless brute if you did not. You do not know Lady This and young Lord That personally; nay, you have never even seen them, but they belong to 'society.' Of course, if you carried this sympathy for persons unknown to you too far, and looked shocked when you read in the newspaper that John Smith, a workman, had been thrown from a scaffold and killed; or that Eliza Jones, a workwoman, died of starvation in White-chapel, you would be simply ridiculous. Society expects you to grieve for Lord That and Lady This, and to express pity for the poor Marchioness, her mother, or the noble Earl, his father; but it does not expect you to show any feeling for the seven brats of John Smith, left to starve by his death, or for the widowed mother of Eliza Jones, who was supported by her daughter's exertions. If Mr. Wealthy, M.P. for Richborough, blows his brains out because he has lost on the Derby,

society talks and comments, and cries 'How terrible!' But if Jane Tomkins, sempstress, throws herself from Waterloo Bridge, when poverty and temptation have made a wreck of her reason, be careful that you do not take any notice. To do so would be ill-bred, a bore, a nuisance.

But in truth, Mr. Eden, who knew everything about everybody, had heard of Daisy's appointment, and had therefore no temptation to break through the rules of good breeding.

Mark, on the other hand, was agreeably surprised, and showed it.

'Eden, is that you, how do you do? I've been wanting to see you very much, and called at the Atticæum twice.'

'I got your card, thank you. I have been out of town till yesterday. I should have called at your lodgings; but Sir Fungus, you see, has forestalled the visit by bringing me here.'

Mr. Eden was rather stiff. He had heard of the breach between Mark and his father, and to add to this, Mark's present position was not one which made the knave of clubs eager to renew his acquaintance. Sir Fungus, who belonged to the Atticæum, had brought him there much against his will.

'You are acquainted with Lady Trevelyan, then?' said Eden.

'Lady Trevelyan, Sir Howard's wife? No.'

'We met her coming out,' said Sir Fungus, 'a most extraordinary woman.'

'The one who has just left me?' asked Daisy eagerly. 'That explains all. I never came across such a woman before. Her language was quite fearful.'

Mr. Eden smiled grimly.

'Poor woman, it is charitable to suppose her insane,' he said.

'I was most anxious to see her,' said Daisy, 'not that Trevelyan ever talked of her—the subject was probably too painful; but I have heard that she was very beautiful, and very clever.'

'She was very handsome,' returned Eden. 'She drinks, you know, and that has impaired her beauty. You remember her, Sir Fungus, surely, the belle of two seasons?'

'And what does she do now?'

'Oh! Sir Howard makes her a very handsome allowance, and she is grateful enough to annoy him in every possible manner, and gives out wherever she can that he lets her starve. Of course, she is in no society at all.'

'But she was, I suppose?'

'Well, yes, at one time. But her habits and her language, of course, keep all respectable people away from her.'

'Is she respectable herself in other respects?'

'I have never heard anything against her. She was, I believe, very intimate with Scrivenor; but I fancy he has been obliged to drop her.'

'Scrivenor's a wonderful man,' said Sir Fungus; 'a most wonderful man indeed. What was Lady Trevelyan's object in coming here, Lorimer? Shares, eh?'

'No, she came to ask Marley's address.'

'Indeed?' said Mr. Eden, looking rather annoyed, and thinking to himself that Sir Howard ought to hear of that.

'Now, Eden, let me show you our plans,' said Sir Fungus.

'You will see that it is really a most productive vein, a most unparalleled discovery.'

Sir Fungus and the secretary then displayed their wares, in which Eden, with sufficient breeding, pretended to manifest considerable interest, being really intensely bored, and longing to be off.

At last the victim looked at his watch, declared he had an appointment, and vanished.

'I am sorry he is gone so soon,' said Daisy, 'I wanted to talk to him particularly.'

'Oh, dear! did you? Let me see—what do you say to dining with us to-night? Eden and Burly, and one or

two more men are coming; a kind of married-bachelor party, you see; there will be no ladies except my wife. By the way, if you are not offended at so short an invitation, Lady Hope will be very happy to see you after dinner too. She has a party of some sort to-night, at which I am obliged to put in an appearance, as much as if my drawing-room were a court of Queen's Bench, and Lady Hope had served me with a writ. Now, will you accept this short invitation or not?'

Daisy laughed heartily.

'Can anything be more ridiculous than to refuse an offer of hospitality because it is not given a week or fortnight before? Do you suppose that I require all that time to get up my appetite, or that having only one white choker, I must wait till the washerwoman sends it home?'

'Well, well, the world has it so—poor miserable world—'

'That enslaves itself of its own will.'

'And you and I, my dear sir, can't reform it. So'—

'Can't we?'

'My dear Mr. Lorimer, the world is the deafest animal there is; deafer a great deal than fishes, when it suits it to be so. I, Mr. Lorimer, have preached. I have spent thousands in the cause of truth. I have wasted time and money in putting before the world the most wonderful, the most unparalleled prophecies relating to the present day. Did you ever read *The Finger*? I was the writer, proprietor, contributor, and everything of *The Finger*. But, sir, *The Finger* pointed in vain. The world would neither see nor hear; the world is a great contemptible lump of selfishness. Better leave it alone, Mr. Lorimer, and come to turbot and turtle at eight to-night.'

The New Books.

Town Swamps and Social Bridges.

By GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S. London: Routledge, Warnes, and Routledge. 1859.

GRAY'S INN LANE, PAST AND PRESENT.

The title of the thoroughfare now

filled, from early morning till late night, with the busiest of a busy community, speaks of the country. When we say 'Gray's-Inn Lane,' there is a smell of new hay in the air, and we have a notion of singing-birds. In Van den Wyngerde's View of Lon-

don (1543), it is seen to be truly a lane leading from the inn northwards to the retired village of St. Pancras, with only one building in the pleasant fields eastwards between that and Ely House, where the strawberries grew. The Londoners found country air there, and men and maids went maying in the spring-time. It was then called Purtpool or Portpool lane, from the manor of that name, through which it passed. It soon, however, took its present title, and in Stow's time was 'furnished with fair buildings and many tenements on both the sides, leading to the fields towards Highgate and Hampstead.'

The inn walks were much resorted to, and we may see with the mind's eye Mr. Francis Bacon superintending the 'new rayle and quickset hedges' which were put up there under his direction. From this place (in 1597) he dated the first dedication to his 'dear brother' of his wonderful *Essays*, which may be read and re-read throughout a life with pleasure and profit; and here, in the walks he had himself laid out, and the summer-house he had built, he pondered the new *Organum*. Later it was a fashionable resort; and we have Pepys, in 1662, 'when church was done,' walking 'to Gray's Inne, to observe fashions of the ladies, because of' his 'wife's making some clothes.'

The degradation of the neighbourhood to its present condition is of much more recent date: to trace it is unnecessary: it has now reached its climax, and our appeal in favour of its miserable inhabitants has been heard and partially responded to.

Lord Shaftesbury's excellent 'Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes' descended upon an utterly degraded part of it, *Tyndall's Buildings*, and has put it into a proper condition for occupation by human beings,—served it, in short, as it served Wild Court, Drury Lane, and we have no doubt with equally good results to the community,—preserving the capital of the poor man (his health), and presently, it is to be hoped, it will produce a good return for the capital of the society,—its money.

A SOCIAL BRIDGE.

Our walk brought us to Lucy's

Buildings, near the north end of Leather Lane, Holborn, and we inquired how matters were going on in that neighbourhood. At the time of a previous visit, the place was eminent for neglect and filth; and it was therefore with no small pleasure, that on reaching the approaches to it we found evidence of care. At the time of our call, some scores of costermongers and their assistants were carefully arranging their goods on trucks for the Leather Lane and other markets; and we could not help giving that somewhat abused body credit for the exertions which they were making to obtain an honest livelihood under circumstances of very great difficulty. It should be borne in mind that this class of the London population are the means of not only preventing great waste in the London wholesale markets, but of affording many little luxuries to the poor.

Continuing in the same neighbourhood, we will look at an indication of a better time to come in Gray's-Inn Lane,—a Social Bridge which has been erected there. It is but a small one, it is true,—but a little hole will let in a deal of light,—a narrow causeway may save an army. This bridge takes the shape of a Ragged School, held at No. 5, Fox Court. It has little of the appearance of an educational establishment, and would scarcely be discovered by those unaware of its existence. The basement consists of a dilapidated shop, part of which is occupied by a mender of shoes. On the rough planking which has been put up to cover the rents of the window, are several printed bills, setting forth that it is possible many residing in this vicinity may not be aware of the ignorance, vice, and wretchedness which prevail almost at their very doors, and inviting the well-disposed to make an examination of this unfortunate locality, where many families are so destitute, and many so degraded, as to be unwilling, or unable, to pay for the education of their offspring, and thus be enabled to judge of the value of a ragged school amid the scenes of squalor around—a school which is constantly available for the gratuitous instruction of these otherwise wild and undisciplined children.

On the occasion of our first visit, the sleet and rain were pelting down ; but this did not prevent numerous little boys and girls flocking in from various directions, many of them without hats or caps, and very badly shod ; their faces and hands, however, in most instances, were clean, and their hair in a good state.

Few could look at the order which here prevailed, and contrast it with the manners in the homes from which the children come, without feelings of satisfaction. A quiet word from the schoolmistress seemed sufficient to still any disorder.

In addition to day-schools for boys and girls, and the evening schools, the rooms are open on Sundays. There is also a weekly meeting for mothers, and a clothing club.

The large majority of those who reside within the Shadows of London must be coaxed into cleanliness and order,—they will not be driven ; and to the ragged schools and national schools scattered in these benighted districts we must look to dispel the illusions and prejudices which at present exist ; they should therefore be well cared for, and we hope that before long the school in Fox Court will be relieved from difficulty.

Improve the homes, and teach the children, and we shall soon lessen the numbers of the 'dangerous classes,' prevent much suffering and misery, and enable men and women to live out the term of their natural lives, and to play their proper part in increasing the sum of general wealth and general happiness.

The poor cobbler who established the first ragged school should have a statue !

THE DECLINE OF STREETS.

It is curious to trace the decline of streets where, in Queen Anne's days, fashion and rank gladly took shelter. The first step in decline is generally the announcement that some professional gentleman has commenced business in one of the houses ; then some public institution is opened. On this the more aristocratic of the inhabitants move away, and in the course of time the street becomes entirely occupied by various establishments. After this a fancy stationer or silk mercer,

and other dealers, begin to fill windows with their goods. On this the higher class of professional men look for fresh quarters. The ordinary house-windows are made into small and second-rate shop fronts, some of which are occupied by dairymen and beer-shop keepers ; then certain of the houses are let in tenements ; and rows of bell-pulls, some of them with small brass plates below, show that the dignity of the street is still kept up by persons who can each afford to rent a set of apartments. The decline still continues : the shops become occupied by small dealers in general stores ; even the bell-pulls gradually disappear, and a dense population, in most cases families living in single rooms, take possession of the street. This gradual succession of one rank after the other, and the desire as much as possible to follow those just a step above, are the result of a natural, and in some degree commendable feeling ; but the practice is attended with ill consequences in a sanitary point of view ; these dwellings were not intended to be occupied by a multitude of families, and in the majority of instances the landlords take little care to improve them.

Generally speaking, independent workmen would refuse to wear the cast-off clothes of those above them, and yet they avail themselves in ninety cases out of a hundred of the cast-off houses of the upper classes, rather than choose houses which are in every respect fitter for the necessity of their own families. Workmen say they cannot find the improved accommodation they require, and builders refer to some of the model structures which have been put up, and mention the smallness of the dividend which is paid. It should be borne in mind, however, that extraordinary expenses have been incurred in the formation of the societies for improving the dwellings of the industrious classes, and that the cost of management and other charges are large. With proper arrangement, healthy homes may be built to pay the owner.

PETTICOAT LANE.

Petticoat Lane is famous for its market of second-hand clothes, from those of the richest in the land to the

tattered garments of poverty. It must be seen in order to be properly understood. Such adventurous traveller as may wish to examine a large colony of an ancient and unchanged people, will do well by turning into Houndsditch from Bishopsgate Street, and then to the left along Cutler Street, and he will soon reach a large market, in which many of the most substantial of the dealers, male and female, have stalls and other accommodation. It is not a very easy matter, however, to reach this centre; for at certain times the approaches are densely crowded by Jew dealing with Jew, and the 'tug of war,' in the shape of loud words and energetic action, is startling. The contents of bags are turned out, and one piece of costume, after due eloquence has been used on each side, is exchanged for another,—boots and shoes for hats, or coats for trowsers.

There are parts of this marvellous metropolis where no clothes-man would think it worth while to enter,—even the exchangers of crockery and glass would not trouble themselves to call; but in these places 'dolly shops' illegally advance money on such matters as pawnbrokers would not meddle with; and great is the interest paid for advances by the very poorest of the community. For the smallest sum up to one shilling, a halfpenny a month is charged, so that for the loan of sixpence they pay sixpence at the end of the year. From such shops as these, and from rag-shops, 'goods' are brought to Petticoat Lane: even the articles which have been thrown out as useless, and are gathered in the street by the bone-seeker, find consideration in this neighbourhood: the upper parts of shoes, though the soles may be in a hopeless state; the soles or heels of others, from which the upper leathers have departed,—are sold to those who know how to dispose of them to skilful artists, who, by joining many portions together, will, if he may be believed, 'make them better as new.' Garments which, in the eyes of most persons, would seem to be quite useless, are eagerly purchased by other artists, who, with marvellous powers and chemical knowledge, turn, patch, and cleanse these cast-off habiliments, and put upon them a gloss

that gives them a charm in the eyes of a future purchaser. Oh, strange and composite world!

In advancing to the central mart, the visitor will pass, as well as he can, through the crowd, without meeting with much notice, for all are too busy with their own pursuits. He will be surprised at the spirit of trading which is shown on all sides of him; an old hat is disputed about as if it were a matter of life and death. In the interior of the market a stranger attracts immediate attention; and if well dressed, has numerous communications made to him. The visitor seemingly in want of a coat is, however, the most attractive; and those who have experienced the rush of touters and porters at a foreign steam-boat station, may form some idea of the manner in which his attention is divided by the numerous offers. A man must either have an empty purse or great firmness to avoid making a purchase.

A PENNY GAFF.

It is a curious sight to notice groups of young boys, of from seven to nine years of age, engaged, with all the earnestness of mature years, in games of chance,—such as dice, pitch and toss, and even cards; smoking short pipes, and betting in a manner that would seem to show an instinctive power of counting, although they know neither a letter of the alphabet nor the figures of arithmetic. But the eagerness and rapt attention here seen are as nothing compared with what is apparent at a *penny theatre*, the chief means of education to large bodies of boys and girls who will be men and women, and form part of the community. Much evil arises from these resorts; nevertheless, we have a strong conviction that they are calculated to do more good than harm, and that it is not so desirable to interdict as to improve them, and render them a means of satisfying innocently that yearning for mental food to which we have alluded. The real nature of these places is little understood: but those who would suggest adequate remedies for the social evils which exist amongst a very large number of the long-neglected classes of the population, must thoroughly investigate

and understand existing circumstances. A year ago, the performances at penny theatres consisted of singing, dancing, and a short piece, generally of a melodramatic kind; or, in the season, a sort of pantomime. In some instances, the words of the songs were broad and improper. Since then, however, the police have overlooked them; many have been closed; all attempts at what may be called theatrical exhibitions have been stopped; and the amusement offered now consists chiefly of the singing of popular street songs and negro melodies in characteristic costumes. Dancing of the most vigorous description is highly relished, as also are feats of strength and conjuring; and it is remarkable how great an attraction chemical experiments have. The exhibition of laughing gas, or galvanism, has been, and still is, a standard portion of these exhibitions. The entertainments at some of these places which we have taken the pains lately to see, although not instructive, had not of itself any immoral tendency.

The point we have in view is to show the eagerness with which this sort of *education* is taken advantage of, and that it is in truth the only sort of instruction to which many can be made to attend. The apartment is full, and the appearance, seen from the stage, very striking. Here are infants in the arms of mothers who have scarcely passed the years of girlhood; the 'two years' child,' with staring eyes and open mouth, is looking with wondrous intentness on the scene passing on the small, ill-decorated stage; mixed in the group are boys of elder growth, and a few very young girls; there are, besides, youths from sixteen to twenty, dressed in as nearly as possible the same style, viz.: short coats of velveteen, or some other stout material, cord trousers, caps, and showy neck-ties. The younger boys imitate as closely as may be the fashion of their elders, although some are but ragged copies. We saw few on any occasion who seemed over twenty years of age, excepting one or two broken-down old men, who strangely contrasted with those surrounding.

. . . The first 'house' was just over: we counted out 680 boys and

girls, many of the worst possible character; and there were nearly as many waiting, who went in immediately after. A third representation was to follow, and complete the night. We saw no impropriety then, or on any other occasion, and could find no greater difference between that place and Astley's, than there is between Astley's and the Italian Opera House. Of course, gazing at this youthful crowd, it is impossible to ignore the danger and mischief which lie beneath; and it is saddening to reflect that this is only a small sample of some thousands scattered here and there over the metropolis, and who, in a great measure, have been reared in neglect. The peculiar education (if we may so call it) of this class requires unusual measures, and it may be observed that, although, under the circumstances, books are useless, yet paintings, music, and exhibitions which place a tale of interest before the eye, meet with ready appreciation, and in the absence of the power of deriving amusement from books, we are inclined to think that the penny theatres, as now managed, do more good than harm, and that they might be very greatly improved, not only with advantage to the owners of them, but also to the visitors. Some of our readers will recollect Dr. Livingstone's observation, that the views afforded by the magic-lantern were the only kind of knowledge he was asked twice for by the Africans.

The Ecclesiastical Gazette; or Monthly Register of the affairs of the Church of England, and of its Religious Societies and Institutions.
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CHRISTIANITY IN THE EAST.

A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury from the Bishop of Victoria, in review of the recent Chinese Treaties as affecting the prospects of Christianity in the East.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, Oct. 18, 1858.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—Within a few hundred yards of the spot from which I now write, and at this same moment of time, Lord Elgin and the Chinese High Imperial Commissioners are negotiating the supplemental articles of the Treaty of Peace; and

the last acts will soon be consummated of a diplomacy which (it is expected) will inaugurate a new era in the history of the relations of Western Christendom with the population and Government of the Chinese empire.

In taking a general review of the recent treaties formed by Western Powers with China, I may state at the very outset that I regard the provisions of the new British treaty (so far as we have been able to gain a knowledge of the details from semi-official authority here) as eminently calculated to encourage the Church at home to new and enlarged missionary efforts, and to arouse the Christian youth of Britain to a more adequate and prompt response to the demand for additional labourers.

Various concurrent circumstances during the present year have served to smooth the course of diplomacy, and to render the Imperial Government of China more disposed to accede to all the reasonable demands of the British Plenipotentiary.

It was no slight advantage to Lord Elgin that the representatives of the four great Powers, of Britain, France, Russia, and the United States, all combined in a joint naval demonstration on the Chinese coast, and in a contemporaneous transmission of their demands to Peking. When the Anglo-French expedition advanced to the mouth of the Peiho, the two non-belligerent Powers appeared also on the scene, and as neutral parties anticipated the British and French in their negotiations at Teentsin. It is understood that the Russian Envoy gave opportune warning to the Chinese officials of the grave emergency which had arisen. The fact had been notorious among the Chinese that Russia herself was but lately involved in a deadly war with Britain and France; and the representations of the Russian Envoy hence derived additional force. Count Putiatine plainly intimated to the Chinese the irresistible power of the Anglo-French squadron on their coast, and the inevitable ruin to the Manchow Tartar dynasty which must result from a blind and obstinate persistence in their past course.

The representations of the American Minister afforded too the same testimony confirmed by a second non-

belligerent and neutral Power, as to the magnitude of the impending peril, and the hopelessness of further resistance to the demands of the British and French.

The sequel is well known. Warlike operations of brief duration, but of decisive effect, prepared the way for the definitive negotiation of a treaty. At Teentsin, on the level high road to Peking, and within seventy miles of the capital, the terms of peace were signed, by the British on June 26th, and by the French on the following day.

Each of the four successive Treaties of 1858 has been a further step in advance beyond previous concessions to foreigners.

The Russian Ambassador who signed a treaty on June 13th, gained for the Russo-Greek missionaries, long established at Peking, the right of free ingress to all the other parts of the empire.

The American Minister in his treaty, concluded five days later, obtained beyond this a slight addition to the commercial ports along the coast. But he has the higher distinction of being the first to obtain, by the open stipulations of treaty, an honourable mention of the beneficent character of the Christian religion, and a renewed pledge of universal toleration for native converts throughout the Chinese empire.

It has been reserved for Lord Elgin to achieve a still more prominent act in the annals of oriental diplomacy. In addition to the concession acquired by the Minister of the United States, he gained also for foreigners of every class, and by implication for our missionaries also, the right of unlimited access into the interior of the country, and has thus thrown down the last barriers which interrupted our free intercourse with every part of China.

Clauses VIII. and IX. of Lord Elgin's Treaty comprise the main points which have reference to our extended privileges in respect to missions.

The former of these two Articles is in substance, and almost in words, identical with that previously negotiated on behalf of the United States by Mr. Reed; and its terms are honourable to both the British and the American officials who had the

moral decision to press its admission into the Treaty. The 'religion of Jesus' (the Chinese term for 'Protestant Christianity') is for the first time distinctly mentioned in these Treaties, in conjunction with and in priority to the 'religion of the Lord of Heaven' (the old term for the 'Roman Catholic form of the Christian religion'). I have reason for believing that the favourable mention of Christianity contains (at least in the wording of the American version) an exact quotation of the Chinese text in the New Testament of the golden law of universal positive Christian duty, in 'doing unto others as we would they should do unto us.' This same extensive law of well doing has been long current among the Chinese sages in its negative form: 'Abstain from doing unto others what you would that they should not do unto you.' It seems to be taken (according to the best foreign Sinologues) from an old commentator on the Confucian Classics, who flourished subsequently to the Christian era; and its currency even in a diluted negative form may have been but the transference of the universal moral law of relative duty, borrowed in meaning, but lowered in extent, from the gospel narrative of our Lord's teaching.

As Article VIII. stands presumptively in the British and American Treaties, its favourable recognition of the Christian religion is highly important: 'The doctrine of Jesus, and the doctrine of the Lord of Heaven, teach the practice of virtue and the treatment of others as ourselves. Henceforth all teachers or professors of it shall, one and all, be protected. No man peaceably following his calling without offence shall be in the least oppressed or hindered by the Chinese authorities.'

Article IX. is that which peculiarly belongs to Lord Elgin's Treaty, and comprises those general concessions of locomotion and residence in the interior which (if its provisions be carried out and administered by Consular representatives possessing the requisite moral and mental qualifications for their responsible posts) hold out to Protestant missionaries the prospect of extended opportunities in new and more favourable spheres of missionary usefulness. They will henceforth be

able, under the reasonable regulation of a moderate passport system, to penetrate into the interior, and to establish stations in localities remote from the disturbing influences of mercantile positions on the seaboard.

I have reason to believe that the provisions of the French Treaty, signed by Baron Gros the day after the English Treaty, are almost identical with those of the latter, with one addition, which, although unimportant at first sight, may nevertheless be hereafter fraught with consequences of serious moment. In addition to toleration of the Christian religion, protection of the native converts, and unlimited access for the Roman Catholic missionaries into the interior, Baron Gros has also stipulated, that whatever in past times has been decreed by the Chinese Government against the 'religion of the Lord of Heaven,' shall henceforth be null and void.

I know some intelligent observers of passing events, well versed in the history of Jesuit missions in China, who are filled with anxious apprehension lest under the cover of this retrospective clause, there may be a latent purpose, on the part of the Roman Catholic missionaries, to revive dormant claims to the property confiscated at various times of old, in different parts of the empire, and especially the site of their former cathedral at Peking. The instance of a similar demand not long ago preferred at Ningpo, and the recovery, through French influence, of valuable property and mission sites in the heart of that city, lend some plausibility to this view. Such recent experience suggests the fear lest here, as elsewhere over the waters of the broad Pacific, French diplomacy, having no commercial interests to foster, may busy itself in efforts to sustain the cause of the Propaganda—a French Protectorate of native Romanist converts be gradually established on this Continent—and a powerful French ecclesiastico-political organization, in favour of Romish missions in China, be one of the results of an Anglo-French alliance and joint intervention in the affairs of the East.

It is to be noted, that in the passport regulations it is stipulated that foreigners shall not visit Nanking or

other places occupied by the insurgents. I think this to be as fair and favourable a solution of the difficulties caused by the insurrection as we might reasonably expect. Non-intervention in the civil convulsions of China was clearly the course for a British statesman to pursue. In the view of the decrepitude, cruelty, and corruption of the Manchow Tartar dynasty, to have propped up such a power by a forcible intervention of foreign arms against the Taeping movement at Nanking, would be an act manifestly at variance with the sound dictates of expediency and right. On the other hand, there is too much uncertainty as to the present developments and tendencies of the insurgent cause, to authorize on the part of British Christians the wish that, under any circumstances, an armed external interposition should be exercised on their behalf. After five years and a half in occupation of Nanking—without the advantage of foreign spiritual instructors—with some, possibly all, the more hopeful class of leaders removed from the scene—with all the elements of human depravity diffused among that pent-up motley host of semi-pagan Iconoclasts, constrained by rigorous severity to maintain an outward show of ascetism, and to memorize the established and half-understood forms of prayer—it is too much to expect that, under such exceptional circumstances, good has been more potential than evil amongst the multitude, and that its earlier promise has not been followed by degeneracy and decay.

In the earlier stages of the Taeping movement, five years ago, the entrance of Protestant missionaries among them at Nanking might have turned the tide in the right direction, and given a sounder character to their practice and belief. As it is, we must patiently abide the issue, moderating excessive hopes, and repressing undue despondency and fear. However much a nearer view of the rebel movement may hereafter repel our minds, it must at the same time be remembered that doubtless in the hands of Providence it will have accomplished a good result. It will have laid bare the weak hold which Buddhism has upon the masses of the Chinese people. It will have scattered broad-cast through the

interior the seeds of scriptural knowledge in the portions of the Christian Bible authoritatively published by the chief at Nanking. It will have shown how Christian truths circulated in the Taeping manifestos and books, even when diluted with a mixture of pagan ideas, have nevertheless proved their innate strength in shaking the fabric of idolatry, and preparing the way for a purer faith. If truth, when deformed and caricatured, has been thus effective in demolishing error, what may not be hoped for from the unimpeded circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and the zealous preaching of Protestant missionaries through the length and breadth of the land?

One serious question arising out of our relations with the Chinese appears to have been excluded from all mention or allusion in the published Articles of Treaty. So far as we can judge on the spot (the text of the British Treaty not having yet been officially made known to the foreign community in China), the opium question has been ignored or kept out of sight; but it is difficult to think that this topic can have been altogether excluded from past discussions, or that in the pending negotiation of a tariff in the Supplemental Articles of Treaty here at Shanghai, Lord Elgin will continue to exclude the subject from a positive and final settlement.

I would mention in terms of the deepest respect the name of a British Plenipotentiary, who has won so distinguished a place in public estimation by his highly successful career. I fully believe in the benevolent high-mindedness which has actuated him in his difficult and honourable course in China. I know by friendly conversation and by private correspondence the mode of solution which on the whole he deems best for terminating a great and admitted evil. I know too that some of the most intelligent and zealous missionaries labouring for the welfare of the Chinese, wearied and perplexed by the view of the sad collateral effects of a smuggling system almost virtually legalized by the indifference or the corruption of the local mandarins, have deemed it expedient to succumb to an unavoidable evil, and to limit and check, by the regulations of a legalized custom-house tariff, the

spread of a moral mischief now utterly beyond control.

I confess that it is with mingled pity and shame that I contemplate the affecting spectacle of a pagan government, almost powerless in the means of resistance, and feeble in the arts of war, thus humiliated, weakened, and overpowered; and the top-stone thus finally set on the pillar of our own inconsistency and disgrace, as a people placed in the vanguard of Christian nations, in our dealings with this race. The year in which this monument may possibly be erected in commemoration of the final act in the series of wrongs perpetrated on the millions of China, will singularly enough be marked also by the extinction and corporate death of the East India Company. Our Anglo-Indian revenue from the growth of the poppy has been the chief plea and prop of the opium-smuggling trade in China. What we failed to relinquish on the ground of Christian principle will probably be wrung from us by the defensive action of the Chinese Government itself. The eventual withdrawal of the Imperial prohibition against growing opium in the eighteen provinces, has been a remedy long available and within reach. Embarrassed and overcome in the long contest with native and foreign contrabandists, it is not improbable that the Chinese Imperial Government may at length have submitted to a termination of the struggle—an addition to the impoverished exchequer in the shape of a regulated tariff-duty be preferred to the continual prevalence of a lawless smuggling of the prohibited drug along the sea-board—and opium at last be recognised among the legally-permitted indigenous produce of China.

It is satisfactory to know that both in the British and in the American Treaties lately concluded with the Japanese, an article exists expressly prohibiting the importation of opium; and that thus, by the humane policy of Christian negotiators, Japan, hitherto exempt from this form of intemperance, will in all probability be saved from one class of evils which has resulted from our intercourse with China. Unprecedented privileges have been recently granted to Christian missionaries within the newly opened ports of Japan.

It is right that the friends of Christian missions on both sides of the Atlantic should know how much they are pre-eminently indebted for the Christian element in the wording of the treaties, to the hearty zeal, sympathy, and co-operation of his Excellency W. B. Reed, ably seconded by his Secretary of Legation and his Interpreter, Dr. Williams and Rev. W. A. P. Martin—names well known in connexion with the missionary work in China.

The wider opening of these Eastern regions to missionary labour is an animating topic on which I could glowingly enlarge, as a call to more adequate efforts on the part of our own Church. But I confess, my Lord, that I have gathered lessons of moderate expectation from the fruitlessness of my past appeals for help. In the tenth year of my episcopate I behold but few signs of any great and sustained movement of our Church for the evangelization of the Chinese race, or for our entrance upon the recent missionary openings in Japan. My dear and valued fellow-labourers sent out to the China mission do but scantily fill up the breaches made in the ranks of our Church by disease and death. But six Church of England missionary clergy are spread along the stations on this extended coast, of whom two have been only six months in the country. It is indeed a satisfactory result to my mind to see chaplaincies instituted in the Chinese cities, and the British communities supplied with the means of grace. I rejoice also in the increasing number of labourers in connexion with other Protestant missionary bodies, and the marked success which in some cases has resulted from their attempts. But as to missions of our Church among the Chinese, after fourteen years since my first landing on these shores, I still see (with the one exception of the Church Missionary station of Ningpo) but little progress made, and but inconsiderable results achieved. I feel no despondency as to the certain final success of our work as the cause of God Himself. I am sustained by the assurance that God is working out His purposes of mercy and love to our race in these passing events of the East; that this our fallen world shall one day become a temple

worthy of its holy and beneficent Creator; and that this vast pagan empire, now an exile from the great community of Christian nations, shall hereafter participate in the promised outpouring of God's Spirit upon all flesh, and in the predicted blessedness of the renewed earth 'in which dwelleth righteousness.' But I deplore the want of an adequate supply of labourers to enter upon these fields 'white unto the harvest;' men suited by mental habit and by bodily strength for this peculiar mission; men whose faith has been long strengthened by secret prayer, and whose love to Christ has been long watered by the heavenly dew of spiritual communion with God; men willing to forego (if needful) the comforts of domestic life, and ready to yield to the possible requirements of a 'present necessity' in being free and unfettered by family ties in their itinerancy in the interior from place to place. Once more I reiterate the appeal to the Church at home: 'The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.' Once more I appeal to British Christians, that while India is claiming her meed of missionary sym-

pathy and evangelistic help in this her day of trial, China may not be overlooked or forgotten in their prayers, nor her 400 millions receive less than their due amount of consideration and thought in the counsels and deliberations of our Church of England missionary committees.

My Lord, my pen grows weary, and my theme becomes diffusive. I know by experience the mental sickness of hope long deferred. In my own person I can do but little beyond sounding the trumpet, and leading others to the conflict. The goal of middle life scarce gained, I am experiencing the effects of climate on a shattered frame, and the infirmities of advancing years. In the early afternoon of my course, the shades of evening are prematurely falling and lengthening around me. Once again I appeal to my younger fellow-soldiers of Christ, that they desert not the standard of the cross unfurled in the far East, nor allow a standard-bearer to fall unsupported and unsustained in this mission battlefield.—I remain, my Lord Archbishop, your Grace's most obedient humble servant,
G. VICTORIA.

TITAN.

AN UNKNOWN LAND.

BY A MAGYAR.

'We see in needle-works and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground ; judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye.'—BACON, *Of Adversity*.

THERE is a land, vast and civilized, yet marked on no map, given in no work of geography, unknown to Mr. M'Culloch, a *terra incognita* to all but its own numerous inhabitants ; its site, though admitted on all sides, defies discovery. People talk of it as they do of Laputa without the chance of even a Captain Gulliver to narrate its whereabouts. Despotism, it is true, pretends to have now and then penetrated these unrevealed regions, but whatever the police-hounds may be howling about that formidable race of men, 'the cannibals of civilisation,' and their pet-dog, 'the hydra of anarchy,' whom they assert to have traced home to that very land of mystery, their stories are, nevertheless, but like the sick man's dreams, and they know nothing in spite of spies and *agents provocateurs*.

This mystery is natural. To enter this land you must first have lost your own, and adopted no other. And once a citizen of this strange commonwealth, you will, better than free-masons, and without being bound by any oath like theirs, keep the secret of your brethren, and of your own state.

Natural history tells us of islands heaved up, as it were, from the bottom of seas, that, pregnant with volcanic seed, give birth to new lands,

fruits of labouring maternity. Political earthquakes produce just as strange alterations in the configuration of our world. Rich in ruins, their outbursts are not entirely devoid of creative power. Much as they destroy, they produce, too, something, though we, standing as we are amidst the shattered fragments of our cherished haunts, may not always be able to see, and still less rarely disposed to admit, the reality, or at least the goodness, of results emanating from such sources. Be that as it may, the land I am speaking of is of such volcanic origin, and has been heard of ever since Adam and Eve

'—hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.'

It is here that Prometheus was rock-fastened. It is here that Ovidius sang his 'books of sadness.' Aristides, on being found to be just, was sent hither. Verona when it sheltered Dante, Voltaire's Ferney, Staël's Coppet, and Napoleon's St. Helena, formed parts of that shifting realm in which lived many of the best men of all ages, and many too, of the worst kind, all equally naturalized,

'But oh! how different, 'tis the cause makes all,
Degraded or hallows courage in its fall.'

This land, however, is ever new,

and is, in fact, somewhat like the swimming island of Derwentwater, now rising over, now diving under the surface of Time's restless waves. As a distinct commonwealth, and, more yet, as a 'great power,' this land is, at all events, of very recent origin, its mighty influence being chiefly felt and acknowledged since its last appearance from beneath the tide of the revolutions of the nineteenth century. In short, it is the 'Land of Exile.'

A strange country it is. Pray you may never see it, friend reader! It is there where its citizens move, and these might reverse the old saying and exclaim, '*ubi male, ibi patria!*' It has no frontiers, and yet it may be compressed to the spot actually occupied by an exile. It is a small thing, if you will, but then each exile carries his own particular native land in his heart, and so the geography of this invisible country comprises all states, and embraces, boundless, the whole habitable globe. Its climate—not a temperate one, certainly—is the same all over its whole extent; in Siberia just as in Cayenne. Its mountains and valleys are dissolving views, seen in dreams and reverie, by Remembrance and Hope, that are fond of ascending and gazing from the hills where blessed childhood plucked its 'forget-me-nots;' and there is, certainly, no land the inhabitants of which could command such splendid and extensive 'sights' as this land of exile. You find here the glaciers of Mont Blanc looking over the burning sands of Africa; the Colosseum by moonlight is reflected in the Lake Ontario; the Boulevards of Paris run round the Isle of Jersey and Guernsey; the Alhambra and the Escorial rise from the Lago Maggiore; the Burghs of the Rhine cast their romantic shadows on the farms in Texas; Buda-Pesth, the city of the Magyars, is seen near, and through the rainbows of the falls of the Niagara—and so on, in ever renewing groups; but to see all these Fata Morganas of longing recollection, you must, first of all, be endowed with the second-sight of Proscription,

'Deep in whose darkly boding ear'
the echoes of the Past mix with the
voices of night and its coming storms!
Sad, very sad gifts!

It is said that the great Atlantic has rivers that keep on a distinct current through the salt waves, which envelop but cannot disturb the specious course of these wonderful streams. Those rivers have fishes of their own, that keep to their beds as if these were of rock instead of water. Exile is like those rivers. It flows on, amidst storms and wrecks, the distinct stream of society's great ocean; and an odd fish of the many, I, too, swim in that stream, out of which we should be much like 'a fish out of water.' Ours is, indeed, a life apart, with hopes, fears, feelings, of a particular sort never to be obliterated by any contact with the world around us. We have anniversary days of our own, days of sadness and mourning, which we never forget to keep, if not in public, so at least in our hearts. Then, again, we have days of glorious commemoration; days which faith delights to remember; days on which misery lifts up a hopeful head toward the Future that can boast of a glorious Past; days the recollection of which ennobles the mind and cheers up the spirit's eventual discouragements; days which remind us that 'success, (the very *Times* has admitted it) is no trial to test the sacredness of a cause and the honest sincerity of its defenders, but that defeat is;' and that, consequently, we may feel proud in holding up our unfettered arms to protest against the chains riveted on our fellow-countrymen.

But though the virtue of adversity be, as Bacon says, fortitude, the pains we suffer, at times overrule all our fine resolutions to be steeled against fate; an intense feeling of impatient longing overcomes all our senses, and faith sinks so low in us that, like Syen's well, the source of our hopes can hardly ever be visited by a beam of cheering sunshine. At such times—and they are chronic fevers—chill doubts creep over all our prospects; a sentiment of pusillanimous wretchedness cuts its grasp into our heart, makes us shudder at the papered walls and carpeted floors of real life, and urges us to rush away to dwell, a fitting population, in some city of fallen grandeur, or in some wilderness. And many do so, and it is but two years ago that a young man of noble heart

and lofty mind, a poet and a countryman of mine, went mad and died in the forests of America. The fact is, that a true man, satiated with 'civilisation,' often seeks the woods in order to escape from the wild beasts and savages, the monkey-headed tigers and fashionable boa-constrictors of our refined society. Be that as it may, there are moments when, surveying all that we have suffered, we take, like Master Humphrey, pity on ourselves, and feel for our pains as if they were the pains of others. In short, we lead a life of roaming, and we wander on like pilgrims who have a tale of sadness in them, and belong to the great nation of the ill-fated.

Human nature of course remains diversified also in the land of exile. We are not without the followers of either Democritus or Heraclitus. There are some amongst us who, like Shakspeare's Duke, find

'—tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

But while we have a few of the stamp

'That can translate the stubbornness of
fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style,'

there are others (so well did the great poet, that universal observer and painter, know his world), 'melancholy Jacques,' who 'can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.' This cannot be otherwise, and a man of heart will surely never quarrel with any sentiment, so it be genuine, and will understand both the feelings of the young Tyrolese lady who, when asked by George Sand about her country, said nothing and dropt two tears, as well as the heart-overpouring enthusiasm of others who will extol their native land at all times, and with now and then a tenacity somewhat similar to good Mr. Dick's, who could not keep King Charles's head out of his memorial.

In the common belief, an exile is a sort of circulating infernal machine, and the reason why many respectable Englishmen should, in direct and rude opposition to the polite rules of the smoking confraternity, be so unwilling to 'oblige' a foreigner 'with a light,' must be searched for in their appre-

hension lest the cigar, which looks like the match of a bearded mine, should explode at the slightest touch of their burning weeds. I know men who would risk their lives in a dozen Balacava charges, but who would tremble at finding themselves seated near the fireside, in close proximity to a 'refugee,' whose pockets are supposed to be full of 'incendiary articles,' and who, when most mildly judged, is looked upon in a spirit somewhat similar to that with which a nervous old lady views the many-bladed knife, the hedgehog of cutlery, in a shop-window of the Strand. In short, and without dwelling on that other opinion, according to which exiles are mere adventurers, and begging impostors, we are classed to the family of 'Guys,' always bent upon blowing up Lords and Commons.

And yet those who no doubt, after repeated failures, have, at last, succeeded in overcoming their natural fears, and shook hands with the proscribed man, may know, that he too is but a frail being, with a heart quite human, made to reciprocate kindness and to be grateful for affection.

It is these confiding friends I invite to take a bird's-eye view of the land I dwell in; and black as I look to others, they, at least, may be comforted by the thought, that 'the Devil on two sticks' proved a trustworthy *cicerone* to Don Cleophas, his liberator.

Take, then, hold of my pen, gentle friend, and follow me without fear. We go to a land for which Murray has not yet published his guide-book, but I know my way well enough, and my passport is in good order. It may even tend to dispel any remnant of apprehension in your mind respecting my terrible appearance, to tell you that the said passport, given me, seven weeks after the *coup-d'état* of 1851, in the name of '*liberté, égalité, fraternité*,' and signed *Maupas*, describes me as a 'pale-countenanced, round-faced Hungarian refugee, of twenty-eight years of age, with hair, beard, and eyebrows chestnut-coloured, forehead spacious, eyes blue, nose middle-sized, and mouth small: the civil (not so civil) and military authorities being 'invited to let me' 'freely circuler' from Paris to London, and 'to go

'abroad' *sans espoir de retour en France*, a clause, by the way, which must convince the most sceptical that Bonaparte has decidedly the best of Dante, inasmuch as the *'lasciate ogni speranza'*, sounds much better to those who leave, than to those who enter a 'hell.'

I am, you see, much like other men, and though, once upon a time, I was very near to eating up a pair of trembling little hands, that was the only sign of cannibalism ever remarked of me.

Come, kind friend, leave, for a short while, the realities of every-day life, and let me introduce you to a land, the inhabitants of which could stand, like the Horacean man, unmoved

amidst the ruins of a world, and yet feel keenly the slightest disappointment.

You shall not be annoyed by the sight of any repulsive wretchedness. Like Potemkin's imperial mistress, you shall be shown only bright pictures, glowing landscapes, with here and there a little shade just to raise the *relief* of the sunny parts. But, if the screen should, after all, not be found always effectual for hiding the misery that lurks behind the fine scenery, you will pass by with hastened steps, and leave those scenes to night and me.

The first sight, at any rate, shall be splendid. Behold the palaces we inhabit!

CASTLES IN EXILE.

'The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own,
With beings brighter than have been...'—BYRON. *The Dream*.

The style of these bright structures varies according to the individual taste and point of view of the different architects; some, like the eyries of the eagle, are built on high rocks, from whence they look down in haughty satisfaction on humble cottages that, similar to the nightingale's melodious home, are nestled between the hedgerows of the deep valley, and may, not unlikely, include the cottage of some other castle-builder who, differently from his proud neighbour, finds happiness in a life of modest retirement. Others are found in the centre of vast cities, and resound with the untiring activity of restless ambition. This one's is on the sea-shore; that one's near some laughing streamlet. But wherever they may be, and by whomsoever they are built, there is, let us hope, always some gentle fairy there to rule over those who lord them.

Mine is on the 'Isle of Marguerit,' in the Danube, between Pesth and Buda, a delightful little island that would have pleased Moore's harmonious taste. There do I retire, whenever I feel weary of wandering, dispirited and gloomy. The comfortable road of fancy leads me to that castle of mine,

'Through whose free opening gate,
None comes too early, none departs too late,'

because none but friends 'drop in.' From there I see old Buda, with its vineyards, forest-crowned hills, and

'The graves of those that cannot die,'

rising on the right bank, and looking over at youthful, splendid Pesth, the capital of Magyar industry, wealth, and intellectual progress. From there I see the national colours waving from the ancient burgh in sign of the country's resurrection to freedom, life, and happiness. The fair river is full of business and pleasure. Steamers move on amidst a flock of boats, that, like ducks before a stately swan, make way and escape before the 'superior animal.' Thousand of voices—the harmony of liberty—float and hum in the sweet air, no longer polluted by oppression's foul breath. The Hapsburgs are gone, the double-headed eagle is dead, and—

'The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave.'

And having thus feasted mind and senses on the bliss all around my castle, I may, perchance, ask you to sit down in my fairy garden, and to listen to a pretty tale of my little island.

There was—a poet of ours tells me

—once upon a time, a princess, fair and good, and she had a golden fish. This bright favourite was kept in a pond that stood in the centre of the isle, amidst a grove of splendid tulip-trees, which remain to this very day. Fish and princess led a life full of sporting sunbeams, playful breezes, and mutual pleasure, and knew not how very, very happy they were! One night, however, the Danube rose over its banks; the swollen waves joined over the island, and the golden fish swam out of its little pond into the mighty river, where it soon lost itself! Great was the sadness of the fair princess, and she would not be comforted by any other fish. It was, therefore, proclaimed all over the land, that whoever should bring back the golden favourite, would be rewarded with the hand of its mistress. And surely enough the fish was caught, and the beautiful princess netted by one whom the democratic genius of fable-land delights to describe as poor and of humble condition, though, of course, young and handsome, . . .

Oh, let us remain yet for a little while in that happy isle! It does me infinite good to linger there, as you, my gentle friend, must understand it; for, without entering into the writer's feelings, you would not have followed me thus far. You, too, have no doubt your own castle, which, much as I wish it should have 'a local habitation and a name,' may not have as yet been entirely fixed and finished on the substantial ground of completed fulfilment. You will therefore know how imagination, once seated near the cosy fireside of your château, starts, in dreamy repose, on a whimsical journey over the snowy fields of Paperdom, and how fancy's strange courser, Pen—

'The mighty instrument of little men,'

having quenched its eternal thirst in the fountain of inkstand, moves on, at unequal pace, and leaving black vestiges behind, toward the aim of aimless wandering, which (with occasional resting between the high hedges of a parenthesis) is a pleasant trip enough. Flocks of ideas fly up and away, like migrating birds, now in front, now in the rear, and are chased by fancy, which, as a loose-let hawk,

pursues them to the Past and to the Future, through the light atmosphere of remembrance and hope—an air of meteors and phenomena, shaped like signs of interrogation and points of exclamation! Ah me! that the commanding whistle of steaming reality should always recall my poor falcon, and cover its proud soaring head with the blinding cap of matter-of-fact life!

There is strange and solemn music, as in Prospero's island, in and around these castles. Song and harmony are dear to the exile. National airs, in particular, heard abroad, are valued after a higher and better standard than the judgment of a mere connoisseur; the artistic merit of the melody, and of its performance having nothing or very little to do with the price set on them by a bosom upheaving under deeply-seated recollections of intense patriotism.

'Rien n'est meilleur que d'entendre
Air doux et tendre
Jadis aimé !'

says Alfred de Musset. Old airs rouse old feelings. The spirit, awakened by the sound, shakes off the conventional dress of after-fact contemplations, and wraps itself in the antique garb of solemn musing. The heart's blood now runs, as it were, and as some tribes of Spain do at hearing the Moor's song, on the fiery steed of battles; and now again softened by the less fierce tunes of some melancholy melody of the popular muse, is lulled back to the parental hearth to be charmed by the sacred harmony of household recollections. Thus is it that exiles are the natural patrons of street organs, that roll on a life of polyglot music, and respond to the various airs of the wanderer's disposition.

We are, indeed, much like those street organs, doomed to a state of constant pilgrimage. Life consists for us of past and future, of remembrance and hope, perhaps of regret and fear. There is no actuality in our existence, and while we see others enjoy the to-day, ours are but yesterdays and to-morrows. What would such life come to without those fine airy castles which rise, at a moment's notice, out of darkest, heaviest sadness, and in which the spirit, tired of struggle

against storms that rage out of doors, may find rest, distraction, comfort, and even raptures!

And now, before leaving my castle (the only place where my pen takes such liberties with reason and propriety), need I tell you, my dearest friend, that *you* are there, mistress of the red room, the lofty sanctuary of my heart, where the old familiar faces are placed, one by one, and kindly smile when Memory in her solemn misty dress passes by in lingering melancholy. Oh, the blessing of having you there, shedding brightness and cheering light over what otherwise would probably be dark and gloomy! My true existence being rolled up in what is no more, my deepest gratitude is due in-

deed to those who kindly contribute to fill my days with delightful visions, charming apparitions, on which remembrance floats and rests, as a tired bird on the hospitable mast of some God-sent vessel. Take, then, lady of fancy's castles, the homage and affectionate tribute of a grateful wanderer. I shall not forget you, I will never cease to thank you for the bliss which redeemed me from the doom of solitary dejection and distressing loneliness. And

* Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my friend it turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthen'd chain!

THE POST-OFFICE.

* Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's sake,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid.—POPE.

The most important building, save the castles just described in our 'land of exile,' is the Post-office. Blessed be the man who invented it! It is only since I have wandered in foreign lands, that I know all the humanity, consolation, and comfort that are enveloped in that institution. The Post-office is the only building which always and everywhere reminds us of the beloved ones who are far away, the only house which I cannot pass by without at once recollecting that one wing, the *other* side of the premises, opens on the native land, and that some distant door of its cosmopolitan halls may be opened by my dearest friends, the very moment I enter by an opposite gate. While sunk in such far-seeing feelings, I often look with fascinated fixedness at the window of some Post-office, as if expecting to see there my mother, anxious to talk to me. Thus attached to that good building, I pay my respects to, and call on it very often indeed. In olden times such an office would have been ornamented in appropriate style. I should like to have its frontispiece decorated with the geniuses Hope and Anxiety whispering to and animating the statue of Abscuce, placed between them. This allegory would be a variation of, and perhaps improvement on *Æsop's*

fable about the two ladies who picked out the one the grey, the other the dark hair of the beloved one's head, in order to make him, in mere affectionate solicitude, a match to their respective ages.

Every time I post a letter, especially if it be directed to Austria, I think of Quintus Curtius, who well knew the immediate consequence of his leap in the dark, but could have no idea what place he was going to sink to. The letter performs, indeed, a *salto mortale*, which may result in, if not worse, its being carried to the 'dead-letter office' (the *morgue* of the epistolary world), though it also may escape unhurt. It is the reflection on that critical career that makes me melancholy whenever I have to post a letter. The idea of sending the children of my brain, the progeny of my feelings on such a danger-beset errand, makes me uneasy. My anxieties are, however, usually soothed to rest by the habitual consolation of parental confidence, vanity, or delusion (all the three I dare say), that 'that boy is not stupid, and will make his way in the world.' But truth to tell, this faith is not always very strong, and I often tremble over the many accidents that may befall the poor fellow. These anxieties are so much the greater, because I know

that to make one's fortune in this world, there is wanted a great deal of hypocrisy, tondyism, and self-debasement, qualities unpossessed by my poor, but sincere-hearted, plain-spoken, and proud letters, that are conceived and brought up under the constellation of widely different principles. Placed thus between hope and fear, my letters generally glide out of my hands quite in an unconscious way, and drop into the deep amidst the hesitation of many conflicting sentiments. 'Fare thee well,' say I, after it is gone, irrevocably gone; and I walk away hastily, like a man who has sent somebody to his ruin, and it is only from the next corner that I dare to look back, in a stealthily suspicious manner, as if to see whether it has not yet broken its neck, which means its seal.

The letters I receive wake, of course, different feelings. Those from 'known hands' (I never 'keep up' a merely formal correspondence), shako me heartily by the hand, and produce a thrill over the whole of my being. They bring joy or sorrow, life or death, and we often tremble while breaking the seal beneath which we will find bliss or wretchedness. While merry with social enjoyment, how often has a letter come in to strike us down as a thunderbolt! And while sunk in sadness and desolation, how often has a letter dropped in, roused us to better spirits! There it lies folded (I prefer dwelling on changes for the better), we unfold it amidst much trepidation, we read it with brightening countenance, and while wandering over the lines that, like solitary footpaths, lead deep and deeper into the past, the oppressive present is shaken off, absence gets the better of actuality, distance touches us next, and we stand again among the trees that shaded the passions of our sunny days; we listen again to the streamlet that whispered love to some wild floweret which, shy as a beauty, bathed under the banks; we walk again on the fields of spring, and youth, and sport, happy with the butterflies and larks, and we are again in our 'castles!' . . . Stupid fellow! exclaims substantial Mr. Smith, who never ceases to wonder what those silly folks mean by all that fine stuff of wrought nonsense. My

worthy sir! impalpable and foolish as our dreams may be to you, and to others of your kith and kin, they are not so to me and mine. I have lived in those castles; I have listened to the harmony of its fairy gatherings; I spent there many a happy day, and (not the smallest happiness that) I never met you there. We are, no doubt, unpractical people, good only to be robbed of our money, if money we have, and to be despised, if money we have none, by respectable india-rubbered, water-and-tear-proof cloaked, thorough men of business. But then what would you, my dear sir, do without 'fellows' who do not mind their own 'business'? 'What would,' asks La Bruyère, 'become of lawyers, surgeons, and generals, if men were men rather than bears and panthers?' Keep your profits, and leave us our dreams. They are my bliss. While living alone in the great desert of great cities, solitude mobs me on all sides, and a crowd of roaring indifference reminds me constantly that 'all, all are gone, the old familiar faces.' But when fancy comes, and the body's visual organ, losing sight of outward dreariness, sinks into a sea of inward light and radiance, my room stands transformed. There, on the chair that but a moment ago stood vacant, stupid, annoyed, now sits my best friend. Here, close to me, and next to my heart, is my mother, and her 'presence' has turned my lodging to a home full of hope, affection, and blessing. Now it is an 'old boy' that lies stretched on the sofa, and being just in a speculating mood, and with a bundle of smuggled cabanas on the table, we make a cloud of smoke through which I can *hardly* see him, and

'Narguant la régie et ses sbires,
Je brûle au petit feu le destin des empires.'

Now again it is 'my love' who visits me like a glorious vision, and her appearance kindles up to blazing, chattering light the embers that were dying away in my chimney. How could I wish these dreams should not be? How could I desire the sounds my heart yearns to re-echo, were hushed forever? How could I ask to be spared the sights that show me the faces I most care for? *Hôw?* . . .

That the post-office of the Land of

Exile is close to its castles, there is no denying, and it is equally certain that most of the letters sent by us are written in sight of those airy buildings. Howbeit, the common belief that we use none but invisible ink, unless we write in *chiffres*, is erroneous. A sympathetic correspondence must not necessarily be carried on in lemon-juice, though *ceci n'empêche pas les sentiments* either. Cowley seems to have used it, for he gives a very playful description of the gradual appearance of a message written with invisible ink,—

'Nothing yet in thee is seen ;
But when a genial heat warms thee within,

A new-born wood of various lines there grows :

Here buds an L, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a G ;
And all the flourishing letters stand in row.'

I wonder whether Locke would not have accepted the above lines as a poetical illustration of his famous comparison. The 'innate ideas' would indeed look less perplexed and uncomfortable under a blank leaf, lined with sympathetic material, than they do while covered merely in a sheet of white paper 'void of all characters.'

But I am diverging, and to 'save the post' I must close this, as letters are often closed, suddenly and 'in great haste.'

THE ANXIETIES OF THE EXILE.

Vade liber, verbiique meis loca grata saluta ;
Contingam certe, quo licet, illa pede :
Si quis, ut in populo nostri non immemor illo,
Si quis, quid agam forte requiret, erit,
Vivere me dices, salvum tamen esse negabis.—OVID.

With all our longings to see again the land of our birth, we are at times strangely beset with anxiety about the results of the possible fulfilment of our hopes. Questions of a most painful character rise in our minds. Will the old haunts welcome us as in days gone by ? Will echo in the valley of lilies answer in the merry tone of ancient times ? Will the stream whisper of love ? Oh, the sad, sad doubts ! Oh, hope !

'Vain shadow ! which dost vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night !'

And yet are these doubts not natural ? One has lost friends, another has lost his mother ; I have lost my father ; and we all have, more or less, lost our youth ! The stream, the echo, the meadows and woods, will still have harmony and flowers, but we shall be without those who endeared them to us. The beauty of a sight, says Lamartine, is in the spectator's point of view. How many of us would look in vain for the splendours of a site, which they used to admire in the sweet company of their *Graziellas* ? What is the love of the native land ? Is it not the longing to see that its children, and amongst these such as

'The sky,' remarks Emerson, 'is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.'

are linked to our own heart by a thousand ties of youthful attachment and matured experience, should be happy ? Is it not the inexpressible sentiment of anxious desire that we may be allowed to walk, undisturbed, across the vales and hills in which our childhood revelled in its butterfly sports, and in which stood the loftiest castles that our youth lorded over in gentle affection, to the graves of our fathers and our beloved ones ? Oh, yes ! the love of the native land is so merged into the love for those dearest to us, as to raise patriotism, an otherwise narrow-minded sentiment, to the sanctified level of the love of freedom.

I do not recollect to have felt so melancholy over any book as I did over Washington Irving's '*Phantom Island*.' The tale came upon me like a dreaded answer to often-thought questions of anxiety. Many, many times have I been asking myself, Will they know the wanderer if he should return home on some winter eve, with the dust of foreign lands on him ? Will the household gods not take us for 'foreigners,' and say 'we do not know the man ?' As long as we are exiles, we know we are remembered, esteemed, and loved. They talk of us, they hope to see us, they wish we were coming, because we represent the dig-

nity, right, and justice of our respective countries. But when years shall have passed after years, when most of those who knew us shall be dead, and when those who survive will recollect us as we have been, and not as we are, what will the reception be like? The answer to these queries I found in Irving's fantastical tale, is terrible. Oh, yes! the truth is evident, we will be much in the position of poor Don Fernando de Ulma on his return from the 'seven cities' of the Phantom Island, where he lived a life of antiquated ceremonies. The ancestral mansion or family cottage will be opened by a strange porter or cook, who will know nothing of us or our pedigree, and will shut the door with rather a suspicious or contemptuous air. And if we should then rush to our 'Seraphina' to show her the picture that never left, ay, shielded our heart in all encounters with alien impression, she will start back and exclaim, 'Gracious heavens! he is talking of my grandmother!' There will, no doubt, still be found some old clerk who will have a faint recollection that we have made 'some noise' a very, very long time ago, before Pesth was lighted with gas, but that will be all; and there shall we be 'a small party' of Adalantados, talking of days 'when our old caps were new,' and finding that times have sadly degenerated.

'But turn my soul from presages so dark,'

though the future be such in its brightest pictures for the exile as a private individual man, there will stand the great fact, the Revolution, and in and through that we will live a compound life of glory, and we will have done what we have felt to be our duty. Hope, moreover, is not only a 'lover's

staff,' it is ours, too. We lean on it, though it be weak, and it supports us, much and often though it bends under the heavy loads of discouragement we have now and then to carry. We all take snuff from Pandora's box, and wish well to our mutual sneezings.

'I had a mind,' writes Goldsmith, in a paper on the sagacity of some insects, 'to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time. When a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out at once, and often seize its prey.'

So are our cobwebs, too, destroyed very often, and our 'stock' seems then to be entirely exhausted; still we live on by some 'stratagem' or other, and, though we cannot weave a net to catch blue-bottles, we have still left so much of the glutinous liquid as to enable us to emit and to fix between the soil substantial and the airy walls of our castles a single thread to hang upon over a gulf of 'stern realities.'

And where, you may ask, is the source of all these inexhaustible though shadowy hopes? of all these prospects, undefinable but ever-renewing?

I will tell you. It is in our knowledge that *we are a power*.

You smile. Follow me to the political 'world' of our land, and I will prove my assertion.

EXILE A 'GREAT POWER.'

'Hope is not wither'd in affliction's blast,
The patriot's blood's the seed of freedom's tree.'

CAMPBELL.

The February Revolution of 1848 has, in spite of its apparently total failure, left more deeply-rooted and salutary impressions in the popular mind of Europe than any of its predecessors. The greatness and generality of the change for the better may

be inferred from the dread with which governments look forward to the next outbreak of the social volcano. The cabinets felt very soon tranquillized after the July days of 1830, for they saw no serious danger in a mere change of actors and decorations. Not so after

1848. Despotism sits more absolute than ever before on all thrones. The iron hand of military rule keeps a mass of disarmed slaves in a state of oppression and terrorism more crushing than at any previous time, and, with all their unlimited will, these all-powerful sovereigns tremble before their subjects muzzled and chained. What a scene! Besides this terror in the rulers, there is another and still more telling proof of the change produced by the convulsions of 1848, and this consists in the throbbing ejaculations of silly or reckless *laudatores temporis acti*, that 'the old party-organizations are completely broken up,' and everything is but a confusion worse confounded. It is since 1848 that the professors of diplomatical natural history have discovered that terrible monster, 'the hydra of anarchy,' and lodged it on the banks of the river Seine, where it is ready to devour, at a given moment, 'society, religion, and family life.' A new danger wanted new names, and so we heard of that formidable race of men, 'the eternal enemies of order.' And good folks of all parties having their hands more or less deeply seated in other people's pockets, joined loudly in the cry of sinister apprehension, and many an honest but credulous snob walked armed to the teeth, and with his greatcoat buttoned up to the chin, as a precaution against the *Socialists*. Such, indeed, was the great word of battle, invented to work wonders and to frighten peaceable denizens out of their wits, in order that they should continue to submit to the bad from fear of the worse. The force of cohesion between the various elements of despotism being paralysed, the community of privileged interests to misrule having been infused to a mysterious solution of popular craft, Absolutism, conscious that its own name would no longer be one of strength and self-reliance, wanted to form a new party around a new flag. This is the origin of 'the party of order.' The masquerade succeeded no doubt pretty well, but the great fact that traditional loyalty to the throne is no more to be relied upon anywhere, and that the superstition of the sovereign's inviolability cannot any longer be made a rallying cry

to defeat revolution, stands acknowledged, because universally illustrated. Divine right has ceased to be a spell to raise armies and to subdue rebellions; and there is no emperor or king on the European continent who would dare to use his own name as an appeal to the enthusiasm of the people. It is sufficient to point to the recent events in priest-ridden Spain to convince one's-self how far monarchic authority has lost its ground in countries the most renowned for attachment to 'time-hallowed institutions.'

Such is the great result of the revolutions of 1848-9, in spite, or perhaps because, of their terrible failures. But the true dimensions of this important fact will appear only on its being measured also from that point of view which overlooks all countries, and is held in respect and admiration by all of them. The prestige of royalty is gone. Let us see where it did go to. Tyrants may be endured for the time being, but loved they are not. Let me show you those whom the subjects of hated sovereigns love and long for.

The failure of revolutionary movements and the re-establishment of despotism all over the Continent, silenced the nations and yoked them down to equal servitude. The imperial and royal eagles, single and double-headed, perched themselves on the gallows, and saw that the field of struggle was hushed, and that everything was quiet, except the laughing hyenas, lugubriously howling jackals, and the greedy crowd of smaller birds of prey, all engaged in feeding upon the slain and wounded. From this general subjugation of all countries arose, however, a new country, 'The Land of Exile,' the cosmopolite population of which comprises men of all races, religions, and classes, with views amplified by mutual explanations, and with plans vastly laid by the comprehension of a necessary solidarity in aim and action. These men have all a name and an influence in the countries which they represent 'abroad.' Some of them are looked for eagerly, hourly, by the whole, or, at least, by the great majority of their countrymen, as Liberators; and they have an immense popularity with those masses that reason little but feel strongly, and, having no personal

jealousies to indulge in, no narrow-minded ambition to serve, are animated by the strong, healthy, and natural desire to be free. Whatever dissensions there may be amongst the exiles (and no emigration can escape these baneful consequences of misery), their native lands regard them all as martyrs of a noble cause, and as their leaders in the past and in the future. The real political life of continental nations is there where their proscribed sons move. This is the light in which the position of all exiles must be viewed, their private quarrels having no bearing upon the popular feeling in their respective countries. These men, having met in foreign parts, on neutral but hospitable ground, learned to know each other. They exchanged their views, formed alliances of friendship, and found that their aim is one and the same. This substantial unity of the democratic cause throughout Europe is the crystallized fruit of 1849 and its ruthless proscriptions.

The new land and new nation produced by those banishments now constitute a Power with millions of ambassadors and *chargés d'affaires* in all silenced countries and nations, who, for not being accredited to the respective courts, are not the less efficient representatives of the outlawed interests. This Power knows no artificial boundaries between race and race. It acknowledges no distinctions of major and minor States; no protectors and *protégés*. Freedom is of no particular country. Liberty has no nationality. Right is cosmopolitan. Being a crystallization of the proscribed elements of all nationalities, this new-born Power considers all men to be equally entitled to the enjoyment of equal rights, and mutually bound for the observance of the self-same duties. The affairs of this nation of exiles are conducted by the union of such men as Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, Manin, Perczel, Louis Blanc, Saffi, Ruge, Herzen, Czartorinsky, Victor Hugo, and many others of lesser fame but similar stamp, who all have the very same interests to destroy a common enemy—the ruling *system* in Europe; and who repudiate all international jealousies and race-hatred—jealousies and hatred industriously fomented and kept up by

despotism, that reigns by the grace of discord.

And now, if you should ask me to show you whether any attention be paid to the existence of what I call a new 'Power,' I am puzzled where to begin, such is my *embarras de richesse* to prove my thesis. I might, indeed, point out to you how the police-hounds of absolutism are running in all directions to discover if any of those citizens of the world have baffled their vigilance, how funerals are stopped, coffins opened and the dead examined, in order to find Mazzini; how plots are 'got up' with a view to catch some young birds with chaff; how England is hated but dreaded by all despots for 'harbouring the refugees'; and how the least riots, for reasons entirely unconnected with politics, such as disturbances for dear bread or cholera, are directly attributed to the *influence* and *machinations* of the revolutionary committees of London, Kossuth being the man who fills the Austrian butcher's shop 'with big blue flies.' I might speak of forbidden hats, suspected beards, proscribed melodies, of high treason in a parrot, of seditious abstinence from smoking loyal cigars, and of many more similar signs of the time; but I prefer placing before you a bit of authenticated statistics. The imperial police department of Austria published, two years ago, an official statement of its doings during three months, from the first day of February to the last of April 1854. According to that report the number of persons arrested and imprisoned for various crimes and offences, amounted in that one quarter of a year, to two hundred and eighteen thousand, while, during the same period, 11,247 houses were subjected to a domiciliary search and visitation by the *morbus-politia*. Well, do you not admire the pleasant condition of an empire, in which 900,000 individuals are incarcerated, and 45,000 houses invaded in one single year, and one, too, which (mark this) is pointed out officially as a year of considerable *improvement* in the morals of the populations subjected to that paternal government. I wonder if no Englishman or Yankee would feel a longing to live in those happy regions of unceasing *surveillance*! The prospectus is very inviting. Af-

fairs stand just the same in all the other continental countries, with the exception of Switzerland, Sardinia, and Belgium. Napoleon the Little and the 'beardless Nero' give the fashion, and are followed by all tyrants *minorum gentium*. Look, moreover, at any corner you please, and you will see that there is no petty German or Italian principality in which the name of some exile or other would not sound like 'the dreaded name of Demogorgon' to the respective courts. The terror of their ever-presumed secret presence is such as even to increase their numbers in the eyes of Governments which, conscious of being without sincere partisans, look on each of their subjects with the suspicion-haunted anxiety of bad conscience. Surely a body of men who can raise such apprehensions; who, by the admission of their worst enemies are seen exercising such vast influence over countries the most closely watched and terrorized, and who can raise such apprehensions in rulers who dispose of treasuries and armies, may fairly be termed a 'Power.'

And, pray, what is that state of trembling irresolution and frightened inactivity of both Austria and Prussia in all great questions to be attributed to, if not to the revolution? Do you think that if they had real strength, if they were not shaking with continual fear of their own subjects, they would have not joined the one or the other of the late belligerents? Do you think that, but for the well-known spirit of their enslaved populations, they would have stood aside in a complication of such importance, in a question so much affecting the interests of Europe in general, and those of the German powers in particular, as Russia's encroachments on Turkey? Certainly not. The Eastern war, no sound mind can doubt it, was paralysed by that fear which sees revolutionary attempts in every bread-riot, and peoples the barricades of Madrid with hosts of imaginary refugees. The exertion of diplomacy, blindness-struck for all good purposes, aimed only at one thing, and this was a compromise at any price, lest a protracted war should force the one or the other of the belligerent parties to call upon the armed intervention of the new Power.

And, though it be somewhat out of the limits of my theme, I cannot help remarking, that the reason why Russia's recklessly aggressive policy and burglarious enterprises find not only tame opposers, but even active supporters, in the conservative ranks of all countries, is to be found in the belief that no monarchy can be expected to withstand the undermining operations of democracy, unless Russia, that is to say, a Power still in the possession of all the brute and raw elements of safe and self-supporting absolutism, should be allowed to obtain and to wield a salutary ascendancy over the whole of Europe. To ruin Russia is to exalt revolution, say the over-wise; and as they fear nothing so much as freedom that would annihilate their arbitrary authority, they are ready to submit to the knout for themselves rather than see their slaves freed from chains that insure the impunity of tormentors. 'Let Russian barbarism do the work of which we are incapable; let the Czar manage awhile our affairs, in order that we may be liberated from the ascendancy of popular pretensions; let him bring some darkness to our premises, where we do not suffice to put out the steadily increasing number of jets of gas and electric flames. We want night in our household, the dark dreary night of ignorance and superstition, with some brilliant stars in the buttonholes of our generals, and with no candles save the sacred ones in the hands of our grand inquisitors, and upon the altars of gross delusion. Let Russian barbarism force an extinguisher on all other lights, and after we shall feel once more firmly seated on our *tabourets*, and in a humour to comply with the importunities of our favourites, we will talk of a Holy Alliance against the Northern conqueror, and we will fight as in times of old by the mere force of right divine, and because such will be our good pleasure. We cannot do such a thing *now*, and so let there be peace, if possible; but, at all events, do not curtail what you ought to increase, Russia's supremacy.' These are no 'imaginary conversations.' You may listen to and read such arguments every day, though, I admit, disguised in a somewhat different

language. However that may be, it is manifest that the war was not carried on as wars used to be (you know the reason why?), and that your peace is a sham to stave off the great war that will decide whether Europe shall be Cossack or Republican.

'Do you not feel,' exclaimed M. de Tocqueville, in the French Chamber of Deputies, a fortnight before the revolution of 1848; 'do you not feel the soil of Europe once more trembling beneath your feet? Do you not scent the breath of eruption in the atmosphere? Have you at this moment any assurance of a to-morrow? Do you know what may happen in France within a year, a week, a single day? You are entirely ignorant of all that; but what you *do* know is this, that the tempest is on the horizon, and advancing upon you!' These prophetic words, once already and so thoroughly fulfilled, might again be

repeated with increased truthfulness, and notwithstanding the apparent inactivity of that great democratic sentiment which has so often shown its power, and which, nobody doubts, works on uninterruptedly. There is a drama, in which one of the Medicis, a conspirator, disguised under the name of 'Lazar the Shepherd,' acts the part of a man who passes for dumb, but who, after twenty years of awful silence, shouts out, with the energy of impatience long repressed, the signal of long-watched opportunity for rising and victory. The democracy of Europe too has a watchword between the silenced lips, and the shout will be heard sooner or later, the more delayed the more formidable; and amidst the tempest, which is pointed already, the exiles, like Lazar the shepherd, will be found ready and nerved for action.

THE ASYLUM : ITS RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

'Pray be seated.'—

Polite Gentleman.

True hospitality does not consist in the place of refuge, inestimable as this is, which the public institutions of a great and free country like England may offer to persecuted honesty and banished patriotism. True hospitality is in the warm, because more direct welcome, which takes you by the hand, leads you to the family fireside, and says: 'Now that you are safe from your enemies and protected by our laws, be also one of our circle, have a home and feel comforted, for we are your friends.' This is what I have experienced. Others, and I am afraid there are many such, may tell how they have pined away in cold isolation for years and years, with no kind word addressed to them; others may tell how, after they had been admitted to Albion's proud shores, but not to its hearth, they were free on the streets! *Mine* was, thanks to Heaven! a better lot; and so, without pretending that the merit of the reception lay with me, or its fault with those less fortunate than myself, I find it gratifying to think that England is a truly hospitable country. We, of course, always judge things from the

circle we move in; but then I felt too satisfied in forming a general opinion about British sympathies from the particular centre I was fortunately placed in, to displace my judgment in search and professional scrutiny of what may be wrong, repulsive, or at least less attractive elsewhere. I thank those whose kindness, friendship, and affection taught and helped me to conquer, and to form against preconceived continental ideas a good opinion and sweet remembrance of Englishmen and Englishwomen.

This acknowledgment of a debt of cheerful gratitude towards those whose hearty welcome of the exile to their household gods often made me forget 'my own griefs to be happy with them,' will have shown that I, for one, am not going to deny the obligation which we owe to England as an asylum. But much as we must prize the charmed circle of safety, which the devil, whose name is Legion, cannot pass, it is, on the other hand, but justice to remember, that the line of demarcation which protects us, protects also the mighty magician himself. He might, it is true, refuse us

admission into his circle; but, then, his words of spell would lose one of their integrating and most efficient parts of hell-proof conjuration. 'We know,' said Victor Hugo, in his funeral oration over the grave of one of our brethren in exile, 'we know the worth of that great nation, who had a Shakspeare, a Cromwell, a Newton; we sat down to her hearth in a cordial manner, and without owing her anything, for our presence is her honour.' But even if we should, as I do, admit that we owe her something, this debt can, in no case, bind the exile to a—if ever aslight—repudiation of those primary claims, the faithful acquittal of which constitutes the very essence of his reliability, as a man of character. We may, at times, seem to be impatient, arrogant, restless, and reckless, a set of fanatics and idiots, much despised by that 'respectable part of society,' which 'kisses hands' at the Tuileries of Macbeth; but those who speak of the 'presumption and ingratitude of the refugees' must be reminded that we did not come to England to sell our principles, to prostitute our consciences, to keep a coward silence, to speak as we do not think, to say what we do not feel; things we might do to more material advantage to ourselves at home. It is because we would not lie like slaves, that we are here, and exiles, considering it to be our duty to tell truth, and to speak plainly *adieu que pourra*. And I cannot help believing, it is only by keeping back nothing of our opinions on matters of public, and especially European interests, that we can prove our gratitude for England's hospitality. 'I gain nothing,' wrote Charles Lamb to Coleridge, 'by being with such as myself; we encourage ourselves in mediocrity.' It is only by the friction of opposite ideas that the light of truth can be elicited; and—this was a remark of Carnot's to Napoleon—'you can lean only on a stick that resists.' The democratic exiles who, while sheltered by British hospitality, tell you what sounds very

much like disagreeable truth, will, when restored to their homes, prove the best friends, the most faithful allies to the country in which they found safety in the hour of danger, and could speak their mind like free-men. It is not Ledru Rollin who writes of your 'decline,' nor Kossuth who inveighs against the shortsighted policy of English statesmen, that you have reason to distrust; it is Montalbert who extols your faults; it is the royalist 'émigré' who bows to your prejudices; it is the 'Pretender' who flatters your foibles, and parades himself in the part of a 'special constable.' It is not the men who will have nothing to be ashamed of in their exiled life that are your enemies, it is the sneaking princely reptiles, who, whenever the folly of nations has recalled any of them to power, turned their venomous minds to one sole idea; the way to be revenged on those who witnessed their meanness and earth-creeping servility in the days of misery—on those who, like Switzerland, nursed the snake when it could not use its fang.

It must, however, be owned, that British political sympathy is a very curious thing. 'Somewhere, I knew not where; somehow, I knew not how; by some beings, I knew not whom; a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting, was evolving like a great drama, or a piece of music with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue.'

It is 'an English opium-eater' who speaks thus, in one of his sublime revelations, but his words struck me at once, as the nearest approach that could be made to a definition of that undefinable *je ne sais quoi*—British sympathy with Poland, Italy, and Hungary.

However, 'mine host' has that sympathy, though it be 'insupportable,' and so we must be thankful for, and not try to analyse it, lest we should come to an unpleasant conclusion.

SOME 'LEADING TOPICS,' DELUSIONS, ETC.

* Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse.

Each circle has certain topics of conversation, which, when the salu-

tatory inquiries about health, and the conventional remarks respecting

the weather have been exchanged, will be dealt upon, discussed, and adjourned as long as the *radii* meet in a centre of common attraction.

'Navita de ventis, de bobus narrat arator.'

Mrs. Grundy's 'party' will never cease to be astonished at the vulgarity of those folks in the square. Uncle Toby and Colonel Newcome, dear old souls, will, you may be sure, always talk over 'what prodigious armies' they had in Flanders or India, and will always whistle some sort of Lillibulero at the appearance of any argument or face they dislike. Can you have any doubts about the nature of a talk between Mr. Gordon Cumming 'the lion-hunter,' and Monsieur Gérard, '*le tueur de lions*?' Quote the lines about the 'sermons in stones' to Monsieur Josse, and be sure he will tell you the exact price it would cost you to have them set *à jour*. What should an assembly of bishops do but discourse about the conversion of the three per cents? Let me be introduced into a company of ladies and gentlemen, who inveigh against the licentiousness of the day, and I will know they are of those 'grey fools indolently good'—

* Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of
sense,

With reverend dulness and grave impo-
tence ;

while you, my dear sir, must have found it quite natural, that the 'talk over wine' you were asked to join the other evening should turn round the . . . But stop! we must not hear what the *blasés* youngsters say; and I have, moreover, quoted a sufficient number of instances to prove the text which heads this chapter, and which I am now going to illustrate by some traits from our 'land.'

What should exiles most frequently talk about, but 'the coming revolution?' I know Poles who have been expecting its advent for the last twenty-six years, and hope still, with a faith that defies disappointment. The example set by these true men is so much the more glorious, that it braved destitution in all forms. Democratic exiles are, indeed, not rich. They lost everything, *force l'honneur*. Emperors, kings, princes, and their servants, have shown themselves to be

of a very different stamp, and when 'fallen on evil days,' they had a comfortable life of it. The men of the *coup-d'état*, if they should happen to be turned out of France, would make 'a very respectable figure' in Belgravian society. They are provident, and *amis de la propriété*, to an extent to prove Proudhon's famous axiom. It is only republican refugees that have nothing, and are, therefore, despised as men who have nothing deserve to be. However, I admire and venerate these Poles and Italians, grown grey with unfulfilled hope, and presenting a noble phalanx of warriors who die but do not surrender. They are our elders, and they teach us patience, constancy, and fortitude.

It must, however, be confessed that exiles are too apt to take mirages for realities, and to mourn over their dissolution. I would advise them to place no part of their faith on trifling enterprises, nor in big sounding promises either. Many things may happen to rouse expectation, but the odds against success are as one hundred against one, and a lamed faith is half of a doubt. Wars, especially eastern or western, in which the initiative is taken by some or other court, should never excite any sanguine hopes. They may or may not terminate to the advantage of nations, and ought always to be looked upon merely as the accidental bomb-shell that falls into the powder-magazine of the enemy, and may or may not explode. This is not the true and firm foundation on which to rest our faith in the coming revolution. The basis on which we may rely is the knowledge of a steady growth of the self-supporting, all-pervading revolutionary elements in Europe. The basis we may trust is the awakened consciousness of popular power and popular rights. Diplomacy has no play so foul that it can frustrate expectations founded on such bases. There will come a time, a day, when the cause of struggle will have gathered all its requisite materials. This day can neither be hurried or delayed. Our faith will, on that day, go instinctively, unreservedly, with the movement that cannot be forced, but which can still less be prevented. So we must have patience, and not grow sad if Mount Vesuvius should

not spit fire and brimstone at being thrown a bundle of lucifer-matches. The eruption may be at hand, and will certainly take place, sooner or later, in awful unconquerable majesty, though it be in no human chemist's power to hasten on the overboiling of the volcano's mysterious caldron by any solution whatsoever.

My expectations, I confess, are all turned toward France, though the evils we suffer may be attributed mainly to her. My views may be wrong, and I wish they would prove such by a rising and triumph in some other country, but my faith will not rely on any but a French revolution. As to Hungary, in particular, my native land, I am afraid, will not *in se et per se* rise again, for a very, very long time. Hatred, discontent, and the impossibility of a reconciliation with the oppressor are not sufficient elements for an insurrection, or else the Magyars would be up to-day without waiting for the morrow. They are useful, and necessary materials to inure a nation's character against the depressing, enervating effect of the trials of evil days, but the thing most needed by men who would like to rise is faith in the success of their undertaking. I do not think the Magyar is in that state of mind. Distance may affect my *coup-d'œil* of public spirit at home; but I cannot help fancying that my nation would not rise again until assured of help, without which success could not be counted upon. I do not mean to doubt the possibility of a general rising in Austria, but such a movement would have to start from Milan, and not from Pesth. In the years 1848 and 1849 we had it in our hands to become the liberators of Europe. How those precious moments were used is known! Fortuna—said a French woman—calls, once, upon every one of us, and woe to such as are not found ready to receive her with open arms, they will never behold her smiling face again! The goddess has paid her visit to us already! The state she found us in, is shown by the chains we drag! The glory of playing great parts is gone for ever. 'Car l'occasion,' as Gargantua's wise tutor has said it,

'ha tons ses cheveux au front : quand elle est outrepassee, vous ne la pouvez plus renouer elle est chaulue par le derriere de la teste, et iamaïs plus ne retourne.' Henceforward we must stand, like workmen of modest pretensions, in the ranks of nations. Our fate now is to be liberated by, and not that of liberating others. I am satisfied with that, too, for, I do not deny, glory has a suspicious meretricious sort of sound in her trumpets, and I look upon the cause of freedom as a question of such universal solidarity amongst men, that to mix it up with absurd jealousies of race glory, should seem to me to be something like treason. It would have delighted my patriotism, without any doubt, to know that it was through my nation that other sister nations recovered their natural rights, but I find on the other hand nothing to blush for, in being helped by them to obtain blessings which, unless possessed by all, cannot belong safely to any.

Amnesty is the nadir of revolution, and thus another chief topic of emigrational conversation. And here also a delusion must be noticed. Exiles (I of course speak only of the best and most consistent among them) do not like to hear of amnesties. They pretend that those apparently reconciling measures of a despotic government are likely to delude the people, to unnerve their exasperation, and to transform their eagerness for change into an apathetic resignation to evil, from fear of worse. It would not be difficult for the psychologist to show the connexion of these sentiments with those feelings of despondency which, as I stated above, follow in the wake of disappointments about the result of petty schemes to set Vesuvius on fire. They are reasonings of the weak-minded, which men of strong faith ought to repudiate, once for all, as unworthy of the great cause of freedom. Political plans of liberation are not allowed to calculate on the agonies of imprisoned martyrs. The axiom that good may come from evil, may, in some respects, be true, but this profit is by far too problematical to give any one the right of counting upon the life-blood, tears, and sufferings of thousands as an invested fund of martyrdom, with dividends of glory

looming in the future. Nobody is allowed to speculate on agonies save his own. There is, moreover, no need for any such desperate speculation. If the prospects of democracy had no basis but in the dungeons, no support but from the chains of the imprisoned, no other incentive than the mere thirst of revenge, its prospects would be sad indeed. But, heavily though all these ingredients of discontent certainly weigh in the revolutionary fermentation, they are nevertheless only of secondary importance, and we may be glad they are so. The aspirations, tendency, and progress of popular revolution must never leave the firm ground of freedom. It is liberty for its own sake that the nations, more and more conscious of their high ends, are struggling for. People do not rise to revenge this or that individual, but to vindicate the inborn right of men to the equal, free enjoyment of those blessings which constitute the only reasonable basis of the social compact. It is for principles and not for persons that revolutions are made. If it were otherwise the decay of nations would be inevitable.

As to the conduct of exiles in respect to those amnesties which would 'catch them alive,' I take it to be my duty, without prescribing it to anybody else, to remain an exile as long as my country remains enslaved. Could a whole nation emigrate, I would be for the emigration of mine to some unsettled territory of the American commonwealth, but the moral strength that would now-a-days be needed to move a nation to such an enterprise, would also make it sufficiently powerful to throw off any yoke. Under such circumstances, the emigration of individuals is evidently a mistake. The case of exiles stands differently. Not to leave a place where, though under a heavy pressure, one may remain, is one thing, and to return to such a place is another thing. We have all our places and missions to fulfil. Exile's mission is to remain faithful to the principle it represents, and not to prostitute and traduce it by submission to the proscriber. Kossuth's Cadmus-like campaign of oratory, joined to the noble poverty of his proscribed existence, is not less an element of

revolution than the passive resistance of the whole Magyar race to Hapsburg rule.

There are, of course, many conflicting opinions also in this land of exile, and they have called forth a great many, no doubt, well-meant, but entirely absurd lamentations about the evil influence of such dissensions on the fate of nations. Europe would, it seems, become free *à la minute* but for the private squabbles of the 'leaders,' and if

'The crows are fatted with the murrain flock,'

it is only because Oberon and Titania are on quarrelling terms! Precious reasoners! Ye remind me of the dandy who, in order to perfume the salt waves, poured out an entire bottle of Eau-de-Cologne—guaranteed Farina—into the sea which he was going to bathe in!

I, too, know something of Latin, and might quote the adage of wisdom about the growth of 'little things' in the nursery of Concordia; nor am I ignorant of a new parable about the old man and his bundle of sticks, but I must beg leave to protest against the mostly absurd and indiscriminate application of these wise saws to differences of opinion which constitute the very essence of an independent mind. 'The quarrels of exiles,' calamitous as they may be to those concerned, form part of the cause of revolution, as 'the quarrels of authors' form part of the cause of literature; and though a fight of Kilkenny cats may not be an edifying or useful spectacle in a household overrun by rats (and I can well conceive the joy of these vermin at the sight of the *rateliers*, with which their enemies annihilated one another), 'a happy family' of domesticated indolence and apathetic digestion would be no better guardian and a more disgusting nuisance on the premises to be cleared of mice and rats.

The followers of truth have, at any rate, and amidst their worst trials, this one great consolation left to them, that far as they may be forced to live from each other, the gulf of intervening falsehood cannot be so wide as to separate souls welded in the same grand thoughts, hearts feeling the same lofty sentiments. We, poor shipwrecked

beings, may stand on different shores and have our different points of view, but the noble though tempest-tossed ship, for the safe arrival and anchorage of which we all look and pray for with unanimous earnestness, is the same one vessel of indivisible right. We all delight in the success of some heroic, virtuous enterprise; we all rejoice at the failure of some vile scheme; beauty and deformity, justice and de-

pravity, though they be presented to our judgment in places and times distant from each other, cause the self-same sensations of rapture or horror in every one of us. Common love and common hatred of certain principles form the galvanic battery of our hearts, which are touched by the same electric spark of discrimination and feeling, be the distance that separates us ever so great.

LAND'S END.

'What place are we supposed, dear, to stand upon here?'

'Cathcart's Hill, dearest.'

This question, with the answer to it, I heard one morning last year in Burford's panorama of Sebastopol. The inquirer was a young lady with a sweet, sympathetic countenance; the informer a fine soldier with but one arm. They may have been sister and brother, or cousins, or something else, but they loved each other for certain. She was full of affectionate questions, and he felt evidently happy in gratifying any curiosity of hers. But when he had a longer tale to tell she was all attention, now gazing at the sun-burnt face of *her* hero, now looking towards the places pointed out by him. Oh, how beautiful she was in her interest for every particular word he uttered; how she 'wanted' to be shown the very tent he occupied during those awful days; how heartily she laughed at the narration of some recollected 'shave'; and how sad she grew when his explanations turned to graver subjects. Once her tears flew down her flushed cheeks, and she throbbed gently, 'Poor dear Harry!'

Happy, happy the man who, after the battle is over, can lean on sympathy, esteem, and love! Happy, happy the man who can say to some affectionate listener, 'There, on that spot, dearest, I suffered much; here, in front of us, we had some good fun and were very merry, though the storm raged around, and there were no tents to shelter us; beneath that hill I buried

my best comrade, may God bless him! Down in that ravine I was wounded and thought to die; and now, after all those trials, and in spite of all my wounds, I am, thanks to Heaven! here, and blessed in your love, darling, who are become dearer to me by all the horrors I saw, by all the losses I mourn, by all that is gone by.'

Fare thee well, reader; our journey is at an end. I leave you where I found you, and I remain in the land which you will, I hope, remember now and then, if but to tell your friends that though

'There the traveller meets aghast,
Sheeted memories of the past,
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by;'

still the inhabitants are not at all unsociable, and can talk of something besides guillotines and carnage.

I hope I have not annoyed you by a display of excessive melancholy; and if now and then I grew almost sad, it is because discontent casts a shadow over places most favoured by the sportive sunbeam. The soul of man attracts materials that are congenial to its varied spirits, and while Happiness pities the poor 'mousie' of Burns, Wretchedness exclaims with the bard,—

'Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward though I canna see,
I guess and fear!'

A NIGHT ON THE WATER.

'Tis very dark, sir!' said he, with a tone as if of warning against the perils of going out to row at such a time. This was said to me by a boat-master, as he stood on his own raft or landing-place at half-past eleven o'clock one July night of last year. I was sitting in my boat adjusting the various articles necessary for making a night of it, looking to the howles, the sitting-mat, and sculls, before venturing out alone upon the silent river in the blackness of night. He held a lantern, the wick of which stood steady in the windless air, and scanned with no little interest my various preparations. The interest he expressed was genuine and unaffected, for a better-hearted fellow never owned a boat; indeed so strongly was he opposed to my present excursion, as to have stated plainly that no gig of his should go out on such an errand. 'But she's (the boat) your own, and your life's your own, so I can't help it, but if you'll take *my* advice you'll not go to-night; besides, it's as dark as pitch, and you can't see nothing.' He thought the journey dangerous, and did not 'see the fun of it;' in fact probably thought it preposterous that any but an experienced waterman should even think of such a thing, much less expect to do it in safety; for be it understood, that every waterman is profoundly sceptical of the rowing powers and skill of anybody but himself and his own pupils. Having rowed at night often before, I did not think it dangerous, and had, moreover, a becoming reliance on my own skill and strength. The 'fun of it' is what I have to tell you, good reader.

Dark it was indeed, being one of those still summer nights when the clouds seem to rest upon the earth, half-smothering it, and, if there was any wind at all, scarce enough to turn a ribbon or shake a leaf—a breath of air more like a gasping, shuddering sigh, than a breeze or aerial wave. The river ran obscured, oppressed, overborne by the blackness; darkling, murmuring, and fearful in the gloom, so dense it was. Half-suspicious of evil, it glided along with chafing caution, as if dreading a fall—some tor-

turing chasm, into which, precipitated at unawares, it might slide upon all the horror of unsupporting air; an abyss without sustenance, through which descending, torn, vaporous, frayed, it might dash on ragged rocks and crush itself into poor spray—a creeping terror of forethought.

Such was the night when I started from the raft whereon my good-natured monitor stood lantern-in-hand. Two strokes of the sculls took me quite away, and the candle-flame was all that was to be distinguished of his whereabouts, yet I knew he would raise a hand, and, shading the light from his eyes, just catch a flashing reflection from the wet oar-blades before I was swallowed up. Now steady, row steadily! for this is empty darkness, and I am quite alone and beyond help: even if any one knew of my need, or should hear the sharp cry of a drowning man wail along the shore, once, twice, thrice, ere the vengeful water takes him.

Before sun-down, I noticed some barges hereabouts anchored, which will certainly not have pursued their journey eastwards until the tide shall turn to ebb, now it is only three-quarters flood. Peering cautiously through the night, I first distinguish one, and then another, close at hand, seeing them rather because they are differently dark, than by the benefit of any light existing. Just taking stroke upon stroke, with heedful watch between each, like a man descending step by step an unknown and dangerous road without a guard, I slip past them with as much caution as though they were sleeping dragons, and, still guardedly rowing, approach the Charvdis to this Scylla, a neighbouring bridge. The wide openings between the piles of which this is built, are soon visible in the doubtful light from the lamps above the road it carries. Gently, gently, and look ahead, for the tide runs fast to crowd between the masses of timber standing on either hand like the jambs of a monstrous gate. More the sound of rushing water, and the beat of my oars, echoed back dumbly and muffled, than any-

thing seen, tells of my passage through the most perilous part of the journey. The pressing tide goes lap-lap upon the piles, and shoulders through in haste and discontent. Now fairly past, I can see the black water glancing like volcanic glass, obsidian, in the light from above, and hear its low murmuring and sibilant hiss in shuddering on.

The river is unencumbered here, so one may row faster for a mile or two till the second bridge be passed with like caution and success, after which a sculler might almost as well be on a Highland loch as this river of Thames, so still and undisturbed it is. Pull away to warm my blood. I do for a while, when suddenly a dead thump on the bottom of the boat brings my heart into my throat with surprise. For a moment the boat is lifted, stayed, and then plunges forward by her previous impetus. Clear I have rowed over something. Body of man or dog, what could it be? Reversing the rowing, I drop backwards to the spot, and find that I have run over a buoy, that, yielding to the first motion of the boat, rose afterwards beneath it, and nearly precipitated me into the water. This shows I am out of my reckoning some little distance, and is a warning to be careful.

Steadily and cautiously slipping along after such a fright, I progress for a while, until it seems that thus far from the crowded part of the river, where the habitations stand sparsely, the air grows purer and lighter, less dusky, even if as dark as before. Maybe my eyesight has got accustomed to the gloom, for certain it is that the banks are now discernible against a background of sky, their opacity relieving them from the dark semi-transparency of the night. A village stands on the southern shore, an old church with odd-shaped clusters of houses about it, all looking strange and weirdlike against the dim-lighted horizon. Well it may look strange and weird, for it is Barnes, that ancient habitation of wizards; and further on is Mortlake, Place of the Dead, as they named it a thousand years ago; a place which seems always melancholy, and brooding, as it were, over a secret—hushing itself with a whisper as though a necromantic curse lay upon

it for an unknown crime. Half of this is fancy, doubtless, arising from what I have before said of its having been the chosen habitation of wizards more than once. Partridge, and Kelly, that arch-scamp, and Dr. Dee, both lived, died, and were buried here; and here to them came numberless quacks, impostors, and necromancers in general, as we may gather from more than one entry in the Diary of Dee, whom some moderns have rather fantastically called 'The Philosopher of Mortlake.' The cryptograph of this Diary, deciphered in one place, states thus:—'March 24, 1577.—Alexander the Ninivite came to me, and promised me his service in Persia.' Can we not consider how the poor doctor, who was an innocent impostor, expected some grand thing from the charlatan who rejoiced in the imposing title of 'Alexander the Ninivite,'—some wonderful drug—the eye of a basilisk kept in *aurum potabile*, or that marvellous powder which could make jewels from glass by contact only, and renew fading life on tasting. Dee was always about some deed of mystery and darkness, and firmly believed that evil spirits gathered about his house at night. Indeed it even now requires little of an active imagination for me to consider a solitary light I see stream forth from the chamber of some late watcher to be that of Dee himself, and those lofty poplars that gather just aloof, opaquely visible in the night, are gaunt denizens waiting to be summoned; and the low murmur that goes amongst them is a diabolic whisper; and when one bowed its head, that it is beckoning to afar for some one to join in an accursed secret, or to convey infernal news to hell.

That moment, as if for affirmation, something flashed behind, like the opening suddenly of a cavern lighted with white fire; it was lightning that quivered faintly below the trees, and showed their heads all bent together as though eagerly listening to the incantation of the Potent One. While thus I lie with levelled oars slowly drifting past, small would be the effort of fancy to place me back three hundred years, a subject of Queen Elizabeth, and, as now, alone on the water, marvelling what the necromantic doctor, of whom such things

are whispered, could be doing thus late in his laboratory. Lightning again! pulsing through the clouds and seeming to shake the heavens like a shutting of wings that spread from horizon to horizon. Is it the flash of angels' weapons, like the sword that guarded Eden's gate? Is it the outspreading of wide wings of blanching fire, or fall of irregular fountain jets of silvery light that play upon the sky fitfully, revealing mass on mass of cloud, and a black firmament above?

How deep and sincere was Dee's own conviction of his intercourse with evil spirits many of the entries in the diary show. Here is one. 'Feb. 26, 1579.—This night the fyre all in flame cam into my mayden's chamber agayne, betweene eleven and twelve of the cloke; contynned half-an-hour terribly, as it did a year before to the same maydens.' He speaks in more than one place of mysterious noises heard in his house, of which, by the way, he seems to have been as much affrighted as others were. Of his inquiries into futurity and his self-delusion take this: May 25, 1581.—I had sight in *χρυστάλλω* (Crystallo, an allusion to his famous show-stone), and I saw—' What he saw he does not say.

How intimately connected with the devil the 'Philosopher of Mortlake' was, at least in his own estimation, being the party principally concerned, let this extract from the above-mentioned diary still further show. 'Winifrede Goose, wife of Goodman Goose of Teddington, evily tempted, came to me April 14.' Dee professed to cast out evil spirits, so Mistress Goose justified her name by coming to him for relief. An entry a few months later comforts the student's anxiety for the case of Dame Goose, with information that suggests she found more relief from an accoucheur than the necromancer. The 'fende' was not idle in Mortlake in those days, and at times stole a march upon the doctor himself, for we find this next event happening in his own house. 'Nurse Ann Frank did miserably cut her owne throte. Sept. 29, 1590.' Satan stands convicted of the following: 'William Rogers of Mortlak, about 7 of the elok in the morning, cut his own throte, by the

fende his instigatione. Nov. 3.' Suicide seems to have been rife in the neighbourhood of Dee, far more than we can suppose to have been the average in the country generally. It would be a curious inquiry to examine how far this idiosyncrasy could be attributed to the belief then prevalent in the potentiality and presence of evil spirits. Psychologists have allotted much influence in causing suicide to such convictions. In the neighbourhood of such a personage as Dee these terrors would certainly prevail largely among the ignorant peasantry. He was the more effectually a deceiver from being self-deceived and a fellow victim in delusions he practised upon others. His gracious way of allaying the terrors, so flattering to himself, which were excited in the minds of his neighbours by these pretensions would strongly fortify their claims to respect. Nor were the lower orders only his gulls, as is evident from his having been employed to avert the mischief of an obvious incantation discovered when the image of the Queen Elizabeth was found in Lincoln's Inn Fields, 'stuck ful of pins' (doubtless not more than her Majesty herself was at times, to judge from her costume). This terrible omen was rendered insignificant, as Dee admits, by himself, 'in a godly and artificial manner,' and to the great satisfaction of her Majesty and the council.

Let us leave the wizards and their dupes while I slip darkling along on the bosom of this river which floweth stealthily past their dwellings as of old, but now knoweth them not. The black mist hangs yet on the land, although seemingly more lightened by the lightning. I feel my way through it cautiously, the grim, hungry water hissing spitefully past like a snake baffled of prey. The narrowing stream just shows its banks on either hand, but for any character or clear object discernible it might be the Nile or the Mississippi I am rowing upon. Here comes something at any rate, which will assure me against its being the Mississippi. A dull, rolling sound of large oars pulled heavily in a heavy boat mingles itself with irregular voices, the echoes of which shatter against the banks above

as water against a cliff. A nearer approach shows a large boat or shallop bearing lights under a curtained canopy, beneath which are seated, at a table, a party of pleasure now returning home. There are many ladies, one or two of whom seem asleep, and others restlessly talking with their companions of the party. One has nestled into a corner, and with hands on lap and chin on breast dozes, her head gently moving with the motion of the boat. Another rests her elbows on the table, and with hands supporting her face listens to the languid talk that passes between the others, three of whom are discussing a knotty point. Their voices, confused and half-inarticulate, reach me. One lies asleep at length on the benches of the boat. Here a gentleman whispers guardedly to his next neighbour, a lady, her face, down-looking and smiling, expresses pleased attention. The steersman seems more to heed the inmates of the cabin than his duty at the helm. All look exhausted, for the hour is late and their progress necessarily slow against the tide, which favours me. I lie off a bit and gaze at them, they unconscious of one so near; and I see into the cabin, and catch their half-heard voices. The whole incident, from its suddenness, strangeness, and look of luxurious languor and fatigue, is startling and picturesque. Slowly they labour by, passing on to the beat of their own oars, and casting a light on the black waters on either side, solemnly glide away, leaving me surprised and struck as a man might be who, rowing on the Tigris in old times, met Haroon-er-Rasheed and his companions booning for Baghdad.

They had left the river still as before, the roll of their oars was out of hearing, only the light flashing down the reach betrayed their whereabouts as it shone upon trees and banks, making these start into existence swiftly, and as swiftly pass away,—when a low soft thrill filled the air, the beginning of which, to the ear was not. It was music that seemed to creep encroachingly, wrapping all in a vibrant circle of faint sound, that shrilly climbed and swung into a shiver of sorrow—an out-drawn strain as if the grief of all the land found utterance in one long sigh, melodious to

pain, dolorous, protracted, sad, and ending on the verge of death with adieu—adieu—adieu—a death involved in murmurous creaming silence.

They passed and left me darkling, startled, lonely, with an excited fancy that nigh compelled me to conceive this the Nile and that the barge of Cleopatra, sliding gently down the immemorial stream, wafted by music a slow farewell to Anthony. A low wind that sings softly from the south brings these conceptions. Were it moonlight it were more in keeping yet: then I might be a boatman of Egypt, entranced with sound, resting upon mine oar, whose blade glistens with silver, and drips a broken line of dimples upon the lighted stream, while far to south blazes low Canopus, master of the Nile, whose bright trail alone holds place against the long track the moon has drawn, she all the while lighting the eastern hills with an opal glory, the hills whose yon sides behold the Arabian gulf, and salute the morning even before Memnon. Silence did not disentrance me, but left me dreaming still, and only changed the theme of fancy.

Many forms and ways of river-life float before me, thus music trammelled in the dark; ways in which men have passed their lives upon the waters, from the time when they first floated on an ox-hide down the stream of ancientest Oxus,—till now when I myself, not less a dream, peradventure, than the past, float here stilly in the gloom. The slime-daubed basket of the Assyrian, and its loin-girt owner, rows past me. The Tungoses are here in a hollow tree chanting strange hymns to diabolic gods, as their heavy paddles wound the water. The high-stemmed Chinese slips on, pushing his oar, gondola fashion, and the gondola herself, queen of pleasure-boats, glides stealthily past, darkening the dark water with a blacker shade. The Red-Indian's birch canoe, lighter and swifter than any boat but my own, shows its double prow marked with lines of red and white. The half-frozen rivers of the north furnish their Esquimaux canoe and its master, who sits a perfect centaur in adaptation to his vessel, wielding a feathery two-bladed oar with both hands. Loiters by the mat-sailed Chinese flower-boat, laden with

blooms that weigh upon the air half sickly. The double-prowed Red Indian boat is not more fantastic to my eyes than the double-bodied South Sea perigna, two boats covered with one deck. Past goes the heavy Scandinavian bark, the hollow trunks of two trees conjoined. This is in tone with my English blood, and the conception takes definite form and place, holding me a part of it. Let the Thames roll by while fancy bears me on to the distant Saxon river as it rolled two thousand years ago. Where am I now, but embarked with some remote ancestor of Saxon blood whose companions track down the stream to reach the far-off Baltic Sea?

A sound of oars again, but hard and strong in mightier hands than those that languidly haled the shallop past. I am lying back covered with a skin, for the night is cold clear. We slide from time to time beneath overhanging rocks, whose sharp lofty summits stand stark against an immensity of blue gloom arching overhead, and studded here and there with steadfast stars that shake beams of light between my half-closed lids. The mighty shoulders of a sleeping comrade press my own; his studded baldrick lies athwart him like a snake. Beyond the stooping figures of the rowers, who rise and fall in cadence, appears the large form of the helmsman, seeming to move self-sustained after us, and immense in his white skin coat of ox-hide, rears himself gigantically against the trees and stars, now darkling and solid against the one, then a white spectral gliding attendant upon us in the shadows of the other. Music mixed itself inextricably with my dream, for one chanted with hollow voice a song of vengeance upon some, Romans, he styled them, who shore the honey-coloured locks from the head of a maiden whose birthplace was far off, and afterwards sold her for a slave at Byzantium. Some one said to me, 'Sing, Frithic, sing to us,' and it seemed I sang to them something of dawn over the ice-fields, the snow, and the dark north, and the grinding flight of sledge-keels over the hardened sea.

The breathing of the rowers deepened, and came quick and hard as my voice caught them, and those who had erst been sleeping, rose upon an elbow to listen, repeating the burthen of my

song. The chanting slowly ceased. Then one sat up and told us how he and others had crossed the sea westwards for seven days, with the wind following them as angry Thor followed Loki for the slaying of Balder, when they came to an island, whence they sailed three days more in the same direction, and came to a bright land they called Greenland. Thence they turned southward, and ever hearing of new lands as new appeared, bore onwards many months to a country which grew hotter as they advanced. He had seen, he said, a large creature with a shield upon its back, and a breastplate upon its belly, that went upon its hands, and had the head of a snake; told us how going up a river for three weeks they found it nothing but mud, that slowly moved among gigantic rushes almost impassable for their dense growth, haunted by enormous frogs, whose croaking was like the rattling of a heavy-laden wain. Then he spoke of a huge leech that came into their boat one night, and fastening upon a sleeping man, so sucked him, that when day broke he was no bigger than a dried fish. There some one grunted disbelief, and although he named the man, whom some of us had known, the teller gained no credence. The voices of my dream destroyed it, and instead of the starry sheen on the Saxon river, I awoke to find a sightless night wherein was not even moonlight, however obscured and dim, or 'damned with monstrous bars' of lowering cloud, but brooding overhead sullen gloom, a time for hopeless death. The very stream seemed dead, Lethean, and mournful, murmuring a slow rhythm like a dirge, with dolorous rise and fall, a sad and irregular cadence.

Once more I rouse the dull echoes with the pulsing oar, till the leaping boat flies like a bird of night, whose instinct guides it unerringly to a goal over the gloomy river.

'Deepe, darke, uneasy, doleful, comfortlesse.'

Now, while speeding along, I could recall a thousand things connected with rowing in the dark, from the Egyptian Charon, whom the Greeks styled an infernal minister, in their clumsy confounding of theology with fact. With this might go the moonlight journeyings of the Greek troops to

Troy, when the immemorial heroes re-lined back, while some recounted the varied phases of the siege; the watch of Mohammed's sailors upon the Bosphorus, when they sat down before the doomed city of Constantine, and guarded the place against relief by sea; Columbus, pacing his deck, in that marvellous quest for the unknown world, when men, and faith, and oceans, and winds seemed warring against him. The tracking of unsearched rivers by the Spaniards, when *El Dorado* was the goal, was not more lonely and dark than this voyage of mine, although upon water that I know so well. I myself, in years past, have traversed the waters of this stream many a night, with friends, some of whom are now no more, but all of whom have left a pleasant memory with me; upon all these I might enlarge fully did the time permit. I might even dilate upon the voyages of busy Mr. Pepys, from Mortlake to London, a thing he thought venturesome, and thus record one, just a hundred and ninety-three years ago. 'July 12, 1665. — Returned from Hampton Court—and so away to my boat, and all night upon the water, and home by two o'clock, shooting the bridge at that time of night.' Going through Old London Bridge 'at that time of night' was, indeed, a dangerous exploit, notwithstanding the heavy wherry the good diarist used. Pepys used the river often, as was the custom of his day, and seems to have had great delight in doing so, nor always found himself in peril, as he states on the day previous to the above that he left Mortlake, 'and all night down by water, a most pleasant passage.' All these times have passed, and it matters little, but to please the fancy in conceiving how the Londoners, in Henry the First's time, according to Fitzstephen, enjoyed themselves upon this stream by day, but had a great respect for it by night, never crossing it after dusk, even at Lambeth Ferry; or how Queen Elizabeth had moonlight parties with Essex and Raleigh; or how, again, Mary of Modena stood shivering and weeping on the very spot Fitzstephen names at Lambeth, stilling the cries of her infant, afterwards the first Pretender, when the wind blew and the chill rain drifted, and her attendants came not to aid her in flight. Those

miserable hours must have chilled the heart of the hapless lady, and dwelt long in her mind.

These things are all for the fancy, which grows active here in the darkness. I pace the water for an hour or two, most like a discontented spirit, up and down the short reaches restlessly. I am lying still and quiet in the little bay by Chiswick church, whose short tower is barely seen. This place has its memories also, for here lie buried Oliver Cromwell's daughter, Mary, Countess of Falconberg, and a much more notable person, the greatest of English humourist painters, sturdy William Hogarth. Sir John Chardin, the traveller, and Charles II.'s Duchess of Cleveland lie here, so here may be truly said, 'The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' While I linger here, the land-mist has cleared off greatly, and there is an uncertain light about the sky, and the stars, seen through the tender haze, shine like powdered diamond dust, faint and palely brilliant. A little vagrant wind that has lost its way in the great hollow vast, whispered past me, returned again and again, touched my cheek inquiringly, and flitted fitfully about.

From the church-tower comes a dead throb of the clock's warning to strike, and soon the sounds—one, two!—sing solemnly. The notes mightily significant of bygone time, laid a burden upon the vibrant air, beneath which it shook, shuddering from shore to shore—sighed in ever-widening and incommensurable rings of sound that spread like a rippling circle, and died hollowly away. There is no more suggestive theme for imagination than the booming of a bell. How many generations have been carried from the little hamlet here to their graves while that solemn sound was heard! How many times have these been joy-bells or sorrow-bells! How many bridals and how many births have they announced with the same voices! How often, when the woods were all about this place, must the lonely watchers have heard the sound broken amongst trees! How often sick men, in close chambers of death, have counted stroke by stroke, and thought to hear no more! By these bells man is born and dies, comes to his work and goes to rest. Nay, they can even lie with a

good will, like other noisy things ; for the church-books record their ringing on the occasion of the use of a form of prayer (for which one shilling was paid), for the Dutch *not* landing—under William III., in 1688, and three days after, the same sum was paid, and the same ringing employed for a thanksgiving for deliverance from Popery. Oh, lying bells!

Barnes and Mortlake were not the only parishes on this water which were infested with dealers in the black art ; though Dee and Kelly were considered Satan's prime agents. The books named contain in one place an entry of the expenditure of eleven shillings to the parish constable, 'for conveying away the witches ;' let us hope it was only across the water, which would, the old superstition had it, destroy their spells. It is a comfort for me to know they were conveyed away, as this present is the very hour for their pranks, to which I might well be a victim. As it is, I have yet seen nothing worse than an owl or a bat or two, familiars doubtless, who wander masterless since the payment of that eleven shillings. Money well-spent it was indeed.

The heavy church-bell that had rung two was followed by a tinkling and a querulous shower of petty clock-striking in every house ; this is kept up for a few minutes, stragglers in the rear of time, rattling out their tiny notes breathlessly, and with a sudden distinctness that must have startled themselves. I go off again for a lonelier part of the river, the grey, light haze clearing more and more, until, after rowing with bent face for a few minutes, I suddenly look up, and find myself under a vast dome of glittering points—stars : the hollow of God's own crown, that arched from horizon to horizon, stretched measureless above, and seemed to overawe the world with beauty. A thousand and a thousand thousand stars crowded the canopy of darkest azure, black with depth unsearchable, yet wherever the eye rested, lighted with stars, that broke its deepest depths with light-dust, and revealed world on world in incomprehensible multiplicity ; worlds like motes of dust in the sunbeam ; jewels on the robe of God, that he has woven for himself, out of eternity, which here and there lie thicker in the folds

that stretch over the firmament. The border of that great garment I saw not, but my soul and utmost being felt prostrate before this wonder of the universe, and strove to kiss the hem humbly in ecstatic adoration. Glory to God !—the unworded thought that formed itself within my brain was *me*, a stricken atom, made only to adore and live for ever in the thought adoring. If the river had opened beneath me for death, I could have died only with this thought. I had seen the glory of glories, the robe of God, and now I could die, a soul overborne with prayer and praise. Praising that I had been made to pray, and praying for a heart of gratitude, that I should have beheld the perfections of *His* handiwork, and should testify to his glory.

How long the spectacle absorbed me I cannot tell, but in time thin veils like folded gauze were formed here and there across the heavens ; and the stars shone through streaks of lucid mist, which thickened to small clouds, and broke up the awful dome. I was still gazing, when the boat touched gently upon the bank, and swung, grating her keel in gravel, awaking me. Then I took the oars again, and rowed thoughtfully home, under the still and starry night. The clouds and I journeyed together, for an hour, before a mild western breeze, until they were drawn into a light fleecy mass, like softest flower leaves, laid line over line, a canopy for all below, except, when to windward, a broad clear space was kept like a dark bend in which the low-lying stars gathered paler and paler minutely. Why did they pale ? Their broad and purple setting grew azure and paler blue, faded through all grades of cerulean tint, until the sweet greyness of pure silver was attained. Amethystine red of faint wine-hue followed and held place awhile. The canopy which erst was light on dark, became dark on light, and its edges began to glitter, as burning charcoal glitters in a wind. Silver-grey and amethystine wine-red yielded to green, and I saw the stars, a golden hue they had, hiding themselves within a mist of light. The mist of light grew concrete and buried them within its bosom. All this time the canopy was steadfast, drawing a sharp edge against the wind,

and extending right over the plain from north to south. It was laid ply over ply, like armour or innumerable petals of a gigantic flower. It was

God's own flower, indeed—the dawn—the dawn! that parted itself, expanding leaf after leaf, and fell away into a rose of sun. F. G. S.

WHO READS ALL THE NOVELS?

Who reads all the novels? When the last census was made it was considered a model enrolment; but as the question, 'How many novels have you read this year?' was omitted in the lists sent round, we, for our part, incline to consider it quite imperfect. The question is really one of great importance, and we put it in the most serious spirit. If it be of any value to statesmen and educationalists to know how many rustics can read and write, and how many can't, it is of still greater moment to every man who is interested in the improvement of his fellow-creatures to know who among them reads a particular class of books.

Reading is the distinctive feature of this century, which has been called the age of books; and rightly enough, at least if periodicals are included, as all must agree who know anything of the enormous sale of such serials as the *London Journal* and *Family Herald*. But it has been observed that every man has his own book or books. Not only does individual taste prompt him to choose this or that, but the habit of his class in society, to say nothing of his age and occupation, guides his choice. Once then discover what class you are to address, and you may make a pulpit of your writing-desk from which to preach to larger numbers than St. Paul's and Westminster, nay than Kennington Green even could hold; and that too without being either tedious or disagreeably didactic. Look at the influence of Uncle Tom for instance; a thousand clergymen preaching incessantly for fifty years on the wickedness of slavery could not have done the cause of abolition nearly so much good as that one volume in a few months. Mr. Dickens again may or may not be a philanthropist, and perhaps cares to make men laugh rather than pray. Yet whether he meant it or not, he alone and single-

hauded has effected a revolution in the feeling of the educated classes, such as not the most ardent schemer or most powerful statesman could succeed in bringing about. The profession of authorship has already risen above the absurd contempt in which it was once held, but the title of novelist does not as yet take the place it has a right to claim. The time is at hand when the historian must be deposed and the novel-writer take his throne, and, indeed, if he is not yet there, it is because good novels are so few, and trash so abundant, that there has always been a large majority of sensible men to oppose his election. But in reality, in virtue whether of his requirements, his work, or his end, the novelist is a better man than the historian. The latter demands a knowledge which can be obtained from books and only books; the former is taught in the great school of life, and must study with his own eyes the grand mystery—man. The one needs only a certain amount of critical acumen, an aptness of selection, and a clear judgment; the other cannot succeed without a deep insight into character, a powerful imagination, and the capacity to create, to harmonize the whole, and in short to compose. Nor is the style requisite for history more difficult than that for works of fiction. The historian is permitted to be heavy, and it is easy, when you have kings, and factions, and bloody wars as your theme, to write grandly. But the novelist must be always on the alert. He must shun the bombastic Scylla on this hand, and the prosaic Charybdis on the other. He must not only be readable, but even sparkling, and replete with humour and laughing philosophy. The historian's path is fixed. When once he has chosen his starting-point, he has nothing but straight sailing for the goal, but the novelist has to invent as well as write his narrative; and as it is fiction, not

history, which he gives to the world, the ungrateful reader will yawn and frown if the story be not told not only with art and wit, but in itself amusing, natural and probable. He has to tell not only a good story, as a barrister after dinner, or paterfamilias with an urchin on his knee might do, but one which will satisfy calm, educated, critical readers, who are accustomed to a certain style, and smile at anything which emerges from it as unnatural or improbable.

And who are these novel-readers, who care nothing for novelty? Who is it who can go from one silly novel to another, provided they are the last productions of a fashionable publisher's novel-turning shop? Who is it that encourages all the small anonymous female authors—for authoress appears to be now a tabooed title—and asserts in defence of the ladies that they know more of the heart feminine than any whiskered scribbler possibly can? Who is it for whom the great struggles and the deep philosophy of life have no interest, but who can gloat for ever over new phases of the romance of love, new kaleidoscopes of female character, new combinations of the old story of man and maid that has flowed through the literature of every age and every country since Father Adam courted Mother Eve?

Oh, ye nine! have mercy! oh, women dead and alive, from Sappho to Miss Yonge, who have abandoned the spinning-wheel and kitchen-range for the higher—dare I say the less congenial—goose-quill, forgive and be lenient to me, if I answer that it is the young ladies of England!

For so it is. If we except the serials—the magazines and penny weekly papers—and a large portion of the railway-literature, if we take the whole bulk of those countless novels that in rapid succession from October to October issue from the shops of London publishers, dressed in blue, red, brown, or green cloth, with a gilt title on the back, and consisting, with rare exceptions, of three slight volumes at the price of £1, 11s. 6d., we shall admit that the majority of persons who read them are those charming creatures whom we danced and flirted with last night, and whose crochet lies neglected on

the table at their elbow. The strong-minded requires strong meat, and the last new novel has often too much of the vapid consistency of milk—not infrequently diluted with a yet weaker fluid—to suit the taste of men who think and reason, and seek in books either knowledge or suggestions for reflection. The perusal of a light novel is a waking dream, and the pretty masses of *tarlatane* and sentiment have, alas! lives of so little variety, of such meagre incident, changing mostly from the work-table to the toilet, from the toilet to the ball-room, that they need to dream of other lives more interesting than their own. When Edith has received an offer, nay, when she thinks she is about to elicit one, when even the first grand steps are made towards its attainment, from Captain de Boots or the Rev. Slimy Suckling, do you think that she cares for 'The Lost Bride,' or 'The Young Wife,' or 'Two Hearts,' or 'Emmeline,' or 'Eva,' or 'The Blighted Being,' or any other fictions with similar titles of which there is in the hall a boxful just fresh from Mudie's; nay, though she be in the very middle of the third volume of the most interesting of them, and could by the process denominated 'skipping,' and peculiar, we believe, to critics and young ladies, discover in less than an hour whether Ada marries at last the rich devoted duke or the penniless young poet,—do you imagine that the 'thrilling interest' which she felt the morning before in the fate of that young female, with every perfection under the sun, including an admirable taste in the art of dress, exists any longer within her? Not a bit of it. De Boots is now her hero—a real living, talking, fascinating, long-whiskered lover. She has realized the position of Ada in herself, and it is often a hundred, a thousand times deeper interest to her to guess and doubt and guess again whether the gallant captain will take any pains to discover the hour at which she rides in the park and walks on the promenade, and will be there to bow and come forward, and smile under that rich dark moustache of his, than to know whether the heroine of imaginary life dies of that terrible cough before cousin Arthur

can make up his mind to 'come forward,' or accepts the importunate nobleman without waiting for him.

When Paterfam. looks over the list which is to be sent up to-morrow to Mudie's, do you suppose that he does not know as well as possible that the three volumes of sermons were marked out by Aunt Sarah, the travels and memoirs by mamma, the biographies and satirical skits by his son John, and all the novels by his daughter Clara? No, no, Aunt Sarah does not approve of novels, mamma has too much experience to believe in them, Jack, who is pushing on in life, and going through its real romance, may take up Dickens, Thackeray, or Kingsley, but can't stand Miss Yonge, Mrs. Grey, Miss Kavanagh, Miss Jewsbury, and the rest; and it is Clara only, Clara whose placid life is made up of innocent trifles, whose highest ambition is a *grande passion*, or a new flirtation, whose greatest grief is that she cannot go to the hunt-ball next Friday, who can sympathize fully with the sorrows of that consumptive victim, or fall in love with the imaginary lover.

If it is admitted that the young ladies—or let us say the ladies in general—are the chief readers of three-volume novels, we ought to criticise the 'last new novel' with due reference to that fact; we ought to admit, that if namby-pamby, milk-and-waterish, trite, silly, unnatural, uninteresting, nay, even sickening to us, it is exciting, thrilling, delightful, and 'oh, such a nice book!' to the persons for whom it was written, and who will devour it. Because we prefer brandy and water to negus, we have no right to blame Lady Bonton for having that mild and rather nasty concoction handed round between the dances at her last ball, instead of glasses of the smoking mixture that we quaff in Bob Raffles' chambers; and because Jack loves the stirring adventure of a horsey and doggy production, the powerful satire of a Thackeray, the sinewy wisdom of a Kingsley, or the bold brazen language of a Charles Reade, he has no right to blame the lady authors for writing in a strain which will be far more congenial to Clara's delicate sentimentality.

The lady novelists have done both

good and harm, and if men are jealous of their success, they must remember what they owe to them. It is they who have made literature decent, who have rendered such poisonous innuendo as that in *Triptram Shandy*, an impossibility in the present day, and banished to Holywell Street what was the fashionable reading in the middle of last century. But it is also they who have introduced into novel-writing an effeminacy and pusillanimity which is fatal to manly thought. We see that male writers are forced to follow in their steps, and when a man like Mr. Anthony Trollope condescends to chronicle the small tea-gossip of a small provincial town, to analyse the hearts of silly misses, and the aspirations of sillier curates, we confess we deplore the change. We are convinced, sadly convinced, that if Walter Scott, again unknown, were to send *Waverley* or the *Antiquary* to-morrow the round of the great novel-publishers, not one would give him £30 for the copyright. If they are still sold in enormous quantities, it is because they are Scott's—because they are read by 'young people,' and the lower orders. But ask Mudie how many copies he sends out per annum, and how many, on the other hand, of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, weigh the two in the real critic's balance, and then tell me, if you dare, that the taste in novels has not depreciated terribly, and that it is not the fault of the lady authors.

*Ellen Raymond** is one of the class of novels to which we refer. Perhaps we must not say that it rises much above that class, but the author undoubtedly shows in this her first regular novel, important symptoms of a talent which we sincerely trust may bear finer fruit when it has had the nurture of practice.

Its faults are those of all first attempts; its excellencies such as mark beyond doubt an aptitude for writing. The art of novel-making is second only to that of play-writing, and is not acquired in a day. If first novels succeed (though, by the way, they are very rarely the first attempts of their

* *Ellen Raymond*; or, *Ups and Downs*. By Mrs. Vidal, author of *Tales for the Bush*, &c. &c. London, Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

authors, and most successful novelists have one poor MS. lying in their trunks, to tell a tale of labour and perseverance), it is because the genius is great enough to outweigh all faults of art. Mrs. Vidal has still to learn some of the most important rules of novel-writing. *Ellen Raymond* is too long, has too many characters in it, too diffuse an interest, and too evident attempts to raise it by false means, when the story appears to be flagging. We will dismiss its failings at once, and then pass to its excellencies.

If Mrs. Vidal had contented herself with working out thoroughly the principal characters in the book, and kept them constantly before us, she would have written a far more interesting novel. But she has killed off the two truest characters, John Mortimer and Mrs. Wentworth, somewhere in the middle of the story, and has neglected one, that of Granville Mortimer, which is admirably conceived, and might have been developed into a masterpiece. On the other hand she has strained for an effect and mystery which are not at all in her way, and appears to have thought it positively necessary to have a villain, and even a couple of villains, one of whom, the Italian, turns up from time to time, apparently for no possible object, and each time comes out in darker colours than before.

But these are faults of art. Villains and victims are no longer necessary to make life, such as it is, really interesting. If you paint people as they are, you will show quite enough evil in them to suit the most melo-dramatic taste, and the world itself is generally quite villainous enough to make victims of those who love it not.

On the other hand, this novel is vastly superior to those Clara generally selects from the list, in many particulars. It makes no attempt to portray fashionable life, and as far as I remember, there is not a lord or lady in the whole book. The heroine is not an angel, nor the hero a perfect man; very far from it indeed. There is no odour of sanctity about it, no high improbabilities, and very little striving after effective scenes. If not dramatic, it is not melo-dramatic; and it does not conclude as many of the 'thrilling romances' do, with a grand

'transformation scene,' in which everybody turns out to be somebody else, demons become angels, angels demons, and amidst general explanations, the hero and heroine walk to the foot-lights and pose themselves in a loving attitude, while the parson and clerk are waiting to marry them.

The characters, again, are not of the common stamp of those in ladies' novels. The fair sex unfortunately have a smaller field of observation of character than we. They see little of low life, little of downright wicked life. No lady could imagine, and certainly none could describe from experience, any of those queer waifs and strays of a big bad world, whose portraits, so touchingly comic, that you cannot but hear the tears amid the reader's laughter, enrich the best of Dickens' writings. A good writer always uses his own experience; Goethe even abused it, and sealed fame at the cost of feeling; and we must do lady-writers the justice to say, that they rarely attempt to paint what they have never seen, and even when they rush into aristocratic circles, it is only to put lord or lady, duke, marquis, or earl, under photographs of the Smiths, Browns, or Thompsons, with whom they have associated. Of course we know that

'No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another all in all.'

And we take it, that if every man, woman, and child, in the whole world, were to sit down to write a novel a piece to-morrow, there is no reason why any two characters described in their productions should be identical. But at the same time, people of the same class, the same education and like tastes, with an experience limited to some small country place, can scarcely fail to light on characters bearing a great resemblance to one another. How often in the modern novel is the hero a man of six-and-thirty, taciturn, stern, morbid, and bitter, the very man who stands in a doorway at a provincial ball, and smiles sadly at youth enjoying the waltz. How often have we met the same zealous curate, whose devotion, however, does not interfere with a little spiritual flirtation now and then; how often the young squire returning from abroad to inhabit the old hall which

has so long been tenantless. There are a dozen characters in every 'last new novel,' who are quite old acquaintances, and who will act and talk in exactly the same way as in some other fiction, by some other writer, which we read three months before.

Mrs. Vidal has the virtue of clearing her own track and cultivating virgin soil. She has written, we fancy, entirely from experience, and has painted her characters well. It is in praise, not in blame, that we say that no character in the book, except that of the heroine, is lovable; this is a proof of its being truthful and natural, for such is the inclination to hate in the 'here below,' that it is a fact that we seldom if ever love a person from another's description. But it is also just to state that some characters are painted in unnecessarily hateful colours, and we single out that of Colonel Raymond. Such a father may exist, and it is as likely as not that in England, where paterfamilias is not given to much paternal affection, there may be scores of such fathers, but we must say that his language and treatment of his daughter appear extravagant.

With these strictures we shall proceed to a sketch of the story.

The book opens well with a description of one of those highly genteel establishments to which foolish papas and mammas commit the souls and bodies of their female offspring, only to save themselves the trouble of having a governess in the house. Lansdowne Villa, in the quiet town of B—, is admirably described, with its 'gravel walks, dry even in winter,' and its high wall jealously guarding the youthful beauties who may saunter in the garden. The establishment is kept by a Mrs. Harding, a clever but designing woman, who never frowns except when her 'home' is called by the vulgar appellation of a 'school.' On the well-kept lawn one day a band of pretty girls of all ages was playing at Les Graces, while a gentleman in the prime of life sat talking to Mrs. Harding, and watching their game.

This gentleman was Edward Vaughan, a bachelor and an uncle, and the object of his visit was to see his little niece Letty. Among the

young ladies on the lawn, was one who particularly attracted him, and about whom he questioned Mrs. Harding with apparent interest. This girl, slight, graceful, and very handsome, was Ellen Raymond.

In the next scene we are introduced to one of the villains, an Italian singing-master, Arturo Zanelli, with whom Ellen is practising her duet, and it is impossible not to observe that the young impulsive creature is fascinated by the voice and manner of this demon in trousers. When the holidays arrived, and Mrs. Harding's charges dispersed in various directions, Ellen Raymond entered the coach which was to convey her to Poole where her father resided. Opposite to her was seated a gentleman whose face she had somewhere seen, and who appeared to know her a little. At a short distance from the town the vehicle stopped, and a dark personage muffled up took the vacant seat and immediately entered into familiar conversation with the young lady, whom he addressed as the Signora, while the stranger watched them rather anxiously. At the first stage all alighted. The dark foreigner offered his arm to Ellen; it was accepted, and walking on rapidly they turned into a bye-street. The elopement, for such it was to have been, would have been effected with ease, had not the stranger overtaken them, and in a most annoying manner quietly informed the young lady that the gentleman with whom she was decamping, and who of course was Zanelli, the singing-master, was a married man. A fine scene ensued. The Italian swore, gnashed his teeth, and showed his rage in the manner peculiar to tigers and subjects of the Pope; the Englishman, no other than Edward Vaughan, was calm but determined, and the young lady, leaning back against a railing and proudly suppressing her tears, allowed him to reconduct her to the waiting coach.

Colonel Raymond, an old West Indian, had been fast in his youth, and having run through one fortune, determined to pay off his debts by marrying another. He therefore selected his cousin, Miss Raymond, of the Abbey at Ashby Cross, and a great heiress, and after renewing his extra-

vagancies, sold the Abbey and all the property, and retired upon small means to the select country town of Poole. His wife died in due course, leaving him with four daughters, the two younger of whom demand no particular mention from us. The elder two were twins. Ellen was very handsome, but with a certain pride of her own, which increased to rudeness to those she hated, and sunk into becoming dignity with those she loved. Bessie, the other sister, was the very opposite of this. Sweet, gentle, and very loving, she was simple almost to stupidity at times, and confiding even to a weakness.

The great people of Poole were the Mortimers, the bankers, doctors, and lawyers of the place, who clung together, priding themselves on their exclusiveness, and distinguished by the 'Mortimer hand,' the 'Mortimer walk,' the 'Mortimer bow,' and likewise by the Mortimer disagreeableness. Though our author has devoted many clever chapters to describing this stuck-up provincial family, there are only two members of it whom we need select.

John Mortimer, the doctor, was a selfish man of strong feelings, and a very small allowance of principle. He had been passionately attached to Ellen Raymond, who could not bear, and therefore refused him, and in a fit of pique had married poor little Bessie, who gave him her whole heart and believed him very little inferior to an angel.

His younger brother Granville was a far more agreeable character, and but for the curse of pride and stiffness which ran in the family, might have turned out a fine character. As a boy he had been morbid and reserved, owing partly to ill-health. He had been sent to the care of an old servant who lived at a small fishing village, and about the wild cliffs he was wont to wander,

* Nourishing a youth sublime,
With the fairy tales of science, and the long
result of time.'

One day, while stretched on an inaccessible part of the cliff, he was surprised to see two young girls, of whom one was courageously attempting to climb to where he lay. He went to

her assistance, and an acquaintance was thus commenced. These girls were Bessie and Ellen Raymond, then living with their mother at the Abbey by the sea. It is the nature of such acquaintances to ripen into something more, and ere long Granville and Ellen knew each other's young hearts without words.

But young men have to go to Oxford and to make the *grande tour*, and Granville lost sight of his first love for a time in the business of life. The Raymonds removed to Poole, and Ellen, after the little affair with the singing-master, was introduced into the mild society of that narrow place. It was then that while on his travels, kind friends took care to enlighten him as to her character and progress. She was described as an arrant flirt, unamiable and even heartless, particularly in her conduct to her sister, and the stern moralist wavered in his affection. On the very evening on which he returned after many years' absence to his native town, Colonel Raymond happened to be giving a ball. Granville went, and standing in a doorway, as a hero should do, watched the beautiful Ellen encompassed by eager admirers, and apparently flirting with all of them, but of course only in appearance.

Now, it is a remnant probably of the primeval curse that where two lovers meet under peculiar circumstances, they are sure to say and do the very things they did not intend. We must not complain of it, for indeed there is no greater boon to the world than the impossibility for the clear babbling stream of true love to run smoothly. If it were not for this there would be no romance in life, and certainly no novels; and whatever people may say, I feel convinced that love would be a very dull affair, if you had only to ask and be accepted; the charm is not in the possession, but in the manœuvring to obtain.

Of course Granville and Ellen, after pining for one another for so many years of separation, did nothing but misunderstand one another when they met; and, having begun badly, could not recover their balance in any of the many meetings which subsequently took place, and where, as Mrs. Vidal has well described it, pride met pride

like a couple of thunder-clouds, and could not coalesce. Granville's better nature showed itself in other directions. He was tenderly kind to his poor weak sister-in-law, whom her husband bullied unmercifully, and offered his counsels and his aid wherever they were needed. Ellen, on the other hand, poured out the thwarted current of her affection on a girl who was somewhat above a servant and below a companion, and employed her spare time in educating Lily Day, who is to play an important part in the story.

Meanwhile, Mr. John Mortimer did his best to 'go to the bad.' A rival doctor had set up in Poole, and John was astonished to find that his patients forsook him, for he had no idea how much he was disliked. He was extravagant too, and heavily in debt, and after forestalling a sum of £5000, to which his wife was entitled on coming of age, he had the coolness to propose to Ellen that she should lend him a large portion of a similar sum which she was to receive. A fine scene, well drawn by our author, here ensued, and Ellen, fearing for her sister's happiness, consented at length to obtain the advance for him. But John Mortimer was one of those to whom the uses of adversity are sour; his temper and morals grew worse as his purse grew lighter, and he treated his poor loving little wife most shamefully. The scenes of domestic brutality which took place are among the truest in the book. No union can be more wretched than that of a weak adoring woman to a selfish indifferent man. It requires no little self-government, no slight moral principle, for a man who has married the wrong person to prevent himself from hating her. Marriage is a school for hate, and the devotion of one only increases the contempt of the other. The most one can hope for in married life is a polite indifference, unless there has been mutual love strong and unblinded before matrimony; and where there is not much discretion, or very high principle, this indifference is sure to deteriorate into dislike.

Near to the old Abbey at Ashby Cross, lived a certain wealthy widow, Mrs. Wentworth, an old friend of Ellen's mother, and one who had

shown much kindness to the daughter. Granville had met her in Florence and elsewhere, and as Mrs. Wentworth was fond of gaiety, extravagant, luxurious, and not very careful of appearances, he had formed an opinion of her which the world seconded, but which, to say the least, was exaggerated. From this old friend Ellen received an invitation while Granville was at Poole. The unnaturally cruel conduct of Colonel Raymond had brought her to hate home, and she gladly accepted the offer. Granville trembled for her. The deep interest he took in this girl made him anxious that she should not cultivate a friendship which he believed must be injurious to her character. In an evil moment he ventured to advise her not to go to Ashby Cross. Ellen's pride could not brook this interference from one whose affection appeared to have cooled so much since his return home, and she haughtily rejected the advice. The breach was made.

But if she suffered from her own pride, she had yet to suffer from the falseness of others. One day Colonel Raymond called her into his room, and showing her a number of letters, asked her if she had written them. They were applications for various large advances, addressed to her trustee. The money had been sent to an address given, not her own, but the trustee becoming at last alarmed had forwarded the applications to the Colonel. She recognised at once the clever artifice of John Mortimer in these letters, but with a nobleness which did her honour, and the hope of sparing her poor sister the misery of an exposure, she declined to say what she knew of the affair. The quarrel which ensued between herself and her father was one of those outbreaks which destroy the closest relationship, and in a few days Ellen Raymond left Poole determined, if she could, to find a home elsewhere. Her parting with Granville was cold enough, and with her father there had been merely a formal reconciliation. She left therefore without a pang, looking forward to once more visiting the haunts of her girlhood, and to the cheery welcome of her mother's oldest friend and connexion.

She easily substituted a happy present for the regrets of the past, and in

Mrs. Wentworth's house began to enjoy life.

This Mrs. Wentworth was one of those women who would be happy if they had to work for their bread, but are miserable because they are rich. When a woman is left alone in the world, and is past the age of romance or even flirtation, she must have something to do and to think about. There is enough to be done in the world, and rich people with no occupation are wanted everywhere. But too often those who should be Dorcas become valetudinarians, fritter away their valuable time and money in trifles, luxuries, or follies, or devote their small minds to the smallest local gossip. The 'widow indeed,' a fine conception of the great apostle, is, alas! far too rare in modern Christendom, and when to these we add the huge class of old maids, unknown in his day, we think with horror on the immense number of women who are wasting life in selfish indolence. The Hindus managed these matters better, and more than 2000 years ago the great lawgiver enacted that no woman should at any time of her life be left alone and independent; but, if she had no nearer relation, even her fifth cousin removed was to bundle her into his seraglio, and keep her quiet with the rest of the womankind there. He well knew that these solitary females of a certain age do a great deal of mischief.

Mrs. Wentworth had a very good heart, but was too lazy to use it. She was perpetually thinking of herself, her health, or her feelings, and on the slightest provocation could go off in hysterics or a fainting fit, or be confined to her room with 'a headache.' When Ellen, however, came to her, she roused herself sufficiently to dabble in a little innocent match-making.

At Thorn Hill lived a wealthy bachelor, whom Mrs. Wentworth described in glowing terms to her young *protégée*, and who turned out to be none other than the Mr. Vaughan who had so kindly delivered her from the amorous singing-master. Mr. Vaughan well knew that he ought to marry, but like most old celibates of a certain age, he grew more and more cautious with advancing years, and more and more dreaded the fearful 'No!' with which he might be met by the very young

lady who would suit him in all other particulars. I should not be doing my duty if I did not seize this opportunity of giving a little advice to my fair unmarried reader. Never waste your time, my dear miss, with any gentleman older than eight-and-thirty. The younger the man, the easier to catch. The old moth who has singed his wings, won't come and be burnt in a hurry. The old man of the world takes twice as much time to make up his mind, and examines twice as carefully the faults and virtues of young beauty as the susceptible young spark of five-and-twenty. When Cupid came to years of discretion, he discovered how to undo the bandage, and learned when his eyes were opened, that there was very little human game worth wasting an arrow on. How disinterested my advice is, you may guess, when I tell you that I, who give it, am an old bachelor.

Mr. Vaughan was fascinated with the beauty and good qualities of his neighbour's young friend, and became a constant visitor at the house. There were many occasions too, for drawing out and displaying Ellen's character in its best light. Besides the accomplishments of singing, drawing, and conversation—for the last is an accomplishment only learned in the world—Ellen had some knowledge of her duty to her neighbour and her woman's vocation. He found her tending and comforting a dying lady, and visiting the poor of the village; and he noticed the favourable change she had effected in Mrs. Wentworth. She also spirited him up to make his life of some use, and even to stand at an election for a neighbouring borough, in which he was thrown out, and wounded in the pell-mell by a foreigner in the crowd, who turns out to be the Italian singing-master. There is a good deal of mystery in this part of the book, which does not bear much upon the story, and appears to have been put in by way of creating an interest. Those readers who doat on a mystery, generally because they are too thick to see through it in the first chapter, will find this the best part of the novel.

Mrs. Wentworth had set her heart upon marrying Edward Vaughan and Ellen Raymond, and she was one of

those people who take it as a personal insult, or at least a gross cruelty, if you do not cut them a slice out of the moon when they ask for it. She did all she could to bring the couple to an understanding, was up and well when they seemed to be friendly, and had fearful headaches, spasms, vapours, flights, hysterics, and general disabilities whenever anything occurred to interfere with her project. Ellen, who was very fond of her, did her best to like the new and forget the old lover, and many things occurred to bring them in close connexion.

Among these was the evil conduct of John Mortimer. He had effected his determination of being a rascal, and had the audacity one day to turn up before Ellen while she was sketching, and in an interview which is powerfully drawn by our author, makes her a proposition, which she rejects with scorn. However, as young ladies will, she forgives all this, and even pities the wretched man; and when a letter arrives from him, in which he tells her to what misery he and his wife are reduced, and that they even intend to sell a pearl necklace which belonged to Mrs. Raymond, she determines for their sakes and the memory of her mother, to become the purchaser. However, she dare not apply again to her trustee, and she happens at this moment to have offended Mrs. Wentworth, who is having one of her usual nervous attacks, and at last in despair she asks Mr. Vaughan to lend her the money. Of course he does so, but even on the strength of this cannot screw up his courage to offer his hand and heart in addition to his purse. John Mortimer and his wife escape to the debtor's haven, Boulogne, and that quiet tarty 'coming together,' which has taken the place of love-making in modern novels, proceeds smoothly between Vaughan and Ellen, and might have come to a point if it had not been for the turning-up of Granville Mortimer at the moment he was least wanted. He arrives to tell Ellen that Colonel Raymond, who in the meantime has married again, is dying at Brighton. Forgetting all old grievances, the daughter sets off with him at once to nurse her father, and of course to revive the old attachment. The Colonel dies; a fitting time for

mourning elapses, and we then find our heroine once more at Poole. Mrs. Wentworth is gone off to Paris without her, but has lodged a handsome sum in the Poole bank for her use, and sent her moreover her own pony carriage, in which Ellen, now reputed generally to be Mrs. Wentworth's heiress, cuts a dash in the manner most gratifying to young ladies, and of course, the very people who used to hate and snub her, are now devoted and admiring.

Nothing very remarkable occurred during Ellen's stay at Poole this time, except the death of John Mortimer at Boulogne. It is vastly convenient to be able to kill off a man or woman who has played his part and is no more wanted, though by the way it is extremely inartistic; and the best of it is, that you have the whole range of diseases and possible, not necessarily probable, casualties to select from. John Mortimer, a well-drawn character, was introduced to tempt and malign the heroine, and on his deathbed he retracted all the slanders he had circulated about her, commissioned Granville to tell her so, and very pleasantly for his poor wife, died declaring that he had always passionately loved her sister.

As ill luck would have it, Granville arrived at Poole on his mission a few days after Mr. Vaughan, and calling to see Ellen, found that gentleman engrossing her attention. He had already heard of his admiration for her, and of course report had gone farther still. Granville had come only for a few minutes. He was on his way to see some one who wished to engage him to go abroad on some literary enterprise; for the young man, as heroes do in this age of scribblers, had taken to the pen as a profession. The matter pressed, and he could only afford a flying visit. How hard under these circumstances to find your rival in possession of the field! He did, perhaps, the most sensible thing he could, walked out again without a word, and went his way. The visit, however, was enough to recall Ellen to her old feelings, and Mr. Vaughan had again to defer the momentous question.

Mrs. Wentworth was a woman of the world, which is a much worse character than a man of the world,

and had never had a thought of that to come. It was, therefore, perfectly natural that when a clever man took her in hand, she should run into the opposite extreme, and become ultra-religious. Dr. Church was the converter in this case, and when Ellen rejoined her old friend in London, she found her deluged with tracts, and holding Bible meetings, in which cards or light music were stopped a while for the reading of the sacred Book; and the dice rattled again between the chapters.

Granville too, was living in town, and his landlady happened to be the aunt of that same Lily Day whom Ellen had once done her best to educate. Lily was pretty, simple, modest and charming; and she had a laudable desire to 'better herself,' which she thought might be done by turning daily governess. She lived in her aunt's house, and it was only natural that with Ellen Raymond as a common subject of interest, an acquaintance should be struck up between her and the young lodger. He even undertook to teach her French, and the pupil warmed towards the master. However, he had concluded his arrangements to go abroad, and was to do so in about a fortnight, when he heard that Ellen was in town. Of course he called, but rarely saw her alone, and whenever a favourable opportunity of speaking to her of the matter at heart arrived, he was sure to be interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Vaughan, who had followed Ellen to London, and was a constant visitor at Mrs. Wentworth's.

One day, however, he found her alone, finishing a sketch of Ashby Cross; he took it up and looked sadly at it.

'Yes, my happy time was there!' murmured Ellen, as they spoke of the old haunt of their young days.

Struck by the words which seemed to encourage him, he sat down by her in silence, and again looked at the drawing.

'My happy time also was there, and then—' he said. He trembled, for he was determined to know his fate before he left England; but he would not speak out till one doubt was removed.

'Answer me one question,' he said. 'Are you engaged to Mr. Vaughan?'

The answer was on her lips, when the door swung open, and Mrs. Wentworth entered. Before leaving, however, he had time to whisper, 'Write me your answer to my question,' and to press her hand warmly.

Ellen was overjoyed. The dream of her girlhood was about to be realized. It needed but one step more, and that she had to take. That evening Lily Day came to see her old mistress, and of course both of them talked of nothing so much as of Granville Mortimer. To Lily she gave the note in which she had written her negative answer, telling her to deliver it to him, but not, of course, revealing its purport.

Mrs. Wentworth had expressed a wish to see Lily Day, and when Ellen was gone to bed, the young governess sat some time with the mistress of the house. Whatever happened at that interview, it is certain that Mrs. Wentworth was very ill the next day, and also certain that Ellen waited day after day, week after week, nay, even month after month, for a letter or a visit from Granville, but in vain. She only heard that he was gone abroad—gone without one word of parting. And still she hoped and trusted, and waited as only a woman can, and explained his silence in a hundred different ways.

An invitation to a grand ball soon took Mrs. Wentworth back to Ashby Cross, for it does not appear her pious tendencies interfered much with her pleasures. At this ball Ellen met Mr. Vaughan once more, and whether Mrs. Wentworth had worked him up, or whether the thing was done *after* supper, certain it is that Edward Vaughan cut his throat, metaphorically, that night in a quiet little boudoir, made for the purpose apparently, and after such a waltz as he had never had before. When to his question a negative reply was given, he neither rushed out, nor tore his hair, nor used strong language, nor swore to commit suicide, nor, as an acquaintance of mine once did when refused by a charming but frivolous young tarlatanist, did he say—'Thank you! there's no telling what misery you have saved me from. I have done the "honourable" thing, and so good-bye;' but he did what we would all

do, if we could only afford the time and money—he went abroad.

When Mrs. Wentworth discovered that her match had failed, and that her heiress had refused the man she had set her affections on, she did not behave half so sensibly, and went farther still than the gentleman himself; and at last she was seized with a spasm of the heart which ended fatally.

In due course the will was sought for, but not found. Mrs. Wentworth died intestate; and though she had often spoken to Ellen as her future heiress, the next of kin, a certain Mr. Clare, of course, came into the property.

Ellen Raymond's character now came out in its best light. She had a great talent for painting, and resolved to make up her income by taking portraits, for of the £5000 which she inherited from her grandfather, the greater portion had, as we know, been appropriated by John Mortimer. She therefore rented a little cottage at Ashby Cross, which was supposed to be haunted, and let at a very low rent, and having induced her sister Bessie, with her children, to come and join forces with her, she set gallantly to work and succeeded.

Mr. Vaughan returned to England, and having no hope of Ellen, began to flirt with a young lady named Marion Ives, and even requested Ellen to take her portrait. In the meantime nothing had been heard of Granville Mortimer, except that he was travelling on the Continent, but still Ellen hoped on.

One day she received a letter offering her employment at the little sea-bathing town of Fernshore. She accepted it and went. Walking on the beach one evening she noticed a child playing at a little distance from its nurse, and while she looked, a great wave came rolling up, and in a moment covered the little boy and carried him back. Without a moment's hesitation she waded in after it, and had just caught it, when the strong ebb of the next wave carried her out of her depth. In vain she struggled, she was sinking, drowning. She became insensible, and only awoke to find herself in a warm bed with friendly hands chafing her own. She

looked round and saw beside her Granville Mortimer and Lily Day, who thanked her for saving the life of *their* child.

Explanations came in time. It appeared that Mrs. Wentworth had insisted on taking Ellen's letter from Lily Day. Granville was the victim of pride. He waited long for Ellen's answer to his question, but when it did not come, he had not the courage to go and ask her again. He took her silence to mean refusal. In a fit of pique he turned to the little governess, whose growing devotion he had long perceived, asked her to be his wife, and was accepted. In short, they were married, and went at once to the Continent. But his pride had gone farther. He was ashamed of this marriage, and never told his family of it.

Ellen Raymond ought to have left his house at once, but she had not yet shaken off her strong affection, and moreover, she was ill. A number of scenes, which are well drawn by Mrs. Vidal, now revealed to her the true character of this union.

Lily was silly, wayward, and of bad, reviling, *twitting* temper. 'To women about to marry—never *twit*,' should be the motto over every house door. Nothing deadens love so soon as a carping temper. Granville, on the other hand, was selfish, proud, and unkind. A stern moralist to others, he could not guide his own morality under strong temptation. His old love of Ellen comes back stronger than ever, and he has not principle enough to conquer it. When at last he discovers that it was Lily's fault that her letter never reached him, he does not blame his own pride and folly in not ascertaining the truth at the time, but in a manner which brings out his real cruel character, he upbraids Lily harshly in Ellen's presence. When a man has made a mistake in his choice, he should buy a pair of rose-coloured spectacles and always wear them. When he has sworn before God to love and honour a woman, he is neither good nor sensible if he does not do his utmost to magnify her virtues and parvify her faults, until, if he does not actually love, he at least acts as if he did so. Heigh-ho for matrimony! We long

for it, and work for it, and manœuvre for it, and when we have got it, it is ten to one we find it simple misery, unless we exercise perpetual self-command. To the good it is indeed a preparation for heaven, but to the bad it is a sure road to hell. True it is that in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage. It is impossible it should be so. Heaven would not be heaven with a wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer quarrel daily. Lily grows jealous of Ellen and speaks her mind about them. Granville behaves even worse, and in thought, if not in deed, is faithless to his wife. Nay, so utterly is he overpowered by his old passion, that on one occasion, he completely forgets himself, and has the villany to propose an elopement. Ellen now finds that she has stayed too long, and beats a hasty retreat. But if her stay has been dangerous, it has resulted in a cure for her. She can no longer respect Granville, and she cannot love a man whom she sees acting so cruelly to a wife who adores him. When time calmed down the old feelings, she gives up Granville for ever, and ceases even to regret him.

The rest is soon told.

Granville Mortimer abandons love and takes to ambition, as a man should do after a certain age. He treats his poor little wife with cold indifference, and makes a spouse of dame literature. He becomes great and is talked of in the world, but amid his greatest successes, when he is fêted, and toasted, and bepraised all around, there is still the bitter smile, the sad look which tells of disappointment.

Edward Vaughan turns up again at Ashby Cross, and having learned the real state of affairs, is encouraged to 'come forward' once again.

Now, it is delightful to tickle your friend's nose with a straw. The more you like him, the more enjoyable is the kindly cruelty. The sensation is so equally poised between pleasure and pain; and he cannot but laugh while he heartily curses you, that you satisfy at once your playful affection, and the natural inclination of man to torment. So Aunt Sarah pulls her pet poodle's ears; so Clarinda refuses me the kiss she is longing to give, and so cousin Bob tosses me for a bad half-crown.

My dear reader, particularly if you are a young lady, I love you with all my heart and pen, and you may laugh, or curse, or both, but I *will* tickle your nose. 'How?' say you. Why, by refusing to tell you how the story ends, and whether Ellen Raymond accepts Mr. Vaughan or not. Besides the pleasure of tantalizing you, it is only fair to Mrs. Vidal that you should order her book for the mere pleasure of knowing the conclusion. I think you will be quite repaid for it, my dear young lady, by the perusal of those ins and outs, those hopes and doubts, those darings and delicacies of love-making, which I have not attempted to give in this abstract of the tale. You will also find the book easy reading, the style natural and simple, and the conversations, if not aspiring to wit or brilliance, at least, just such as would be held by the people described. I might give you, as a young lady, another reason for liking this novel, but I spare your blushes.

TWO OLD FRENCH PALACES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the east of Paris stands the Place Royale. It is a square some five or six acres in extent.

The houses present a uniform ap-

pearance externally; they are large, and contain magnificent apartments, magnificent as to size that is to say. For it was a gay square once, and for

a long time too ; a very fashionable square, and so much so, indeed, as to render the surrounding neighbourhood fashionable.

The case is different with it now. Says a French author before us : 'They are past, those days, when this Place was thronged by counts, marquises, and dukes, all scented and pomaded, each with his frills of lace and his embroidered coat, his sword by his side, and his hat with a flowing feather under his arm ; they are past, those days, when it was the favourite lounge of laughing and perfumed young abbés in fair perukes, the favourite resort of court ladies in velvet masks, toying with the elegant little mirrors they carried, and sweeping the ground with their long silk trains.' They are past indeed, those days, and the contrast which the Place affords in the present is great : 'Here there is a drinking-shop, there the office of a professional letter-writer ; here a small haberdasher hangs out wares more commonly second-hand than new, there a cobbler displays a row of clouted boots and shoes. The Hôtel Nicolai is occupied by a wood-merchant ; the Hôtel Ville-dieu by the district municipality ; the Hôtel Richelieu by a mercer, a tobacconist, and an attorney ; the Hôtel Rohan by a wine merchant ; the King's Pavilion by a dealer in old furniture.' The last person of any note who lived in the Place Royale was M. Victor Hugo ; he, however, did so till not very long ago. What formerly was the Hôtel Guénévée belonged to him, and perhaps still does ; at all events he was in the occupation of it when he was driven into exile. The French term '*hôtel*,' we need scarcely remark, is not confined in its application to a place of entertainment for travellers, but is also employed, as here, to designate the town residence of a princely, or noble, or rich personage ; its English equivalent in this sense being 'house,' as '*Northumburthland House*,' for instance.

So much for the Place Royale ; which, indeed, we have been led to mention here, chiefly from the desire that the reader who knows modern Paris, or may consult a map of it, might be guided to the situation of the Hôtel St. Paul and the Hôtel des

Tournelles, every trace of these having long since disappeared. The Place, in fact, is built on the very site of the latter ; the other was in the immediate neighbourhood. Both were Royal Palaces, and it is mainly to show what a royal palace was, four or five hundred years back, that we have chosen them for the subject of this article.

The buildings and grounds of the Hôtel St. Paul became royal property by passing into the hands of Charles v. of France, whose first acquisition, however, in the locality was made about the year 1360, when he was only Regent. The ground ultimately attached to the Hôtel was of great extent, including within its outer wall upwards of twenty acres. The palace itself, however, was far from being of corresponding dimensions ; indeed, according to our present idea of a palace, it could scarcely be considered a palace at all. It must rather have resembled a village ; better still, it was like a farm-yard on a great scale. There were many distinct buildings, in general not above two stories high ; some of them were connected with each other by galleries, but the majority stood isolated, with gardens and orchards round them. There were stables for horses, there were dovecots for pigeons, there were dens for lions ; there were the ovens and the buttery ; there was the falconry ; there were ponds for fish, there were yards for poultry, there were barracks for the royal guards and men-at-arms ; while round all these confused and heterogeneous dependencies ran the outer wall we have mentioned, flanked with many towers. The royal apartments stood on the side nearest the Seine, which bounded the whole on the south. They consisted of a grand dining-hall, a council chamber, a reception room, a study, a wardrobe, an oratory, a chapel, and a great bedroom ; the last requiring indeed to be a pretty large chamber, if it was to be in proportion to the bed, that being ten or twelve feet wide, like the great bed at Ware. The Queen, the Dauphin, and the Princes had each a separate lodging, similar to that of the King as to the number and appropriation of the rooms, but on a smaller scale.

The adornment and furniture of these regal habitations would now be considered, in many respects, very poor and scanty, but in others sufficiently splendid. The portion of them most highly decorated was the chimney, an immense projecting and overhanging structure, in which a whole party might seat themselves to hear the winter tale told by the *trouvère*, or the romance chanted by the minstrel. It was delicately carved by the sculptor, the painter coloured it elaborately with vermilion, and blue, and gold. The keys of the time were also of high workmanship, the locksmith of the fourteenth century expending almost as much pains on his productions as does the goldsmith on his in our day. But nearly everything else was in a very rude state, and what we should consider comfort was altogether unknown. The walls were generally only white-washed; for, though they were sometimes relieved by armorial bearings, and other designs in finer colours, tapestry and hangings of silk or gilt leather were not introduced till later. The floors were of variously coloured tiles; in winter they were thickly strewed with straw. Great hunks, opening sometimes with doors and sometimes with a lid, served instead of our presses and chests of drawers. The seats were of different kinds. There were chairs meant only for persons of the highest rank, and therefore placed on the elevated dais; things of solid wood, and almost immovable from their weight, with very high backs, on which almost always a coat of arms was blazoned. There were benches some twenty feet long, carved perhaps with no little skill, but hard and irksome, though sometimes rendered places of honour by being placed on a platform with a step or two. There were forms of a smaller and portable size, over which, by way of luxury, carpets would be thrown. Finally, for the Queen, but for her alone, there was something really like an easy chair, it being stuffed with hair and covered with red leather of Cordova, and ornamented with gilt nails and silk fringes. In the chief bed-rooms were *dressers* (dressoirs), a kind of sideboard with several shelves; on which glittered vessels of silver, and

gold, and crystal, vases, and cups, and basins, and pots for sweetmeats and preserves. The bed, which was raised high from the floor, had curtains of silk or brocade, coverlets of ermine fur lined with light cloth, sheets, then called in French *shrouds*, of gauze or starched crape, and two or three huge square pillows. Beside the bed stood a table, on which placed the *en cas de nuit*, that is, a small tray of eatables, in case of nocturnal appetite. We may remark that in great French houses this tray was generally provided within the last hundred and fifty years. Louis XIV. had his regularly.

To sum up in one word, the interior of a king's palace five centuries ago, was a very true expression of the spirit and manners of the age; it was a wonderfully incongruous mixture of magnificence and meanness, of minute attention to small things and of total indifference to greater, of coarseness and refinement, of taste and barbarism, of luxury and discomfort. As the image Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream prefigured, by the diversity of the several metals and the mire clay which composed it, a varied series of successive kingdoms, so perhaps might the strange habitation of Charles V. be taken to symbolize the contemporary state of French monarchy, and of French society generally in his time.

But let us now, in imagination, rebuild this palace, and repeople it as it was peopled early in the fifteenth century; premising, that in doing so, we shall chiefly follow a trustworthy French author, whom, however, we shall not name, seeing that, though his name is no secret, he chooses to write under an assumed and rather affected title.

The *jacquemart** of St. Paul's parish church strikes noon, and noon is the dinner hour in these old times. The gates are shut, and guard is mounted by the royal archers, clad in leathern jerkins and iron caps or 'pots,' their bows on their shoulders and their arrows at their girdles. For no one must intrude while the king

* The *jacquemart* was a figure, which, like those of St. Dunstan's Church in London, struck the hours with a mace on a great bell.

dines, were it only because of the silver plate now produced ; there are bold thieves about. It was but yesterday that a woman was buried alive—O the good old times!—for having stolen an enamelled box belonging to the queen, that Isabel of Bavaria. Let us enter the dining-hall :—The king is already in his great chair at the middle of the horse-shoe table ; the banquet is served, a banquet composed of dishes as enormous as they are curious ; the pastry rises in fortresses bristling with towers, or undulates in the form of hills and valleys, or takes the shape of statues ; the flesh-meat is in profusion, and every joint appears with an accompaniment of game. To see those quarters of beef and mutton half-buried under plovers and woodcocks, pigeons and ortolans, one would say that a feast had been prepared for ogres and giants. Look at that peacock : It might be supposed still alive, and, unpeacock-like, swimming in a lake—the lake is of green sauce—so well has Master Taillevent, the chief cook, preserved intact the golden plumage, the proud head and neck, the brilliant tail. Do you scent the rose-water ? Everything, soups and meats, vegetables and sweets, is bathed in it. Sweets ? Yes, and twenty kinds of them, too ; for they are in great request, and, though America has not yet been discovered, so that we have no sugar, honey supplies the place of it. There is honey even in the wine, which, warmed and spiced, has become hippocras. Pages bring cups of gold ; the grand butler tastes the beverage, to prove that he has not poisoned it, as the chief baker and the grand steward taste the bread and the viands. A grace before meat has been said, and another will be said after ; but also, during the repast, a clerk of the chapel-royal reads aloud from the Scriptures, or it may be that to-day Master Salmon, the king's secretary, will deliver the moral reflections he has made on questions which his majesty has deigned himself to propound. There are no women present, not one ; ' and

thus,' says our author, maliciously, 'the silence of the guests is complete ;' for the men, if perchance they do not very attentively listen to the clerk, think that teeth alone, and not tongues, should be in use at present.

Dinner at last is over, and the party leave the table and the hall. Horses are now caparisoned for riding, or for the tilt-yard ; or arms and armour are furbished, or the falcons are hooded for hawking, or dogs are coupled for coursing. The queen and her ladies are in her private chamber embroidering and spinning, and talking gaily of the next tournament, and of what knight was the best lance at the last. The king, accompanied by his fool, to amuse him, convenes his councillors, dictates his ordinances, regulates the general affairs of his realm, or he shuts himself up with his confessor, and seeks absolution for his sins ; or, in his treasury, looks over his jewels and other precious things, like him in the nursery rhyme, who

' Was in his counting-house counting out his money ;'

or, in his library, he turns over some heavy manuscript bound in wood and velvet, with clasps of silver. In the last case he perhaps reads a page or two, but his chief attraction is found in the illuminations, due to the pencil of his painter, Gringonneur, who, however, is occupied at this moment in colouring a pack of cards, which 'devil's books,' it is said, were first published in this reign. The king, be it observed, possesses no fewer than eight hundred and fifty volumes, an enormous collection, the greater part of which is kept in the *Tour de la Librairie* at the Louvre. The greater part of it is now in England, probably, the Duke of Bedford, when Regent in France for our Henry VI., having purchased, in 1427, the whole then together, for the sum of twelve hundred livres.

So much for an imaginary sketch of those times. Let us now, in a second short chapter, review the real history of our two old palaces and their neighbourhood.

CHAPTER II.

The king, whom we have seen at table in his Hôtel St. Paul, was the

unfortunate Charles VI. In that palace, on the 20th October 1422, after

many years of great suffering, he died. It will be remembered how, when hunting in the forest of Mans, he was suddenly accosted by a wild-looking being, whose appearance and address had such an effect upon him, that ever after his mind was unsettled—a thing not much to be wondered at considering the superstitions of the age—and that he, as well as others, took the fellow for an apparition. The truth of the matter probably is, that the apparition was nothing more than a hired instrument employed for political purposes, just as it is probable that the pretended St. John, who, about a century later, appeared at Linlithgow to James IV. of Scotland, to warn him against entering on his proposed war with England, was simply an instrument in the hands of the sagacious party who anticipated a disastrous conclusion to that war, and whose foresight was soon proved by what issued on the field of Flodden.

It was not, however, only mentally that the unhappy Charles suffered. For the last ten years of his life he had never once been allowed to leave this Hôtel St. Paul, not even at any lucid interval; and here, abandoned by all, friends, children, and wife, he actually suffered physically at times from wanting the mere necessities of life. 'With the howlings of his insanity were often mingled groans extorted by his hunger.' It is to be hoped, for the honour of England, that this was not the case latterly, and that the Duke of Bedford, who had installed himself in the Hôtel des Tournelles, on the other side of the way, showed more humanity to the deserted prince than his own family and subjects had done. He at all events showed due respect to the royal corpse, accompanying the funeral of Charles to St. Denis 'in a black mantle, and as chief mourner,' English archers acting as a guard of honour, and the banner of England waving beside the *Heurs-de-lia*.

Fourteen years later, Isabel of Bavaria, the bad wife of this poor king, died in the same Hôtel St. Paul, unwept and unhonoured by any one. Here, too, in 1515, died Louis XII.; but for him the people wept, and his memory they honoured. 'Would we had again the time of the good King

Louis!' they would say with a sigh afterwards, and till Henry IV. came. Nor was this wonderful. 'Under the administration of this king,' says a recent writer, 'France prospered; the treasury was always full, the obligations of the state were punctually met, the taxes were reduced, justice was reformed, and the small thenceforth had recourse against the great.'

This was the last king who cared for the old palace. His successor, Francis I., began to dispose of it only four years after his father's death, by selling off part of the buildings it contained. By the year 1551, the whole property was alienated from the Crown; and the adjacent Bastille, one reason for the construction of which had been the defence of the royal residence, frowned in vain on the work of demolition that immediately commenced. In a few years all its walls had been levelled, all its ditches and ponds filled up, all its 'pear-trees, apple-trees, cherry-trees, and vines' uprooted; and a maze of streets, covering all the space it had occupied, and some of them, such as the *Rue des Lions*, still suggestive, by their names, of the ancient scene, were ere long crowded with a population forgetful of the Hôtel St. Paul.

We turn to its neighbour, the Hôtel des Tournelles, so called from the number of small towers upon its outer wall. It dated from about the year 1390; but it was to the Regent Bedford that it was indebted for its fortune, good or bad as it may be considered, of becoming a favourite residence of French royalty. The duke enlarged and beautified it so much that Charles VII. and his successors generally preferred it to its opposite rival. The crafty and superstitious Louis XI. was wont to occupy it as often as he ventured to exchange the security of Plessis-les-Tours for the uncertainties of Paris; and here that false mirror of chivalry, Francis I., held his glittering and vicious court. It was not so large as the Hôtel St. Paul, though its enclosure contained 'twelve galleries, two parks, and seven gardens;' and there is less to be said of its own history than of the events which happened in its immediate vicinity. To these then we shall chiefly confine ourselves.

It was in the Rue St. Antoine, under the windows of the Hôtel des Tournelles that, in 1559, the famous tournament was held in which Henry II. lost his life. He received in his right eye a splinter from the lance of the Count de Montgommeri, or 'Mundegrumbi,' as some writers call him (whose family, by the way, we believe was connected with the ancestors of that modern joustier the Earl of Eglington), and died next day of the wound, after having had the goodness to pardon the Count for the accident. His queen, however, the too celebrated Catherine de Medicis, was not so magnanimous; she persecuted Montgommeri relentlessly; and, in his absence, for he contrived to escape at the time, had him condemned to death, and executed in effigy, as the assassin of her husband. Relentlessly we say, for it was not till fifteen years had elapsed that he at last fell into her hands: he was taken, after a desperate resistance, in the town of Domfront, tried, and we need scarcely add, condemned; then he was frightfully tortured, and finally beheaded. It would seem almost impossible, from all the circumstances, that there could have been any foul play on his part at the tournament, yet the suspicion of treachery and design was common enough at the time; and the notorious astrologer Nostrodamus, patronized as he was by Catherine herself, narrowly escaped being burned as a wizard, for having distinctly foretold the violent death of the king; or rather perhaps for his supposed connexion with a presumed conspiracy to effect it. As a curiosity, we may translate, literally, the obscure quatrain which was thought to prophesy the occurrence:

'The young lion will overcome the old,
In battle field, by single duel;
In golden cage will thrust out his eyes;
Two wounds in one; then to die; a cruel death.'

The 'golden cage' was explained—after the event of course—to mean the gilded helmet which the king wore; and altogether the lines were held by the credulous to be remarkably explicit. So easy is it to find fulfilment for an impostor's predictions, provided only they be sufficiently vague, and all but unintelligible nonsense.

But the journey of chivalrous times,

'the gentle passage of arms,' was not the kind of encounter for which the immediate vicinity of the Hôtel des Tournelles acquired a bad celebrity; it was as being a chosen spot for duelling, and for duelling in its worst shape, that it was for a long time notorious. Here, for instance, in 1578, three favourites of Henry III., whose infamous names we shall not mention, met in mortal combat three other courtiers well worthy of such steel as theirs. And mortal indeed that combat was. Two of the six, these two being boys of eighteen, were killed on the spot; a third died of his wounds next day; and a fourth about a month after.

The still more celebrated duel took place on the same scene, in which Bussey d'Amboise was killed; and for being concerned in which, Montmorency-Bouteville and his cousin Count Deschapelles, were beheaded six weeks after, at the common place of execution. This happened in 1627, under the administration of Richelieu, who had resolved to put down duelling by the strong arm of the law. Whether the Cardinal merits unreserved praise for his sternness towards the duellist nobility, or whether, especially in this case, he was influenced by private or political motives, remains a question. This, however, is certain, that by his inflexible severity duelling in France then received somewhat of a check; and it might be well, perhaps, for that country, in the present day, if, on higher principles than his probably were, his enactments, or at least the spirit of them, were revived.

Only for about fifty years did the Hôtel des Tournelles survive its neighbour the Hôtel St. Paul: under Henry IV. the last remnant of it disappeared, to yield its site, as in the other case, to the plans of street-builders and architects. As we have already said, the degraded Place Royale now occupies a portion of that site, and the quarter is very different in these days from what it was in days of yore. Still, royalty has not altogether deserted the quarter; the Place, which at the revolution had its name changed first to 'Place des Félérés,' and afterward to 'Place des Vosges,' regained its old dignity in 1814, and saw a new statue of marble erected in it, to re-

place the former one of bronze, which the revolutionists had removed, and probably converted into sou pieces. The present statue, like the other, is of Louis XIII., that feeble king, who was a good confectioner, a good gardener, a tolerable barber, and a passable cook; who could compose music a little, and paint a little—and do several other things a little; so that according to an epitaph proposed for him—

'He would have had a hundred virtues as a valet;

He had not one as a master.'

The circumjacent district, the 'Maraais,' as it is called, from having once been a marsh, is one of considerable industry; and though one would think that peaceable and timid folk would think it rather too near the politically inflammable Faubourg St. Antoine, it is also a favourite retreat of the retired tradesmen, the small annuitant, the quiet families who have seen better days, and some richer people of the old school. Its industry is chiefly applied to the production of what are called *articles de Paris*; that is to say, bronzes, mirrors, time-pieces, jewellery, toys, and the like; cabinet-making, and especially cabinet-making of the finer kind, also employs many hands here, amongst whom there is a large proportion of Germans.

Our subject has been two old palaces: our object, leaving the reader

to moralize on the pictures for himself—has been to exhibit, first, some striking contrasts which old times present to new, and secondly, some odd incongruities which existed in the old times themselves. With one more instance of the latter, we shall close; it relates to the Bastille, which, as will have been seen, may almost be considered to have formed part of the Hôtel St. Paul.

That the Bastille was a fortress and a state prison, and what kind of a fortress and prison it was, are things generally known. Farther, that as being a fortress, and the citadel of Paris, it should occasionally be chosen as a place of deposit for the royal treasures, will seem to have been natural enough, even should the fact be new.* But that such a place as the Bastille should ever have been deliberately selected for the scene of extraordinary festivity, may perhaps be new to some, and must, we should think, seem unnatural indeed. So it was, however, in 1518, under Francis I.: we have an account of a magnificent banquet given in the Bastille by that monarch, on which occasion the walls of the inner court 'were covered with cloth of his colours,' and 'twelve hundred torches made the night seem like the day.'

* According to Sully, in 1604, Henry IV. had seven millions (French money), and in 1610, nearly sixteen millions, under guard at the Bastille.

THE LIFE OF A WIZARD.*

VOCATION.

WHEN the son of a provincial watch-maker has a passion for clockwork and everything relating to it; when his favourite playthings as a child are a file, a gimlet, and a pair of compasses; when an irresistible propensity compels him to devote his play-hours to mechanical contrivances; when a wandering mountebank and professor of mystification stupifies him with admiration; when, envying an automatic box on whose lid were a

* *The Confidences of a Prestidigitator.* By ROBERT-HOUDIN.

sportsman, a hare, and a dog in motion, and also knowing that he would never be able to purchase its like, he set to work in secret, for six months, to make it, and succeeded; when he is sent to two notary's offices successively, in vain, and is pronounced incapable of learning the notary's business; when he sits up all night to read conjuring books, and by day saves time by practising tricks with cards with one hand while he eats his soup with the other; when he pays ten francs to be taught to juggle with

balls, and in less than a month surpasses his master; when these are merely a few indications of his tastes, it will be granted that his course of life is marked out by what may be called a true vocation.

Young Robert (Houdin, the name of his first wife, was a subsequent appendage) still gained his livelihood as a journeyman watchmaker, giving from time to time, for the amusement of his employer's family circle, little private performances of *legerdemain*, when sundry complicated events happened, which the future historian, coolly putting this and that together, will probably interpret to be his running away, driven by an invincible impulse, to join a travelling prestidigitator and his servant, called by him Torrini and Antonio, wandering with them from town to town, enthralled by the principal's dexterity, profiting by his example, and treasuring his precepts like a faithful disciple. The *Confidences*, which at once tell us too much and too little respecting this portion of the artist's biography, give a romantic and improbable version of a nearly fatal poisoning by verdigris, of a journey in a diligence undertaken in a state of delirium, a jump from the top of the vehicle, a fall on the road, and a picking up and a long nursing in the van of the said errant-conjuror, Torrini. Yes, yes, Robert-Houdin, you are an excellent person, and we like you much; but, say what you will, the first of your two amusing volumes contains a certain amount of fiction, founded on fact; the *fact* is that you were out on your travels, completing your education under the guidance of tutors who were not exactly the persons whom your worthy father would have selected.

And yet Torrini and Antonio appear to have been good fellows and anything but fools, the former especially. His great strength lay in tricks with cards. He possessed two qualities which are invaluable in the practice of his art (which is said to be a revival from the Greeks); namely, extreme address, and incredible boldness of execution. He had, besides, a perfectly aristocratic manner of handling the cards; his white and delicate hands scarcely seemed to touch the pack; his mode of action was so well

concealed, his artifices were veiled by so natural a line of conduct, that the public could not help being led away by a confiding sympathy. Sure of his effects, he executed the most difficult passes with the utmost coolness, thereby diverting all suspicion and insuring the happiest results. To conclude his performance with *éclat*, he would beg the audience to depute some one to play a game of piquet with him. His antagonist would soon present himself on the stage.

'Monsieur,' Torrini would say, 'pardon my indiscretion, but it is indispensable for the success of my experiment that I should be acquainted with your name and profession.'

'Nothing is easier, Monsieur; my name is Joseph Lenoir, and I exercise the profession of a dancing-master.'

Any other than Torrini would have been sure to indulge in some witticism or pun on the name and quality of the rival of Vestris; he did nothing of the kind. Torrini's only object in asking the question was to gain time; for both his disposition and his habits were averse to all sorts of mystification. He simply added, 'I am much obliged to you, Monsieur, for your complaisance, and now that we know who we are, we can repose confidence in one another. You are come, Monsieur, to play piquet with me, but are you well acquainted with the game?'

'Yes, Monsieur, I flatter myself that I am.'

'Ha! ha!' said Torrini, laughing, 'before you flatter yourself, wait till we have played our game. Nevertheless, not to wound your self-esteem, I will grant that you are a capital player; but I give you warning that will not prevent your being beaten, and yet the conditions of the game will be entirely in your favour. Listen; the feat I am going to perform is what is called '*Le coup de piquet de l'aveugle*'—the blind man's stroke at piquet—and requires that I should be utterly prevented from seeing; have the goodness, therefore, to bandage my eyes carefully.'

M. Joseph Lenoir, who, by the way, wore spectacles, was a very cautious person; consequently, he fulfilled his task with extremest scrupulosity. He began by putting a couple of pieces of

cotton wool before his patient's eyes, which he covered successively with three thick bandages; and then, as if this fourfold screen were not sufficient to blind his antagonist, he wrapped up his head in an enormous shawl which he drew very tightly by the corners. It was difficult to conceive how Torrini escaped suffocation, and it made you perspire only to look at him. Notwithstanding which he blandly addressed his adversary.

'Monsieur Lenoir, have the kindness to take your seat opposite to me, at this table; I have still a little service to beg of you, before we can begin our match. Thanks to your aid, I am entirely deprived of sight. That is not enough; in order that my incapacity be rendered complete, it is necessary that you should tie my hands.'

Monsieur Lenoir raised his spectacles and stared at Torrini with a look of astonishment. But the latter, quietly laying his arms on the table, and crossing his thumbs, said, 'Now, Monsieur, if you please, tie them tight.'

The dancing-master took a piece of string that had been put there, and acquitted himself of his new task as conscientiously as he had executed the former one.

'Am I now blindfolded and deprived of the use of my hands?' asked Torrini, addressing his *vis-à-vis*.

'I am certain of it,' replied Joseph Lenoir.

'Very well, then, let us begin the game. But first tell me with what suit you would like to be beaten?'

'Clubs.'

'So be it. Have the goodness to distribute the cards yourself, dealing them by twos or by threes, just as you please. When the hands are dealt, I give you the further permission to choose which of the two you think the most likely to save you from being beaten.'

All the while that these strange explanations and preparations continued, the public remained silent and motionless, in doubt whether it was going to be mystified, or to witness a real trial of skill. But when they saw the dancing-master shuffle the cards, they began to take the matter seriously. Every one rose to get a better sight, and a great number of spectators

crowded round the table. You might have heard a pin drop.

'I have shuffled the cards; you may cut,' said the dancing-master, gaily, already sure of the victory.

'With pleasure,' replied Torrini; and although he was hampered in his movements, he contrived to satisfy his adversary without delay.

After the cards were dealt, M. Lenoir declared that he would keep those which he had before him.

'Very well,' said Torrini. 'You wished, I believe, to be beaten with clubs?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'Follow my play then. I reject the seven of spades, of hearts, and of diamonds, and my two eights; the cards I take in instead give me a quinte of clubs, fourteen for queens and fourteen for kings, with which I give you the repic. Count them, monsieur, and verify my reckoning.'

Torrini was right; a unanimous burst of applause hailed this master-stroke, while the poor dancing-master was overwhelmed with a shower of jokes as he retired from the stage and made his escape out of doors as fast as he could.

After the public had departed, the pupil could not help sincerely complimenting the master on the address he had displayed throughout the whole evening, and more especially in his final feat. Torrini accepted these felicitations with the greater pleasure, he said, coming as they did if not from one of the brotherhood, at least from an amateur who had already made considerable progress in *legerdemain*. In short, he read Robert-Houdin's inmost thoughts, and explained his power of doing so, thus: 'My theatre is small; it is therefore very easy for me, when I am on the stage, to read at a single glance the expression of every physiognomy present, and to watch the effect which I produce on my different spectators. I observed you particularly, and I was able, by following the direction of your looks, to judge what was passing in your mind. For instance, when I indulged in any amusing paradox, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the public towards an opposite direction to that where the trick was to be executed, you were the only one

amongst the whole of the audience who avoided the snare, and kept your eyes constantly fixed on the very point which it was necessary to watch in order to detect the secret of the trick. As for the game of piquet, although I could not see you whilst I was playing it, I have good reasons for being certain that you do not know how it is done. You confess to feeling an inclination for these sort of exercises. An inclination, indeed! Allow me to tell, my lad, that that word is quite out of place in the present instance. You have more than an inclination for conjuring; you have a

passion for it. Here are the symptoms on which my opinion is founded. This evening, as soon as the curtain was raised, your excited features, your greedy eyes, your open and slightly contracted mouth, all denoted what a state of agitation you were in. Your countenance, for instance, wore exactly the expression of a gourmand sitting down to a table sumptuously served, or rather that of a miser gloating over his treasures. Do you fancy that, with such indications, there is any need to be a wizard in order to discover the empire which conjuring exercises over your mind!

PREPARATORY WORK AND TRAINING.

Dearest friends must part; and Robert-Houdin could not think of remaining an eternal inmate of the travelling van; his departure, however, was delayed by further lessons in the magician's art, and by the request of a service on the part of his host. He was wanted to repair an automaton which had been obtained from one *Opré*, a Dutch mechanician, and which represented a little harlequin, whose performance consisted in opening the box wherein he was shut up, in jumping out to execute several evolutions, and in returning by himself to his prison at word of command. But the automaton was in such a wretched state, that Robert-Houdin was obliged almost to reconstruct it entirely. For this purpose, he fitted up a little workshop in the van, and practised the art of automaton-making while rolling along the road from Angers to Angoulême.

Finally, the vagabond artist returned to his family at Blois. We can imagine the lame account he would have to give of his adventurous travels, which he had concealed by the employment of a considerate stratagem. With the fixed determination of appearing one day as a conjuror, he felt that his time was not yet come; he wanted experience, a more abundant stock of tricks, and age. The public refuses to lend itself to the adroitest deceptions of a hobbledehoy. So he continued to employ himself with the reparation and cleaning of watches and with private theatricals, which

introduced him to Mademoiselle Houdin, which introduction resulted in marriage, and which marriage led him to Paris, where his father-in-law, a celebrated watch and chronometer maker, resided, although like himself a native of Blois. To his new relation he confided his project of forming a cabinet of automatic curiosities to be exhibited in combination with feats of *legerdemain*. The family circle afforded frequent opportunities of giving a rehearsal of the favourite scheme. The worthy elder, instead of disapproving, aided and assisted the aspirant wizard.

At that epoch the celebrated Comte was the *physicien* or conjuror in vogue, although reposing on his laurels and only performing once a week. His repertory offered nothing original; it was that of *Torrini* and all the other conjurors of the day, and was perfectly well known to Robert-Houdin, who regularly attended, nevertheless, for the sake of studying the spectators rather than the performer himself. He listened carefully to every word that was uttered around him, and often overheard very judicious observations. As these remarks were generally made by people who did not appear to be endowed with any great amount of penetration, they suggested the thought that a prestidigitator ought to be especially distrustful of the coarse common sense of the vulgar; it is more difficult to cause an illusion with an ignorant person than with a man of education. This

appears to be a paradox, but it is easily explained. All which the man of the vulgar generally sees in a conjuring trick, is a challenge given to his intelligence; for him, a performance of legerdemain becomes a sort of combat, in which he is determined at all hazards to prove himself the victor. Constantly on his guard against the honeyed words, by the aid of which the illusion is operated, he shuts his ears, and intrenches himself in obstinate reasoning somewhat after the following fashion: 'The conjuror,' he says, 'holds something in his hand which he pretends to make to vanish. Well; whatever he may say to draw off my attention, I will keep my eyes fixed on his hands, and will take good care that the trick shall not be done without my finding out how it is done.' It follows that the conjuror, whose artifices are especially addressed to the minds of his audience, must employ redoubled skill in order to baffle this obstinate resistance.

On the other hand, the man of education who comes to a performance of prestidigitation, does so with the sole object of enjoying any deceptions that may be practised upon him; and far from offering any opposition to the conjuror's prodigies, he is the first to favour their execution. The more he is taken in, the more he is satisfied; he has paid his money for that very purpose. He knows, moreover, that these amusing deceptions are not at all intended to detract from his reputation as a man of intelligence. He therefore confidently yields himself to the statements of the prestidigitator, follows them complacently throughout all their developments, and willingly allows himself to be led astray.

Comte was also worthy of study in his managerial capacity; he had all sorts of ingenious devices to fill his theatre and bring money into the treasury. He was excessively gallant and complimentary towards the lady portion of his audience, and equally merciless and tormenting to those belonging to the masculine gender. For instance, he had a certain stool on which if he requested a gentleman to sit, it emitted a sound which is never heard except in the most unpolite society. He had also great talent as a ventriloquist, which often inspired him with the idea

of curious mystifications. But the best of them (if a mystification can ever be good) were reserved for travelling occasions; he made them answer the purpose of advertisements, and they greatly contributed to draw crowds to see him.

At Tours he caused four doors to be forced open, one after the other, in order to get at a *soi-disant* unhappy wretch, starving to death, whom he made people believe was confined in a back shop. At Nevers, he renewed the prodigy of Balaam's ass, by communicating the faculty of speech to a donkey who complained of the weight of his master. Another time, during the night, he threw the passengers inside a diligence into consternation. A multitude of voices were heard at the doors on each side; they sounded like a dozen brigands asking the travellers for their purses or their lives. In alarm they gave up their valuables to Comte, who undertook to treat with the robbers; at which the band were heard to disperse. Next morning he restored to each one their own, acknowledging the talent of which they had been made the dupes.

One day, in the market-place of Mâcon, he saw a peasant woman driving before her a pig so fat that he could scarcely crawl.

'How much will you take for your pig, my brave woman?'

A hundred francs, and not a sous less, my *beau monsieur*, at your service, if you have a mind to buy him?'

'Certainly I have a mind to buy him; but you ask three times too much. I will give you thirty francs, if you like.'

'You will give me a hundred francs, neither more nor less; and you may take him or leave him.'

'Stop a minute,' said Comte, going close to the animal; 'I am sure your pig is more reasonable than you are. I say, piggy, my friend, tell me, in conscience, are you really worth a hundred francs?'

'I should think not indeed!' answered the pig, in a hoarse and hollow voice. 'I doubt whether I am worth a hundred sous. I have got the measles; my mistress wants to take you in.'

The crowd, who had been thronging

round the woman and her pig, retreated in alarm, believing them both to be under demoniacal possession. Comte immediately returned to his hôtel, where the wonderful anecdote soon reached his ears. He was informed, moreover, that several persons had plucked up sufficient courage to speak to the witch, begging her to get exorcised and have the unclean spirit driven out from the body of her pig. Nevertheless, Comte did not always get off so easily. He was very near paying dear for a mystification which he played off on some peasants of the canton of Fribourg, in Switzerland. These fanatics, taking him for a veritable wizard, attacked him furiously with bludgeons. They were on the point of thrusting him into a blazing oven, and would have done so, if Comte had not contrived to save himself by causing a terrible voice to issue from the oven, threatening them with a worse fate hereafter in case they persisted.

Comte's performances inflamed Robert-Houdin's imagination to such a degree, that he thought of nothing but theatres, conjuring, machines, automata, and the rest of it. He became impatient to take his place amongst the adepts of magic, and to create a reputation in that marvellous art. The time which he took to come to a determination, seemed so much time lost to his future successes. His successes! Alas! he little knew the trials he would have to undergo before they would be earned; he had no suspicion of the tithe of the sufferings, the anxieties, and the labours, with which a final triumph must necessarily be purchased. Thanks to his persevering researches, he had nothing more to learn in respect to conjuring; but to follow out the programme which he had traced for himself, he had still to study the principles of a science on which he greatly reckoned for the prosperous issue of his future representations, namely, the science, or more properly the art of making automata.

A Prussian, named Koppen, exhibited in Paris, about the year 1829, an instrument bearing the name of the *Componium*, which was a veritable mechanical orchestra, playing the overtures of operas with remarkable

precision. Its title had been given to it, because by the aid of certain really marvellous combinations, this instrument improvised charming variations, without ever repeating the same thing, however many times it was made to play. It was asserted that it was as difficult to hear the same variation twice, as to see the two same quaternions succeed each other in the lottery. The chance of these two facts occurring were calculated on the same probabilities. The *Componium* obtained the most brilliant success; but it ended by exhausting the curiosity of musical amateurs, and was obliged to beat a retreat, after having earned for its owner the enormous net profit of a hundred thousand francs in a single year. A speculator bought it, and took it to England; but George IV. had just breathed his last; the instrument remained without auditors; its proprietor, discouraged, resolved to return to Paris. The *Componium* was taken to pieces, packed in boxes, and sent back to France. But the custom-house officers raised difficulties about its admission; it was not till after a year of law proceedings and formalities that the instrument arrived at Paris, an ill-conditioned wreck of its former self. Robert-Houdin undertook to put it in order again, and completed his undertaking after a twelve-month's hard bodily and mental work. The *Componium's* restoration cost him a brain fever and five years of feeble health.

Amongst the automata which he afterwards made, destined to figure in his performances, were, first, a little pastry-cook, who came out, at word of command, from the door of an elegant shop, bringing, according to the taste of the spectators, hot cakes and refreshments of every kind. By the side of the establishment were seen a number of journeymen pastry-cooks pounding sugar, rolling paste, and putting it into the oven. When the pastry-cook has satisfied all his customers, he assists his master in his conjuring tricks. A lady, for instance, has secretly put her ring into a little box, which she locks and keeps in her hand. Immediately the pastry-cook brings a cake, in which is found the ring that had disappeared from the box. Another automatical piece represented two

clowns, Auriol and Debureau. The latter held in his arms a chair, upon which his merry comrade performed a series of gambols and evolutions in imitation of the artists of the Circus. After these exercises, Auriol smoked his pipe, and concluded by playing an air on a little flageolet to the accompaniment of the orchestra.

Many other equally wonderful pieces of mechanism were completed. Pressed for money, he engaged to make and deliver, within eighteen months, for the price of five thousand francs, or two hundred pounds sterling, an automaton figure, which should write or draw whatever was requested of him. We pass over the toil and the sequestration submitted to for the resolution of this difficult problem, and skip to the artist's joy at the termination of his labours. After many doubts about the success of his enterprise, he had at last reached the solemn moment of the first trial of his *écrivain-dessinateur*, or secretary. He had spent the whole day in giving the finishing touch to his machine. The automaton, seated before his master and maker, appeared to await his orders, and to prepare to answer the questions that were about to be put to him. The artist had only to press a sort of trigger or spring, in order to enjoy the long-expected result. His heart beat violently, and, although he was quite alone, he trembled with emotion at the mere thought of this important *début*. For the first time he placed before the secretary a blank sheet of paper, at the same time putting the question, 'Who is the artist who has given you being?'

He pressed the button of the spring, the clock-work was set a-going. He could scarcely breathe, fearing that the slightest noise might disturb the spectacle he was witnessing.

The automaton saluted his author with an inclination of the head. Robert-Houdin could not help smiling, as he would have done to one of his own children; but when he beheld the figure fix his eyes on his work attentively, when the arm, hitherto inert and lifeless, became animated, and traced the artist's own proper signature with a steady hand, his (the artist's) eyes filled with tears, and, in a burst of gratitude, he could not help

addressing a prayer of thanksgiving to the throne of the Most High; for, independent of the satisfaction to his self-esteem, this piece of mechanism, the most important he had ever executed, was a branch of salvation which promised to bring back welfare to his household. After causing the signature to be written again and again, he put another question,—'What o'clock is it?'

The automaton, following certain combinations in connexion with a timepiece, wrote, 'It is two in the morning.' It was a warning given completely *à-propos*; he profited by it, and went to bed immediately. Contrary to expectation, he slept longer and more soundly than he had been able to do for some time before.

Great pains had been taken to render the mechanism of the Secretary as simple as possible. He took especial care, while surmounting unheard-of difficulties, to cause the whole to act without any sound of clock-work being audible. The intention was, as far as possible, and at a humble distance, to copy nature, whose most complicated instruments perform their functions in a completely imperceptible manner. Will it be believed that this very perfection, to attain which such ceaseless efforts had been made, was unfavourable to the automaton's popularity? At its first exhibition, people who could see nothing in it except the outside, were often heard to remark, 'The Secretary is certainly a charming invention, but perhaps its machinery is very simple. Oh, mon Dieu! It frequently takes such a trifling contrivance to produce the most astonishing effects.'

Consequently, the artist conceived the idea of rendering his wheel-work a little less smooth and easy in its action, and of causing it to produce, on a smaller scale, the same sort of mechanical melody as is to be heard when a collection of spinning-jennies are in full swing. Then the good public judged of the merit of the work in quite a different style. The more riotous was the click-clack and the tohu-bohu, the more intense was its admiration. On all sides you overheard exclamations, 'How very ingenious!' 'What a complicated contrivance!' and, 'Really it must take

an immense amount of talent to complete such difficult combinations as these.

To obtain this flattering result, Robert-Houdin had deteriorated from the perfection of his automaton; and he confesses that he was in the wrong. He had followed the example of certain actors, who, to obtain the applause of the vulgar, overdraw their parts. They excite a laugh, but they violate the standard rules of art, and are rarely classed with first-rate artists. Subsequently, Robert-Houdin thought better of it, and restored his machine to its former condition.

At a later period, during the Exposition of 1844, Louis-Philippe paid daily visits to the Palais de l'Industrie, and our artist's automata having been pointed out to him as well deserving his attention, he expressed a desire to see them, and caused his intention to be announced twenty-four hours beforehand. There was, therefore, plenty of time to put things in order.

The king arrived, holding the Comte de Paris by the hand. Robert-Houdin stood on his left, to give the explanation of the different pieces. The Duchess of Orleans was beside him; the other members of the royal family formed a circle around his Majesty. The crowd, kept back by the guardians of the Palais and the agents of police, left an open space around the collection of figures thus exhibited. The king was in high good humour, and appeared to take great pleasure in everything that was presented to him. He put frequent questions, and did not fail to give proofs of the excellence of his judgment. To conclude the exhibition, the royal party stopped in front of the secretary. The automaton, it will be borne in mind, wrote or drew according to the question that was put to him. The king asked, 'How many inhabitants does Paris contain?'

The secretary raised his left hand, which he kept resting on his desk, to show that he required a sheet of paper. As soon as it was given to him, he wrote distinctly, 'Paris contains 998,964 inhabitants.'

The paper was passed from the hands of the king to those of his family, and every one was delighted to observe the perfection of the char-

acters; but it was evident that Louis-Philippe had a criticism to make, as was announced by the smile upon his lips.

'Monsieur Robert-Houdin,' he said, 'you have perhaps forgotten that these figures will not correspond with the new census which is just on the point of being finished.'

'Sire,' replied the artist, with a tolerable degree of assurance for a man unaccustomed to converse with crowned heads, 'I hope that by that time my automaton will have acquired sufficient intelligence to make the requisite corrections, if such be needed.'

The king appeared satisfied with the reply. Advantage was taken of the opportunity to inform his Majesty that the secretary was also a bit of a poet. If an incomplete quatrain were proposed to him, in the form of a question, he would complete it by the word answering to the inquiry contained in the three first lines. The king selected the following:—

'Lorsque dans le malheur, accablé de souffrance,
Abandonné de tous, l'homme va succomber,
Quel est l'ange divin qui vient le consoler!
C'est—

'*L'espérance!*' added the secretary to the fourth line, thus making the quatrain complete.

'It is really delightful,' observed the king: 'but, Monsieur Robert-Houdin,' he added confidentially, lowering his voice, 'in order to make a poet of your secretary, you must have given him an education!'

'Yes, sire, as far as my poor abilities allow.'

'In that case my compliment is addressed to the master rather than to the pupil. And now tell me,' he continued, 'I see by the notice placed on the automaton's pedestal, that he is a draughtsman, as well as a writer and a poet. Suppose that you,' addressing the Comte de Paris, 'choose for yourself the subject of a drawing.'

By a little contrivance, which might not be disagreeable to the Prince, a crown was the object which he was induced to select.

The automaton began to trace the outlines of the royal ornament in perfect style; every one was watching his performance with interest, when,

to the *living* artist's great disappointment, the pencil broke, and the crown could not be completed. Vexed at this most untoward event, Robert-Houdin wanted to make the automa-

ton begin again; but the king, with thanks, prevented him.

'You can draw,' he said to the Comte de Paris, 'and therefore you can finish the crown yourself.'

BEFORE THE QUEEN.

Imperfect success at the first attempt at public performance was followed by complete success at the subsequent ones; and then the artist showed his good sense and knowledge of the world. He modestly adopted Fontenelle's maxim that, however well success may be merited it is not achieved without the aid of a certain amount of good fortune; at the same time he determined, by hard work, to diminish the share which fortune could claim in the event, to the lowest possible proportions. He was aware that it is more difficult to maintain admiration than to excite it, and, as a corollary to the proposition, that an artist's vogue cannot be permanent unless his talents increase from day to day. He knew that nothing relieves an artist's merit so much as an independent position in respect to fortune; the fact is brutal, but it is incontestable. Not only was he thoroughly imbued with the principles of the strictest economy, but he felt it his duty to lose no opportunity of profiting by the fugitive favour of the public, which also is sure to sink when it does not rise. He turned his vogue to account as much as he could.

To increase the curiosity of the public, he and his son, an interesting boy twelve years of age, trained themselves, by the exercise of their perceptive faculties, to a means of secret communication, to whose ostensible results they gave the name of '*la seconde vue*,' though it does not answer to what we are accustomed to understand by second sight. The son was blindfolded; notwithstanding which he saw with his father's eyes, describing everything which was presented to him by the spectators. For further details, which are interesting and valuable as a psychological study, we must refer the reader to the volumes themselves.

During his pleasant and profitable stay in England, Robert-Houdin had always been ambitious of performing

before the Queen. This laudable desire was twice gratified; first at a charitable *fête* at Fulham, got up by high-born lady-patronesses, with two-guinea entrance tickets, and secondly (which was still more flattering), at Buckingham Palace, in consequence of the satisfaction given by the previous display of skill. We will serve the able Prestidigitator in the capacity of his interpreter, and allow him to describe the last of these two honourable events in his own proper words, done into English.

A few days after my return to the St. James's theatre from Manchester, the Queen, doubtless calling to mind the desire which she had expressed at Fulham, requested me to give a performance at her *Palais de Buckingham*. This invitation could not be otherwise than very agreeable to me; I earnestly accepted it.

On the appointed day, at eight o'clock in the morning, I presented myself at the royal residence. The intendant of the palace, to whom I was referred, conducted me to the spot where the representation was to take place. It was a long and magnificent picture-gallery. A theatre had been constructed whose scene represented a saloon in the style of Louis xv., white and gold, very similar to what I had at St. James's. My guide then showed me a dining-room close by; it was the one, he said, appropriated to the ladies of honour, and he begged me to name the hour at which I wished our *déjeuner* to be served. I was too preoccupied to think about eating, for I had all the arrangements for my performance to make. Nevertheless I ordered at hazard my meal to be ready for one o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately set to work.

Thanks to the assistance of my secretary (a sort of factotum), and of my children, who aided me in the preparation of my means of action, I managed to surmount all the difficul-

ties which were caused by the provisional nature of my theatre. But it was not until two o'clock that I had got all my appliances in readiness. I was almost fainting from inanition; for, less fortunate than my fellow-workmen, I had as yet taken nothing in the course of the day. It was therefore with veritable pleasure that I headed the march in the direction of the dining-room. The performance was to begin at three o'clock; I had therefore an hour before me for refreshment.

Scarcely had I set half-a-dozen steps, when I heard some one calling behind me. It was an officer of the palace who demanded to speak to me.

'Monsieur,' he said in very good French, 'there will be a ball in this gallery after your entertainment; several arrangements will have to be made, which will perhaps take a longer time than is supposed. In consequence, the Queen begs you to have the goodness to commence your performance an hour earlier. She is quite in readiness to come, and will not be long before she arrives.'

'I regret exceedingly to be unable to comply with her Majesty's request,' I replied. 'My preparations are not yet completed; and, besides, I will confess that—'

'M. Robert-Houdin,' politely answered the officer, maintaining all the while the phlegm of a child of the Thames, 'they are the Queen's orders, and I can have nothing more to say.' And without waiting to listen to my explanation, he saluted me with urbanity and retired.

'We shall still have the time to swallow a hasty meal,' I said to my secretary. 'Let us go at once to the dining-room.'

Before I could well finish the sentence, the Queen, the Prince Albert, and the Royal Family entered, followed by a numerous suite. At this sight, I had not the courage to proceed any further; I retraced my steps, and, as had previously occurred to me under similar circumstances, I met my sufferings with resignation. Protected by the curtain which separated me from the spectators, I hastily concluded a few little preparations which still remained to be completed, and

five minutes afterwards I received the order to begin.

When the curtain rose, I was astonished at the spectacle which presented itself to my eyes. Their Majesties, the Queen Dowager (†), the Duke of Cambridge, uncle to the Queen, and the Royal children, occupied the front row. Behind them was a portion of the Orleans family; then came persons of the highest distinction, amongst whom I recognised ambassadors clad in their national costume, and superior officers covered with brilliant decorations. All the ladies were in ball dresses, and adorned with rich jewellery. The gallery was entirely filled.

I cannot say what change took place within me, when I began my performance. My bodily weakness had suddenly vanished, and I even found myself perfectly active. Nevertheless, this state of things is easily explained. It is an acknowledged fact, that there is no such thing as suffering for an artist, as soon as he is on the stage. A sort of excitement of his faculties suspends in him every sensation which is foreign to his part, and so long as he remains in the presence of the public, he gives no tokens of being subject to any of the miseries of life. Hunger, thirst, cold, heat, disease even, are forced to beat a retreat before the power of this excitement, although they may resume their empire afterwards with additional vigour.

This little digression is necessary to explain the happy inspiration which I felt on presenting myself before this noble assembly. Never, I believe, had I such spirit and enthusiasm in the execution of my feats; and never, also, had I a public who appreciated them more graciously. The Queen several times deigned to encourage me with flattering words, whilst the Prince Albert, so good-natured to artists, joyously applauded with both his hands. I had prepared a trick which I entitled *Le Bouquet à la Reine*; the *Court Journal* reported it in the following terms:—

'The Queen,' said the English journal, 'took great pleasure in these experiments; but that which seemed to strike her the most, was the *Bouquet à la Reine*, a very graceful surprise,

and of a charming *à-propos*. Her Majesty having lent her glove to M. Robert-Houdin, he immediately caused to issue from it a little bouquet, which soon increased to such a size as to be with difficulty held in the two hands. Finally this bouquet, placed in a vase and sprinkled with a magic water, transformed itself into a garland, the flowers of which formed the word VICTORIA.

'The Queen was equally astonished at the surprising lucidity of Robert-Houdin's son in the experiment of second sight. The most complicated objects had been prepared beforehand, in order to embarrass and put in default the sagacity of the father, and the marvellous faculty of the son. They both came off victorious from this intellectual combat, and baffled all the schemes that had been laid against them.'

After the performance, the same officer with whom I had already conversed, came on the part of the Queen and the Prince Albert, to offer me their congratulations. The Duchess of Orleans had also the kindness to join her compliments, and those of her family.

As soon as the curtain was dropped, being no longer sustained by the presence of my spectators, I felt myself almost in a fainting state. I had sat down, and had no longer sufficient strength left to go and take the refreshment of which I stood so much in need. Nevertheless, I was about to make the attempt, when I was aroused from my lassitude by the appearance of a numerous body of workmen, who came in a great hurry to take the theatre to pieces, carry it away, and arrange the preparations for the ball. Fancy my annoyance and embarrassment! I was obliged to dismount and pack up the whole of my apparatus, to save it from being broken.

I endeavoured to protest against this proceeding, and to obtain a little respite before undertaking such a task. In vain; orders from head-quarters had been given; they must be executed. I was therefore obliged to draw upon my native stock of energy, in order to summon the strength necessary for the packing of my properties, which took up not less than an

hour and a half. The clock struck six before all was finished. I had been exactly four-and-twenty hours without taking the slightest nourishment. Conducted by my manager, who had had the precaution to have the dinner served, I dragged my weary limbs as far as the dining-room. Daylight had departed, and the room was not yet lighted. With considerable difficulty we discovered a table. I fell, rather than sat down, upon a chair which happened to be near me; and whilst my eldest son rang the bell for lights, I commenced an experiment of second sight by appreciation. This faculty rendered me wonderful service; I laid my hand upon a fork, and poking at hazard in front of me, I hit upon something which stuck to it. I prudently subjected it to the test of smelling, and, satisfied with that evidence, I inflicted on the object a victorious bite. It was delicious; I fancied I recognised a partridge *salmia*. To be certain, I made a second exploration, and after several stabs with the fork, became assured that I was not mistaken. My manager and my children had followed my example, and were also fencing away to the best of their ability.

The service is slow, it seems, in royal residences; for before the lights were brought we had plenty of time to get accustomed to the darkness.

Moreover, this repast, in consequence of its originality, was enjoyed by us as a real party of pleasure; I had even seized a decanter to pour out something to drink, when suddenly the door opened, and two footmen entered bringing candelabras. On beholding us at table making a quiet meal, the two men very nearly fell back with fright. I am persuaded that, at that instant, they took us for veritable sorcerers, for they had considerable difficulty in making up their minds to remain and continue their service.

We then set ourselves at ease, the table was well supplied, the wines were excellent, and we were able to recover ourselves from the fatigues and emotions of the day. Towards the close of our meal, the intendant of the palace paid us a visit, and as soon as he was informed of my misfortunes, expressed his regret. The Queen, he

assured me, would be the more vexed at the news, if it reached her, because she had given the most express orders that I should want for nothing in her palace.

I replied that I was fully recom-

pensed for a few moments of suffering, by the satisfaction at having been called upon to present my experiments before his gracious Sovereign. It was also the truth.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

I.

HUSH ! stand aside and watch around yon hill,
The swift wings of the black'ning storm unfold ;
In the dread silence one may hear yon rill
That trickles down the glen its threads of gold ;
The 'lated birds sweep hurrying o'er the wold ;
Each slender tree-top quivers, as the light
Crimsons the war-flag of the clouds unroll'd,
And Silence, sister of the startled night,
Steps soft between the vanguards of the coming fight.

II.

Behind yon jagged cloudrift hark the roar,
The thunder of the sky's artillery ;
(Hoarse as the surf upon a wintry shore),
Whilst angels struggle for the mastery,
'Neath the calm light of the Eternal Eye.
The lightnings with gigantic sword-blades tear
The corpse-like shadows of the livid sky ;
Shoots through the drifting rain one sulphurous glare,
Hark ! 'twas the victor's cry—the silence of despair.

III.

Lo, o'er the housetop heavy rain did beat,
Over the cots where my young children slept,
As 'twere a tramp of many rushing feet,
To tell how heav'n of high rehearsal kept,
Of that fierce night when rebel angels leapt
Upon the azure alopes, and dared begin
That world-old strife by man and God-man wept.
Roll on, deep thunder, thy prophetic din—
Lightnings rehearse again God's triumph over sin.

ALAN.

A NIGHT WITH A CRUSADER.

A MAYDAY STORY.

MAYDAY THE FIRST.

ABOUT ten minutes' walk from Muskhams church and parsonage lived my father, William Witherington, a man of some wealth in the parish. In him the vocations of Cain and Abel

were united in a superlative manner ; he was the best tiller of the land and the best keeper of sheep in all that neighbourhood.

From the year in which I was able

to walk alone until the year in which I left the village, almost a man, I measured to and fro the distance between the farm and the parsonage three or four times daily. Mr. Hole, the parish priest, although he had been married eight years at the time I was born, had yet, at that date, no child of his own; and both he and his wife taking some fancy to me, for good qualities which their good nature rather imagined than beheld, I was constantly in their house. The parson educated me as if I were his own son, free of charge. And when, in my eighth year, that little creature was born to him, who was afterwards to be known as Mary Hole, and later still as Mary Witherington, I was not discharged; daily rations of the classics and mathematics were still served out to my greedy little mind. I grew mightily attached to the parson; I looked upon him as a kind of *de jure* king of the earth; and in almost all things I revered his will as my law. Thus I continued until I was seventeen, and Mary nine; and I must inform the modern reader, that, in that patriarchal age and place, boys at seventeen were not men, but boys.

On one thing, however, the priest and myself found it impossible to come to any agreement. Mr. Hole wished me to go on to Cambridge, with a view finally of my entry into holy orders. He had purposely given his teaching a bend in that direction; I knew when the Council of Ancyra was held, and did not know when the battle of Marston Moor was fought. I could find Nice on the map, and could not find Boston, U.S. I remembered the date of Archbishop Langton's death, and forgot that of Queen Anne. At first I was inclined to follow out the parson's wish. To be the same as Mr. Hole I thought was the grandest and loftiest kind of life possible. I once disturbed the priest's gravity by walking into his study robed in a night shirt for a surplice, and with the legs of a pair of black trousers hanging from my shoulders for a stole.

But a long visit to London, when I was at the pliable age of seventeen, entirely altered the direction of my ambition. I suddenly discovered, by precepts and examples, that I had a

right to be a man. I stayed, while in town, with a bachelor-cousin, a voluptuary and a loose self-indulger, who took me to the singing-halls, the lower theatres, gaming-houses, prize-fights, and to every kind of place from which a boy ought to be kept. I returned to Muskham, honouring indeed, and behaving politely to Mr. Hole, but possessing a secret belief, which soon showed itself in various open ways, that clergymen were a kind of womanly men, who had never had their eyes opened to see life as it is.

From this time I grew so idle, and showed so little care for anything at all beyond riding over the country to meet the hounds, or going out with shooting parties, or to bet on an hurdle-race, that Mr. Hole, seeing I was quite unfit, as well as quite disinclined for the solemn office of the priesthood, gave up that long-cherished desire of his heart.

It was morally impossible for any one in that plastic age, half-youth, half-man, to mix in the kind of society to which I was accustoming myself by such pursuits, without becoming worse. My father saw with great sorrow the daily deterioration of my tastes, my loss of industry, my want of zest for any serious pursuit. Consulting with the parson, they agreed that I wanted to be under stern discipline. So he determined to remove me from the country, though he was afraid to trust me in town.

At last, having found through mutual friends a lawyer of known severity and probity, who was willing to receive a pupil, my father sent me to him on trial, informing him of all my weaknesses, and entreating him to keep the strictest watch over my conduct.

For some time I went on very steadily. I won golden words from my master. The good news made my father and his friend the priest glad.

But after a year of the good conduct which was so pleasant to these true friends, and just as my father had determined I should be placed for good with the master who was so satisfied with me, that master was taken dangerously ill. The business of the office was left entirely in the hands of the clerks; and I, instead of coming every morning with my mas-

ter and returning with him at night, was now left a little more independent. My independence tested me. It found the old spirit in me; the easy will to evil which had before dragged me downwards. The props of hourly advice, of a kind severity, of a regular life, and a quiet home, being taken from me (for I had to move from my master's house), I fell.

I began by visiting the cousin with whom I had stayed the first time I was in London. He soon took me to the same places, introduced me to the same company as before. I ran into the most guilty excesses. There was but one kind of sin from which grace held me back. The instrument of grace was my constant memory of my sweet play-fellow, the parson's daughter. I seemed constantly to behold her, when such temptations visited me, on a pedestal of beauty and sanctity, too high indeed for me to ascend, but not too high for me to worship towards.

One day, just after receiving my quarter's allowance from my father, I went out with this cousin and a party of his loose associates, to see a prize-fight between the Pet of Pimlico and North-east Walloper, at Plumstead Marshes. Here I betted so highly that I lost every farthing of my money. At last, in the hope of recovering some of it, I staked my watch. That went too.

I accused my companions of cheating with false dice, for the betting which had begun at the fight was continued in a disreputable tavern not far off. My cousin, in a rage, declared that he would not have his friends insulted. Flushed with wine, and wild with my utter loss, I struck him. The whole body of them then turned me out of the room, saying that they would never acknowledge me again. I had not even the few pence to pay my fare back; and I walked to London, bitterly penitent.

Fortunately, I had paid for my lodgings the day before. However, that afforded but little comfort for the future. It would be three months, according to the usual course of my affairs, before I should touch one farthing of my own. I dared not write to my father, much less dared I go to him. I felt that I deserved

his rejection, and I almost fancied (a hard and untrue thought) that, if I went, he would really cast me off. Above all, I dreaded seeing my little playfellow, Mary.

I resolved therefore to go to my master, ill as he was, and, confessing all, ask his advice and mediation. I met the physician at the door, just stepping into his carriage.

'How is Mr. Wilson?' I asked.

'He died calmly a quarter of an hour ago,' answered he.

My whole heart sunk within me. I turned from the house not only a beggar, but friendless. 'Now I am in that condition,' thought I, 'in which men become rapidly worse and worse.' And I wondered, at that moment, if I should ever pass from grade to grade until I became a thief, a prisoner, a convict.

The first thing I did was to sell all my best clothes, and I dressed myself in the worn-out ones which I was about to give away. I lived on my wardrobe for a fortnight, all the while looking out for work. But I had no friend to whom I could apply for help, direction, or testimonial. At the end of the time I found myself in the street, lodgingless, and, in everything but begging, a beggar.

Only one of two courses was now left open to me. I must go for a soldier or sailor; which was it to be? I had almost lost all sense that I was the possessor of a will. My misfortunes had made me feel myself *a thing*. I resolved that I would not choose, but that I would let circumstances choose for me. In this fatalistic mood, I met a recruiting serjeant. I went up to him confidently, and offered myself for a soldier. He stared at me a moment or two in silence, and then said rather sharply, 'Well then, come with me, my man.'

I was just entering a public-house with this serjeant, when I felt a strong hand grip me by the shoulder. I turned round angrily. There stood Parson Hole, an expression on his face, half of sorrow, half of indignation. It seemed as if another hand gripped still more tightly my heart at that vision. I suppose I fainted, for the next thing I remember was finding myself in a cab with the priest, stopping at the door of a hotel.

There is no need for me to write all that passed between us. Mr. Hole told me he had lost all faith in me. I did not wonder; my conscience acquitted him, and was ready to acquit any one who might make the same charge. Years full of kind and wise lessons, which he had as it were thrown away upon me, rose up before my memory accusing me.

After he had told me of his loss of faith in me, he said little more. I longed for blame and anger; that quietness was a more dreadful condemnation than the most terrible anathema in words. He took me with him to the railway in silence; he pointed, he did not tell me, which carriage to enter. He handed me a bag of biscuits without a word. I envied the gentleman on the opposite seat, I envied the news-boy, I envied the porters, I envied every one to whom he said only a syllable. Once or twice I tried to arouse my courage to ask after Mrs. Hole and Mary, but I found myself too full of shame to take their names in my lips.

At last I feigned sleep. Every now and then I felt that the priest was looking at me, for I heard a suppressed sigh, or a faint undergroan, which cut me to the heart. My hearing of these signs of pain was only stopped by my falling asleep really.

It had never struck me to notice whither we were going. I took it for granted that we were on the way home. Being night-time, nothing from the window of the carriage informed me, which was covered with the condensed breath of the passengers. It was with a mighty and startling surprise, therefore, that on awaking suddenly out of sleep, and mechanically rubbing the breath from the window, I beheld the great sea stretched up to the horizon, and sparkling and leaping under the light of the full moon.

'Where am I going, sir?' said I, half in terror, to the priest, who was now lying at full length on the carriage seat.

'To Mexico,' answered he, springing

up and rubbing his eyes, for I had shaken him out of his sleep.

Then I thought I must be dreaming. I went over in a moment of time all the events of the last few days, the prize-fight, the betting, the death of my master, my beggary, my enlistment that very afternoon. I only wondered which was the last event in the series of truth, which was the first event in the series of my dream. I was called to myself by the priest's voice.

'Your father,' said he, 'has heard of Mr. Wilson's death. A friend, who has been staying with me at the parsonage, had a two years' situation to offer in Mexico, with a good salary. Your father accepted it for you, on condition of your liking it. He knows nothing of your sin, William, which I have learnt from your fellow-clerks, and from that bad man your cousin. Such sinners against light as you are, must be treated as if they were in darkness; such sinners against will must be treated as if they had none. I have therefore brought you to Plymouth without consulting your pleasure or desire. Your father, when he hears of your frightful course, will be glad to know that you are gone to Mexico for two years.'

I shall never forget the rest of that night. It was the 30th of April. We spent it in the inn, in the priest's bedroom. But we did not go to bed; he sat up talking and praying with me until the day broke. It reminded me of many a little episode after my far and shorter faults in childhood, and I rose up from my knees with some of the feelings and the faith of childhood. We then went into the town, and the priest bought my outfit.

At five in the afternoon the ship sailed. I had taken leave of Mr. Hole an hour before. 'On the first of May, two years hence, William, God grant we may grasp each other's hands again!' said he. And at sunset on Mayday, I saw, through my tears, the last of the cliffs of England.

MAYDAY THE SECOND.

I spent the next first of May in the Republic of Mexico. Of course you know that that day is the feast of

Saints Philip and James, a great feast in Spain and in all Spain's children; for is not Saint James the national

Saint, and Philip the name of her kings?

By that day I had improved in my *intentions*. But, as an inevitable corollary, I had retrograded in my *acts*. The *principle* of action was unchanged in me, and the loose, idle, play-loving manners of the race I was dwelling amidst, was the worst arena in the world, for a weak youth to carry out strong purposes. It is true

that I attended to my business steadily and thoroughly. But business was perpetually interrupted by feasts and gala days. I had lost all my old boyish love for reading and study, and I joined eagerly in the habits and usages of the natives.

On my second Mayday I was gambling in the morning, at a bull fight in the afternoon, at the opera in the evening, and gambling again at night.

MAYDAY THE THIRD.

Has it ever struck you, my dear reader, that there is something special and singular in the love of women for *ghosts*? When you were a lad, or a lass, was it the man-servant, or the maid-servant, who used to terrify you, from twilight to bedtime, with the doings and sayings of the unbodied dead? Weak in logic, as in nerve, they never asked themselves if it were possible for bodiless and invisible creatures to come with a body, and to be seen. Who was it frightened your grandmothers, in their novel-reading days, into gaunt grim rooms, or haunted castles, or churchyards at midnight, 'making night hideous,' and they, poor girls! too fearful to put out their candles? *Mrs. Radcliffe*. Who does the same disservice for your sweethearts and your sisters? *Mrs. Crowe*.

Very shocked would Parson Hole have been if he had known that his daughter Mary believed in the vision of ghosts; for, although the parson was called a 'Puseyite' throughout the rural deanery, and, gossip said, kept little idols in his bedroom with lights burning before them day and night, there was nothing the good father more hated and dreaded than superstition. Indeed, his sermons were full of warnings against it, a point which made Mr. Jodge, the Ranter 'deacon,' assert that he was to be the more suspected: 'for,' said he, 'I always suspects a man to be a doing of that which he most talks against.'

But young maidens have other teachers besides sober fathers. One of the mightiest, because the earliest, of the teachers of little men and women, is the *nurse*. When the young soul is soft, plastic, and supple

as the young body, it is as readily moulded into wrong or right shapes. Descartes tells us that, all his life long he had a peculiar affection for every squinting person he met; he resolved to search into the root of the strange affinity; and he found it in this, that the maid-servant who nursed him squinted.

Mary Hole had a like impression of the perfection of her own nurse. With a most full faith she believed on that nurse's word, in the existence of Bogie, Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, and many other such horrible personages. Indeed, from the time Mary was five years old until the time she left for school (at which place her faith was moderated rather than destroyed), scarcely a night passed without a talk upon some circumstantially-evidenced ghost story. To many of these tales I was a fellow-listener, and a fellow-believer in them too.

I returned from Mexico the last week in April. I had a few days' business which detained me in London. On the thirtieth, however, I entered once again my native village. I found my father absent; he had gone to Ashby de la Zouch, tormented with rheumatism. They heard of my arrival at the parsonage, and a note came for me, in Mrs. Hole's handwriting, inviting me to make their house my home until my father's return.

Accordingly, late in the afternoon, I set off for the parsonage. When I found myself again in the old house, I was very miserable. I had a feeling that I had gone out of the door clean, but had re-entered it stained. The great changes of scene and condition made the spaces between seem like a lifetime. When I left, it was the

dearest and happiest house in the world to me. For, to my love and admiration of the parson, another kind of love had been silently adding itself. Mary Hole was then but a young girl in age; too young, possibly, to know anything of love. But, being an only child, and her mother continuing so hopeless an invalid, she had become a companion to her and to her father, and was, as he used laughingly to call her, his deputy-wife and house-keeper.

Now I found Mary a reserved and quiet woman. Toward me, her reserve seemed special. I took it, however, as fit, and I put it down, not as shyness, but partly as indifference and partly as dislike for one who had proved himself such an ingrate and a prodigal. I had, somewhere amongst my mental rubbish, an axiom picked up from gamblers and *roués*, that to be a prodigal was a sure passport to the love of women. I looked for it in the pure presence of this girl, but it was blotted out, I could not read it.

The parson, also, was very different to the genial, kindly fellow whose voice and look I often recalled as I lay sleepless in my hammock at night, and heard the tremendous rush and beat of the sea against the side of my bed, and felt myself divided by nothing but a few inches of wood and metal from thousands of miles of hungry, cold, and devouring sea. I thought him stiffer and more polite than he used to be.

Ever and anon I stole a glance at Mrs. Hole, reclining, pale and weak, upon the sofa. Once her eyes met mine. I saw in them the saddest expression. I felt myself the only stranger in this happy home; a piece of ill and inartistic colouring thrust by some base hand into a perfect and glorious picture.

For I perceived that amongst themselves they were merry enough. A young lady, a cousin of Mary's, was staying with them. A chatter, in subdued whisper, was going on sharply between the two; and every now and then a burst of laughter broke out from it.

At seven o'clock, Mr. Hole went out to say the even song in the church. None of them went with him, for it was raining fiercely. I offered to be

his companion. He answered, 'Very well, William;' nothing more. True, the distance from the parsonage to the church was too short for any prolonged talk. Returning, he was just as curt. The rain was still falling, and a cold wind blew. 'Warmer than this in Mexico, William,' said he, as he let me in at the hall-door.

When we entered the room we found a splendid fire blazing, and the candles not yet lighted. Mrs. Hole was sitting at the fireside in her arm-chair propped up with soft pillows. We found also going on between these three ladies, what, if the reader has not already expected, he ought to have expected, namely, a talk about ghosts.

'Well,' said Mary, 'I suppose you gentlemen were afraid to stay in the church till it grew dark, this awful night.'

We both laughed. I felt so thankful for being coupled with Mr. Hole once more in words that seemed to suppose a fellowship between.

To explain, however, the meaning of the question, I must take the reader back to Muskham church. Just within the south porch stood the monument of Reginald de Muskham, an old crusader. It was an altar-tomb, and on the top, as the sacrifice, lay at full length the peaceful-faced warrior, his hands clasped in prayer, his countenance directed towards heaven, as if always expecting and waiting for the reappearance of the Son of God. A strange tradition concerning this figure had become current in Muskham village. The tradition was so ancient, no one knew when, or from what cause, it took its rise. It was reported that on the eve of St. Philip and James, the thirtieth day of April, the effigy felt pulses of blood coursing through his marble veins, arose from his hard bed, and, walking up the aisle, knelt solemnly before the altar, and remained there, as if in prayer, until cockcrow.

None of the villagers, strange to say, had ever seen this wonderful apparition. Perhaps, however, you will think it stranger, when I tell you that none of the villagers, except two or three of the enlightened congregation of the Ranters, presumed to doubt the truth of it; and only two or three, indeed, of these. 'The true

and healthy traditions of the church,' Parson Hole used to say, 'they have given up. This one unhealthy tradition, transferred perhaps from some heathen precursor, they are loth to part with. Our nature is essentially traditional.'

'Do you then, Miss Mary, still believe in that old story of ours?' said I. 'Miss Mary!' cried Mrs. Hole.

'Mary,' said I, half-blushing, but pleased and melted with the mother's kindness. I could not help, however, looking across at the parson, to see if his face offered any resentment at this liberty from such a prodigal as myself. He was occupied at the side-board in counting over a number of tracts, and had not heeded us.

'Well,' said Mary, 'of course I don't exactly believe it, or—'

'Exactly disbelieve it,' put in her mother; 'I believe though, William, that she inclines most to the belief. I know she would like it proved.'

I caught at these words. 'If it is so, Mary,' I said, 'I shall be glad to watch to-night in the church for the apparition; and to-morrow morning I will tell you whether it is true or false.'

'You shall do nothing of the kind,' said Mrs. Hole.

'Oh, let him!' cried the parson. 'It will do the whole parish good.'

The parson's wish was an additional spur to me. I longed to feel that I was still in his favour; I longed to do something to win it back, or at least win back the sense of it.

So, after a great deal of talk, to which every one contributed their stories of ghosts, more or less authenticated, it was agreed that, if I retained my purpose of so doing, I should visit the church at midnight. Which resolution being passed, we agreed to put off all further talk of the business until the time came for carrying it out. The rest of the evening was spent cheerily and pleasantly. I felt as if these dear hearts had once again melted toward me, and again passed over the catalogue of my sins.

At last, supper over, and pleasant time flying swiftly as usual, ten minutes to twelve came. 'You must be in the church before midnight, William,' said the parson, 'or the villagers will say that the ghostly

knight had said his prayers, and gone to bed again, before you were there. It is quite a cold night, and he will not like keeping long out of bed.'

'Father!' cried Mary, with a look which seemed to add, 'you a priest, and so irreverent!'

Mr. Hole laughed, and then led me round to the door. I wished them all a good night, and started off, quite briskly, for my ghost-watching. I had not got quite so far however, as the garden gate, when I heard, calling after me, the voice which is the sweetest that ever I knew—

'Will—Mr. Witherington, I mean.'

I turned gladly, and ran back. Mary was standing in the doorway alone.

'Mamma says you had much better not go,' said she, 'and I think so too.'

'I refuse to draw back,' said I; 'how would the sons of Muskham, for credulity renowned, and Muskham's dames—'

'Whose garments do anything but sweep the ground,' cried Mary. 'Well, if you will be a Hector to this ghost Achilles, I hope it will not hurt you. In that case, too, mamma bid me give you this;' and she handed me a little bottle. 'you will be so cold in the church. And you may have to wait an hour or two before the ghostly knight rises,' she added, shaking out a kind of mock merry laugh.

'Don't be afraid,' I answered, taking the bottle; 'good night!' And we shook hands, I fancying that I felt a most gentle grip in so doing. Just then, too, the clouds passing from the face of the moon, the rays fell suddenly upon Mary's face and revealed an expression so tender and concerned that my heart leapt up buoyantly. 'Oh, I shall enjoy it,' I said; 'it will be such a novel adventure for me. I have spent a night alone in my tree hammock in a Mexican forest, but I have not spent one in a quiet English church. But I am afraid I shall see no ghost.'

I have said already that the church was but a very short distance from the parsonage. So I was soon there. I unlocked the door of the south porch, with the echo of my last words still ringing clearly in my ears.

But when I entered the gaunt cold church, that echo was driven away by the awful and disheartening voice

of the church door, which the wind slammed to behind me with a determined and sudden force. There, on my right hand, lay the figure of the crusader, placid and quiet as I had seen it Sunday after Sunday, long years back when I was a little unstained child. Then I felt the difference between light and darkness, between society and solitude. It seemed to me as if, though the quiet figure was not moving, yet it, no—he, was thinking, and thinking too, of me the intruder; and I almost thought, as I hushed my breath, that I could hear him think aloud, thus—

'How have you come out of the living world? William Witherington, do you know that you have shut yourself in among the *Dead*? The dead lie under you; all these stones upon the floor are tombstones. All the monuments upon the walls, these masses of discoloured marble and dulled brass, are truths or lies about the dead. What if to-night the whole multitude of the buried should come up to confirm or to contradict them! Who ever stays all the night in dark churches? Who can tell what *may* pass within them when all the living are asleep?'

Immediately, the echo of my own last words flashed upon the ears of my soul again; but now, as if said by another, and with a soft undertone of satire in them: 'I am afraid that I shall see no *ghosts*.' And then I heard the monosyllable *No*, as if whispered by ten or twelve pair of communicating lips from pillar to pillar, and passing round the church. It had such a force over my spirit, that I, in spite of resistance, felt myself compelled to take it up; and I said aloud and impetuously, again and again, 'No, no, no! No, no, no, no!' And again the deep echo cast up the sound from the pavement to the roof, and the echo of the roof thrust it back. I began to wish I had not come. Wild beasts, reptiles, the *living* horrors of the forest I could fight with—I dared not fight with ghosts.

Every few minutes the church changed from excessively dark to excessively light, for the night was cloudy, and the moon was at the full. I had made up my mind, while the adventure was merely a playful freak with me, that I would sit in the

sacristy instead of in the cold church, looking out every now and then to see what I felt sure I should not see, the ghost kneeling at the altar. Now that I really found myself all alone in the church, I felt less brave and more believing. I felt really afraid of seeing him. All the taunts I had ever poured out upon credulous persons, now rushed in a vengeful and accusing manner upon me; and I began to feel how patient and excusing I ought to have been with them. 'I *will* sit in the sacristy,' said I to myself. 'Perhaps I shall fall asleep there; for it will be like nightmare and madness together to stay out here awake all night, and quite alone.'

The church was now full of moonlight, and I was still in the neighbourhood of the as yet sleeping effigy. I confess that I did not like it; so I moved up the aisle towards the sacristy. The moon at once went in; the church was suddenly filled with darkness; I stumbled against the font. I groped my way along, however, until, a moment after, I found myself fallen over the litany-stool. Another echo of my fall, thrown downwards from the deep roof, and upwards from the pavement of a hundred tombs, made my blood turn cold. I sprang up and rushed hurriedly at the sacristy door. It was locked, and I had no key for it.

A terror seized hold of me such as I had never before experienced. I felt a twitch of pain, and then a sudden numbness in every fibre of every nerve, or seemed to feel it. I remembered Mrs. Hole's bottle, and drew out the cork. The very grateful and unghostly smell of brandy issued from it. I drank a few sips and sat down, better and more placid, upon one of the stalls. I leaned my face in my hands, and sank into a kind of doze. I cannot tell how long it lasted.

I was aroused out of this state by what seemed to be the brilliant streaming of the moonlight, between my fingers, on to my face. I started back, and caught sight, through the opposite window, of a black moonless sky, and heard the heavy beating of the wind-driven rain against the lozenge-shaped panes. At the same time, I saw my own shadow lying black and definite along the seat and the floor, and I felt rather than saw,—I felt with cold awe

and horror, that a white, powerful, unusual light was burning at the lower end of the church, at the end where the tomb of the knight stood.

I was utterly paralysed and will-less. In spite of myself, my head turned in the direction of the glare. 'O Heaven! O Earth! Who can help me?' A dazzling, silver, oval-shaped mass of light was moving majestically up the aisle, and in the midst of it stood *the figure of the Crusader!* The witness of many generations indicated itself; the sense of all my sins rushed in upon me at once; above all, the sense of my disbelieving scorn and pride. I tried to sit, for I was too faint to stand. But a rigid stiffness in my legs prevented me; and, as the figure moved with solemn slowness nearer and nearer to me, an awful whisper went round the church, clearer and more distinct than the loudest shout or sharpest yell, 'Have more reverence to the dead!' and I was kept, perforce, standing.

When he reached the foot of the chancel steps, I perceived that his own feet did not touch the pavement. He floated, he did not walk up the steps. I saw also, too plainly, that he was indeed no longer stone. Colour, though a paler and more watery colour than we are used to, was about him everywhere. His casque, which he held in his hand, his breast-plate with the red cross upon it, his cuisses, and the rest of his armour, looked steel-colour, brass-colour, and red, seen through gauze or a mist. Faint was the flush of pink also which sat on his cheeks. His eyes, too, were not piercing and brilliant (like those in a picture of a ghost), but a dim, subdued, dusky, ineffable brown; it was hard to distinguish the eyebrow from the brow-shadow, or the outline of the pupil on the white.

I felt the air colder and colder as he neared me, and I could not take my eyes off him. Most of all, his mouth fascinated and fixed them. I could look into his dreamy and indistinct eyes without dread, but I felt faint with horror at the thought of those lips opening, at the thought of words coming from them. I watched nervously their thin, fixed, straight lines, and I looked with awe lest that face, set so firmly in the direction of the

altar, should move in my direction. It *did* move. Just as he reached me he turned his head fully round. I looked to his lips; they opened.

I could not endure that sight. I fell flat. Amidst the floating away of my senses, I caught these words:—

'William, William! O that you were as anxious to strive for the Heavenly Jerusalem as I did for the Earthly!'

After that my senses were shut up, I neither heard nor saw any more. The next thing I remember was a shake of my right shoulder, a sensation of cramp in all my limbs, the rising sunlight pouring in from the altar-window, and the organist and Parson Hole standing beside me.

'My dear lad, have you been here all night?' asked the priest.

'Yes,' I answered; 'I think so.'

'Have you seen the ghost?'

'Yes—at least no—yes. I don't know. I think I have.'

It is the Feast of Saint Philip and Saint James, and we are come in to the early Communion. Fortunate, too, it is for you. Any other day you would have been here until half-past eight. Come, sit up; you are not half awake yet.'

Three months afterwards, when I was just about to leave home for the university, I called at the parsonage to wish my betrothed and her family a farewell. I found the parson reading one of the treatises of William Law.

'Here is a sentence, William,' said he, 'which makes me think of your ghost.'

He handed me over the book and I read: 'Conversion to God is often very sudden and instantaneous, unexpectedly raised from variety of occasions. Thus, one by seeing only a withered tree, another by reading the lives of the antediluvian fathers, one by hearing of Heaven, another of Hell, may find himself as it were melted into penitence all on a sudden.'

We then conversed on St. Paul, Raymond Lully, Ignatius Loyola, Colonel Gardiner, and others.

'Of the same kind, whether real or supposed, the visit of your ghost—'

'I'm sure it was real, pa,' cried Mary.'

—'Was,' continued the priest, 'the

visit of a good messenger of God, since it spoke to you the long-wanted word of God, the word that first really awoke your will to that *conversio*, that turning according to Right, which so many changes of fortune and scene had not yet wrought.'

As a story, even when true, is not complete unless it finishes in a wedding, I can only so far satisfy those readers who care to know the issue, that I believe there will be one before eighteen hundred and fifty-nine is out.

SNARLINGS IN SOLITUDE.

ALONE in the jungle, and nothing to do! I have read every book in my possession, till I hate the very sight of them, and smoked till my throat is like a lime-kiln. The sun is blazing down through my tent, and except the measured snoring of the dusky Caliban in attendance outside, there is not a sound stirring in the stifled air. Even the very crows have at last broken up their clamorous debate, in which, and its imaginary topics, I have been, for the last half hour, helplessly endeavouring to get up a dreamy interest—even invincible John Crow has at last said all his say, and is silent.

No, I won't go mad: I am tired of doing that; besides, it makes one so hot; and yet, I don't know, I have long ago reached the culminating point of heat, and one can't be hotter than most hot. Ha, what say I to a snooze about this time? I say, perhaps it's the best thing I can do. . . .

No, again—of course! What's that somewhere in 'Henry the Fourth,' about sleep and a sailor-boy upon a mast? I don't recollect the words, or I'd recite, and that would be something to do. And that scurvy, old Harry Bolingbroke, I know, though he did swear so much about it, was never so hot as this, when he wanted to go to sleep and couldn't. . . .

Ya-a-ugh! I'll try and sketch that banyan tree, where the crows were so noisy just now, if the glare will let me, though somebody did mistake my last attempt in that way for a waterfall. And, of course, I've got no drawing-paper. I'll look in that old tin box: there may be some there; at any rate I know there is none anywhere else.

By the way, I have not peeped into that same limbo for the last three

years. I wonder what is inside—cockroaches principally, or white ants, I suppose. So! open Sesame!

Hallo! what is this? My old school-portfolio! You battered, stripe-cut, corner-shaved, ink-bespattered, lock-violated old blackamoor, I never thought to see your face again! Well met, old leather sides; how many times have you been sole confidant of all my tearful attempts to get x into $p + q$, and multiply the rest of the alphabet by the remainder! with how many a good schoolmate's name now far away, dead, or forgotten, is your scrawled cover eloquent, bringing back the memory of tart, fight, and foot-ball!

'June 1st.—17 days to the holidays. Hurray! *Sic testor*, H. E.'—and H. E. sleeps sound now, on Cathcart's Hill in the Crimea.

Ay, and were you at College, too, with me, old book! It seems so, though I had almost forgotten it, as I turn out on my lap this lot of litter all redolent of dear old St. Boniface! I remember now my scout told me I had left a quantity of papers in a drawer, which he had 'just shoved into a portfoley, and sent down to you in the country, sir; an' I've 'ad a good deal of trouble, sir, an' all sir'—(pause—clink!) 'thank ye, sir!' I wonder what they can all be; bills, principally, it seems, receipted and non-receipted on paper of every variety of hue, texture, shape, and calligraphy; most of them beginning with the ominous 'To bill delivered.' And here is the old dog-stealer's letter received when I reproached him with having had scarcely sufficient grounds for his warranty, that Mop had passed through the distemper—

'Honnerd sir,

the Dorg is a Good dorg, wich

will Lay enny sum you likes to name.'

A statement not, as I at first supposed, involving a belief on my correspondent's part of Mop possessing powers which might rival the goose-with-the-golden-eggs, but as I now upon calmer reflection believe, it purporteth that Mop ill, or Mop well, Mop was any way a credit to his species, and further, that his late owner and vendor was prepared to back said assertion with a sporting bet in tens, fifties, hundreds, if you please. I wonder what became of Mop? dead now, of course—peace to his memory!

And what have we next? O precious little blue scrap of printed foolscap! with what joy did I toss you

fluttering in the air, what time you first assured me that Little-go examiners could have no more terrors for me—

'For they gave me my "Testamur,"
It was my pass-man's right,
I was more than three examiners,
Could plough from morn to night.'

Next come jumbled up in harmonious discord, cards of races, cards of balls—oh those merry times! 'Ag lao, hoy'—concert-programmes, play-bills, a beer-stained song-book, and a page of a continental 'Bradshaw!'

By Jove, though, but was I ever guilty of rhyme? Surely no; but let me see. Translation—Horace! What on earth's all this about? Perhaps I shall remember as I read.

HORACE'S FIFTEENTH EPODE.—(TRANSLATED.)

'Twas night, and the Queen-Moon clondless shone

'Mid her fays of less degree,

When, alas! for the deep vows lightly flown!

Thou swearest troth to me.

Closer than ever round oak of might,

Ivy her tendrils flung,

I was clasp'd in thy clinging arms that night,

And ever thy soft voice sung:—

'As long as the wolf, with foeman prowl,

Bring terror to the fold;

Or Orion, with winter's stormy growl,

May daunt the sailor bold;

Or the breeze, through Apollo's golden hair,

Rustle in dalliance past;—

So long shall our love unquench'd, I swear,

Each for the other last.

O bitterly yet shalt thou rue to find

Thy dupe himself again:

For if but one spark of manly mind

In Horace yet remain,

He'll brook not to meet in his lady's bower

A rival early and late,

And he hies him afar to a fairer flower

And a more constant mate.

The fealty I once confess'd

Can never more have sway,

And scorn, once lodged within the breast,

Is luxury for aye.

I go; but first, whoe'er thou art,

Whose triumph I've to bear,

Take, happy swain, ere I depart,

This benison,—Beware!

Though lord thou should'st be of acres fair,

And rivers whose sands run gold;

And strength be thine, and beauty rare

Of more than mortal mould;

And the goblet won from the gods above
Of immortal youth to quaff;
Yet still thou shalt wail a lost, lost love,
And mine be the turn to laugh.

Fancy my having forgotten ! O that dull February afternoon when first their author read these lines aloud ! How it relieved him, and how it amused me. Little dark-wainscoted rooms, up three pair of stairs in old St. Boniface, Fawcett's Rooms. To him sitting writing in his pet arm-chair, hard, carved, ecclesiastical, and eschewed by all his friends, enter I chilly, bored, and pipe-inhaling. 'It's only me,' so with a slight grunt of recognition I move up to the mantel-piece, and promptly assume an Englishman's position.

'Seem busy, Foss ?'

Being particularly so, he repudiates the libel of industry, and, with the single monosyllable of negation, gives me fully to understand that he wishes I was out skating. But the fire is good, and it does not occur to me to budge. Grit, grit, grit goes his pen, pff, pff, pff goes my pipe.

At last his work seems ended ; and I, who, after a protracted consultation with the fire-imps dancing among the coals, have come to the conclusion that, it being early in February, I have been the undesired witness to the conception and birth of a valentine, have made up my mind to see it.

'No, it's not a valentine.' By this time Foss, too, has lit his cutty, and faces me on the opposite side of the hearth. 'But I will tell you all about it—never mind the chapel-bell ; you were there this morning, and I mean to cut.'

And, accordingly, he is delivered of

his story : How he had asked Hal Wingate down to his father's country house in Blankshire this last vacation ; how Fawcett's cousin—a certain Mary, whom 'he was blest in so believing'—had also been one of the Christmas party there assembled ; how poor Foss had to trail over the turnips day after day with his shooting party, while 'that beggar Wingate,' redoubtable in his attractions as a dashing young invalid (he had broken his arm from a fall from my sofa one uproarious night, when he *would* dance an Ojibbeway war-dance on its back ; but of course 'a fall from his horse' was the Blankshire diagnosis of the fracture) was all the time comfortably at home in the library, alone with cousin Mary, teaching her—Heaven save the mark !—Latin.

'And I'm sure she learnt the English of *oculum* in that cursed library,' groaned poor Foss ; 'declined it in the plural number too. Wingate, you see, did not know anything about my having spooned on Mary (Foss blushes hard) for years ; how should he ? For he is a good fellow, though at times he did make me wish him in heaven. And, to make it worse, what must he do, but every night, after the rest of the house had gone to bed, come into my room, brew his night-cap, abuse me for being so sleepy, and proceed forthwith to prepare "little Minnie's exercises for to-morrow." Confound him ! Look here ! I've got a couple of his precious exercises by me still.'

And again he read :—

FROM LUCRETIIUS, BOOK I. 32-41.

INVOCATION TO VENUS.

Oh ! thou alone art arbitress of Peace ;
Peace, and its thousand blessings unto man,
'Tis thine, bright Queen, to give or to withhold.
For who is he, the Battle-God, who sways
War's blood-gilt sceptre ? Is it not the same,
Mars of the puissant arm, who on thy lap,
The Victor vanquished by Love's stroke divine,
Oft flings him backward, and with up-turn'd eye,
Soft-pillow'd neck, and lips apart entranced,
Feeds on thee, goddess, his love-greedy gaze,
And hangs the low, quick panting of his breath

Upon thy matchless mouth ? E'en thus again,
 O twine around him now thy coils of bliss,
 Droop o'er him close, and ever in his ear
 Tenderly rain thy voice's under-song,
 Thrilling and pleading, till the boon be won,
 And gentle peace by thee restored to Rome.

'And here's another which, by the way, he had made no end of a hash of, till, like a muff, I showed him how Tennyson* had already helped him over the stile, and then he bagged the line bodily with a laughing, "She'll never twig."

SONG FROM CATULLUS.

Septimius, with his Acmé dear
 Toying, said : 'Nay, sweetheart, hear,
 Madly I love thee ; more than man
 Hath ever loved, or ever can !
 And if, as changing years roll by,
 Now and to all eternity
 I love thee not, then far away
 'Mid Libya's desert sands, or where
 The Indian plain lies burnt and bare,
 May Terror hound my perjured way,
 And sudden springing from his lair
 The green-eyed Tiger on me glare !
 So spake he : and Dan Cupid in delight
 Sneezed out a full God-bless-you left and right.

Then lightly from her lover's breast,
 Where Acmé's head had found its nest,
 Swaying her upward, on his eyes,
 All faint, and thirsting for the prize,
 She pressed her red lip's treasured bliss
 In one delicious blinding kiss,
 And murmur'd—' Septimill, my life,
 To match thee in this happy strife,
 Himself as witness I invoke,
 The Lord of Love, beneath whose yoke
 May we his vassals then, as now,
 Serve evermore ! by Him, I vow
 That in my melting breast for thee
 Burn fiercer fires than thine can be.'
 So spake she : and Dan Cupid in delight
 Sneezed out a full God-bless-you left and right.

And still as on that sunny day,
 When He their vows approved,
 They yet pursue their constant way,
 Each loving and beloved.
 For all the wealth of Syria's land,
 Or distant Britain's pearly strand,
 Septimius, poor contented wight,
 To Acmé would not yield his right :
 And still as when they first caress'd,
 Acmé, in her Septimius bless'd,
 Finds all in him, and none beside
 Her softest joys, her noblest pride.
 O happy pair, and have ye proved in sooth
 The course of true love may perhaps run smooth.

* *Edwin Morris ; or, The Lake.*

'There, what do you think of them? So now I have just been doing something in Wingate's line myself, and though 'taint exactly a Valentine, you see I should not be altogether surprised, if about the 14th Miss Mary were to discover that there are other Latin poets besides mad Lucretius, and naughty-tongued Catullus, and others that can translate them too, besides Hal Wingate!' . . .

Heigho! I am still vacantly holding the papers before me, but no, the charm's broken! I could have believed I was once more within the old walls, Foss's voice still growling through the fire-lit dusk, and the chapel-bell still silvery appealing through the frosty air against our absence, but that weary Musselman has shoved in his unlucky head to tell me the sun is down, and the *kutte-wala* waiting for orders.

Pest take him, but he has brought me and Pegasus down from our flight into heaven; down, down with a run to this hot earth. Earth, Region No. 3, is more like the mark—and yet just as well too perhaps—a good joke it is

getting spooney, and vainly homesick at my time of life over Fawcett, Wingate, and the rest of them.

Both by this time married; one, I believe, to that identical Minnie, but I forget which, and both doubtless highly, horribly respectable.

And here am I, a liver-withered fogey, true, but still, thank goodness! loyal as ever to the spirit of our old thriftless merry 'confrairie.' I'd like to hear what their wives would say, if I were to go home and thrust my reprobate yellow phiz into the country vicarage, or the May-fair drawing-room. 'One of your horrid bachelor friends again, Henry; now I really can't have him stay to dinner.' Even so, that would be something the tone, I have not a doubt. However, enough for to-day of the old portfolio; and I won't abuse it either, for it seems I have managed to kill the sun-light at last, and that too without having had recourse to the banyan-tree.

Here, *boy,* qui hai*, somebody! tell the *kutte-wala* to have the dogs ready.

GETTING ON.

CHAP. XVIII.—THE ROW.

DAISY was in the habit of aspiring. The thirst of Crichton was upon him. In little as well as great things he fretted to be left behind. *Adhuc discere* was his motto, and he was still too young to have learnt that there are many things in which it is beneath a great man to wish to be first. He could not read of Wellington without longing to be a greater general than the world ever put forth. He could not hear of Chesterfield without kicking to out-do him in a new, more polished code of manners, where a truer elegance, a more refined love of art—the art of converse between men—should dominate. Nay, even Wal-

pole inspired him with an ambition to excel in gossip, in letter-writing, in dilettantism. And why not? Had these men any natural gifts which he had not? You had only to give your mind steadily to one object, as they did, and you might soar above them. True, there was circumstance to oppose you, but great minds overcome fate.

So when he found himself alone in Rotten Row that afternoon, he certainly felt the painfulness of being 'nobody.' Among these tall handsome Norsemen he was short and not very significant. Among these well-dressed men of the world, he was plainly, nay, even ill-dressed. Why

* All Bombay servants answer to the name of 'Boy.' The *Kuttewala* is the lad in charge of the coursing greyhounds. The form 'Wala' in Hindustani, applicable to anything and universally useful, is in English scarcely translatable; but its meaning is easily seen in such instances as 'a married

man,' which in Hindustani becomes 'a *Madam-wala*;' 'a store-keeper,' which appears as 'a *Bottley* (Hind. for bottle) *Wala*;' 'The Man with the Iron Mask,' and 'La Dame aux Camellias,' would be respectively called 'The Mask and Camellia *Walas*.'

couldn't he have whiskers like theirs? why couldn't he carry himself as calmly? why couldn't he pull down the corners of his mouth, and raise his eyebrows, and look contemptuous.

True, at any other moment he would have laughed at such a snobbish regret, and thanked Heaven, like the Pharisee or the Rohan, that he was what he was, neither such a mongrel as that publican—to wit a counter-skipper in pink and white trousers, who looked out of place there altogether—nor such a swell as Lord Carroway, who was leaning on the arms of a couple of guardsmen, whose whiskers were perfect, whose cast of face was purely Norman, whose expression was supremely languid, and whose get-up was as perfect as Stulz and Buckmaster could make it.

But why did he walk in Rotten Row—how well-named, how passingly well-named!—rather than in the Regent's Park or Kensington Gardens, where he would not have been afflicted with the painful contrast between himself, a lonely nobody, and these heavy swells, befriended everybodies? Well, there were many reasons. He would have been nowhere alone. Nursemaids and children, if less galling to one's vanity, are almost as irruptive of one's peace of mind, particularly to a man who has thought of married life as the *ne plus ultra* of worldly happiness. Can one see these infants heaped into perambulators, and hear the chatter of their female guardians, without thanking one's stars, Orion, the Pleiades, the Great Bear, and every other constellation, that one is still a Celebs? But this would have been his *corvée* in Kensington Gardens or Regent's Park.

Again, he might have walked the streets, but to what end? To see misery in rags jostling wealth in ermine, and the one caring no whit, and having no feeling, nay, not even the feeling of brother to brother and children of one Father, to one another. To see vice flaunting its rouge and its rich silks in the face of vanity. To see the worst of snobbery, the shop-boy aping the man of the world, the young clerk bent on vicious enjoyment of his week's salary, the dog-stealer, and the swell-mob's-man, and the pickpocket walking openly among

them all. 'No, thank you, no Regent Street for me,' said he.

But what did he come to see in the Row? Well, first there is the atmosphere of refinement. The peacocks here spread their tails. They are the richest tails in the world. Here is all that money can give and vanity desire. True, there is a want of taste and want of ease. The modern Englishman is not constituted for public life, even though not more public than the Row. He is not natural in a crowd. He assumes a manner which does not belong to him. He dare not laugh and talk and be easy and comfortable as he would in his own room. There is a consciousness, a puppyism about him. He is snob to the backbone, whatever be his position, for here he drawls instead of talking, he smiles for laughter, he stares for cordiality, he struts for exercise. Bless the peacocks, how they are bent on showing their tails to the best advantage, and what a pretty spectacle they make of it!

Then, too, he came to see 'the world.' This was 'the world's' exhibition. Could anything exceed its vanity? There was not a man or woman in the whole place who was not thinking of his or her appearance, of his or her effect upon the others, whether he or she knew them or not. The faces of the people you met were your looking-glass, and a wonderfully true looking-glass too, a great deal truer than the one you had dressed by. And where was heaven in all this? Nowhere! Do you think there was ever a thought of it? You knew well enough that it existed, you believed in it; but the existence of the world was much more palpable, and came much more home to you, and you believed in it a vast deal more faithfully. And then if you could have read their hearts and seen in them not only the want of brotherly love, but the presence of brotherly and sisterly contempt. Each man and woman there was despising his fellow-man or fellow-woman for something or other. One thought, 'My horse is a deal better than yours'; another, 'What an atrocious figure Miss A—has on horseback'; another, 'B—has neither my walk nor my whiskers, thank heaven!'; another, 'C—looks like a snob here';

another, 'I'm sure I make more impression than Miss D—.' O man, man—including woman—what a contemptible animal you are, and how the devils must grin at your vanity and prick you on, like high-fed game-cocks, for their present amusement and future profit!

Well, well, the world is vain, admit it, but in all its vanity it is worth seeing. There is not such another show in the universe, no, not in all the planets of all the systems, not in heaven or hell, or that mysterious Hades, which we may or may not believe to exist without endangering our souls, as the vanity of this one world. In the rest of the universe good or bad has its perfect sway. The devils may be swallowed up in vanity. They may deck their ugly persons before cheval-glasses, and array themselves in the last infernal fashion, with a necklace of broken hearts, or a girdle of the empty bags of disappointed money makers, or a bracelet of livers burnt up with brandy and tobacco and turtle-soup. The angels must be free from every such thought. But man, man stands between them in single distinction. He is vain, but in his own little way. He has the spark of heaven kindling still within him, and his vanity is not a rule or a law, but an outbreak, an excrescence on his better bottom. Man's vanity is the revolving light of angels and devils. They watch on to see it turn. It is now golden purity, lighting him heavenwards; now a dark glimmer that shows only hell. He is the cynosure of two eternities. Man is the battle-field of good and ill for ever. Man is the great game which they are playing at; the chessmen they would move; the draughts which they push forward; and when one arrives at one end or other of the board he is crowned exultingly, and goes forth with double weight and double honour to convert his fellows. Truly man is a most privileged creature, but like many privileged creatures he forgets his privilege, and voluntarily submits himself to the issue.

The Row is an absurdity. It is a great exhibition of snobbery and humbug. If pretension be vulgarity, the well-dressed frequenters of the Row are among the most vulgar in London

society. All is here pretension and show and sham. Here are men and women on hired hacks, making belief that they are their own horses, that they themselves are, like the rest, people whose fortunes permit, and whose fashionable tastes induce them to indulge in the possession of horse-flesh. Here are people who come here once a week at most, trying to look as if they were *habitués*; here are clerks just released from public offices, showing off to the world as men with nothing to do. Of course, if snobbery wants a ride, and finds he can afford his eight shillings' worth, there is no earthly reason why he shouldn't have it, and it would be hard to call him vulgar. But if, instead of going out of town for a healthy canter, he comes to sneak up and down a mile's length of spongy road; if instead of enjoying himself, and showing it like a healthy, hearty being, he puts on a *blasé* air, as if he had been all his three-and-twenty years going through the keenest and most wearing pleasures of the wicked world; if, in short, instead of going out for a ride, he comes simply to show himself to 'the world,' and make belief that he is an habitual Nimrod; why, then, snobby is a contemptible little humbug.

But, of course, there are plenty of people who don't do this. There are plenty of men and women who come here every day and keep their own horses, and are what they appear to be, and Snobby pretends to be, people of fashion and substance. Well, are these less vulgar? Is not this whole ride a sham and pretence? If you asked any one of them why they were there, do you think they would confess the real reason, namely, to see and be seen, because it is the fashion? If people are voluntary slaves of fashion, if, when they have horses and grooms, they come and jog up and down before a line of well-dressed starers, and cram themselves into a crowd of riders, where their horses can have scarcely any room for free action, instead of a good gallop away in the country or where not, why do they pretend that they come here for horse-exercise? If peacocks want to spread their tails and show themselves off, by all means let them do it, and let them bear to be called vain and

silly, but don't let them pretend that they are taking exercise, and that they don't care a fig to be seen. This is vulgarity and snobbery quite as contemptible as poor little Snobby's of the Seal and Tape Office.

Daisy walked on among the swells, indulging such agreeable thoughts as these, and thanking his stars that he was not 'in the world.' Whiskered exquisites stared at him. He had the appearance of a gentleman, but was clearly a nobody. They had not seen him anywhere, neither at Lady Hautton's balls, nor in any club window. Perhaps he was some fellow in the Line, perhaps he was a nonentity. The better sort did not even give him a look. He was insignificant, and the mere fact of his being rather handsome and healthy-looking, was not enough to counterbalance that.

Suddenly, as he was walking on wondering to himself, if he should like to be *somebody* there, like to be known and looked at and talked about and made up to, he was aroused from his lucubrations by a voice behind him, crying, 'Charmer, gaby, idiot!'

He turned round to see Carry Mortimer on Molly Bawn, accompanied by Eden and a young lady, whom at first he did not much notice, and followed at a considerable distance by a well-appointed groom.

'I've been trying to make you see me for the last five minutes,' said Carry, pettishly. 'How are you, and what do you mean by never coming to see us?'

'I had no idea you were in town. How long have you been here?'

'About three weeks; I suppose you were afraid of a scolding if you came to Eaton Square.'

'Scolding? What for?'

'For being such an addle-pate as to quarrel with your people. Oh! we've heard all about it, we know it was all for some horrid creature; you ought to be ashamed of yourself; but you know it doesn't matter to us, we are not proud, and after all, it was only a boy's trick, I like you all the better for it; I didn't know you had the spirit to be rusticated; I thought you were too good, and I hate good people.'

'I fear you have heard a very garbled version of the story; but I will

leave the interesting narrative to another time. How do you like London?'

'Like it! I hate it, and I'm longing to be back again already, if it wasn't for the dancing, and because mamma's taken a house for the season, I'm sure I would go. Nobody seems to enjoy themselves in London, and I'm sure I don't; we've such stupid solemn dinner parties, where people talk about the Parliament, which I always thought was a collection of cackling geese, and all about what's in the newspapers, which I never read, they're such humbug, and then at the balls all the charmers stand in the door and won't dance, and the men talk about the opera, which I hate, because I don't understand Italian, and I look like a gaby, don't you know, when they ask how I liked Mario's way of singing some "Bella notte" or something, and I don't know which song they mean.'

'But you like this place, for instance?'

'Oh, dear me, did you ever see such atrocious riding?' she pointed with her eyes at Eden, who, with his shoulders on a level with his ears, was dandling his reins as if they were a new-born baby; 'and then I can't get anything like a good gallop, and there's no country to ride across; fancy my taking those iron railings, for instance, and then if I regularly do make Molly Bawn go, the people all look astonished at me, and Mr. Eden looks shocked and tries to ride behind—don't you, Mr. Eden?'

That gentleman certainly looked shocked now at the loud natural tone in which Miss Mortimer talked, and rather annoyed too at her stopping so long to flirt with a nobody; but he simply bowed, and said that Miss Mortimer could of course do anything; everybody would understand her.

'By the way,' said Carry, answering him with a little pout of the lips, 'I haven't introduced you to Miss Trevelyan, a sister, my dear sir, sister of your bosom friend—the poet. Idola, this is Mr. Marcus Lorimer, whom you will hear of, if you have not already. Now bow, my little dears, and smirk and be made acquainted.'

Idola! what a name. It immediately took up its abode in Mark's memory.

The young lady did not actually smirk, but she got rather red and bowed low, a little too low for London manners. She was very slight and elegant in figure, with a face which was very beautiful and very pale. In the large blue eyes there was a peculiar melancholy. The features were regular, the face oval, and very like Philip's.

It was impossible for Daisy not to look with interest at the sister of his friend and the daughter of that strange Lady Trevelyan, who had that day paid him so unpleasant a visit.

'Have you heard from your brother, Miss Trevelyan? Where is he now?'

'He is at Dresden, I think, he does not write to me,' she answered somewhat timidly.

'Idola is staying with us in Eaton Square for a day or two,' said Carry. 'So if you won't come to see us, perhaps you will come to talk about your friend—hum?'

'I shall certainly come with both objects.'

'How is it we haven't met you? You don't go out, do you? Why don't you come and dance somewhere; it's so stupid with these great London gables, they have nothing to say but aw, aw! I wish you would come with us to Lady Hope's this evening.'

'Lady Hope's—wife of Sir Fungus?'

'Of course, there is only one Lady Hope.'

'I am invited there, I believe.'

'You! How do you know them? well, never mind, tell me this evening; there's Mr. Eden getting quite impatient, and Molly Bawn won't stand much longer. Come along, Idola.'

Away they rode to Mr. Eden's relief. Miss Mortimer was decidedly too much for his well-bred nerves, but then she was Lady Augusta's daughter, and if anybody commented upon her, that would be sufficient excuse. The three passed Mark several times, and Carry, not at all ashamed of knowing the insignificant secretary, waved her whip to him each time. As for Eden and Idola, they seemed to be strangely engaged, the former in making himself as agreeable as possible to Sir Howard's daughter, the latter in listening to him submissively, but not with much interest.

Ere long the better class of riders rode away, and there were only the saunterers left, and the young men who wished to get the most for their eight shillings; and Mark retreated from the promenade of the caste of good society to that of the caste of bad in Regent Street. Then he repaired to his lodgings, and got himself up for the dinner at Sir Fungus.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE INSIGNIFICANT SECRETARY MAKES HIMSELF GENERALLY DISAGREEABLE.

'Really, Sir Fungus, I am surprised at your want of tact, at your age.'

Lady Hope was rather touchy on the subject of years, and imagined that such an allusion would also wound her now quinquagenarian mate. But Sir Fungus did not wince. He was accustomed to be bullied, to be led about, to be ordered hither and thither by his wife. It was as if in the marriage-service, he had by mistake made the vow feminine, 'to love, cherish, and to obey,' instead of the more lordly troth plighted by the bridegroom. Yet, while he always gave his spouse her way in indifferent matters, he always managed to secure his own when he cared about it. Lady Hope lived in society and for society. Lady Hope's husband, that accommodating retainer whom she kept to

pay her bills, and gave her her title, lived in a prophetic, political, and speculative world of his own, whither her ladyship seldom cared to follow him, and thus the two rarely clashed.

'Of course, Sir Fungus, I have no objection to your asking any living man you like to your own very select dinner-parties, but I must and will draw the line somewhere for my receptions, and I certainly think—'

'Well, my love, you don't object to Burly?'

'No. He is vulgar, and big, and noisy, but he is a member, and has a certain political position, but—'

'Well then, there is Eden?'

'Whom I am always glad to see; a man of the world; in excellent society.'

'Is it Scrivener, then?'

'No. I can put up with a man of such influence on the press, but you well know it is not Scrivener I object to. As I said before, I must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at secretaries.'

A furious knock at the street-door, and Lady Hope rose to leave the room.

'I think, my love, you will like him very much. He is a most wonderful young man—a perfect genius—'

'I am very much annoyed, Sir Fungus, very much hurt at your want of consideration.'

And she swept from the room.

Sir Fungus Hope and his butler, between them, gave some of the nicest little bachelor-dinners in London. The former asked the guests, who were never more than the muses, never great enough to engross the conversation, never small enough to be dead-weights. A politician, and a literary man to interest one another, and a man of the world to understand both, were indispensable.

The butler, on the other hand, arranged the dinner. The table was a small round one, with no great *éperne* or other enormity to hide the guests on one side from those on the other.

The dinner was delicate, *recherché*, and original, and there was never more of it than sufficed for the appetites of the party. The table was covered with dessert, flowers, and (*horrible dictu*, O Cardigan!) black bottles. At each man's elbow was his bottle of claret, of Saunterne, or of hock, and nothing but the champagne was handed. Two men alone waited at the table, and the butler standing at the sideboard, helped and distributed every dish, none of which were put on the table. Thus there was no carving and slopping of gravy to interrupt the conversation; no awkward top and bottom; no waiting till the servant came round to you. Everything you could want in the interim was within reach of your hand, and you had nothing to do but eat and talk.

When Daisy arrived he found the huge form of Mr. Burly taking the privilege of the fire with his coat-tails over his elbows. Mr. Burly stood six feet and more in his socks, and had an expansion of waistcoat which was certainly most imposing. His father

had made an enormous fortune by selling every conceivable article of manufacture in a huge Manchester warehouse, which still towers up some nine storeys high in the principal street of that northern capital. His son had been sent to Eton, and learned to pronounce a letter of the alphabet unknown to the father, to associate with the educated without shocking them, and to believe more or less in the prejudices and pruderies which make up the character so much admired by those who have not the courage to repudiate, or the wisdom to see through it, of an English gentleman. Young Burly returned to the north to find himself too good for the vulgarities of trade, and determined to be a gentleman. He therefore did the Continent, and entered a club. In due course he inherited £10,000 a year, and a share in the business, which he immediately sold. For a time he tried being a London man, but he was fond of comfort, and there was too much dressing, too many calls to make, for a man of calm mind. He became convinced that the country gentleman presented the highest type of the class, and a squire he became. He bought the old house and lands of some decayed family, stood and was returned for a neighbouring borough, longed and gossiped at Bellamy's under a Liberal ministry, got tired of the thing when the Tories came in, and took to hunting, to shooting, to entertaining in his large house, and to running up to town every now and then for a turtle dinner at the famous 'Turtle and Turbot' in Bishopsgate.

Mr. John Burly was not a man of large mind or liberal views, but he was a man of warm heart. He had never married, and though it was hinted, very darkly however, that he had an unrecognised family somewhere, John Burly always managed, out of his enormous income, to do liberal and handsome things to his poorer friends. Now and then he was given to endowing children, portioning young ladies, and furnishing houses for married couples. He was trustee for an unknown number of people, and he always went up to the trust-dinner, which was an excuse for spending a guinea at some pet dining-

place in town. Much the same kind of consideration induced him to accept the chairs of several societies and companies, which sometimes paid him for the condescension, or allowed him to launch a hundred or two in their speculations. A board dinner at the 'Turtle and Turbot,' where the alderman's pet was served up whole and eaten as well as drunk, was all the interest he asked for his money, and a visit to the premises on a board-day now and then was all the interest he took in its fate.

But if Burly had one characteristic stronger than all others, it was John Bullism. He was not burdened—for to him it would have been a burden—with much religion, though, being very respectable, he made a weekly bow to the Deity in the parish church, but he had a social creed which he believed of far more value and held to far more tenaciously, nay even fanatically, than that of the apostles.

'I believe in England and the English,' and their vast superiority to all other nations. I believe in the Established Church, and every other establishment of this country. I believe wealth is better than poverty, a gentleman better than ten snobs. I believe most of all in the three greatest institutions of the world—the House of Commons, the *Dictator* newspaper, and a pack of hounds with a fox in front of them.'

It was evident that this creed would have carried him in triumph off any hustings in the country, for if the French be obnoxiously vain, the Germans disgustingly conceited, the English of all nations are the fondest of being flattered and told of the superiority of themselves and their institutions. John Burly in consequence had passed through the storms of two general elections without a ripple of opposition.

His face was very fat, his nose short, thick, and cogitative, his eyes small and twinkling, and his cheeks covered with a quantity of short grey whisker. Mr. Burly, in conclusion, had the loudest voice in four whole counties.

As Mark entered the room he was startled by what he took to be the sound of a trumpet. It was only Mr. Burly blowing his nose. He had had

this alarming habit from boyhood and had sometimes found it inconvenient. As a very young man he had been cornet in a yeomanry corps which had just been formed. The worthy farmers had been told that they must charge forward at the sound of the bugle. Just as the men were collected on the first morning, and while the officers were chatting leisurely in front of them, the young cornet happened to clear his proboscis. In a moment the whole troop started forward at full gallop, knocking over the officers and half of them coming themselves to grief, and it was with great difficulty that they could be brought back and induced to believe that they had made a mistake. Mr. Burly was fond of telling you the story.

The dinner proceeded quietly at first. Mr. Eden had a fund of town gossip, Mr. Burly a stock of anecdotes. Mark talked chiefly to Sir Fungus; for the pale, keen-eyed gentleman on his right, whose name he did not know, was listening, watching, and smiling astutely, and evidently little inclined to enter into conversation with the youngster.

'Burly,' said Sir Fungus when the fish had gone round, 'what do you think of these improvements of Cherbourg? There is a curious passage in Hosea—'

'Sir,' said Mr. Burly, who hated Sir Fungus's prophetic fancies, 'if the French were a race of Goliaths, the English would be a nation of Davids. But a puny, sickly, effeminate people, who over-roast their meat, haven't the pluck to attack us. They are building Cherbourg for their own defence, not for our annoyance; no, no. But what can you expect from a people that has no field-sport; no hunting or shooting?'

'But they do hunt,' suggested Daisy somewhat bashfully.

Mr. Burly looked at him a moment, doubtful whether to notice this mild opposition or crush the young man with a stare. He liked what he had seen of the Secretary of the 'Never Rocks,' though he scarcely expected to meet him at dinner, and being mounted on his hobby, he determined to give the young fellow a friendly chase.

'Hunt, sir!' he exclaimed in a voice

that shook the chandelier ; 'do you mean to say that when a lot of fellows ride up and down in a huge forest with a pack of mongrel nondescript curs unworthy of the name of hounds, driving the game towards them instead of away from them, they can be said to hunt ?'

'You must make allowance for the difference of country. You can't draw coverts that extend for scores of miles, and you can't hunt the wolf, the boar, and the bear in the same manner that you hunt that not very dangerous animal, the fox. Hunting abroad is practical, it is a necessity, for if you didn't clear the forests occasionally, the forests would very soon clear the villages, but you must admit that fox-hunting is little better than a sham.'

'Oh, oh, oh !' from the pale gentleman on the right, and from Mr. Elen, who, on the principle of *omne ignotum pro mirifico*, held fox-hunting very high.

'A sham, a sham, sir !' exclaimed Mr. Burly ; 'the noblest institution in this country except the House of Commons and the *Dictator* newspaper ! Why, compared with it, hunting abroad is simply ridiculous.'

Daisy tossed himself back in his chair and prepared for warfare. He dearly loved an argument, dearly loved being in the opposition, dearly loved attacking respectable old prejudices.

'I admit,' said he, coolly, 'that it is a good enough sport, like cricket or football—'

'Pooh-pooh !'

'—But I cannot see in what consists its nobleness. If it is sublime, it verges very closely on the ridiculous. There is a fearful disproportion about it that will not admit of admiration. I confess that when I go to a meet, and see a score of elderly respectable fathers of families, domestic tyrants for aught I know, rigged out in bright red coats and tops, and a score of farmers in nondescript cutaways and gaiters, mounted on 200-guinea horses, when I see huntsman and whips got up regardless of expense, and the business-like look of the master, who so gravely discusses the state of the weather ; when I see them all trot off to some wretched little covert hard by, and huge powerful dogs—'

'Hounds, sir, hounds, if you please.'

'Hounds are dogs, I presume ; huge dogs sent in and about, when I hear a little horn like a penny trumpet call them off, and the looks of eagerness and anxiety on every face, and the query banded as to where reynard can be got to ; when, lastly, I hear a devil of a row, wild, excited shouts, and see the fathers of families ride frantically forward, gouty old Spartans dashing bravely through gates, and making believe to go over hedges, and stately old boys who have sat all their days in paternal armchairs, losing all their solemnity in a moment, and rollicking as madly as ever a Bedlamite or a boy in vacation from Oxford, I ask myself if it be possible that all this hubbub, all this solemn gathering, all this grand outlay in horses, hounds, and whips, all this national glory for which Parliament and London are forced to sacrifice their session and their season, and in which these solemn island-gods, the grave and terrible full-grown fathers of families, kings in their households, emperors in their parishes, tyrants at their tables, are not ashamed to upset all their respectability, and turn as mad and wild as bacchanals at the sound of a single view-hallo—can be meant for the destruction of that wretched little bit of vermin with a sharp nose, and bushy tail—'

'Brush, sir, brush, in the name of heaven.'

'A bushy tail, I say, and a wicked smile on his face as much as to say, "I will lead them a pretty run and I know where" I'll go to earth ;' that miserable little beast, I say, that one sees pop from under that hedge and make away across half a dozen fields to be caught and killed after some twenty minutes' run.'

Mark, out of breath, looked round. Mr. Burly was red in the face ; Mr. Elen looked much annoyed at such ill-breeding in so young a man, and Sir Fungus and the pale gentleman were laughing rather doubtfully at his description.

'Grant at least,' he said, 'that there is a ridiculous disproportion in all this — that if the quarry were some dangerous or troublesome animal—a lion or bear, nay, even a boar or wolf, it might be less absurd ; but that for fifty, nay often a hundred of the most mighty and solemn gentlemen to collect and

with one accord throw off their gravity, and with the aid of some fifty powerful dogs, each of which could tackle a couple of foxes alone, to rout out and chase down a miserable contemptible little animal, that never does more damage than steal a chicken from a farm-yard, is certainly, to an unprejudiced mind, a sight to be laughed at. Then, too, the care that is taken of the dogs that are to hunt, and the beasts that are kind enough to be hunted! Why, you'd rather have one ride over a child than over a hound, or trap a man and kill him rather than a fox.'

Mr. Burly could have forgiven everything but having a hound called a dog, and a fox's brush a tail, both of which, it is needless to say, were intentional alterations of Daisy's, but this put his temper out.

'You know, my dear Mr. Secretary,' he said with a vulgar intonation on the word, 'that those fine arguments of yours are very antique, and over and over again they have been advanced by parsons and psalm-singers, and over and over again refuted. Of course, nobody pretends that the destruction of the fox is the object of the hunt. Hunting is merely a sport, and the finest English sport too, sir, and the fox is merely to it, what the ball is to cricket. And as to old gentlemen, why, sir, that is precisely the chief recommendation of the sport, that it brings men of all ages into action, gives them a healthy, hearty exercise, a shaking up that cures every malady under the sun. I'm sure it does—'

'Except the gout.'

'Well, I'm not so sure of that; but as I was saying, it is a noble sport, because it teaches men to be plucky, it gives them nerve, excitement, and life, sir; and, sir, if you come to think of the sawney, sit-still, book-worming, bilious, jaundiced existences that men lead now-a-days, one should be thankful for a pastime which takes them out and makes bold and healthy spirits of them. I'll be hanged if it don't.'

'I never disputed this for a moment,' returned Mark calmly. 'As a sport I admire it above all, but you do not prove that it is not a sham, and that it is not very ludicrous; a

sham, because you call that an institution and a national glory, a great boon to the country, and so on, which is nothing more than a game on horse-back; but of course the old respectabilities don't like to confess that they are playing at hunting; and ludicrous, partly because it is ludicrous to see gravity and grey hairs playing at a boy's game, and partly because the means is so absurdly disproportioned to the end.'

'You know, my good sir,' replied Burly testily, 'that you are purposely taking a wrong ground, and that after all it is the ride across country that we want, and we don't care a rap for the fox.'

'Though you are vexed enough when you don't kill. But admitting this, why then make such sacrifices to it? If you only want an exciting ride over hedges and ditches, why not have it? Why put the natural order of things out of joint? Why give us a session of the House under the dog-star, and a season, when one cannot dance for heat; why spend the enormous sums you do on hounds and horses; why make it so odious to kill a fox in a simpler manner; why do so much damage to the country; why make an institution of a game or a ride, and make it vulgar and low to open one's mouth against it, if you can gain precisely the same object without hounds and a fox, and consequently without these sacrifices.'

'Did you see what the *Dictator* said about it to-day?' asked Eden, dying to turn the subject.

'In the case of Croke,' said Sir Fungus. 'Extraordinary man that Croke; lived for nothing else except yachting, and spent £30,000 a year on the two amusements. I remember when I was at Dummkopf-Tollhausen, he happened to spend a winter there, and wanted to introduce fox-hunting in Germany. He sent over for a pack, but the Germans would ride into coverts, and over the hounds, and mistaking the whole affair for a kind of English pic-nic, they insisted every half hour on pulling up to discuss beer and sausages, while the fox escaped.'

'That was a clever article,' said the pale man with the wicked smile, in a very oily voice. 'It was written, too,

by a clergyman, who knows nothing of hunting, and cares not a rap for it. He managed, I thought so ably, to please the agricultural party by his encomiums of the sport in moderation, and the urban party by his severe strictures on Crooke for devoting his life to it. A man of less tact might have abused fox-hunting, as much as this gentleman has just been doing, and would have thought that the most influential readers, namely, those of the towns, would have liked this abuse, but the writer of that article knows the world better, and he is aware, that because hunting is a country amusement unknown to them, townsmen think even more of it than countrymen. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico.*

'That's true,' said Burly. 'The most popular books in town and country, are novels about hunting and racing, and so on; and quite right too.'

'Or rather,' said Daisy, 'because Englishmen are by nature toadies, and hunting is an amusement of the wealthy and upper classes, and therefore it keeps up its prestige. I must confess, that, though *The Dictator* is often accused of inconsistency, it is consistent in the policy of pandering to popular prejudice at the expense of principle.'

If Daisy had looked up after making this speech, he would have seen Mr. Eden's face covered with dark confusion, and Sir Fungus stealing a most uneasy look at the gentleman with the pale face and sly eyes. Mr. Burly, however, was not in the secret that seemed to affect the other two, and he saw an opportunity for riding another hobby.

'I consider *The Dictator* newspaper, sir,' he said indignantly, 'as only second to the House of Commons. I look upon the liberty of the Press as the greatest glory of this country, and the more I think of it, the more I rejoice that I am a born Englishman.'

'I entirely concur with you, my dear sir,' answered Daisy, 'as to the value of the liberty of the Press, but I do not think that the Press in this country uses that liberty as it should do. I think in discussing the question, we ought to separate the intelli-

gence afforded by newspapers, from their purely original articles. The Press professes first to give news, and secondly to comment on them.'

'Very good,' said the pale-faced man, with a peculiar look of interest at the young talker.

'The resources of *The Dictator* are certainly most wonderful,' said Sir Fungus. 'The way in which they obtain intelligence, the sums they spend on procuring it, are unparalleled in any other age and country. No sooner has a topic of interest arisen in any part of the world, than *The Dictator* has a 'Special Correspondent' writing thence, a man too of education, of experience, of extraordinary ability.'

'I admit all this *in toto*,' said Mark.

'But let us now take the original articles. I think, that considering the immense influence which the Press has in this country, that half the population, at least, take its opinions on things and questions of every kind from the leaders in *The Dictator*, and that those opinions act first on the moral and social character of the people, and next by a natural consequence on the acts of the Government, that such journals as *The Dictator* ought to lead the public opinion.'

'The duty of the Press,' said the pale-faced man, 'is not to lead, but to indicate, public opinion.'

'I must differ with you. It does both, or at least, it could do both. In the portion devoted to news, newspapers could indicate the opinion of the so-called public, if it were possible to ascertain it—'

'The letters to *The Dictator*,' suggested Sir Fungus, 'do this in a most wonderful manner.'

'Yet the letters to the *Dictator* are a selection made by the editors. Little or nothing is ever inserted (unless written by some eminent man, and sneered at in a leader), that goes against the grain of the English people. However this might be, I affirm that the press in the present day has a great influence, which it is bound to use for the public good, the moral and social good of the nation. If the press more than anything else can guide public opinion, it ought to do so, and it ought to guide it into the best and highest moral channel. Now, I main-

tain, that the *Dictator* does not do this, that it professes to do so, and that its leaders are taken as the expression of the sentiments and opinions of men more in a position, because more conversant with public matters, to guide the public, than any other men; and that instead of doing this, it continually panders to the national vanity; it throws dust in the eyes of the nation; and I never read an article in which English institutions and English character are not proclaimed to be greater and better than those of any other country, and in which other countries are not sneered at. And we know why this is done, because we know that no one is so fond of flattery as John Bull, and if for fourpence you can sell him a looking-glass in which his heavy face will look young and beautiful, of course he will buy it. The *Dictator* flatters John Bull for the sake of its sale, and I maintain that it is below the dignity of a press with such an influence to sacrifice high and noble motives for fourpence.

The pale-faced man was busy with his plate. Mr. Eden and Sir Fungus looked very much annoyed, and the former was just going to turn the conversation, when Mr. Burly struck in.

'Well, sir,' said he to Daisy, 'and are not our institutions and our national character greater and better than those of any other, I should like to know?'

'Of course I cannot undertake to go through the list of our so-called glories, and sound the real value of each. I might say much about our representative system, but that alone would demand a long separate discussion. Undoubtedly it is one of the best systems for a free country, and the fact that every country which is ripe for constitutional liberty has adopted it, proves this. But I think we have no right to assert that it is the best system for every country in whatever state of progress, and to sneer down other nations because they have not established it. I think too, that it is rather a brittle fabric, and that when we throw stones at our neighbour's houses, we should take care that the delicacy of our own is not liable to be discovered. Certainly, whatever is said in praise of representative government, we have all had cause in every

great affair of late to acknowledge that it renders the executive extremely clumsy and slow. Look at India and China, to say nothing of the Crimea.'

'You must admit,' said the pale-faced man, 'that the *Dictator* never winked at the mistakes in the executive in these cases, and Heaven knows it echoed loudly the cry of "they do things better in France," on those occasions.'

'Ay, because it was a cry, because it was a popular conviction, because, when John Bull suffered in fame and pocket, he could no longer shut his eyes to his deficiencies, and was forced to cry "*peccavi*." But at the same time the *Dictator* saved the national vanity at the expense of individuals, and laid to the charge of members of the executive what was the fault of the national system. Or if it did confess the deficiency of the system, it heralded in its reproaches with buttering adulation—"We are the greatest people under the sun, our institutions are the noblest upon earth," and so forth; "we must pay for our greatness, our system has its faults, but even these are the exceptions which prove the rule," and in some such strain threw dust in John Bull's eyes. But leaving institutions alone, let us look at the estimate taken of British character. We are brave, we are tough, we are always ready to fight in the right cause; we are just, we are noble, we can make any sacrifice to principle. And what are the facts? Was there ever a country in the world where men are less willing to leave their money-making—nay, even their little comfortable fireside, to fight in the right cause, than they are in England? Look at the immense difficulties of recruiting, look at the large bounties that are offered, look at the disgust entertained by sailors for the royal navy; look a little higher, at the reluctance of the middle classes; look at the dozens of officers who hung back, and still hang back from active service; look at the plea of "urgent private affairs," so continually made, that even *Punch* could not help ridiculing it. Then for our sacrifices to justice, we might have boasted of them in the days of Wilberforce, but how have we behaved to America lately?

Have we not knocked under on every possible occasion, and sacrificed all our principles of defending the oppressed, simply that our commerce might not suffer from a breach with that country ?

'All that has nothing to do with national character.'

'Yes, because the character of the English is strictly commercial. Say what you will, we are a nation of shopkeepers, and the *Dictator* knows this, and holds up commerce far above religion. But according to the *Dictator*, we are more yet. We are the most intelligent, the sharpest, cleverest, most religious, and most moral people in the world. What are the facts? In intelligence and education we are far below the Germans and the Americans. In sharpness and native wit we are far below the French. You never meet with the heavy, clumsy, besotted bumpkins in France that you see everywhere, in all classes, in England. Our religion is only a weekly one, a religion of respectability, a religion of calm withdrawal from the more flagrant vices, a passive, but seldom an active religion; and as for our charity, it is ostentation, and a system, for a man cannot send sixpence to an hospital without his name to be printed in a list. Then for our morality, it is now conceded, because it can no longer be denied that we are the most drunken and drinking people, except perhaps the Americans, and in time it will be shown when the question is more closely looked into, that the necessity of marriage is less regarded among the *lower* orders in this country than even in France, while as to the "social evil," everybody knows how it is with that. We used to be called the most honest people in Christendom at one time, but after so many flagrant cases among our merchant princes, even that plea is now abandoned.'

'Poor England!' said the pale-faced man, with a sneer, 'what a pandemonium she seems to be!'

'No, sir! England is a very great nation, and enjoys many blessings denied to all others, but she has faults, and I maintain that it is unworthy of a journal which professes to be the mentor, and is already the dictator of society, to shut its eyes to those faults

all for the sake of its miserable four-penny bits.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Burly, unable to stand it any longer, and rising to warm his back at the fire, 'I am sorry to find you so un-English in your sentiments.'

'Ah!' cried Mark excitedly, 'that is just the outcry made in the *Dictator* against every man who dares to raise his voice against the faults of our national character. He is hooted down at once as un-English, and unpatriotic, as if true patriotism did not rather consist in seeing and doing one's best to remedy the faults of one's fatherland.'

Sir Fungus took out his watch. The disputants were growing too warm.

'Shall we go up stairs?' he murmured.

'A most wonderful young man,' he muttered to Burly, as they moved off.

'A conceited young puppy,' said that gentleman, 'who talks of things he doesn't understand.' And he blew his trumpet with an indignant snort.

The man with the pale face sidled up to Mark.

'You have floored Burly,' he said, with a smile, 'and your strictures on the *Dictator* are, to a certain extent, true. The editors feel it themselves, but you don't understand the difficulties of editing a newspaper. It is, after all, a speculation, or at least a matter of business, and the proprietor will not suffer loss for the sake of a vague principle. Then too, this is the age of journalism, if I may use such an atrocious compound. You must confess that the *Dictator*, by its able management, has raised the character and influence of the press most wonderfully. There was no such thing as a fourth estate before this century, and not even in this century until recently. The influence of the press means really the influence of the *Dictator*, you see. The other papers are only read by parties and cliques. The *Dictator* is read by men of all colours. Well then, it is the duty of that paper first of all to complete and insure its position. To lose in sale is to lose in influence, of course. To increase in sale is to increase in influence. The more influence a paper gets, the more powerful, and consequently the more independent it becomes, and when it

has climbed up by the ladder of national vanity, it can kick it down, don't you see ?

'And in the meantime the national character is ruined for the sake of a newspaper ?'

'Well, I confess there is a danger, but the journal that can so influence national character can cure it, when need be. After all, we do nothing more than indicate national feeling ; we are the pulse of the people, and we generalize and make common through our columns the opinions we are enabled to discover.'

'Why does he say *we* and *our* ?' thought Daisy.

'Do you know how all that is done?' continued the other. 'It is one vast system of agenting, and the strange part of it is that we don't pay for half of it. It is a kind of voluntary system. Everybody, from the royal duke to the shoeblack, is anxious to tell us what he thinks, and we carry out the representative system to perfection. We receive hundreds and thousands of letters. You need not suppose that, because your letters to *The Dictator* are not published, they are not read. Of course, if you are an M.P., or a man of known position, your lucubrations receive more attention, and carry more weight than John Smith's, unless the said John Smith happens to be a costermonger, and write all awry and almost illegibly, in which case his letter goes down for more perhaps than your M.P.'s. Well, we read or scan all the letters that touch on the principal points, count up the pros and cons, and give our verdict to the majority.'

'Absurd !'

'But how else can we test the public opinion except by the personal visits we sometimes receive ? In fact, if we allowed it, I daresay we might hold a levee of members and city men every evening, to tell us what they think and what is thought.'

'You speak as if you were connected with *The Dictator* ?'

'Eh ? I ? oh ! I write in it occasionally, but this quite in confidence.

We must preserve our *incognito*. Burly, for instance, would never discuss a political question in my presence, if he knew that I was on *The Dictator*.'

'And from what class are the majority of your correspondents ?'

'City men chiefly, members of the Stock Exchange, and so forth, who are more really interested in politics than anybody else.'

'Humph ! So that, in fact, instead of indicating public opinion, as you profess to do, you allow a few men, whose occupation being sordid, can rarely take a high or unselfish view of anything that is to affect it, to dictate their own opinions to the whole public. In short, you make the Stock Exchange govern England. What a sham ! What a humbug the whole thing is !'

'Perhaps, but in that we are not alone. You will find very few individuals, to say nothing of companies, that do not fatten on deceiving the public in some way or another ; and this is the case, perhaps, in literature more than in anything else. Did you ever dine at the "Liston" ?'

'What ! the Literary Club ? No ; never. I should like to do so above all things.'

'Will you dine there with me some day ? I will show you a few literary humbugs there.'

Daisy felt much flattered. To be asked to dinner by a writer in *The Dictator*, and that, too, after an hour's acquaintance, was exciting.

'I shall be most happy. But what is your name ?'

'Ah ! dear me, I forgot. Stop, you may forget it ; take my card.'

On the card was the name of 'Mr. O. Scrivener, Liston Club.'

'By the way,' he said, and the smile was more leery than ever, 'I think I heard you say you knew the Trevellyans. Do you know anything of Lady T. ?'

'Oho !' thought Mark, 'that explains his politeness.' And forthwith that family was discussed between them.

CHAP. XX.—LADY HOPE AT HOME.

Lady Hope gave some of the most 'fashionable' receptions in town. That

is precisely the epithet for them. They were not very exclusive ; their fre-

quenter were not selected for their position in the peerage and commonage, nor their precise place in the *delubra* of good society. It was nothing to her whether they belonged to the inner or the outer court of respectability's temple, provided they shone. Lady Hope loved to be mentioned in the *Morning Sycophant*, and she had her wish. Her assemblies were collections of people recommended to general notice by some distinction or other, and if Mayfair came to them it was only in the hope of being somewhat more amused than at the solemn gatherings of Lady Stepina Fitzdrowsy, or the extremely exclusive receptions of the Marchioness of Bonton.

Lady Hope aspired to be a *bel esprit*, as women go in London. She had as neat a speech for the bishop, who walked in with the majesty of a monarch and the meekness of a martyr, as for young Rakeway of the Guards, who confidently believed that his whiskers weighed twice as much in the social scales as his lordship's stockings. The consequence was, that as her rooms were opened once a week, and invitations issued for the whole 'course,' her assemblies were well attended from ten to twelve P.M., when the temperate went to bed and the gay to their balls. The entertainment afforded consisted chiefly in talk and refreshments. There was music of a first-rate character. There were the Miss Johnsons, whose father had been plain Johnson, and who were always accompanied by Herr Wilhelm Gruff; there was half the talent of Hanover Square and Exeter Hall; but except when at times Scrimini, the *prima donna* from Covent Garden, or Bellovoni, the overpowering basso from her Majesty's, condescended to give one song and walk out again, nobody listened to the cadences and *sostenuti* of the performers. The world came to see, be seen, and talk, but listening is by no means a common talent.

There was a fair sprinkling from Mayfair, and a decent attendance from St. Stephen's, and once in a season her ladyship succeeded in trapping a Cabinet Minister for ten minutes. There were clerics who came here because they disapproved of dancing, and because, *entre nous*, they were

sure to meet a bishop and a statesman. There were eminent barristers, literary notorieties, and a few of the principal men of art. Even the dilettante man of science did not scorn to be present. If you had discovered a new Peshito text, or a new branch of the Nile; if you had colonized a Pacific island, or made a million in railways; if (for a consideration) you had defended the injured Rajah of Dumdum, or laid down a telegraphic cable from Greenland to the North Pole, you were not only admitted, but supplicated to come.

But Lady Hope knew where to 'draw the line.' If secretaries were below it, so no less were the Tomkineses of Manchester Square, and it was in vain that they canvassed all their acquaintance, and moved heaven and earth for an invite, Lady Hope would not have them. Of course, by far the greater portion of her guests were people 'in society.' The men came from the Clubs, the women from Belgravia, Mayfair, and even the gloomy vale of Harley Street. But young men generally found it slow, young ladies were not much wanted, and the guests were chiefly those who could talk, and were supposed to be worth listening to. Her reasoning was, therefore, perfectly just in its way: 'If I admit one person of this description' (meaning Mark), 'who knows where it may stop? and my rooms may be stuffed up with inferior people, who will frighten away everybody worth having.'

The gentlemen were very late in retiring from the dining-room, and many a thundering command for admittance had shaken the street door, just as if a dozen Plushes were not close behind it all the time, before they were on the staircase. Scrivener disappeared. Probably there was work to do at the office of *The Dictator*. Mark kept close in the rear of Sir Fungus. Eden was already by Lady Hope's side, talking volubly on persons in general, when her worthy mate, whose hair by this time was much blown about, came up with the secretary in his rear.

'My dear, this is Mr. Lorimer,' said the worthy speculator, pulling forward his *protégé*.

It was impossible not to see the

cloud on Lady Hope's face. Sir Fungus had caught her at an unsuspecting moment, and there was no escape, but she bowed very stiffly, and immediately turned to a new comer.

'My dear Lady Charlotte, I thought we were never to see you,' and she was all smiles and amiability in a minute.

'Really,' she said to Eden, as Lady Charlotte passed on, 'I wish Sir Fungus would be more careful, he does bring such extraordinary people with him.'

'You mean the secretary of that Company?' said Eden, with a sneer. 'He is certainly an unfortunate young man, quarrelled with his father, Sir Tattenham Lorimer.'

'Is—that—a—son—of—Sir Tattenham Lorimer?' asked Lady Hope, very emphatically. 'Poor young man, forced to take such a post!'

'The only son, too; but it is his own fault, I hear. Positively wanted to marry a laundress, young men are so very independent now-a-days; and Sir Tattenham very properly disinherited him.'

'Very properly indeed;' for, of course, a disinherited son was quite another thing.

Nevertheless, the secretary was the only son of a well-known baronet of good family, and Lady Hope could not but feel an interest in him, and vexed with herself for snubbing him.

Daisy meanwhile was chilled by his very cold reception, and passed on feeling somewhat out of place in the crowd. Everybody was chatting in every direction. Everybody seemed to know everybody, except himself. He alone was unknown and a nobody. There was the Bishop of P—in a knot of deans and rectors, who hung their heads submissively while his lordship talked. Daisy caught his eye, and very rashly bowed. Of course, the Bishop did not or would not recognise him, and the young man felt doubly small. The well-known trumpet of Mr. John Burly led him hopefully in a new direction, where his colossal figure towered up among one or two loud-talking members, who were cutting their jokes upon the independence of some *novus homo* who disclaimed partisanship, but would very soon be laughed into adherence to one or the

other. Mark sidled up to them, but Mr. Burly was tired of the youngster, and persisted in overlooking him.

In vain did Daisy look about for a well-known face. Then for the sake of doing something he turned over the pages of an album, and glanced at the fashionable beauties with impossibly large eyes and unnaturally small mouths. But these could not interest him, and he wedged his way on towards the piano, where Miss Julia Johnson was executing a canzonet in a style that would have received a 'call' in Hanover Square, but was not worth listening to in Lady Hope's rooms. As he went he passed a divan, and happened to tread on a rich lace flounce.

Its owner turned sharply and fiercely round with an 'Oh, dear me!' but the next moment she looked at the offender as he muttered 'a thousand pardons.'

'Mr. Lorimer, indeed?' said Lady Hope, changing rapidly to an affable smile. 'No, you have done no damage; besides, if you had, I should make Sir Fungus give me a new flounce out of your wonderful mine,' said the *bel-esprit* would-be; 'but, dear me, Mr. Lorimer, I have been looking for you all the evening. You do not know perhaps that you are the most popular man in the room; ha! ha!'

Daisy was quite amazed at this change of manner, and bowed rather stiffly.

'Yes, indeed you are. Two of our beauties have been asking for you, and that is more than I can say for any one else, whether it were the Bishop of P—, or Mr. Trickworthy himself. Come, I must take you to them. One moment, Mr. Rackbrain, one moment; *les enfants demandent plus de soin que—*'

'*Les vieillards,*' put in Mr. Rackbrain, the celebrated author. 'Ah! Lady Hope, that was an unkind cut of yours to such a white head as me.'

'Nonsense, you are always young, like—'

'Ninon de l'Enelos; well, and as beautiful.'

'Yes, ogre, in your books, but not out of them. Come, Mr. Lorimer, Lady Augusta Mortimer has been calling for you.'

Daisy felt revived. At least, he would see some friends now.

'Are any of your circle in town?' asked Lady Hope, as she took the young man's arm and led him through the crowd, talking on each side as she went with a wonderful rapidity of speech.

'None. They are true conservatives and live at home.'

'*Tant mieux* for them; but we want them, though I daresay, like all young men, you are happier without them in town. How do you do, Mr. Dean, you are late this evening; stern duties, eh? Well, here we are, Miss Trevelyan, but where is Lady Augusta? Do you know Mr. Lorimer? Miss Trevelyan—Mr. Lorimer. Ah! Mr. Trickworthy, you are there again.'

So chattering, Lady Hope released the young man and left him to take care of himself. Idola Trevelyan was sitting alone, for Carry and her mother had gone to the next room with Mr. Eden, and Idola had stayed behind to hear an Italian song of which she was very fond.

Daisy's spirits were revived, and he entered at once into conversation with Philip's sister.

'You are listening to the music?'

'Yes, I was, at least. That song they just sang was one which I know well. I used to hear it every day in the streets of Parma.'

'Ah! you have been in Italy; and Parma, that is the land of cheese.'

'A land of things much more beautiful and interesting,' said the girl, with an indignant flush. 'A land where people are not ashamed to like one another and show it, so different from this cold northern climate.'

'Ah, I have heard that those who visit the morning-land are sun-struck, and can bear nothing out of his rays.'

'At least, not this mist and cold blood. You seem to me in England to be something between fish and men. You live in a sea of fog and mist. Your brightest days have their clouds, and your brightest faces their looks of care.'

'She talks like Philip,' thought Mark. 'You do not know us English yet,' he said aloud; 'when you have removed this mask of ice you will find a fire, not perhaps a flaring one, but a

steadily burning fire, of good heart and good will beneath.'

'Not more than I have found in Italy. People hate and love openly there without hypocrisy. But here, if you like any one, you dare not show it; and if you hate, you save it over with apparent indifference. That is just what I cannot bear. I think indifference is a sure sign of a want of the power of feeling. It is quite the vice of you English; you seem to make a glory of being or appearing as indifferent as you can to everybody and everything.' Then, suddenly, as if she had been betrayed into warmth which was improper, she drew up, poor thing, and tried to put on a little English dignity, as she asked, 'Have you seen my father here to-night, Mr. Lorimer?'

'No. I do not even know him by sight. Do you expect him?'

'I? No; he never tells me where he is going, or what he intends to do. I suppose that is also an English custom. I see very little of my father, and when I see him, it is that he may tell me how to behave. It is very kind of him, for I am sure I should make many mistakes if he did not.'

Daisy smiled at the idea of Sir Howard turning master of etiquette. Idola perceived it.

'You are smiling at my ignorance of your English customs. It is sometimes very awkward for me. Can you tell me, for instance,' she added in a lower tone, 'how I should act now? Lady Augusta has left me quite alone. In Italy we always stay near our chaperons, and I think I ought not to be here by myself.'

'O yes, you are quite safe.'

'But I ought not to be talking to you.'

'Why not? You will see a score of young ladies here sitting alone with gentlemen.'

'It is very strange, but I am glad to hear it, for I have had no one to talk to to-night, except Mr. Eden. Do you know Mr. Eden?'

'Yes. Do you like him?'

'No,' she replied with a vehemence which astonished Mark. 'I cannot bear him.'

'And why not?'

'He seems to me to have no idea beyond the proprieties of society. He

is quite a slave to this same society, and if one does anything by mistake, he is quite angry.'

'But dare he be angry with you?'

Idola looked down, a little confused. 'He has my father's permission,' she answered in a low voice.

'Here you are, Mr. Truant, at last,' cried a merry tongue at his shoulder. 'Flirting, as usual. Very good. You could not do better.'

He turned round. Mr. Eden had just led Lady Augusta back to her place, and Carry Mortimer was frowning her fan, and laughing merrily at Daisy.

'So, madame, you have improved on my introduction of this afternoon. I am glad to see it. We shall make quite an English girl of you in time. Mr. Lorimer, sit down here.'

So saying she sat down, and spread out her dress with a mock air of dignity, while Eden took the vacant place by Idola, and some oily sycophant engaged simple-minded Lady Augusta, and thought to make a favourable impression on the peer's sister by his delicate flatteries.

'There, I am quite the grand lady,' said Carry, laughing merrily, and spreading out her flounces again. 'I think I shall get into these townish ways in time; how do you like Idola? Isn't she genuine, not half so affected as her brother? but still I wish she wasn't quite so fond of Italy, because I don't know anything about it; I think it is not very good taste to talk so much of it.'

'Poor girl,' said Daisy, 'I daresay she feels the change very severely.'

'And there's Mr. Eden trying to flirt with her, because Sir Howard wishes him to. I fancy Sir Howard has told him to teach her how to behave, poor child, but I shan't let him. I mean to keep him for myself, in spite of the bad character you once gave him, Mr. Cynic; and as for you, you're not worth flirting with now.'

'Do you mean to say Sir Howard destines his daughter for such a—'

'Hush, he'll hear you. Of course he does. Mr. Eden will be a very good match when his grandmother dies, and Sir Howard doesn't care a straw for his daughter; he only wants to get her respectably out of the way, but I shan't let him. Idola is much

too good for him, and besides that I mean to make a man of him.'

Daisy laughed immoderately at this idea.

'Isn't all this stupid? How do you like it? I don't at all; I never saw such nonsense; I can't imagine what people came here for; no one listens to the music, but I'm not surprised at that, for I don't care for it myself.'

'And, of course, everything that Miss Mortimer disregards must be—'

'Don't be a baby, you know what I mean. They don't dance and they don't flirt, and I can't think what they want at all. As for flirting, there's not a soul younger than a bishop or a judge to flirt with. I've been trying to make an impression on a breach of promise barrister, but he seems much too keen for the sport—'

'He is afraid you would bring him into court without a brief.'

Carry pouted up her pretty mouth quite indignantly.

'Well, there are those young men in the doorway?'

'Did you ever see such stupid? Why, that man has been stroking his whiskers for the last ten minutes, and saying nothing but aw—aw, and then he has the impertinence to fancy himself interesting. I should like to put him on Molly Bawn from Staplehurst to Painewick. Then just look at that parson; isn't he like Crispin? how he sidles up to my lord bishop! Look how meek he is, how he pulls down the corners of his mouth; I'm sure he's looking out for a living. Look at that young dandy with the long legs and the stupid face. He is determined to make himself look as silly as he can, opening his ugly mouth and drooping his eyelids. I'm sure he is very different at home, when his mamma scolds him, and now he is trying to talk to some great literary personage. Look how flattered the literary man appears! He knows he is a snob by birth, and he is very much pleased to talk to a young man in the Guards; just see how he looks round to find out if anybody is watching him, and the young man is evidently trying to be clever; oh, how good!'

Daisy looked round; the picture was very correctly drawn.

'Then do you see that lady with the feathers smirking up to that big man? I am sure he's some one of consequence.'

'That is John Burly, the member for Richborough.'

'I thought so. Do you see how she wheedles him and flatters him? What does she mean? And he looks quite pleased, I declare.'

'She is thinking of an appointment for her second son, perhaps.'

'Oh! Everybody's here on business; nobody comes to enjoy themselves; it is just like the rest of London, all business, day and night; young men looking out for heiresses; old women for appointments, and so on. I am sure we are much less venal in the country.'

'Because we have not the same opportunities, and therefore not the same temptation.'

Just then Daisy heard his name pronounced.

They were all sitting on a species of *dos-à-dos*, which, under some circumstances, is a very awkward piece of furniture. Carry Mortimer was rattling on without commas or semicolons; and Mr. Eden of course imagined that he could speak of Daisy without any fear of being overheard. At first Mark did not know how to act, and continued sitting by Caroline, apparently attending to her, but unable to prevent himself from listening to his neighbours.

'I am very sorry,' he heard Idola say; 'but I thought that as an old friend of Philip's there could be no harm—'

'There is every harm,' said the other very severely; 'I am certain that Sir Howard would be much displeased at any such an acquaintance, and I must request that you will be very reserved to him for the future.'

'Am I then to repel every one that is at all good-natured to me, simply because they are not in the very best station in society?' said Idola with some spirit.

'Well, Idola,' said the other, much to Daisy's astonishment, for he had no idea that the two were on such intimate terms, 'of course you can act as you like, I shall not attempt to coerce you in any way, but I will only ask

if you have any affection for your father?'

'You know I have, but you do not know what a check and chill it has received since I returned to England.'

'You forget Sir Howard's almost public character, Idola. You feel neglected because you have no mother, but it is to me that Sir Howard has confided you, in Philip's absence, and it depends on you to what extent that trust may be useful. The world is before you with the most brilliant opening. You have the prestige of your father's great name, and I have selected a chaperon for you who is at once a very kind person and an influential one from her birth, and—'

'Yes, Lady Mortimer is the best friend I have.'

'Lady Augusta Mortimer, you mean; once for all pray understand the difference. It would be a great slight to her to omit her Christian name.'

'I don't think she cares for such trifles.'

'Nonsense, Idola, it is no trifle. However, talking of your introduction, I may say that Sir Howard Trevelyan's daughter, under the protection of Lady Augusta Mortimer, must be received everywhere, and everywhere welcome.'

'I am sure I don't appreciate—'

At this moment Carry Mortimer came to a dead stop in her merry chatter, and looked with mock indignation at her companion.

'What is the matter?' he asked, recalled to a consciousness of his absence.

'The matter indeed! Oh! I shall simply hold my tongue, or talk to somebody else, I never knew such a wretch; here I have been talking to you as fast as I could for the last half-hour, and you have not listened to a word.'

'A thousand pardons, I—'

'Oh, no stories, you are very rude; but what on earth is the matter over there? what are they moving about for? who is it—is it the Queen, or Prince Albert, or who?'

A great stir was going on. The whole company was interested, curious, excited. Those nearest to the curiosity were bowing, simpering, catering for a smile or glance, the out-

siders were stretching their necks or pushing forward, or eagerly asking about the curiosity.

At last the crowd opened and the object of interest was disclosed to view. It was a man of about middle height, if not a little under it, but of such neat proportions and graceful carriage that except from a comparison with Longshanks of the Fusileers, you would have thought him of sufficient altitude. He was dressed somewhat extravagantly. His ample coat was thrown back over the shoulders; he wore a rich black velvet waistcoat with a huge chain and chatelaine glittering across it; his collar was slightly turned down, a compromise between the poet and the man of the world. But his head was really remarkable; the face very handsome, the eyes flashing and full of fire, the nose long and aquiline. His hair was undeniably red, though the world called it flaxen or auburn, because it admired him just at this moment. It curled in profusion and united a pair of red whiskers curled in the old dandy fashion—for their owner belonged to the bygone days of dandyism—and a large red moustache.

The new-comer bowed on each side, as if he were at least a crown-prince, and smiled with his mouth, while there was a frown between his eyebrows. That smile of his was particularly effective, and it deserved to be so, for he had studied it from youth upwards before his looking-glass.

Mr. Eden had jumped up, and was already approaching the new arrival. Daisy turned towards Idola, anxious to see how she would act after Eden's lecture.

'We have some grand celebrity here, Miss Trevelyan.'

'Yes,' she replied very stiffly, 'it is my father.'

Mark looked at him with interest. The great man had now finished his bows and speeches, and was in close conference with Mr. Eden, who appeared to be talking of Idola and Mark, for Sir Howard's eyes glanced angrily in that direction. Presently he came up to their party.

'I see your ladyship has well filled the trust you allowed me to impose on you. Idola seems to have made some acquaintances.'

Sir Howard mouthed even more atrociously than Philip.

'I'm afraid we have a little neglected her,' said Lady Augusta. 'You know I have so few friends in London, Sir Howard.'

'Your worth is under a bushel, my dear madame. Who that knew Lady Augusta Mortimer would not prize her friendship—haw-aw!'

Sir Howard had been drilled by the requirements of his celebrity into making little speeches.

'But whom have we here? Idola, my love,' he added with a look of anything but affection, 'present your friend to me.'

'This is Mr. Lorimer, papa.'

Sir Howard bowed and smiled, and showed his white teeth as before.

'I merely came to fetch you, Idola,' he said, 'you have had enough of this dull world; let us go.'

He gave his daughter his arm; Mr. Eden followed on the other side. The said dull world, looking on, whispered: 'Sir Howard may have been a bad husband, but he is an excellent father; a man of feeling.'

The world's praises are often as mistaken as its slanders.

Lady Augusta, too honest to understand this movement on the part of the man of feeling, followed in some surprise.

'You do not mean to take Idola from us, I hope?' she said as soon as she could catch the great man's attention, which was not before they were in the corridor.

'Far from it, my dear madam. I shall send her on in the brougham to Eaton Square,' and no further explanation did he vouchsafe.

'What a strange man Sir Howard is,' said Lady Augusta, taking Daisy's arm, for now that the planet of the evening had shot through and out again, the minor constellations thought it time to set. 'I am so sorry for poor Idola; she has only been with us a week, and we are as fond of her as if she were one of us. She is thoroughly genuine and simple, though of course not so clever as her father or even her brother, but I think Sir Howard made a mistake in sending her to Italy to be educated. It is a very awkward position, you see, both for him and for her, having such a mother.'

At the door they met Mr. Eden, who had just seen Sir Howard and Idola to their brougham.

'You will ride with us to-morrow, charmer, won't you?' asked Carry.

'I am very sorry that I shall be engaged all the day. Sir Howard wants me,' said the Knave of Clubs, offering her his arm.

'I should call you a beast, if I dared, but mamma says I mustn't call people beasts in London; stupid place, I wish we were at Painswick again. Mr. Lorimer, I'm sure you won't be so nasty as this wretch. You will escort us, won't you? or we shall have to stay at home.'

Mark would have given anything to have joined them, but the expense frightened him. He was hard up as it was, and if he rode once he would be expected to do so again.

'I should have been charmed,' he answered, 'but I have given up riding.'

'Nonsense; just for once in a way.'

'You forget I am only a secretary, and really can't afford it,' he answered boldly, and much to the horror of Mr. Eden; for one may confess to poverty when one is rich, but to do so when poor is very bad breeding.

Carry was pained to have called forth the confession, and turned it off with a laugh as she jumped into the carriage. 'We shall get up a subscription for you, then. I have just sixpence left in the world, and I am sure Idola will give another, for she confessed to liking your appearance very much, and in fact, I think, is quite taken with you.'

Mark was pleased, though it was said in jest, and Mr. Eden was annoyed. But it was in vain that he tried to escape Mark.

'What a splendid night, Eden! Will you allow me to join you?'

Mr. Eden bowed and looked very grumpy. Daisy lit a short pipe—horror of horrors!—Mr. Eden could just have tolerated a cigar, but a pipe was too low—and braced himself up for some fun.

'What a charming girl Philip's sister seems to be!' said he.

'Miss Trevelyan? Very.'

'I suppose she is to make some grand match?'

'I—really—don't know.'

'Be sacrificed to some old fellow,

who doesn't care a rap for her, I daresay.'

Mr. Eden simply inclined a little.

'It's a great pity, a great shame, in fact, but I suppose it's the way of the world in the present day.'

Mr. Eden said nothing; he was thinking how to turn the conversation.

'And then if she ran away with some *inferior* person, the world would cry, "Poor Sir Howard!" and only "horrid bad taste" to her. By the bye, that reminds me of something. I have been trying to see you for the last two months, to give you a letter that I have for you.'

'A letter, indeed, you are rather a tardy postman,' said Mr. Eden gaily, delighted to have the subject changed.

'Why, I promised to give it with my own hand, and you have been out of town, or not visible, and this is the first opportunity I have had. I fancy it does not much matter, for there can be no answer, poor thing.'

He drew out Mrs. Morgan's letter, which he had brought on purpose that evening. As Eden read the address, the light from a street lamp showed the look of extreme annoyance on his face.

'You know whom it comes from? She is dead.'

'Dead!' cried Eden sharply and painfully, but instantly checked himself, for though he would not have objected to Mark's knowing the deep interest he felt in Mary Morgan, good breeding forbade any display of feeling; and Mr. Eden had so long been slave to that same exacting master, that he could control his strongest feelings in a second. 'Poor thing,' he said, 'it is a happy release; she must have felt her disgrace to the last.'

'She is gone to a world, Eden, where it is no disgrace to have married a gardener; to a house, whose Master was a carpenter's son on this earth, Eden,' said Mark solemnly. 'To a home where there will be no absurd worldly pride to drive her forth, to persecute her and hers into crime.'

'Yes, certainly,' said Mr. Eden, more and more annoyed. 'She died of that complaint, I suppose.'

'Yes, of cancer,' said Daisy.

Mr. Eden shuddered. He was not accustomed to hear such disagreeable diseases mentioned by name in good society. The nerves of well-bred people cannot stand it.

'Do you know what has become of her daughter?' he asked.

'No; it is a subject which troubles me much just now. I saw her once in Oxford since—.'

'In Oxford?'

'Yea. You have heard, I daresay, that I was rusticated for some disgraceful conduct there. Well, it was for speaking to poor Kate Morgan in the street.'

'I was confident that the offence had been over-rated. But since then, you have not seen her?'

'Never, and I cannot tell where she is, unless in London. I fear the poor girl is very badly off, and if I could find her out, I should be anxious to do something for her. At present I am scarcely in a position to do much.'

'Of course, if you hear of her at any time, I shall be happy to do what I can.'

They were now arrived at the corner of a street. Mr. Eden stopped, and put out his hand. He was longing, poor man, to get away, but Daisy had not done with him yet.

'You can do something even now,' he said, 'for her that is gone. In fact, I have another commission yet to fulfil, for which your aid is indispensable. You know Mr. Davenport's address?'

'No; that is, I have not heard from him for some time.'

'But you know where he is likely to be.'

'Certainly, but his health is such, that it would surely be better not to afflict him—.'

'He must at least be informed of his daughter's death.'

'Of course. I will break it to him at once.'

'And he will probably be anxious to learn the fate of his granddaughter,' said Mark provokingly.

'Really, Mr. Lorimer, I think that subject had better be lost sight of. You can understand that Mr. Davenport

would be very unwilling to maintain a connexion which has already cost him so much suffering.'

'I do not understand any man allowing his grandchild to starve. But that is no matter now. I have now to beg you to give me Mr. Davenport's address.'

'I can write to him myself. It is better that this melancholy occurrence should be broken to him by a friend.'

'There is not the slightest reason why you should not do so, but one of Mrs. Morgan's last wishes was, that I should write to him in case of her death, and I must therefore again request you to tell me where he is.'

'But you must see, my dear sir, that a letter on such a matter from a complete stranger would be very afflicting to him.'

'Mr. Eden, you seem to have too much consideration for the feelings of this unnatural father.'

The Knave of Clubs said nothing. He felt that his temper was being tried, and to lose one's temper is a terrible breach of good breeding.

'You may rest assured,' continued Mark, 'that I should write in the most considerate manner, and I shall wait till your letter has had time to reach him.'

Mr. Eden moved a step as if to go.

'You will give me this address?'

'I cannot allow my friend to be annoyed.'

'He shall not be annoyed. I have a trust to fulfil, and will fulfil it. Will you, once more, inform me where he is living?'

'I am sorry that I must decline.'

'Then I shall take other means of discovering.'

Mr. Eden was very much put out. His temper was stretched to the utmost.

'You may do as you please, sir,' he said very stiffly, 'but I must state that I shall consider your writing to Mr. Davenport as an unwarrantable impertinence; and with that he walked rapidly away. From this moment Daisy and the Club-man were foes.

CHAPTER XXI.—CRISPIN REDIVIVUS.

It is the fashion of the age to under-rate beauty, and young men affect to

despise it, while the middle-aged have lost the power of appreciating it.

Science and the lady-writers are to blame for this. Science affirms that the curious and the useful are more worthy of man's attention than the simply beautiful. Smith, who exhibits year after year in the Academy, may paint the most charming landscape, or the most bewitching faces and figures, in vain. Mr. Ruskin will ignore Smith. But if an old picture by a real pre-Raphaelite, representing a saint with one leg shorter than the other, a hard painful landscape with no perspective, a golden sky such as never was known out of the *Arabian Nights*, and a general distortion that is quite trying to look at, be produced, the dilettanti cry 'superb!' and the public, fearing to be thought too gross to appreciate it, echo the cry with 'how lovely!' Minton or Wedgwood again may produce the most artistic crockery, or the most beautiful figures in Parian, but if a dish of Palissy or Majolica is set beside them, though it be covered with fat toads, slimy lizards, and every repulsive reptile that the most epicurean duck could take a fancy too, there is no chance of admiration for their finest works of art. Science chooses out all that is recondite and extraordinary, and would have us reject the pleasing as commonplace. In fact, ere long, we shall have a lover presenting his mistress, not with a rose, but some mongrel sea-anemone, half-animal, half-plant, to wear in her bosom.

On the other hand lady-writers have introduced plain heroines, though you will observe that they never venture to call them absolutely ugly. Jane Eyre succeeded with plainness, and there has scarcely been a heroine since, who is not short, pale, and positively unattractive in face and figure. The reason is obvious. Novelists will write about themselves, and lady novelists particularly are given to the autobiographic. A beautiful woman suffices for the true sphere of her sex, and is satisfied with it, because she succeeds. Your plain girl is necessarily driven to 'go in' for genius.

For all this the mission of Beauty remains and will remain. Define it as you will; call it relative or positive, say it is a Platonic 'idea,' or a mere matter of association, analyse it with all the acumen of logic, it matters

little. We may not understand it, not one Professor in a thousand years may succeed in classifying it, but we can all, the pot-boy and the crossing-sweeper as well as the man of taste, *feel* it; and I take it that in this world, for all the tangle of idealists and mystics, the heart is worth the head any day in the year.

Beauty will triumph in art. It is only the superciliousness of over-refinement, the enervation of the idle that demands a precision which it requires an instrument besides the senses to detect. Verdi may compose thundering choruses, Meyerbeer strive after originality of melody; both may write excellent music, but both are doomed for silence. Long, long after the best of the street-organs has ceased to grind the elaborate compositions of these masters (happy age!) long after fashion has banished them from the drawing-room, pronouncing them out of date, stupid, and a bore, there will be heard in the hills of every land, except America and England (for we have no national music), a number of sweet plaintive or brave exciting airs, which were sung there a thousand years ago. And why? Because they have a beauty commonly appreciable, and one to which it is not necessary to be educated in Covent Garden and the Haymarket.

Beauty will triumph in art, even where fitness is needed to complete the harmony. It has done so already in the case of architecture. The present age admits that the sanctity of the Gothic church is greater than that of the Grecian temple, that we sink spontaneously on our knees in Westminster, while not all the chill enormity of Sir Christopher's nightmare can awe us into worship. And why? Because the Gothic church rose from the necessities of our Christian religion—may it flourish for ever!—while the Grecian temple was always a sham. Does it matter then that Rule cries up the proportions of the Parthenon, and sneers down our pointed arch?

Beauty is always triumphing in nature. Nature knows no crows'-feet or wrinkles. She is always fair. Is not the rich glow of an August sunset more splendid and more elevating than the gorgeous Fête Napoléon on the same month, which ten thousand idiots

came from everywhere to stare at, to see the wanderers of heaven mocked with silly rockets, to see oil and wax and gas wasted in a splendid lavishment, to see the whole Champs Elysées blazing with light, and the stars quite shelved by the vulgar affair?

Well, and here is the mission of Beauty. Man is for ever rising or sinking; he is not still; there are those who know the worth of just one soul, and will not let him rest. All then that lifts him is good. But the beautiful lifts him. There is an 'idea' of beauty, an absolute beauty, in heaven, and all that is fair on earth is a faint copy of it. Beauty is divine. But it must be perceived. If only imagined, it depends on the fancy, which is a chameleon. Therefore the power and the value of personal beauty in women is so great. That at least is positive, and it leads the imagination to conceive an internal beauty as well. Association forbids us believe that yon lovely woman is not soft and modest and virtuous. But shall we stand by this for a plain face? And it is these thoughts, it is the sight of the good, that makes us good. If the beautiful seem to us, as it does, a manifestation of the good, then, be it true or false, it fulfils its mission; it lifts us, it imparts its divinity, it brings us nearer heaven.

We have drawn the rule first, and bring the example to prove it. We might have reversed the method, and from the facts deduced the theory.

All the next day, as far as working hours go, was Mark at his business. The word is ugly enough; but this business was particularly so, for Daisy hated to be the doorkeeper of covetousness.

The shares of the 'Never Rocks' had by this time been pretty nearly disposed of. The working directors, consisting of Sir Fungus Marley, Popham, and Watkins having now little to do, made a lounge of the office. Popham had his pipe, Marley his Principe, and both sent out for beer, or produced the whisky-bottle, when they wanted it. While Daisy transferred shares, wrote heaps of letters, and did business generally, Popham told the stories of his conquests, Marley swaggered and lisped, Sir Fungus potted about, laughed at their tales, and murmured mysterious scraps of his own wonder-

ful adventures and prophecies. A great familiarity had grown up among these directors, and the office, now rarely visited by share-buyers, became simply a scene of chatter, smoke, drinking, gossip, and humbug. Daisy alone preserved the dignity due to the undertaking. He had the hard work to do, and this satisfied him. But after all, what kind of work? He lived, like all men of any worth, for results, and what results could he see in all this? Granting that the mine was got into working order, granting that a dividend of thirty-three per cent. or any per cent. should eventually be paid, what was the utility of it? Was it at all to the morality or improvement of man that a certain supply of tin, copper, nickel, or what not, should be there to meet the demand? Was all his labour directed only towards this, or was it not rather to slake a thirst for gold, which, Heaven knows, only increases the more you feed it? So his occupation became hateful to him, and the beautiful, sad face of Idola Trevelyan was all that he had to lift him out of this wallowing.

When the day's work was done, he bounded off like a dog from the leash.

'I say, Pop,' said Mr. Marley, when he was gone, 'are you going to Sebastopol to-night?'

'I am engaged to dinner at the Prodiges, old fellow,' said Mr. Popham, swelling in his waistcoat with the importance of having a dinner engagement anywhere; 'but I'll meet you afterwards, say at half-past nine.'

'At the crib?'

'Is it safe?'

'Well, then, say at my diggings. I've a bottle of gin and likewise of whisky—aw—left, and—'

'So be it.'

Daisy meanwhile had dressed, and was hurrying towards Eaton Square. As he walked along Piccadilly, for he could not afford now to cab it, he compared what he saw round him with the country round Painswick, and hated London more than ever.

First, the houses were all so dirty. Everything was smoked. The leaves on the trees in the Green Park were anything but green, and were heavy with the smoke-dust from a million chimney-pots. Their stems were long

since blackened. Even the grass had an unnaturally deep tinge on it. But he could have borne all this. There came next the faces. There was not one which had not the stare of social isolation. On most there was the wear and the steady hard look of care. Even the votaries of pleasure did not smile for joy; if at all, it was only to sneer. Where was their happiness? Not in their faces, oh! and not in their hearts. What was this centralization worth? Was there not a greater distance between any two men who jostled one another on that grimy pavement, than between Hodge in one village and Giles in another? Hodge and Giles might walk and meet, and meeting they might talk as man to man, brother to brother, but one half of these people would be cursed rather than speak to the other half. Did this close association obliterate caste? Not a bit of it. The squire might chat with his labourer; but Jones, who was walking to Rotten Row, would not even look at Smith who was going to his counter; and the costermonger held up his head as he passed the pariah that swept the crossing.

'You may kill distance,' thought he, 'and bring all the men of a country together into the space of a few miles, but you will not bring their hearts a whit nearer. I have passed that man in the green coat every day of my life; he is my nearest neighbour in the street; and yet there is a barrier between us which can never be passed,—a barrier of city-make.'

And here were men of one city and one country, sons of one father, creatures of one Creator, to whom the great law of love had been preached so often, and between them was not hate, not so cheerful a passion, but cold implacable indifference and dull mistrust. And then they call themselves Christians!

The thought of Painswick brought back old memories. Since he had been in town he had been in such a whirl of business, in such a confusion of a new mode of life, that the past had had no part in it. Nay, more, the man who aspires does not look back, except for experience. The past is past to those who walk on rapidly, and Daisy had made it a rule to forget, except where memory was useful.

Only at times he looked back, and there came the curse of Lot's wife on the back-looker—he was crystallized in its brimstone. Yes! from the past he had nothing to gather but regrets. He regretted now his connexion with poor Kate Morgan. He felt that there was a greater gap between him and her than he could ever fill up. The refined beauty of Idola seduced him from the simplicity of the village maid; and what had now become of the poor girl? He was in the same city as she, not many miles from her probably, and yet he could not hope to find her.

Perhaps by this time she had forgotten him in a new life; perhaps she was a servant in some London house. Let him hate caste as he would, how could he bring himself to marry a maid-of-all-work? Then he cursed this great city, that made him think like this.

And his ambitions, too, his aspirations, where were they? He was in the centre of life now; he was set out on life. If anywhere he should find a field of action, it should surely be there, where man was most; and yet what was he doing? Only living, only working for the mere maintenance of that life which he had sworn to turn to such good account.

All this made him bitter; and when he found himself in the drawing-room in Eaton Square he turned to Beauty thankfully, that raised him up and gave him a new solace.

Well, I suppose it's impossible to write a standard novel without some allusions to the Beautiful, with a big B, and the Good with a big G. Sir Howard Trevelyan's novels, I know, are full of these capitals; and he writes standard—fearfully standard—novels, as stiff as standard roses—a great deal of stiff stalk with a very small amount of blossom at the top of it. But really London is such an ugly, and dirty, and generally nasty place, that one is forced into considerations of the Abstract, with a big A, because one can't get hold of the Concrete (big U) in the shape of anything Beautiful (big B).

He found Caroline and Idola sitting in two arm-chairs looking at one another.

'Oh, I'm so glad you're come, Mr.

Lorimer,' cried Carry. 'It's been such a horridly dull day, all owing to that beast—I mean that fiend—Mr. Eden, not coming to ride with us. Mamma's in bed with a headache, and we've been out this morning trying to shop, but it's so far from any good shops here that it's quite useless; and in short we want something to do.'

'Something to do!' cried Daisy, just fresh from the thick of business.

'Yes, of course, gaby. Why, we've read all the books, as many as one can read, for really they're such trash now, and I declare one novel is exactly like another; and then we've worked crochet and that kind of thing till we're sick of needles, and in short we've got nothing to do. Pity the sorrows of two beautiful young females with nothing to do.'

'Nothing to do, Miss Mortimer? Nothing to do, Miss Trevelyan? If you only knew the value of labour just now, when everybody is wanting "hands," you might make a little fortune for yourselves.'

'Oh, do give us something to do. If I was at Painswick now, I could give Jinks a rat or two, but mamma won't let me have them here; or I could take Molly Pawn an airing; but in this horrid London, people are so proper, and you are so unkind not to ride with us.'

Daisy looked very solemnly from one to the other, and slowly repeated Tennyson's lines:—

'Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time is heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
And teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.'

Idola looked down.

'Don't frighten us, Mr. Lorimer, for Heaven's sake!' said Carry.

'Well, well,' said Daisy, 'half the world has too much to do, and the other half too little. If I belonged to the second, which I don't, I think I should set to work to help the first.'

'You stern philosopher!' said Carry, with mock awe; 'but without any nonsense, I wish I wasn't a lady. I'm sure I should be much happier if I had to earn my bread, than I am lolling about the house all day.'

'And you, Miss Trevelyan?'

'Me! Oh, I wish I had never been born.'

'Do not say that, I implore you. It is almost a blasphemy. The gift of life is the greatest privilege ever given you.'

'But my life is useless, and worse than useless, for I seem to be always in the way.'

'What a silly thing you are, darling!' cried Carry. 'In the way, indeed! I suppose you think we are tired of you. Oh, Mr. Lorimer, you can't think what a fiend Sir Howard is.'

'My dear Carry,' said Idola reproachfully.

'Only fancy, here's Idola only just come back to England, and beginning to enjoy herself, and we're so fond of the little wretch, and that man has ordered her down to Redbrook, where she'll be all alone, and such a stupid out-of-the-way place, and no friends, and it's so horrid of him.'

'Oh! but there, perhaps, Miss Trevelyan will find something to do, and do it too, I daresay.'

The suggestion was not lost upon Idola.

'By the way,' said Carry, 'who do you think is come to town? It's such fun; they gave him a testimonial, silver teapot full of sovereigns, and sent him away, and so he's come up to our new church, and they say he's become quite high.'

'You don't mean Mr. Crispin? Has the satisfactory curate failed at last to give satisfaction?'

'Yes, he became intolerable, tried to dictate to Sir Tattenham, and put two candlesticks on the altar. I know your father didn't mind them, but the Pullens and the rest of the people made such a fuss, that they determined to get rid of him. Only fancy, I and Idola this morning happened to be passing the church, when service was beginning, and we went in, because that child says it's the custom in Italy or something, and whom should we see but Mr. Crispin! So after service we wanted to go to the vestry to see him, and tell him our address, and a very thin man, in a coat down to his heels, came out, it was the verger you know—sacristan, I suppose I ought to say—and he asked us if we wished to confess, and that Mr. Crispin

would be ready to receive us in ten minutes, as there was a lady there already, and so of course I ran away as fast as I could, to prevent myself laughing.'

'I never knew before that confession was allowed in the English Church,' said Idola, innocently enough.

'It's a modern custom, chiefly practised in Belgravia, where young ladies are so very sinful, that they find it necessary to unburden themselves about once a week,' said Daisy laughing.

'He seems a very young man to be allowed to hear confession,' said Idola; 'abroad, they only permit the old priests to do so.'

'And here it is principally the young ones who care about it; but as usual we make a hash of every dish that we bring from the Continent, good or bad. Don't you think the English are very clumsy, Miss Trevelyan?'

'They seem to me to have two left hands. Everybody seems to do exactly as he likes. Now, in such a matter as that, on the Continent, the bishop would decide for his diocese who was fit to hear confession and who not.'

'Just so. Well, I must say I should like to see Crispin.'

'Then suppose we go there to-morrow, as it's Sunday. Will you come down and go with us, and come back to an early dinner? Idola goes to Grosvenor Street on Monday, so you had better not lose this opportunity. Eh?'

Idola blushed a little and laughed.

'I shall certainly come,' said Daisy, and he meant it.

'Then I shall run up stairs and ask mamma if it's proper in this horrid place to go to church with a young charmer. Don't you two flirt while I am gone.'

'I have had a letter from Philip this morning, Mr. Lorimer,' said Idola rather shyly, when they were left alone.

'Indeed! how and where is he?'

'He writes in very low spirits, and says he is unwell, and is coming home. Is it not pleasant, he is going down to Redbrook when he comes, and so he will be there with me.'

'When do you expect him?'

'In about a week, I think. By the

bye, he asks me if I have seen or heard anything of you in London. He used often to mention you in his letters as his greatest friend.'

Daisy was pleased. He had often had doubts about Philip's sincerity, and this seemed to resolve them. There was a little pause, during which Idola's face grew more and more flushed. It was evident she was going to 'speak out' about something.

'I fear you must have thought me unnecessarily stiff to you last night, Mr. Lorimer.'

'Not unnecessarily so,' answered Daisy, smiling merrily; 'we young men want setting down every now and then, or we should be unbearable.'

'But I hope you believe that it was against my will. I know so little of English manners, that I thought there was no harm in talking to an old friend of my brother's, as if he had been an old friend of my own, but Mr. Eden was good enough to set me right.'

'Mr. Eden must have his own peculiar code of manners, if he told you it was wrong to talk to me. I do not think Philip would say so. But may I ask by what right Mr. Eden undertakes to instruct you in the laws of society?'

'My father placed me to a certain extent under his charge, being too busy to see after me himself.'

'But I thought that Lady Augusta had undertaken to chaperon you.'

'Yes, of course, but I suppose my father thought Mr. Eden would be a stricter guardian, and as I am so very ignorant of English society, I require a great deal of surveillance, lest I should disgrace my father in any way. Certainly, Mr. Eden is sometimes severe.'

'Eden is an ass,' Daisy was tempted to exclaim, but, perhaps fortunately for him, Caroline burst into the room.

'It's all right,' she cried merrily. 'Come to-morrow morning at half-past ten. Idola, have you been flirting with this young person, madame? You look unusually excited.'

This little conversation relieved Daisy's mind on the score of Eden. He was evidently acting only as guardian, not as lover. But why on earth should Mark care what his position was? you may well ask. But the fact is, that men are awfully jealous of one another, even more so than pet dogs and

women ; and though as yet Daisy saw nothing to interest him in Idola more than a lovely face, with sad soft eyes, and a gentle, and as he thought, timorous disposition, yet he could not bear the idea of that knave of clubs monopolizing her. Nevertheless, when he arrived in Eaton Square the next morning, he was surprised, and not a little annoyed, to find Mr. Eden standing near the table in the drawing-room. The two gentlemen bowed stiffly.

'The young ladies are dressing for church, I believe,' he said, and continued to turn over the leaves of the book he had been looking at. Carry was the first to come down, and relieve the fœces from the awkward silence, by which they were oppressed.

'I declare you are turned quite literary,' she said ; 'besides, that is not a Sunday book, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

Eden made some neat speech, and Carry, pulling on her gloves, turned to Mark.

'Isn't he a bore?' she whispered, behind his back ; 'he came down last night, heard that you were coming, and wouldn't be left out. Never mind, I'll take him off.'

When they set out, Eden was offering his arm to Idola, when Carry interposed.

'What do you mean, Mr. Eden ? Do you think I am going to trust myself with such a youth as this ? Give me your arm, if you please, sir ; I see I shall have to produce my spelling-book with the hints on etiquette at the end of it.'

Daisy was delighted to have Idola by him. It seemed quite a privilege to take this rare beauty under his protection, though only in the quiet streets.

'I want to ask you,' he said, as they walked on, 'why you said yesterday, that you were in the way.'

'It was a silly speech, I daresay,' she answered, 'but I am constantly made to think so.'

'How, and by whom ?'

She did not answer, but hung her head.

'I fear I am impertinent, but surely you do not mean that the Mortimers—'

'Oh, no, no ! nobody was ever kinder, but—'

Daisy waited.

'But what !—' he asked at last.

'Is it not strange that my father, whom I have not seen for years, should send me away so soon after my return ?'

'Oh ! Sir Howard thinks it better for you, and I am sure you will be happier in the country.'

'Yes, I know I shall. I hope there to make myself useful. Inverthought of it, till—till—'

'Till I was impertinent enough to reproach you yesterday with being idle, eh ?' said Daisy, looking into her beautiful face. 'But at any rate you are not in the way of Sir Howard.'

'I fear I am, and of other people too.'

What on earth did she mean ? Mark questioned her in vain, and gave it up.

St. Silas' was a new church, built under the encouragement of St. Paul's and St. Barnabas', and, of course, going a step farther than either of those had done. If St. Barnabas were dusk, St. Silas' was so dark, that no morning service could be performed without the church being lighted throughout ; if the decorations of St. Barnabas were extravagant, those of St. Silas were ridiculous, without any meaning, except in the strange mystic theology of the initiated, and without any beauty, for taste was sacrificed to mysticism.

The rood-screen was thick, heavy, and massive. Upon it was a huge cross, with a figure of the Blessed Virgin on one side, and another of St. Joseph on the other. Behind this the priests and the choir would have been invisible but for a few score of lights in a mediæval chandelier, which disclosed the tonsure of the incumbent, and the judicious capillary arrangement of his curate, Mr. Crispin, who brushed his hair painfully close to his head, allowing a little circle of curl to turn up all round it, and thus approached as near the tonsure as possible, without being quite guilty of it. The choristers consisted of boys chosen as much for their pretty faces as for their good voices, and of men who cultivated the moustache and beard, and whispered to one another during the service.

At the door the party was met or rather opposed by the sacristan in the

long gown. 'Have you a seat?' he asked. 'No!'

'Then this is the box for the church.'

He pointed to it with an air which said, unmistakably, 'Unless you put in a shilling, you cannot sit down.'

They put in their money, and were ushered to a seat. Mr. Crispin's incumbent had adopted this ingenious plan after trying many others. He found that the regular offertory did not succeed. The church had ostensibly been built for the poor, but the music attracted the rich, and except a few old women, and one or two respectable-looking paupers, there was not a poor person in it. Now, the rich who came, came to hear the music, profaning God's house, as they are wont to do in London and elsewhere, for if they do not make a concert-room of it, they treat it as a lecture-room, and crowd in to listen to advertised sermons, or to attend at 'special services,' simply because they are special, and are written about in the *Times*. Heaven keep me from dilettanti church-goers! There can be but one right motive for going to God's house, and that is to worship Him from love of Him, and those who go from any other, profane that house, whether it be from curiosity, habit, a desire to appear respectable, or even for example's sake; still more so, if only to hear the music or the sermon, or because it is fashionable, or 'the right thing to do.' But this is matter for a sermon. I have written one on the subject which I will publish one day for your benefit, dear reader; but for the present, *revenons à nos moutons*.

The incumbent, then, found, that the people who came from curiosity, or to hear the music, did not like to pay for it. At first they used to escape just before the offertory. The incumbent sacrificed the rubric to the plate, and put the anthem after the sermon. Then they managed to slip out between the anthem and the offertory. The incumbent waxed wroth, and preached against this practice. Still they took no heed. The incumbent, after every sermon, mentioned from the pulpit his desire that they would not leave till the offertory was over. They kept their seats, therefore, but allowed the bag to pass without their contributions. The incumbent, in de-

spair, gave up the offertory, and determined to admit no one who did not first pay. The new system succeeded admirably.

Mr. Crispin was quite in his element at St. Silas'. He was no longer constrained to trundle to an indifferent rector, and he might, if he had wished it, have put a dozen candlesticks on the altar there, and not been reproved. His suave, oily manner, too, was abandoned for one of some sternness. He contracted now a habit of looking at you from under his eyebrows, as if penetrating into the depths of your heart. He discarded shirt collars as heretical, and wore a band so tight, that his head was forced forward by it, and gave him the appearance of suffering acutely from a pain in the neck. He was already wasted by fasting, and his cheery face was now hard and pale. But Mr. Crispin had his reward. In the vestry, twice a week, the ladies of Eatonias poured out their miserable hearts to him, and in his own rooms he received many a scented note, asking for advice, and accompanied by a new floreat stole, or some such offering, worked by the sinner's own fingers, and already Mr. Crispin had an heiress in his eye, and a good chance of winning her.

Well, Mr. Crispin did good in his sphere. He visited the poor well and thoroughly, he brought men and women to church, and some few of them came there really sorrowing. He set the idle young ladies of Eatonias to work petticoats, shirts, and what not for their poorer neighbours, and he helped to get up reading-rooms, penny-banks, and a number of other useful institutions. If he also helped to make a system of charity, and thus take the very charity itself away from the acts thereof, it was the fault of his short-sightedness. We heretics are often too bitter against the High Church. They do good, much good, and they have their reward.

'Why did they give him a testimonial?' asked Idola innocently, as they walked home.

'For doing his duty, I suppose,' answered Daisy. 'It is becoming an intolerable nuisance, this system of testimonials. No man can do his duty, nay, no man can even appear to do it, without a testimonial. It

destroys independence, it ruins the true spirit of doing good, it sets a premium on ostentation, and in time men will claim these free gifts as their due. It is all a piece with the new fashion of giving medals to the army, which has grown into such an abuse that they are distributed to men who have merely done their duty as soldiers and nothing more: I wish people would remember that duty is an obligation, a debt, and that it is absurd to reward a man for paying his debts, for doing his duty. I wish they would remember that virtue is its own reward too.'

Mr. Eden remained to dinner, much to Daisy's discomfort. The two were so stiff to one another that Carry Mor-

timer saw it, and never caring what she said, cried out, 'I wish you two would have it out, and then make it up; I never saw such gabies,' which, of course, only increased the awkwardness. Idola, too, was very cold and distant to Mark, and though he quite understood the reason for this, he could not but feel annoyed at it. Then, too, she and Mr. Eden indulged in private conversations, which irritated him beyond measure, and, in short, when he went away he quite reversed his conclusion of the night before, and made up his mind that Mr. Eden had some deeper interest in Idola than that of mere guardian and teacher of deportment.

The New Books.

A Decade of Italian Women. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Author of 'The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici.' Two Vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1859.

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF CATERINA SFORZA.

Caterina Sforza was the illegitimate daughter of Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan, one of those princes who most notably 'adorned Italy with his magnificence.' At a very early age, Catherine had been promised in marriage to the Count Onorato Torelli, scion of a noble family, but the promise of Catherine's early years induced her father to cause her to be 'legitimized,' by which process she became a princess. The young Onorato having shortly after this very conveniently died, the Duke of Milan conceived schemes of selling his daughter in the best market. The Manfredi were lords of Imola, a compact and very desirable little sovereignty, with taxes capable of an increased yield in the hands of an enterprising proprietor. Now it so happened that Tadeo Manfredi, the reigning prince, was involved in a dangerous quarrel with Guidazzo, his son, who complained that his spendthrift father was loading 'the pro-

perty' with an unconscionable amount of debt; whereupon Duke Galeazzo came forward with a proposition which he hoped would prove acceptable to all parties. He would assign within the limits of his duchy an appanage to Tadeo, would pay that extravagant old gentleman's debts, and would give his daughter Catherine, with the lordship of Imola, which was thenceforth to be his, to Guidazzo. The bargain certainly appeared advantageous enough to the Manfredi. The debts would be paid, and Guidazzo the heir would, after all, be lord of his father's state; and whether in his own right or that of his wife, would not much signify; but never was there period in the world's history, or clime on its surface, where slips between cup and lip were more abundant than in those good old times on the sunny side of the Alps.

Imola and its territory had passed into the hands of Duke Galeazzo, when news reached the court of Milan of the death of Pope Paul II., and the election of his successor. This successor was Francesco della Rovere, the son of a poor fisherman, who had risen from the cell of a Franciscan friar to the Papal chair, under the title of Sixtus IV. The new Pope lost no time in turning the papacy to the

best possible account, in the manner which had for him the greatest attractions; and it so happened that he was singularly well supplied with the raw material from which the edifice of family greatness he was bent on raising was to be furnished forth. He had no less than nine nephews; but, among all these, Girolamo and Pietro Riario were pre-eminently distinguished. Girolamo was at once made Captain-general of the Pontifical troops, and governor of the castle of St. Angelo. This unprecedented 'greatness' produced a prodigious sensation at the court of Milan. Here was evidently a rising sun worth a little worship! And now how valuable became our little 'legitimized' Kate, as a means of hooking on our ducal fortunes to the career of this 'high-spirited' Pope, and the magnificent nephew so evidently marked out for high destinies! What was Guidazzo and his little state of Imola in comparison to the favourite nephew of a 'high-spirited' Pope? And besides, there is no reason to give up Imola because we give up Guidazzo. Imola is in our hands, and will make a dower for our daughter, so Guidazzo may go whistle for his patrimony!

The marriage of Catherine to Girolamo Riario, though not unattended with those difficulties which naturally arise between parties intent on driving a hard bargain, was at length brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The duke was to give his daughter the city and territory of Imola, and sixteen thousand ducats, besides certain estates in the Milanese for her separate use. The Pope was to give Girolamo forty thousand ducats, and 'expectations,' which, in the case of such a nephew of such a Pope, might be fairly reckoned at a high figure.

Catherine was accordingly married to Girolamo Riario in May 1477, and, on her arrival in Rome, her husband was, with much ceremony and speechifying, made a citizen of the eternal city. On the 4th of September 1480, the same fortunate youth received from the Pope investiture of the city and county of Forlì (which had long been under the dominion of its native lords, of the family of the Ordelaffi), conveniently situated with regard to the principality of Imola, already ac-

quired by Girolamo in right of his wife. Catherine and her husband reached Forlì in great magnificence in 1481, having been preceded by all their children and goods. . . . The distressed state of the people made it absolutely necessary to do something for their relief. Girolamo remitted the tax on meat, and at the same time launched out into great and costly building enterprises. . . . All these various sources of expenditure in a short time reduced the Count from being a rich man, to the condition of being a poor and embarrassed one. . . .

There would be neither instruction nor amusement to be got from reading page after page filled with detailed accounts of the various occasions on which the chronic state of conspiracy against the Riarii burst out ever and anon into overt acts, during these years. Correspondence was well known to be actively kept up by the Ordelaffi with their friends within the city; and every now and then some butter-woman, or friar, or countryman driving a pig into market, was caught with letters in his possession, and had to be hung. Then would occur attempts at insurrection, which occasioned fines and banishment, and beheading and hanging upon a larger scale. And the historians adverse to the Riarii assert that he hung and beheaded too much, and could expect no love from subjects thus treated; while the writers of opposite sympathies maintain, that he hung and beheaded so mildly and moderately, that the Forlivesi were monsters of ingratitude not to love and honour so good a prince.

Thus matters go on, perceptibly getting from bad to worse. Cash runs very low in the princely coffers, and the meat tax has to be re-imposed, occasioning a degree of discontent and disaffection altogether disproportioned to the gratitude obtained by its previous repeal. Unceasing vigilance has to be practised, stimulated by the princely but uncomfortable feeling, that every man approaching is as likely as not to be intent on murdering you. Girolamo and his Countess, one or other, or both, have to rush from Forlì to Imola, and from Imola to Forlì, at a moment's notice,

for the prompt stamping out of some dangerous spark of tumult or insurrection.

In a word, this business of great family-founding on another man's foundations seems to have entailed a sufficiently hard life on those engaged in it. And though that 'last infirmity of noble (?) minds,' which prompts so much ignoble feeling, and engenders so many ignoble actions, vexing as it did their prince, vexed also the cultivators of the rich alluvial fields around Forlì by corn taxes, salt taxes, meat taxes, and other 'redevances,' yet on the whole it may be well supposed that 'fallentis semita vite' at the plough tail had the best of it, despite occasional danger from the summary justice of the *Castellano* of Ravaldino. That black care, which rode so inseparably and so hard behind the harassed prince backwards and forwards between Forlì and Imola, did more than keep the balance even between hempen jerkin and damasked coat of mail; and the least enviable man in Forlì and its county was in all probability the founder of the greatness of the Riarii.

One consolation, however, this hard-worked prince had in all his troubles, and that perhaps the greatest that a man can have. His wife was in every way truly a help meet for him. Catherine was the very *belle ideale* of a sovereign châtelaine in that stormy 15th century. Her aims and ambitions were those of her husband; and she was ever ready in sunshine or in storm to take her full share of the burden of the day; and, indeed, in time of trouble and danger, far more than what was even then deemed a woman's share in meeting and overcoming them. Dark to all those higher and nobler views of human morals and human conduct which have since been slowly emerging, and are still struggling into recognition, as we must suppose that vigorous intelligence and strong-willed heart to have been, nourished as it was only on such teaching, direct and indirect, as 'ages of faith' could supply, still Catherine had that in her, which, if it may fail to conciliate our love, must yet command our respect, even in the nineteenth century. From what she deemed to be her duty, as

far as we can discern, this strong, proud, energetic, courageous, masterful woman never shrank. And it led her on many a trying occasion into by no means rose-strewn paths. Her duty, as she understood it, was by all means of all sorts—by subtle counsel when craft was needed, by lavished smiles where smiles were current, by fastuous magnificence where magnificence could impose, by energetic action when the crisis required it, by gracious condescension when that might avail, by high-handed right-royal domineering when such was more efficacious, by fearlessly meeting peril and resolutely labouring, to aid and abet her husband in taking and holding a place among the sovereign princes of Italy, and to preserve the same, when she was left to do so, single-handed for her children. And this duty Catherine performed with a high heart, a strong hand, and an indomitable will, throwing herself wholly into the turbulent objective life before her, and perfectly unmolested by any subjective examination of the nature of the passions which conveniently enough seemed to range themselves on the side of duty, or doubt-begetting speculations as to the veritable value of the aims before her and the quality of the means needed for the attainment of them.

In March 1487, Catherine went to visit her relations and connexions at Milan, leaving her husband at Imola, but had been there a very few weeks when she was hurriedly summoned to return. Girolamo had been seized with sudden and alarming illness at Imola. Catherine reached his bedside on the 31st of May, and found him given over by his medical attendants. She judged, however, that he had not been properly treated, and lost no time in obtaining the best medical advice in Italy, we are told,—from Milan, Ferrara, and Bologna. She also nursed him indefatigably herself, and had the gratification of seeing him slowly recover.

While he was still unable to leave his chamber, alarming news arrived from Forlì. The faithful Tolentino had died some time previously, and one Melchior Zocchejo, of Savona, had been appointed *Castellano* of Ravaldino. This man is described as having been previously a corsair, and

as being a most ferocious and brutal man, worthless, moreover, in all respects. The seneschal of the palace at Forlì at this time was a certain Innocenzio Codronchi, an old and faithful adherent of the Riarii. He had made a sort of intimacy with Zocchejo, as a brother chess-player, and used to go into the fortress frequently to play with him, for the duties of the *Castellano* did not permit him ever to leave the fort for an hour. This same impossibility made, it seems, an excuse for the seneschal to offer to send a dinner into the fort, since he could return the governor's hospitality in no other way. Introducing thus several bravoos in the guise of servants, Codronchi suddenly poinarded Zocchejo at table, and, with the assistance of his men, seized the fort.

It was supposed at once in Forlì, that, old retainer of the family as Codronchi was, he had been gained by the Ordclaffi; and that the fortress, and in all probability the city also, was consequently lost. The consternation was great; and a messenger, despatched in all haste to Imola, reached the sick-room of the Count late at night with these alarming tidings. He was still too far from well to leave his room. Catherine was expecting her fifth confinement every day. Still the matter was too urgent to be neglected. She at once got into the saddle; and by midnight that night was before the gate of Ravaldino in Forlì, summoning Codronchi to give an account of his conduct.

'Dearest lady,' replied the seneschal, appearing on the battlements, and speaking thence to his mistress below, 'the fortress should not have been intrusted to the hands of such a man as the governor, a worthless drunkard. To-night I can say no more than this. Go, I entreat, and seek repose, and to-morrow return here to breakfast with us in the fort.'

Old servants, it must be supposed, occasionally take strange liberties in all climes and ages; but certainly this address does, under the circumstances of the case, seem one of the strangest.

Catherine, with one attendant before the closed gates of her castle at midnight, had nothing for it but to do as this audacious seneschal advised

her. The next morning she went according to invitation, carrying with her, we are told, the materials for an excellent breakfast. But on reaching again the still closely barred gates of Ravaldino, the lady was told from the battlements, that she herself, and the breakfast, with one servant to carry it, would be admitted, but no more. If matters looked bad before, this insolent proposition certainly gave them a much worse appearance; and made it very necessary for the Countess to reflect well before acceding to it. If indeed the seneschal had been bought by the Ordclaffi, his conduct was intelligible enough, and her fate would be sealed if she trusted herself within the fortress. It might be, however, that Codronchi, alarmed at the daring step he had taken, was only thinking of providing for the immediate safety of his own neck from the first burst of his mistress's wrath, when he refused to admit any followers with her. Again, it might be that he was wavering in his allegiance, and might yet be confirmed in it.

Catherine, after a few minutes of reflection, decided, in opposition to the strongly urged advice of her counsellors in the city, on accepting the man's terms; and she and the breakfast and one groom passed into the fortress. All Forlì was, meanwhile, on the tiptoe of anxious expectation for the result. Of what passed at this odd breakfast, we have no means of knowing anything, inasmuch as the citizens of Forlì, including the writers who have chronicled the strange story, remained then and ever after in perfect ignorance on the subject. Catherine, we are told, shortly came forth, and summoning to her one Tommaso Feo, a trusted friend of her own, returned with him into the fortress. And Codronchi immediately gave over the command of it into his hands; which done, he and Catherine, leaving Feo as *Castellano*, came away together to the Palazzo Pubblico of Forlì, where a great crowd of the citizens were waiting to hear the result of these extraordinary events.

The Countess, however, spoke 'only a few mysterious words' to the crowd. 'Know, my men of Forlì,' said she, 'that Ravaldino was lost to me and to the city by the means of this Inno-

cenzio here ; but I have recovered it, and have left it in right trusty hands.' And the *sceneschal* voluntarily confirmed what the lady said, remarking that it was true enough ! Whereupon this self-confessed traitor and the Countess mounted their horses, and rode away to Imola together, apparently in perfect understanding with each other ! ' And the next morning, two hours after sunrise, Catherine gave birth, without any untoward accident whatever, to a fine healthy boy.'

The whole of which queer story, reading, as it does, more like a sort of Puss-in-boots nursery tale than a bit of real matter-of-fact history, gives us a very curious peep at the sort of duties and risks these little sovereigns of a city and its territory had to meet, and the sort of footing on which they often were obliged to stand with their dependants.

This night-ride to Forlì, too, may under all the circumstances of the case be cited in justification of the assertion, that our dashing, vigorous, little scrupulous heroine had some stuff of fine quality in her after all ; and it was on the eve of being yet more severely tried.

Girolamo had recovered and returned with Catherine to Forlì. Being hardly pressed for money, he had farmed out the much-hated meat-tax to one Checco of the Orsi family, to whom he appears to have owed considerable arrears of pay for military service. Checco d'Orsi wanted, not unreasonably, to stop the arrears due to him out of the sum coming to the Prince from the tax ; but this did not suit the Prince's calculations, and he threatened the noble Orsi with imprisonment.

Yet, notwithstanding these sources of ill-feeling, the Count seems to have received him courteously, when, on the evening of the 14th of April 1488, he presented himself at the Prince's usual hour of granting audiences. It was after supper, and Catherine had retired to ' her secret bower,' a point of much importance to Checco d'Orsi and his friends. Entering the palace, they made sure that the business in hand should not be interrupted by interference of hers, by placing a couple of their number at the foot of the turret stair which led to her private apart-

ments. The others passing on to the great hall—*Sala dei Ninfì*—they found Girolamo leaning with one elbow on the sill of the great window looking on to the *Piazza Grande*, and talking with his Chancellor. There was one servant also in the further part of the hall.

'How goes it, Checco mio ?' said he, putting out his hand kindly.

'That way goes it !' replied his murderer, stabbing him mortally as he uttered the words.

So Catherine became a widow with six children, at twenty-six years of age.

The corpse of the murdered man lay tranquilly on the pavement of that vast 'Hall of the Nymphs,' surrounded by the hangings of arras, and sideboards of plate 'ten feet high,' the produce of many a deed of rapine, oppression, and wrong ; tranquilly and free, for some five minutes past now, from troublous thoughts of meat-taxes, empty coffers, Ordelaffi conspiracies, and revolutions, for the first time these four years ! It lay near the great window, and the thick blood flowed slowly over the painted brick floor, making a dark stain, which Forlì tradition could still point out to curious strangers towards the end of the last century. The affrighted servant, who, it seems, was one Ludovico Ercolani, a butler long in the service of the Riarri, had run from the hall, to carry the terrible tidings to the distant chamber of the Countess. And for a few short minutes the murderers, Checco d'Orsi and his accomplices, Giacomo Ronchi and Ludovico Pansecco, stood alone over their victim, with pallid faces and starting eyeballs, taking rapid counsel as to what was next to be done.

This ruffian Pansecco, one of the historians quietly remarks, had been employed by the Count on occasion of the Pazzi murders.

Those moments were anxious ones to the doers of the desperate deed, for all depended on the feeling with which the populace might at the first blush regard it. Their anxiety was not of long duration, however. From the open window the three assassins cried to the people in the *Piazza* 'Liberty ! Liberty ! The tyrant is dead ! Forlì is its own mistress !' It

was the evening hour at which every Italian, then as now, is out of doors enjoying the fresh air, and chatting with neighbours, sitting in groups in front of the druggists' shops—(a curiously universal and time-honoured habit in the provincial cities of Italy), or walking to and fro in the principal square; and the news, therefore, ran through the city with the quickness of lightning. In an instant the Piazza was crowded with citizens, crying, 'An Orso! an Orso! Liberty! Liberty!' and the conspirators were safe—for the present.

The palace guard lost no time in providing for their own safety, by separating and mingling with the people. Ludovico d'Orsi, Checco's brother, a doctor of law and whilome senator at Rome, who had been guarding the stair leading to Catherine's apartments, went out into the Piazza to excite and direct the mob. But the Chancellor, who had been with the Count at the time of the murder, had meanwhile reached Catherine's room by another passage. Her younger children and their nurses, and a younger sister of hers, named Stella, whom she was about to marry advantageously to a certain Andrea Ricci, were with her. And the confusion in that room, full of women and children, on the abrupt and breathless telling of such news, may be easily imagined. But Catherine, with infinite promptitude of thought, ordered Ludovico to hasten, without losing a moment by lingering with them, to the castle; and to tell Feo, the governor, from her, to send off instant couriers to her brother, the Duke, at Milan, and to her husband's friend and ally, Bentivoglio, Lord of Bologna.

Catherine, and the women with her, barred the door behind him as best they might with heavy furniture and so forth. But he had hardly had time to get clear of the palace before Checco with half-a-dozen ruffians were thundering at the Countess's room, and in a very few minutes had forced an entrance. The chroniclers have noted that Orsi could not bring himself at that moment to face Catherine. He remained at the door, while the men he had brought with him made the women understand that they must come with them.

And thus the family of the murdered sovereign were marched through the crowded streets of the city to the Orsi palace, and there locked up as prisoners.

That done, the conspirators hastily called together the leading men in the city, to decide on the steps to be taken for the government of it henceforth. For the Orsi, wealthy, numerous, influential, and violent as they were, had no hope of being permitted to make themselves lords of Forlì. They proposed, therefore, the step which promised the next best chances for their own greatness and power—to lay Forlì at the feet of the Pontiff. This was frequently a measure adopted in those days in similar circumstances. The crime committed would be thus wiped out; the family of the murdered prince, and the neighbouring princes, who might be disposed to profit by the occasion, would be kept at bay; and, since the Church could only hold and govern and tax distant dependencies by means of governors and lieutenants, who so likely to step into such profitable places as the powerful citizen who had gained the new state for the Holy Father?

The frightened council at once assented to the proposal, and sent off that same night messengers to the Cardinal Savelli, who was residing as governor for the Church at Cesena, a city about twelve miles to the south of Forlì.

Meanwhile some of the partisans of the Orsi had thrown the body of Girolamo from the window into the Piazza; and while the citizens were busied in displaying everywhere the papal flag, amid cries of 'Chiesa! Chiesa!' the mob having torn every rag of clothing from the corpse, dragged it through the streets of the city, till certain friars took it from them, and placed it in the sacristy of their church.

The Cardinal Savelli did not at all like the proposal made to him; and lost some important time, before, 'being unwilling to have it said that the Church had lost a chance through his cowardice,' he at last made up his mind to accept it. On arriving at Forlì, his first step was to visit Catherine in the Orsi Palace. An historical novelist would have little difficulty, and better

historical warranty than often suffices for such purposes, in presenting his readers with a sufficiently striking and picturesque account of that interview. Catherine, the historians tell us, was, as we might expect from our knowledge of her, haughty, unbroken, and unbending; the Cardinal, as we might also expect from our knowledge of his kind, smooth-tongued, courteous, full of regrets and talk about his sacred duty to Holy Mother Church. This is all history tells us. But it is enough. The imagination has no difficulty in filling up the sketch.

But at the conclusion of his courteous talking, the Cardinal intimated, that it would be better that the Countess and her family should for the present find a safe shelter in a small but strong building over the St. Peter's gateway, under the care of trusty citizens, to be named by his Eminence. And Catherine was far from unwilling to acquiesce in the change. For though the accommodation proposed to her was materially of the most wretched, yet she naturally preferred any prison to the home of her husband's murderer; and the Cardinal's hint, that the gateway prison might be a safer asylum for her and her children than the palace of the Orsi, was, she felt, more than a mere pretext.

That night, accordingly, the 15th of April, Catherine and her family were marched through the city, escorted by a troop of guards, bearing torches, from the Orsi palace to her new prison. The little procession of prisoners consisted of twelve persons; the Countess herself, her mother (who is now mentioned for the first time since her daughter's birth, and who may in all probability be supposed to have become Catherine's inmate at the time of her settling permanently in Forl after the death of Sixtus), her sister Stella, her six children, a natural son of the Count, named Scipio, and two nurses. They were received with all courtesy by the three citizens to whose keeping the Cardinal had consigned them; but suffered much from the insufficiency of the small room to hold them.

The next day Cardinal Savelli and the conspirators summoned Feo, the governor of Ravaldino, to deliver up the fortress; and on his refusal, they

brought Catherine from her prison to the foot of the walls, and there compelled her to give her own orders *visa voce* to the *Castellano* to do so. On his showing himself on the ramparts, she not only commanded, but implored him, with every possible appearance of earnestness, to save her life by delivering up the fort. In all probability the Countess and her *Castellano* perfectly understood each other. In any case he knew Catherine's character, and had, moreover, the orders which had reached him by Ercolani for his guidance. At all events, he replied to her commands and entreaties by a steady refusal; and the baffled conspirators had to take her back to the gate-house.

'Ah! Madame Catherine,' said Giacomo Ronchi, one of the three who had murdered the Count, and who stood by her side as she parleyed with Feo, 'if you were really in earnest he would yield; but it is you who do not wish him to obey your words, and it makes me long to lay you dead where you stand with a thrust of this partisan through the body!'

This, writes Cobelli, the ballet-master historian, I heard, who was there, listening and seeing everything in order to record it faithfully.

That night the faithful Ercolani contrived to gain admittance to his mistress in her prison; and it was then concerted, that if, as she anticipated, she were again taken to the fort on the morrow to repeat the scheme which had that day failed, she should attempt to obtain permission to enter the fortress. To this end, Ercolani was to communicate with Feo with the utmost secrecy, and give him the necessary instructions for playing into Catherine's hands. He was to seek an interview with the Cardinal also, and endeavour to persuade him by feigning anxiety on account of the danger to Catherine from the governor's obstinacy, that the surest means of inducing him to yield would be to allow her to speak to him within the castle. He knew both parties well enough, he assured his Eminence, to feel certain that Feo would not be able to resist his mistress, when brought face to face with her.

The Cardinal had lately had that

honour, and was inclined to think the statement probable enough.

The following day Catherine, as she had expected, was again taken to the foot of the ramparts of the fortress by the conspirators, accompanied this time by Savelli; and the *Castellano* was again called to parley.

The comedy of yesterday having been again performed between them, the Cardinal demanded of the governor whether he would obey his lady if she were to enter the fortress, and there give him the same orders, so that he could have no pretext for supposing that she was acting under constraint. To this Feo replied, that he could not say what he might do under such circumstances, but should endeavour to act up to what should then seem to be his duty. On her part, Catherine declared that she was sure she could induce him to yield, if only she could be permitted to speak to him privately.

The Orsi and their friends were strongly against letting her out of their hands, although she reminded them that she left her children as hostages in their power. Cardinal Savelli, however, was for allowing her to go in, and his counsel prevailed.

Catherine was permitted to enter the fortress alone, on the agreed understanding that, successful or not in prevailing upon the governor, she was to come forth again in three hours.

Very exciting was the interest which kept all parties in the city on the tip-toe of expectation during these important three hours. Both among the well-wishers of the Countess, and among her enemies, opposite opinions prevailed as to the probabilities of the issue. Money to a great extent would have changed hands on the event, had the scene been enacted among our bet-loving countrymen. The Forlivesi passed the time in ceaseless debate as to the course which the lady might, could, would, or should adopt. The space before the ramparts of the castle remained crowded with anxious groups of talking citizens during the whole of the appointed interval; and the Orsi, and their more immediate allies, consoled their shrewd misgivings that their victim had escaped them, by dark threats as to the fate of her children.

At length, the great bell on the Piazza told all Forlì that the three hours were over. All rushed towards the castle to witness the variously expected event. The sitting groups sprang to their feet; and a sudden silence succeeded to the roar of a whole city's chatter, when, in obedience to the summons of a trumpet, Feo appeared on the battlements. And it is easy to imagine the burst of varied passions, which again broke forth into a storm of voices, when that officer, with most untroubled coolness, told them that

'His liege lady was much fatigued by what she had gone through; that immediately on her entry into the fort, he had counselled her to seek repose; and that she was now, in fact, enjoying a sound sleep, from which he could not think of disturbing her. That, as to her quitting the fortress of Ravaldino, in the present state of her city of Forlì, he, governor of that fortress, judged it safer for her not to do so; and, therefore, be her own intentions what they might, when she should awake from her slumbers, he should in no wise permit her to go forth.'

And, so saying, the *Castellano*, calm in the secure consciousness of the perfect strength of his walls, retreated into their shelter.

His Eminence the Cardinal Savelli was angry enough at the dupery which had been practised on him. But the Orsi, to whom the matter in hand was a question of life, station, and property, were transported with fury. Some of them hastened off to the gatehouse prison, and soon returned with Catherine's children. The imperturbable *Castellano* was again summoned to his ramparts, and ordered to inform the Countess that the lives of her children depended on the instant performance of her compact.

Again he replied, that he would do nothing of the kind. As to the children, who were there below in the hands of their father's assassins, in mortal terror enough, poor things, and naturally urging the governor with very earnest and sincere entreaties to give up the fort and save their lives, he would merely advise the citizens of Forlì to reflect a little be-

fore they suffered a hair of their heads to be hurt. He reminded them that these children were the nephews of the powerful and neighbouring Duke of Milan, that the Lord of Bologna, still nearer at hand, was their ally and connexion; and told them to ask of themselves whether, in the case of their cold-blooded murder, it was not likely that the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah might be tolerable compared with that which would fall on Forlì.

The Cardinal Savelli, angry and provoked as he was, had certainly no intention of really staining his hands with these children's blood. The body of the citizens felt the truth of what Feo had said; and eventually the boys and their sister were carried back to their prison unhurt, though the Orsi and their accomplices were, says Burriel, gnashing their teeth with baffled fury.

On the evening of that day, the 16th, while the Orsi and their friends were at supper, and engaged in anxious discussion as to the next steps to be taken, their father, who had retired from the city to his country house a little before the murder of the Count, returned to the Orsi palace. He was eighty-five years old, and in revolutionary matters certainly might well be deemed a high authority, for this was the seventh insurrection in which he had been engaged in Forlì. In all the troubles which had preceded the expulsion of the Ordelaffi, as well as in all those which had succeeded the usurpation of the Riari, this turbulent old noble had always taken a leading part. Now, drawing various examples from the treasures of his long experience, the old man severely blamed his sons for leaving their work half done. Either they ought to have never ventured on such a step as putting the Count to death, or they ought to have extinguished his entire family. As it was, he augured ill of the future, and feared that the having let Catherine escape into a fortress perfectly impregnable by any means at their command, would prove an irremediable and fatal error.

It was determined among them to send off messengers to Rome that night, to lay the obedience of the city

at the feet of the Pontiff, and urge him to send immediate assistance in troops and munitions.

The 17th was occupied in hostilities, which caused much mischief and suffering in the city, without the least advancing any solution of the position. The Cardinal Legate brought up from Cesena all the troops he could collect under the pontifical banner, but they had no efficient means of attacking Ravaldino. On the other hand, Feo bombarded the town, and left marks still pointed out centuries afterwards: and caused many catastrophes, the subject of Forlì traditional talk for many a year. But still nothing decisive was accomplished.

On the 18th, a herald from Bentivoglio, Prince of Bologna, arrived in Forlì, and was received by Savelli and the heads of the revolutionary party in the town-hall. He came, he said, in the first place, to warn the citizens on the part of his master, on pain of certain and entire destruction of their city, to do no harm to the children of the murdered Count; and secondly, to demand that Catherine should be placed in liberty, and Octavian, the eldest son of Girolamo, proclaimed Count of Forlì.

To these demands Savelli replied, that for the children there was nothing to be feared; they were in perfect safety. As to the Countess, she was in perfect liberty as far as the city authorities were concerned; and all that was asked of her was to give up the citadel and depart in peace. But as for proclaiming the late Count's heir sovereign of Forlì, that was wholly out of the question, even if the city wished to do so, inasmuch as they had already declared themselves the Pope's subjects, and had sent an embassy to Rome to lay their city and their fealty at the feet of his Holiness. With which answer the herald retired.

But the mere appearance of this messenger from the Lord of Bologna had produced an effect upon several of the citizens, which must have warned the conspirators how little they could depend upon the steadiness or support of the people. Many began to murmur against those who, they already surmised, might be ultimately on the losing side; and Savelli and the Orsi had to send many sus-

pected of adhering to the Riarii out of the city.

Catherine's sister Stella was taken from the gatehouse prison to the bedside of her betrothed husband Ricci, who was laid up by wounds he had received in the fighting that had occurred in the palace immediately after the murder; and having been there married to him, was permitted to depart to Cesena in company with her mother Lucretia.

During this day, too, the Orsi, becoming more and more painfully anxious about the issue of their enterprise, sent a letter to Lorenzo de' Medici, asking his support against the family of his old enemy. But on the 19th, the messenger came back, bringing only a verbal answer from Lorenzo, to the effect that he had no surviving resentment on account of bygone matters to gratify—that he had no inclination to meddle in such an affair as that proposed to him; and that he hoped and purposed to pass the remainder of his days in quiet.

On the 20th arrived two letters from the Duke of Milan, one to Savelli, and one to the *Comunità* of Forlì. In the first the Duke expressed his astonishment that the Cardinal should have ventured to take possession of Forlì, not merely without any commission from his Holiness, but, as there was every reason to believe, before any knowledge of the recent events had reached the papal court. He admonished his Eminence that he was acting in open disregard of all law and every principle of justice, and concluded by very pointedly advising him, as he would avoid further misfortunes, to return forthwith to his own affairs at Cesena. The letter to the *Comunità*, in much the same terms, advised the citizens, as the only means of confining the consequences of the late excesses to the immediate authors of them, to send away the Cardinal, and return at once to their allegiance.

Savelli began to find himself in a difficult and disagreeable position, and resolved on taking a strong, and what would appear to our ideas a dangerous step. Since nothing came from Rome, neither troops, nor authority of any kind for what he had done in the

Pope's name, his Eminence determined to forge the letter so urgently needed. He accordingly produced a bull, which he declared had just reached him from Rome, by which his Holiness thanked the Forlivesi for their affection towards the Church, accepted the allegiance of the city, and promised to send troops with speed to succour them in the course they had taken. The fraud was, however, but partially successful for the moment, for many, we are told, doubted of the authenticity of this bull from the first.

The next day things looked still worse for the conspirators and their ecclesiastical patron. Two heralds from Bentivoglio, and the Duke of Milan, rode into the great square of Forlì, and publicly before the people demanded, in the name of the Duke of Milan, that the children of the late Count should be immediately brought to him; announcing further, that a strong force was then on its march, and already within a short distance of the city. Checco d'Orsi, who received them, replied with the utmost insolence and audacity, that the children had already been put to death, and that Forlì feared neither Bentivoglio nor the Duke of Milan, as the Pope's troops would be there to help them before the Milanese could reach the city. How much of this was mere bravado, and how much inspired by real hope of succour from Rome, it is difficult to say. But it became clear afterwards, that Innocent VIII., who was a very different man from the aggressive Franciscan his predecessor, had turned a completely deaf ear to the proposals of the Forlivesi, and the communications of his own legate; being determined, as it should seem, in no wise to interfere in the matter. Indeed, when the over-zealous legate Savelli was afterwards within an inch of being hung by Catherine for his share in the revolution, Innocent abstained from all interference even by remonstrance in his favour.

Thus matters went on till the 29th, the Milanese and Bolognese troops gradually drawing near to the city, and Savelli and the Orsi becoming daily more discouraged and alarmed at the non-appearance of the expected

assistance from the Pope. Once the sentinel on the top of the tower of the Palazzo Pubblico declared, that he saw troops coming towards the city from the southward; and the news in an instant put the declining cause of the conspirators once again in the ascendant with the fickle populace. The whole city was ringing with cries of 'Orso! Orso! Chiesa! Chiesa!' when it was discovered that the supposed Papal army was a body of fifty horsemen coming to the assistance of the Countess; and the affections of the Forl lieges again began to lean towards their old masters accordingly.

Meantime Savelli battered the citadel with cannon brought from Cesena and Forlimpopoli, and Feo battered the city from his rampart, but without much mischief being done on either side.

On the 29th, the army of the Duke of Milan and the Bolognese were before the walls of Forl. A duly accredited envoy from the Duke entered the town, and had a long secret interview with Savelli. Communications passed also between Catherine in the fortress and her friends outside the city. The fort of Ravaldino seems, during the whole time of the rebellion, to have had free means of communication for ingress and egress with the open country beyond the walls of the city, so that Catherine might at any time have escaped had she not preferred to hold the citadel. The preservation of her dominions, and very possibly her life, were entirely due to the possession of this stronghold; and the incidents of this rebellion in Forl, which may be taken as a very perfect type of hundreds of similar events of constant recurrence in the history of the petty principalities and municipalities of Italy in those centuries, throw a very sufficient light on the paramount importance attached by the rulers of those cities to the possession of such a place of refuge, and the proportionably vast sums they expended in erecting and maintaining them. The great difficulty in the matter always was to find some *Castellano* sufficiently trustworthy for it to be safe to confide the fortress to his keeping. The great power arising from the absolute command of a building so strong as to be impregnable to any

means of attack that citizens could bring against it, and from which the inmates might do much damage to the city with very little danger of suffering any injury themselves, was so great and so tempting, that the governors of these fortresses were rarely to be depended on. It might be almost said, that in cases of difficulty and temptation treachery was the rule, and fidelity to the lord the exception; and it not unfrequently occurred, that the *Castellano* within his walls felt himself to be more than a match for his master and sovereign outside them,—a state of things of which some of the episodes in the history of Forl narrated in these pages have shown us a few symptoms.

By the evening of the 29th, it was sufficiently evident that it was all up with the hopes of the insurgents in Forl. The game was clearly played out and lost. To make their situation still more desperate, a great number of written papers signed by Catherine were found scattered about the great square and streets of the town soon after dusk that evening. These contained strong exhortations from the Countess to her faithful subjects of Forl, to put summarily to death all the leaders of the conspiracy before they could escape from the city; and promises of favour and rewards to any man whose dagger should be the means of making an end of any one of them.

The Orsi and their associates felt that the city was rapidly becoming too hot to hold them. That night, in hurried council, they determined on leaving Forl secretly before morning.

But there was one thing—and the incident is strikingly illustrative of the character of the country and the epoch, and of the undying ferocity of Italian party hatred—one thing to be done, even before providing for their personal safety, fearfully endangered as it was by every hour of delay. They determined that Catherine, on coming forth triumphant from her fortress, should find herself childless; and feel, in the moment of consummating her success, that it was worthless to her.

The six children were still at the gate-house in the care of the three citizens to whom Savelli had intrusted them. In the early part of the night,

therefore, Checco d'Orso, Ronchi, and Pansecchi presented themselves at the prison with a fictitious order from Savelli that the children should be given up to them to be conducted to a place of safety out of the city. Fortunately for the little ones, Capoferri conceived suspicions of the truth of the representations made to him, and steadily refused to give up the children despite the urgent persuasions and threats of Orsi. The cautious triumvirate of the gate-house had declined to admit within their walls more than him alone of the party at the door. Checco, therefore, on finding himself thus baffled, made a sign from a window to his comrades outside to force an entrance at the moment of his passing out. Ronchi, seizing an axe, approached the door for this purpose; but a sentinel on the wall above observing this hostile movement, fired down upon him and a servant who was with him, and killed the latter. Ronchi retired from the wall, and at the same moment Orsi came out, and the gate was safely shut behind him.

There remained nothing for the banked desperadoes but to hurry, with rage and despair in their hearts, to join the small body of relatives and adherents who had prepared to quit the city with them. They went out, a party of seventeen, at two o'clock in the morning of the 30th of April; and thus the revolution was at an end.

According to all mediæval law, right, and custom, Forlì deserved to be sacked in punishment for its rebellion; and it was not altogether easy for Catherine to save it from the horrors of such a fate. For it might be difficult to get rid of the troops who had come to her aid, if they were banked of their anticipated prey. The Countess announced to the citizens that if she spared them this merited chastisement, she did so solely for the sake of the women of Forlì; for the men had not deserved mercy from her; and eventually, by prudence and caution, and permitting only a very few of the soldiers to enter the walls, Forlì was saved from sack.

One of the historians somewhat maliciously observes, that though he has no doubt of Madama Caterina's merciful consideration for the women

of Forlì, still it was a fact, that all the vast quantity of plunder taken from the palace after the murder of the Count was scattered through the city, and was subsequently nearly all recovered by the Countess; whereas, if Forlì had been sacked, no fragment of all this wealth would ever have been seen again.

And now, once again, we have pomps and processions, and complimentary speeches, and smiles, and oaths of fealty, and gracious condescension. The magistrates go in procession to Catherine in the fortress, with the key of the city, and excuses, and compliments, and loud detestation of the recent crime. And Catherine, on horseback between the generals of the forces sent to support her, makes a triumphant entry into the city; and there is an affecting meeting, with embracings and tears, between the Countess and her children; and Ottaviano is proclaimed Count, and 'Madama,' his mother, named regent; poor Girolamo is buried with much pomp in Imola; every tongue has something now to tell in favour of the lady regent:—did she not, when surrounded by the Milanese and Bolognese officers, she was taking formal re-possession in great state of a fort outside the city, and when a man-at-arms rushed up to her in the middle of the ceremony, to say with panting breath, 'Madonna! all the cellars of the Orsi are being plundered by the people! but I have secured some of the largest butts of wine for your ladyship, and have set a guard over them!'—did she not then and there, in the midst of the stranger generals, graciously reply, that she preferred that the poor people should share the wine among them, for that neither she nor her children wished to possess anything that had belonged to the Orsi! . . . and, in a word, all is sunshine once again, . . . except in one small cell of the Palazzo Pubblico, where a few of those who have made themselves noted by their violence during the insurrection, and have failed to escape in time from the city, are reserved for vengeance.

It is but just to Catherine's fair fame to note, that they were very few; and further to remember, if their punishment excites our loathing,

that merey was hardly recognised as a virtue, or known as a sentiment in those 'ages of faith.' There were among them the man who had thrown the Count's body from the window, and he who had been chiefly prominent in dragging it through the city. There was also the veteran revolutionist, Orsi, with his eighty-five years, long-flowing silver locks, and noble patrician bearing. The unfortunate old man had been left behind, when his sons and the others of the family had left the city, probably because his great age made it impossible for him to join in their hurried flight.

On the 1st of May three of these prisoners were hung at the windows of the Palazzo Pubblico, and then thrown thence into the square, where they were literally torn to pieces, and the shocking fragments left exposed till sunset, when they were collected and buried. The brutalizing effects of such spectacles on the entire mass of the population is sufficiently indicated by the fact, that contemporary public opinion considered the Countess to have used much and unusual moderation in her dealings with such of the conspirators as fell into her hands.

On the evening of that day an ominous decree was posted in all quarters of the city, requiring that one able-bodied man from every family in Forl should attend on the morrow with pickaxe and crowbar in front of the vast and magnificent palace of the Orsi. At daybreak on the 2d of May a great crowd, armed as had been ordered, were assembled. At the same hour the venerable-looking head of the great Orsi clan was seen coming forth from his prison on the piazza, bare-headed, with his long silver locks glancing in the sunshine of that bright May morning, with hands bound behind his back, and led by the hangman, holding the end of a halter passed round the old man's neck. Thus led into the midst of the crowd of his fellow-citizens, he was placed in front of his ancestral home; and then the work of demolition was commenced.

'Have you well marked the spectacle, O Orso!' said the hangman to his prisoner, when the work was done;

and then led him by the halter back to the piazza.

A cruel death awaited him there; but that which he had already endured, was probably the bitterest part of his punishment to the old patrician. That razing of the family mansion was infinitely more to a mediæval Italian noble, than the mere destruction of so much property, and carried with it a bitterness of misery hardly appreciable to our less clannish feelings and less localized attachments. The old Italian noble would have seen an equal amount of property destroyed at his villa in the country, or at a residence in a foreign city, had he possessed such, with comparative indifference. But the turreted family 'palazzo' in his native city, his fortress in time of civil broil, the patriarchal home of several branches and generations of his race, the manifestation and evidence of the rank and importance of his clan, was more in his eyes than mere stone and timber. His strongest passion, his family pride, saw in the old ancestral walls the corporeal presentment of the family name. And the levelling of the massive building with the soil, was the extremest ignominy an enemy could inflict, and was felt by the doomed race as a symbol of the extinction of their name and stock for ever.

These were the feelings in that old man's heart, when the hangman asked if he had well observed the spectacle before him, as he led him away to the one other scene that remained for him. In the piazza it was the nerves of the old man's *body* that were to be tortured.

A powerful horse was there ready prepared with a stout plank attached to its tail. To this plank the Orso was bound in such a manner that the feet were nearest to the horse, and the head passing beyond the length of the board, fell back upon the stones. In this manner he was dragged twice round the piazza; and then, though by that time nearly, if not quite dead, his side was opened, the heart torn from the quivering carcase, and rent to pieces before the people.

But it is probable that all unpleasant traces of these things were properly wiped away and removed the next

morning, when the Countess, in procession, passed over those same flagstones on her way to the cathedral to 'celebrate *Te Deum*,' and do other appropriate 'Divine Service.'

Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America; from Canada to Vancouver's Island and Oregon, through the Hudson's Bay Company's Territory, and back again. By PAUL KANE. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1859.

THE FLAT-HEADS.

The Flat-Head Indians are met with on the banks of the Columbia river, from its mouth eastward to the Cascades, a distance of about 150 miles; they extend up the Walhamette river's mouth, about thirty or forty miles, and through the district between the Walhamette and Fort Astoria, now called Fort George. To the north they extend along the Cowlitz river, and the tract of land lying between that and Puget's Sound. About two-thirds of Vancouver's Island is also occupied by them, and they are found along the coasts of Puget's Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca. The Flat-heads are divided into numerous tribes, each having its own peculiar locality, and differing more or less from the others in language, customs, and manners. Those in the immediate vicinity of the fort are principally Chinooks and Klickataats, and are governed by a chief called Casanov. This name has no translation, the Indians on the west side of the Rocky Mountains differing from those on the east in having hereditary names, to which no particular meaning appears to be attached, and the origin of which is in many instances forgotten.

Casanov is a man of advanced age, and resides principally at Fort Vancouver. I made a sketch of him while staying at the fort. Previously to 1829 Casanov was considered a powerful chief, and could lead into the field 1000 men, but in that year the Hudson's Bay Company and emigrants from the United States introduced the plough for the first time into Oregon; and the locality, hitherto considered one of the most healthy, was almost

depopulated by the fever and ague. His own immediate family, consisting of ten wives, four children, and eighteen slaves, were reduced in one year to one wife, one child, and two slaves. Casanov is a man of more than ordinary talent for an Indian, and he has maintained his great influence over his tribe chiefly by means of the superstitious dread in which they held him. For many years, in the early period of his life, he kept a hired assassin to remove any obnoxious individual against whom he entertained personal enmity. This bravo, whose occupation was no secret, went by the name of Casanov's scocoom, or, 'the Evil Genius.' He finally fell in love with one of Casanov's wives, who eloped with him. Casanov vowed vengeance, but the pair for a long time eluded his search; until one day he met his wife in a canoe near the mouth of the Cowlitz river, and shot her on the spot, and at last procured also the assassination of the lover.

A few years before my arrival at Fort Vancouver, Mr. Douglass, who was then in charge, heard from his office the report of a gun inside the gates. This being a breach of discipline he hurried out to inquire the cause of so unusual a circumstance, and found one of Casanov's slaves standing over the body of an Indian whom he had just killed, and in the act of reloading his gun with apparent indifference, Casanov himself standing by. On Mr. Douglass arriving at the spot, he was told by Casanov, with an apology, that the man deserved death according to the laws of the tribe, who as well as the white man inflicted punishment proportionate to the nature of the offence. In this case the crime was one of the greatest an Indian could be guilty of, namely, the robbing the sepulchre canoes. Mr. Douglass, after severely reprimanding him, allowed him to depart with the dead body.

Sacred as the Indians hold their burial-places, Casanov himself, a short time after the latter occurrence, had his only son buried in the cemetery of the Fort. He died of consumption, a disease very common amongst all Indians, proceeding no doubt from their constant exposure to the sudden vicissitudes of the climate. The coffin

was made sufficiently large to contain all the necessaries supposed to be required for his comfort and convenience in the world of spirits. The chaplain of the Fort read the usual service at the grave, and after the conclusion of the ceremony, Casanov returned to his lodge, and the same evening attempted, as narrated below, the life of the bereaved mother, who was the daughter of the great chief generally known as King Comcomly, so beautifully alluded to in Washington Irving's *Astoria*. She was formerly the wife of a Mr. M'Dougall, who bought her from her father, for, as it was supposed, the enormous price of ten articles of each description, guns, blankets, knives, hatchets, &c., then in Fort Astoria. Comcomly, however, acted with unexpected liberality on the occasion, by carpeting her path from the canoe to the Fort with sea otter skins, at that time numerous and valuable, but now scarce, and presenting them as a dowry, in reality far exceeding in value the articles at which she had been estimated. On Mr. M'Dougall's leaving the Indian country she became the wife of Casanov.

It is the prevailing opinion of the chiefs that they and their sons are too important to die in a natural way, and whenever the event takes place, they attribute it to the malevolent influence of some other person, whom they fix upon, often in the most unaccountable manner, frequently selecting those the most dear to themselves and the deceased. The person so selected is sacrificed without hesitation. On this occasion Casanov selected the afflicted mother, notwithstanding she had during the sickness of her son been one of the most assiduous and devoted of his attendants, and of his several wives she was the one he most loved; but it is the general belief of the Indians on the west side of the mountains, that the greater the privation they inflict on themselves the greater would be the manifestation of their grief, and the more pleasing to the departed spirit. Casanov assigned to me an additional motive for his wish to kill his wife, namely, that as he knew she had been so useful to her son and so necessary to his happiness and comfort in this world, he wished to send her with him as his companion on his long

journey. She, however, escaped into the woods, and next morning reached the Fort imploring protection; she was accordingly secreted for several days until her own relations took her home to Chinook Point. In the meantime a woman was found murdered in the woods, and the act was universally attributed to Casanov or one of his emissaries.

I may here mention a painful occurrence which took place on Thompson's River, in New Caledonia, as illustrative of this peculiar superstition.

A chief dying, his widow considered a sacrifice as indispensable, but having selected a victim of rather too much importance, she was unable for some time to accomplish her object; at length the nephew of the chief, no longer able to bear the continual taunts of cowardice which she unceasingly heaped upon him, seized his gun and started for the Company's Fort on the river, about twenty miles distant. On arriving he was courteously received by Mr. Black, the gentleman in charge of the Fort, who expressed great regret at the death of his old friend the chief. After presenting the Indian with something to eat and giving him some tobacco, Mr. Black turned to leave the room, and while opening the door was shot from behind by his treacherous guest and immediately expired. The murderer succeeded in escaping from the Fort, but the tribe, who were warmly attached to Mr. Black, took his revenge upon themselves and hunted him down. This was done more to evince their high esteem for Mr. Black than from any sense of impropriety in the customary sacrifice.

Amongst the Chinooks I have never heard any traditions as to their former origin, although such traditions are common amongst those on the east side of the Rocky Mountains. They do not believe in any future state of punishment, although in this world they suppose themselves exposed to the malicious designs of the scoocom or evil genius, to whom they attribute all their misfortunes and ill luck. The Good Spirit is called the *Hias Soch-a-li Ti-yah*, that is, the Great High Chief, from whom they obtain all that is good in this life, and to whose happy and peaceful hunting grounds they

will all eventually go, to reside for ever in comfort and abundance.

The Chinooks and Cowlitz Indians carry the custom of flattening the head to a greater extent than any other of the Flat-head tribes. The process is as follows :—The Indian mothers all carry their infants strapped to a piece of board covered with moss or loose fibres of cedar bark, and in order to flatten the head they place a paul on the infant's forehead, on the top of which is laid a piece of smooth bark, bound on by a leathern band passing through holes in the board on either side, and kept tightly pressed across the front of the head, a sort of pillow of grass or cedar fibres being placed under the back of the neck to support it. This process commences with the birth of the infant, and is continued for a period of from eight to twelve months, by which time the head has lost its natural shape, and acquired that of a wedge : the front of the skull flat and higher at the crown, giving it a most unnatural appearance.

It might be supposed, from the extent to which this is carried, that the operation would be attended with great suffering to the infant, but I have never heard the infants crying or moaning, although I have seen the eyes seemingly starting out of the sockets from the great pressure. But on the contrary, when the lashings were removed, I have noticed them cry until they were replaced. From the apparent dulness of the children whilst under the pressure, I should imagine that a state of torpor or insensibility is induced, and that the return to consciousness occasioned by its removal, must be naturally followed by the sense of pain.

This unnatural operation does not, however, seem to injure the health, the mortality amongst the Flat-head children not being perceptibly greater than amongst other Indian tribes ; nor does it seem to injure their intellect. On the contrary, the Flat-heads are generally considered fully as intelligent as the surrounding tribes, who allow their heads to preserve their natural shape, and it is from amongst the round heads that the Flat-heads take their slaves, looking with contempt even upon the white for having

round heads, the flat head being considered as the distinguishing mark of freedom.

The Chinooks, like all other Indians, pluck out the beard at its first appearance. Slavery is carried on to a great extent among them, and considering how much they have themselves been reduced, they still retain a large number of slaves. These are usually procured from the Chastay tribe, who live near the Umqua, a river south of the Columbia, emptying near the Pacific. They are sometimes seized by war parties, but children are often bought from their own people. They do not flatten the head, nor is the child of one of them (although by a Chinook father) allowed this privilege. Their slavery is of the most abject description. The Chinook men and women treat them with great severity, and exercise the power of life and death at pleasure. I took a sketch of a Chastay female slave, the lower part of whose face, from the corners of the mouth to the ears and downwards, was tattooed of a bluish colour. The men of this tribe do not tattoo, but paint their faces like other Indians.

I would willingly give a specimen of the barbarous language of this people, were it possible to represent by any combination of our alphabet the horrible, harsh, spluttering sounds which proceed from their throats, apparently unguided either by the tongue or lip. It is so difficult to acquire a mastery of their language that none have been able to attain it except those who have been born among them. They have, however, by their intercourse with the English and French traders, succeeded in amalgamating, after a fashion, some words of each of these tongues with their own, and forming a sort of patois, barbarous enough certainly, but still sufficient to enable them to communicate with the traders. This patois I was enabled after some short time to acquire, and could converse with most of the chiefs with tolerable ease ; their common salutation is *Clak-hoh-ah-yah*, originating, as I believe, in their having heard in the early days of the fur trade, a gentleman named Clark frequently addressed by his friends, 'Clark, how are you ?' This salutation is now applied to every

white man, their own language affording no appropriate expression. Their language is also peculiar in containing no oaths, or any words conveying gratitude or thanks.

Their habits are extremely filthy, their persons abounding with vermin, and one of their chief amusements consists in picking these disgusting insects from each other's heads and eating them. On my asking an Indian one day why he ate them, he replied that they bit him, and he gratified his revenge by biting them in return. It might naturally be supposed that they are thus beset from want of combs, or other means of displacing the intruders; but this is not the case, as they pride themselves on carrying such companions about them, and giving their friends the opportunity of amusing themselves by hunting and eating them.

The costume of the men consists of a musk-rat skin robe, the size of our ordinary blanket, thrown over the shoulder, without any breech-cloth, moccasins, or leggings. The dress which Casanov is represented as wearing, in the picture, being one that was presented to him by a friend from Walla-Walla. Painting the face is not much practised amongst them, except on extraordinary occasions, such as the death of a relative, some solemn feast, or going on a war-party. The female dress consists of a girdle of cedar-bark round the waist, with a dense mass of strings of the same material hanging from it all round, and reaching almost to the knees. This is their sole summer habiliment. They, however, in very severe weather add the musk-rat blanket. They also make another sort of blanket from the skin of the wild goose, which is here taken in great abundance. The skin is stripped from the bird with the feathers on and cut in strips, which they twist so as to have the feathers outwards. This makes a feathered cord, and is then netted together so as to form a blanket, the feathers filling up the meshes, rendering it a light and very warm covering. In the summer these are entirely thrown aside, not being in any case worn from feelings of delicacy. The men go quite naked, though the women always wear the cedar petticoat.

The country which the Chinooks inhabit being almost destitute of furs, they have little to trade in with the whites. This, coupled with their laziness, probably induced by the ease with which they procure fish, which is their chief subsistence, prevents their obtaining ornaments of European manufacture, consequently anything of the kind is seldom seen amongst them.

The Chinooks evince very little taste, in comparison with some of the tribes on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, in ornamenting either their persons, or their warlike or domestic implements. The only utensils I saw at all creditable to their decorative skill were carved bowls and spoons of horn, and baskets made of roots and grass, woven so closely, as to serve all the purposes of a pail, in holding and carrying water. In these they even boil their fish. This is done by immersing the fish in one of the baskets filled with water, into which they throw red-hot stones until the fish is cooked; and I have seen fish dressed as expeditiously by them in this way, as if done in a kettle over the fire by our own people. The only vegetables in use among them are the camas and wappatoo. The camas is a bulbous root, much resembling the onion in outward appearance, but is more like the potato when cooked, and is very good eating. The wappatoo is somewhat similar, but larger, and not so dry or delicate in its flavour. They are found in immense quantities in the plains in the vicinity of Fort Vancouver, and in the spring of the year present a most curious and beautiful appearance, the whole surface presenting an uninterrupted sheet of bright ultramarine blue, from the innumerable blossoms of these plants. They are cooked by digging a hole in the ground, then putting down a layer of hot stones, covering them with dry grass, on which the roots are placed, they are then covered with a layer of grass, and on the top of this they place earth, with a small hole perforated through the earth and grass down to the vegetables. Into this the water is poured, which, reaching the hot stones, forms sufficient steam to completely cook the roots in a short time, the hole being immediately stopped up on the introduction of the water.

They often adopt the same ingenious process for cooking their fish and game.

During the season the Chinooks are engaged in gathering camas and fishing, they live in lodges constructed by means of a few poles covered with mats made of rushes, which can be easily moved from place to place, but in the villages they build permanent huts of split cedar boards. Having selected a dry place for the hut, a hole is dug about three feet deep, and about twenty feet square. Round the sides, square cedar boards are sunk and fastened together with cords and twisted roots, rising about four feet above the outer level; two posts are sunk at the middle of each end with a crotch at the top, on which the ridge pole is laid, and boards are laid from thence to the top of the upright boards fastened in the same manner. Round the interior are erected sleeping places, one above another, something like the berths in a vessel, but larger. In the centre of this lodge the fire is made, and the smoke escapes through a hole left in the roof for that purpose.

The fire is obtained by means of a small flat piece of dry cedar, in which a small hollow is cut, with a channel for the ignited charcoal to run over; this piece the Indian sits on to hold it steady, while he rapidly twirls a round stick of the same wood between the palms of his hands, with the point pressed into the hollow of the flat piece. In a very short time sparks begin to fall through the channel upon finely frayed cedar bark placed underneath, which they soon ignite. There is a great deal of knack in doing this, but those who are used to it will light a fire in a very short time. The men usually carry these sticks about with them, as after they have been once used they produce the fire more quickly.

The only native warlike instruments I have seen amongst them were bows and arrows; these they use with great precision. Their canoes are hollowed out of the cedar by fire, and smoothed off with stone axes. Some of them are very large, as the cedar grows to an enormous size in this neighbourhood. They are made very light, and from their formation are capable of withstanding very heavy seas.

The principal amusement of the Chinooks is gambling, which is carried to great excess amongst them. You never visit the camp but you hear the eternal gambling song of '*he-hah-ha*,' accompanied by the beating of small sticks on some hollow substance. Their games are few. The one most generally played amongst them consists in holding in each hand a small stick, the thickness of a goose quill, and about an inch and a half in length, one plain, and the other distinguished by a little thread wound round it, the opposite party being required to guess in which hand the marked stick is to be found. A Chinook will play at this simple game for days and nights together, until he has gambled away everything he possesses, even to his wife. They play, however, with much equanimity, and I never knew any ill feeling evinced by the loser against his successful opponent. They will cheat if they can, and pride themselves on its success; if detected, no unpleasant consequence follows, the offending party being merely laughed at, and allowed to amend his game. They also take great delight in a game with a ball, which is played by them in the same manner as the Cree, Chipewya, and Sioux Indians. Two poles are erected about a mile apart, and the company is divided into two bands armed with sticks, having a small ring or hoop at the end, with which the ball is picked up and thrown to a great distance; each party then strives to get the ball past their own goal. There are sometimes a hundred on a side, and the play is kept up with great noise and excitement. At this game they bet heavily, as it is generally played between tribes or villages. The Chinooks have tolerably good horses, and are fond of racing, at which they also bet considerably. They are expert jockeys, and ride fearlessly.

THE BLAZING PRAIRIE—AN EXPERIMENT.

Edmonton is a large establishment: as it has to furnish many other districts with provisions, a large supply is always kept on hand, consisting entirely of dried meat, tongues, and pinnui-kon. There are usually here a chief factor and a clerk, with forty

or fifty men with their wives and children, amounting altogether to about 130, who all live within the pickets of the fort. Their employment consists chiefly in building boats for the trade, sawing timber, most of which they raft down the river from ninety miles higher up, cutting up the small poplar which abounds on the margin of the river for firewood, 800 cords of which are consumed every winter, to supply the numerous fires in the establishment. The employment of the women, who are all, without a single exception, either squaws or half-breeds, consists in making moccasins and clothing for the men, and converting the dried meat into pimmi-kon.

On the night of our arrival at Edmonton, the wind increased to a perfect hurricane, and we had reason to be thankful to Providence for our timely escape from the awful scene we now witnessed from our present place of safety, for had we been one day later we might have been involved in its fiery embrace. The scene on which our attention was now riveted, was the conflagration of the prairie through which we had passed but a few hours before. The scene was terrific in the extreme; the night being intensely dark gave increased effect to the brilliancy of the flames. We were apprehensive at one time of its crossing the river to the side on which the fort is situated, which must in that case have been destroyed. Our fears, too, for Mr. Rundell, whom we had left behind with the boys, were only relieved three days afterwards, when he arrived in safety. It appeared that he had noticed the fire at a long distance off, and immediately started for the nearest bend in the river, which with great exertions he reached in time, and succeeded in crossing. The mode resorted to by the Indians, when in the immediate vicinity of a prairie on fire, is to set fire to a long patch in front of them, which they follow up, and thus depriving the fire in the rear of fuel, escape all but the smoke, which, however, nearly suffocates them.

As we had to remain here until the arrival of the boat with Mr. Lane and the Russian packs of otters, I took a sketch of the fort, and having leisure, I went a good deal amongst the

Indians, who are constantly about the fort for the purpose of trading; they were principally Crees and Assiniboines: Potika-poo-tis, the 'Little Round Man,' an Assiniboine chief, sat for me. He was well known about the fort, and was commonly called the Duke of Wellington, I suppose from his small person and his warlike feats. He was on one occasion set upon by a party of Blackfeet, and while in the act of discharging his gun, received a wound, which he showed me, of rather a remarkable nature. The ball entered his wrist, passed through the arm, entered the neck, and came out near the upper part of the spine. He had received several wounds, but none that seemed seriously to endanger his life, as at the time I saw him he was in good health.

After relating various stories of his war and hunting exploits, he, to my great astonishment, told me that he had killed his own mother. It appears that, while travelling, she told him that she felt too old and feeble to sustain the hardships of life, and too lame to travel any further, and asked him to take pity on her and end her misery, on which he unhesitatingly shot her on the spot. I asked him whereabouts he had directed his ball. His reply was: 'Do you think I would shoot her in a bad place? I hit her there;' pointing his finger to the region of the heart. 'She died instantly, and I cried at first; but after I had buried her, the impression wore off.'

It must not be supposed that Indians look on the softer sex with feelings at all resembling those entertained towards them in civilized life; in fact, they regard them more in the light of slaves than as companionable beings. As might be expected, this is most evident in their treatment of aged women, whom they consider as scarcely fit to live.

Some of the Company's servants were going up the Saskatchewan river on the ice in the winter, with a sledge of dogs drawing a load, comprising among other things an eight-gallon keg of spirits; and in crossing over a piece of bad ice, the dogs went through sledge and all, and were instantly carried under by the force of the cur-

rent. In the following summer some Indians, while bathing near the shore, picked up the cask safe and sound; and finding on examination that it was full of rum, made up their minds to have a bouse. One of them, however, suggested the possibility that the white men had put poison in it, to be revenged on them for having fired on the inland brigade of canoes while going up the river the year before. This deterred them from drinking any until they had tested its quality. For this purpose they selected eight of the oldest women in the camp to try the experiment on. The women fell into the snare; and, becoming intoxicated, commenced singing with great glee. But an old chief soon put a stop to their potations, saying there could be no poison in it, and that it was far too good to be thrown away upon old women. The whole tribe then set to, and were not long in draining the cask.

A SURGICAL OPERATION.

About ten o'clock at night I strolled into the village, and on hearing a great noise in one of the lodges I entered it, and found an old woman supporting one of the handsomest Indian girls I had ever seen. She was in a state of nudity. Cross-legged and naked, in the middle of the room sat the medicine-man, with a wooden dish of water before him; twelve or fifteen other men were sitting round the lodge. The object in view was to cure the girl of a disease affecting her side. As soon as my presence was noticed, a space was cleared for me to sit down. The officiating medicine-man appeared in a state of profuse perspiration from the exertions he had used, and soon took his seat among the rest as if quite exhausted; a younger medicine-man then took his place in front of the bowl, and close beside the patient. Throwing off his blanket he commenced singing and gesticulating in the most violent manner, whilst the others kept time by beating with little sticks on hollow wooden bowls and drums, singing continually. After exercising himself in this manner for about half an hour, until the perspiration ran down his body, he darted suddenly upon the young woman, catching hold of her side with his

teeth, and shaking her for a few minutes, while the patient seemed to suffer great agony. He then relinquished his hold, and cried out he had got it, at the same time holding his hands to his mouth; after which he plunged them in the water and pretended to hold down with great difficulty the disease which he had extracted, lest it might spring out and return to its victim.

At length, having obtained the mastery over it, he turned round to me in an exulting manner, and held something up between the finger and thumb of each hand, which had the appearance of a piece of cartilage, whereupon one of the Indians sharpened his knife, and divided it in two, leaving one end in each hand. One of the pieces he threw into the water, and the other into the fire, accompanying the action with a diabolical noise, which none but a medicine-man can make. After which he got up perfectly satisfied with himself, although the poor patient seemed to me anything but relieved by the violent treatment she had undergone.

Chiefs of Parties, Past and Present, with Original Anecdotes. By DANIEL OWEN MADDYN, Esq., of the Inner Temple, author of *The Age of Pitt and Fox*, &c. In two vols. London: Charles J. Skeet. 1859.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Management of men was the master faculty by which Lord Castlereagh rose to such great distinction and power. His manners were soft, insinuating, and gracious, and it is an error to suppose that he inspired distrust. On the contrary, he conciliated esteem by the frankness with which he dealt with individuals at a difficult crisis. His temper was excellent, and, with abundant firmness, he never was heated or splenetic. His capacity for affairs was vast, and he possessed some of the highest qualities of a diplomatist and an official administrator.

The most faulty part of his career was at the period intervening between Waterloo and his decease. The times were extremely difficult, for the domestic questions in England assumed most grave aspects. The Queen's Trial,

the Six Acts, and the resistance to Reform, swelled the discontent of the nation. The change from war to peace prices, the fluctuations of the currency, the superficial and vacillating mode in which the principles of political economy were applied to the emergencies of the day, produced great distress and grave apprehension. Foreign affairs were, also, in a critical state, but there is no proof to show that Lord Castlereagh deliberately truckled to the wishes of the Holy Alliance, though it is certain that the tone taken by England was not suited to her position in Europe. It was in rapid action, when sudden emergencies occur, that Lord Castlereagh's ready, versatile, and adroit nature appeared to most advantage. He was not equal to laying down a national policy, though he was singularly shrewd, and rapid in perception. Like many of his colleagues, also, Lord Castlereagh wanted general knowledge as to the state of opinion in many countries of Europe, and on the true nature of their interests and their social aspirations.

The traditions of Lord Castlereagh in the public offices are to his advantage as a ruler of great capacity. He left in Downing Street the memory of one with extraordinary quickness and tact, and rare skill in managing men and things. In distributing his time between the various subjects that solicited his attention, he was judicious, and the official belief is that no public man in the present century ever got through such an enormous quantity of various work. It must, however, be recollected that he carried too far his favourite habit of arranging matters by conversations. He did not excel in writing, but with his graceful manners and cordial tone, he was eminently effective in private intercourse. Lord Castlereagh really loved public business, and there was no part of it which suited his powers better than that in which he had to convert adversaries into friends, or to coax reluctant supporters into loyal adherents to their party.

Of late years in political circles of all sides, there has been a decided rise of Lord Castlereagh's reputation. His services at the Union, in the Peninsular War, and in conducting the final struggle against Napoleon, are freely

admitted. It is now perceived that in his view of affairs, he was not that absolutist or ultraist that he was supposed to have been by those who took their impressions of him from the pamphleteers of his times. He was in some respects like a Walpolian Tory (if we may fancy such a character), averse to violent social extremes, cautious and compromising, yet firm and persevering; a man of rare insinuation, and much insight into men, courageous in danger, and fertile in resources, and exhibiting such an assemblage of qualities, personal and public, as justified the Duke of Wellington in the admiration which his Grace never concealed for the character and achievements of Castlereagh.

SIR ROBERT PEELE

I have some special reasons for being more familiar than most persons with the history and public career of Sir Robert Peel. To me that eminent person was often like a living enigma; and it is my firm conviction, until the whole of his private life and his personal peculiarities be painted out in Boswellian detail, that people will be as far off as ever from understanding the complexities of Sir Robert Peel's intricate and contradictory character. Much light cannot be thrown on his life by his 'State Papers,' on questions which may be raised by reflective minds. What was the man himself? Was he firm or wavering? Had he heroic nature, or was he only of that moral stature which may be found in the front ranks of the professions? Was he as strong an Englishman as Sir Robert Walpole? Could he have, single-handed, ruled England for seventeen years, like the younger Pitt? These are questions which raise the inquiry as to the magnitude of his abilities. When those are satisfactorily settled, there then remain the other inquiries, as to whether his public conduct, from first to last, was guided by moral principle, and whether his personal example deserves to be held up to the admiration of mankind? I fear that, until the oldest of my readers are no more, politicians will find that there are two sides to the whole subject of 'Peel,' and that the immortality in history of the great Parliamentary leader will be best seen in the eternity

of the debate on his demerits or deserts. Panegyric and invective have not even yet wreaked their worst on the fame of that most memorable personage.

For my own part, I cannot contemplate his personal story without feeling some emotion. I shall, however, take an opportunity of drawing from my own resources a portrait of Peel, and describing faithfully the general impression left on my memory by the life and deeds, the shortcomings and the successes of a man, on whom wholesale eulogy or censure could never be given by either a patriot or a philosopher.

To intellectual powers, wide in their range, though neither original nor profound, Sir Robert Peel united an untiring industry, which was the faithful servitor of an equally indefatigable ambition. 'Bob—you dog! I'll disinherit you if you do not some day become prime minister,' was the saying of his sire; and, from first to last, Peel always worked for double honours—in science and classics at Oxford—for power and fame in the senate. He came from the University at a period when the House of Commons swarmed with young men of promise, many of whom were afterwards his rivals in the race. Politicians then remembered the extraordinary spectacle of the boy-premier in 1784, who overthrew the coalition, and senators of old experience talked of the splendid dawn of Fox's manhood. Canning still nobly sustained the great traditions of the House of Commons; and occasionally, flashes of extraordinary splendour came from Grattan, though in decay, and from Sheridan, though in ruin.

Amongst the clever young men of that day, Peel stood conspicuous. Few now living recollect his personal appearance; and in my own observation of life I never saw any man upon whom each seven years so distinctly laid a marked impress as on Sir Robert Peel. In 1810 his figure was lean and lathy, and he presented an appearance as if he were not built to last. His complexion was extremely florid, and his hair exceedingly yellow, while his cheeks had the sunken impress that mark a student. His shoulders were slightly stooped to the true official curve, and he walked with a loose and uncertain gait. In those days his whole appearance was so peculiar, the

strangers often looked at the young gentleman walking down Parliament Street to the House of Commons. Nor can it be denied that young Peel had many qualities to awaken much interest. When he spoke in Parliament, his fluency, his shrewd common-sense, and the well-acted modesty of his demeanour, were calculated to bias powerfully. William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne) had much refined sense and philosophy, but as a speaker he stammered awkwardly. Lord Palmerston was in those days a lively joyous young nobleman, who troubled himself little about politics except to keep his place, which might serve for official training. John William Ward (afterwards Lord Dudley) spoke brilliant essays with icy wit and frigid fancy, his ideas smelling of the lamp. Frederick Robinson (the late Earl of Ripon) was tame, decorous, and eminently respectable. But young Peel was plausible, smooth, and industrious. There was a practical look about him calculated to attract a prosaic assembly like the House of Commons. He had no flights of fancy, no poetical apostrophes; but he had an unvarying stream of harmonious common sense, which was eminently effective upon the senate. His elocutionary artifices were above the average of speakers. He was never grand, but he was very seldom theatrical; and, although he was often artificial, he was never modish or finical; his voice was lute-like and pleasing, while occasionally it was resonant, and swelled to masculine intonations. His face was comely in its features, though ordinary in its expression; yet it was redeemed from the commonplace by the radiant expression which lightened over his brow, and which sometimes, though at rare intervals, imparted to his aspect something of the fire of genius.

LORD MACAULAY.

Lord Macaulay regards society, and thinks upon the world's sublime and mysterious history, not as an investigator or an archaeologist, but with the sentiments of a picturesque essayist. Effect—effect—effect—is the perpetual and almost the sole object of his aim. For his originality we must look to his style, not his spirit,—to his utterance, and not to his meditation. He is unrivalled in literature

in placing in a striking way what has been known before. Thus when there is only talent in his thoughts, we see genius in his vivid words and suggestive diction. Assimilation and illustration are the main resources which he employs. Faded commonplaces he retouches with exquisite art, and the haggard wrinkles of senile Whiggery he rejuvenizes with his literary pearl powder and rhetorician's rouge. A great master of language, he so writes, and often speaks, that while understood by his esoterical admirers who are initiated in his manner, he does not raise a murmur from the unsuspicious crowd, who have not sense to decipher his enigmatical ambiguities, and who credulously revere his high-sounding and rhetorical heroics for revelations of the profoundest philosophical importance.

It may here be objected by some of Lord Macaulay's admiring devotees, that authors, like painters, must be judged by their schools, and that, as we ought not to apply to a Venetian artist the rules appropriate to the school of Bologna, so we should not try Lord Macaulay by a criticism applicable to a more severe class of historians. To this we answer, that in 'critical and historical' essays we must beware of analogy. The proprieties of painting are not applicable to the composition of prose: a painter addresses the eye, and endeavours to strike the imagination through that organ, whereas a historian addresses the understanding, and must inform it by a relation of the real, and not a mere pictorial counterfeit thereof. But the analogy would not serve the case of Lord Macaulay before a High Court of Criticism which formed its judgments, not from the multitudinous voices of the circulating libraries, but from the examples of the great historical masters who have during centuries won the approval of the impartial and profound. Neither in literature nor painting has the ornamental school ever ranked in the first class. 'Poetical ornaments,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'destroy that air of truth and plainness which ought to characterize history.' What would Sir Joshua have said if he saw a history in which the narrator, to tell of the fact that Charles the Second died, occupies se-

veral pages describing *the scene*, as if the mode of his dying, and the furniture of his chamber, were potential causes in the history of the Revolution of 1688? No doubt it is a very pretty mode of expression to represent Lord Macaulay as belonging to the Venetian school of historians, but such a classification, however ingenious, can scarcely be accepted in the criticism of literature. We believe, sincerely, that Lord Macaulay's impassioned tone,—his recurrent rhythms addressed to the ear,—his gorgeous diction,—his rhetorical artifices,—his study of manner to the neglect of matter,—produce serious evil amongst our rising school of writers. His style, brilliant, fascinating, popular, though it be, can be scarcely held up as a grand model of grave English prose. Its perpetual use of figures, its rhythmical cadences, its declamatory air of recitation, go far to Italianize it; and what its numerous imitators will gain in sonorous effect will be lost in moral strength, truth of form will be sacrificed to brilliancy of fancy, vivacity will be thought more important than reality—an oratorical tone will be adopted, and an inquiring habit of mind neglected. Careless of the permanent, authors will be satisfied with the effective; the applause of the throng will be counted more than the approval of the thoughtful. What happens in everyday life occurs also in literature. The real corrupters of mankind are not the thoroughly depraved, but those who unite some great virtues with many imitable vices. What a crowd of ardent and inexperienced youths could be corrupted, not by Chartres, or Wilkes, or the old Duke of Queensberry, but by the brilliancy of profligates of genius like Wharton, Bolingbroke, and Charles Fox! So, in letters, it is those authors who mingle real powers with faults that can be followed, like Voltaire and others, who spread an epidemical taint by their success, at once charming readers and corrupting style.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

Though he did not succeed as Chief of a Party, or as Leader of the House of Commons, Viscount Palmerston was nearly the greatest personal success in the politics of his age. In Tory

times, the gay affable Viscount was always in office; in Whig times he was never out of power. He was for twenty years Member for the University of Cambridge. His ministerial enjoyment can be counted by decades of years, and his opposition lasted only for months, with the exception of the Peel period from 1841 to 1846. As a young man, he had great successes in fashionable life, and he was one of the best and manliest of Brummell's school, but never degenerated into Pelhamism. It was a singular destiny that he who survived all the Temples of the Broadlands branch, should have married the last of the Lambs, that he should have been the brother-in-law of a Prime Minister, and finally a Premier himself. For a season, during his culmination, Cambridge House in the eyes of Europe was 'No. 1, London,' and its occupant might be fancied as looking down from the 'Piccadilly Highlands' upon the Stafford House Whigs, the Houses of Parliament, and even upon a grauder and more august abode. It was a dictatorship, fast but fleeting. The *entourage* of his domestic circle was unrivalled. With Almack's, with Exeter Hall, with the Irish Orangemen, with the Reform Club, with invisible factors of public opinion, he had special relations. He had fortune, and fashion, and fame; he stooped to conquer, and it was wonderful that he was not stifled under the cloud of incense which rose up before and around him. Walpole and Pitt were not intoxicated by the giddy height where they stood so long, and Lord Palmerston from the sudden elevation might be pardoned for losing his steadiness. The Duke of Portland died at seventy years of age, and it was with him that Lord Palmerston commenced his career, and since the Revolution Lord Palmerston was our oldest Prime Minister. In 1856 the Viscount had completed his seventy-second year.

The sight of so much vigour with so much age, of seventy winters carried with buoyant and elastic ease, after a life of hard toil and excitement, was dazzling to behold. His mind was fresh and vivid; his tongue keen, trenchant, and vivacious; his temper did not corrode, though he became dictatorially contumelious; neither

was he retrospective or senile in his conversation, like some of his colleagues and companions. In the morning, with a playful and extremely arch speech the gay Viscount would make a bevy of bridesmaids titter; in the afternoon he would quietly arrange his thunderbolts for the battering of some second-rate powers; and in the evening he was ready to Hector a House of Commons, and with a bold face to browbeat a bench of provincial tribunes. He forgot himself at last. His pretensions were great, but those of the Commons were greater still; he spoke and lorded it in his own name; but the Commons rose in the name of England, they had amongst them patrician families, whose blood-springs had been running for centuries before the Temples were chronicled in story, and the gentlemen of England with pedigrees older than their oldest oaks, would not tolerate being treated as if they were so many shopkeepers or Marylebone vestrymen. The House of Commons spurned him, and it was right that the lesson should be given him, but it was a terrible lesson, and a tremendous fall. Another man would have been mortified at such humiliation, but Lord Palmerston *did not feel* it, and it is the worst thing that can be said of him. His fatal fault was in not being able to distinguish between true and false public opinion.

It is sincerely to be lamented that at the beginning of 1858 he lost such an opportunity of consolidating and purifying his reputation. He broke down when he had to mediate between the people of England and the passing wrath of the Emperor of the French. Where then were his defiance and his menacing self-confidence? Where then was the nerve of the modern Chatham? He clouded the character of his diplomatic system, and authenticated the censure of those who had condemned his policy as consisting only of the commonplace arts of wordy insolence and dexterous subservience. When pitted against a formidable antagonist he failed; and it was lamentable that it should have been before a Bonaparte, that the tone of England should have faltered, and the reputation of Lord Palmerston crumbled. It was under its noisiest vindicator that the honour of Britain was (for a time)

gravely compromised. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon.

In an age when commercial frauds have tarnished the characters of those middle classes who proclaim themselves as monopolizing the manhood and virtue of England, it is worth recollecting that one descendant of the Temples of Stowe gave a splendid example of acting in the spirit of honour, even at the sacrifice of his personal fortunes. Would declaiming traders have disentailed the Grenville estates with the same disregard of self shown by the much respected Marquis of Chandos? And in an age when the aristocracy is so much abused by idle railers, what noisy democrat or frothy declaimer against the House of Peers could display the extraordinary vigour and buoyancy of Viscount Palmerston?

The aristocracy, though opposed to him, always felt instinctively that he was a credit to their order, and his fellow-subjects of every rank and class believed that Lord Palmerston's courage, his brilliancy, his unflinching stock of health and energy, and his possession of all the qualities called manly, were truly creditable to the land that gave him birth. Opposed in his Foreign Policy; rebelled against as a Parliamentary leader; as a *man*, English society could never refuse its cordial admiration to the energy and extraordinary gifts which, for twenty years and more, made Viscount Palmerston one of the uncrowned chiefs, not of the Commons merely, but of Christendom itself. His political policy will not be followed; his Leadership will not give precedents for imitation; but the brightness of his personal fame will long endure, and his contemporaries of every class and party recollecting his manhood and gallant qualities of nature, may truly echo the words of Sir Robert Peel, and say, 'We were all proud of him.'

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

He is a statesman with tropical warmth in his politics and arctic temperature in his manners. The health of his Party has often suffered severely from the way in which he takes it in a month to the most opposite political climates. His followers out of doors have been perspiring with exertions

for one whose colleagues and allies sit shivering by his side. In the geography of politics, we should think of him as a Hecla. The eye is arrested by his bold and aspiring outlines; we hear his muttering thunder as the hour of convulsion approaches; there is smoke, and fury, and a dazzling eruption; we wish to approach nearer to examine the source of such wonderful display, but on nearing the volcanic crater we are seized with sudden chill.

But it is in vain for criticism to disparage, or the voice of faction to cry down, the many merits which give buoyancy to the reputation of Lord John Russell. He is the soul of a historical Englishman. A proud man and a bold one, he has not abjectly cringed or basely intrigued like some of his contemporaries and rivals. He has not stooped to procure praise upon mercenary terms; he may at times have been too haughty, too loftily reserved, too isolated in his social sympathies, and too abstracted in his ideas; but the permanent interests of his party he steadily struggled for. A Whig he started in public life, a Whig he has been, and with the last tremor of his parting breath, he would murmur forth his aspirations for spiritual and civil freedom.

A nature so idolatrous of the memories of Hampden, and Locke, and Somers, is often smiled at amongst servile politicians, and the invocations in his Litany of the Patriots may be too monotonous; but his worship of their characters is sincere, and often he has shown by right gallant conduct, that he has the soaring mind and hardy individualism of an independent Whig; and the great men of other days, if their voices could be consulted, would acknowledge that the throbbing of his heart revealed a spirit compatriot with their own.

To say of him that he has committed great political faults, is only acknowledging that he has been for forty years in politics. He has been factiously virulent, and too austere indifferent to the fate of his followers and to the standard-bearers of his party; but he never betrayed any cause of which he was the accepted champion; he never swallowed by piece-meal the articles of a political creed which he had professed for half

a lifetime; he never recoiled from a difficulty because it was perilous, and neither the frowns of the Court, nor the clamour of the crowd, nor the roar of what is called opinion from a thousand invisible presses, have ever frightened him. Call him capricious, and factious, and ambitiously reckless; mock him with the poisoned champagne foam of Sidney Smith's ironical humour; assail him with the vitriol of Wilson Croker; hurl at him the thundering words of Lord Brougham; compose a cento against him, with invectives conned at Netherby, and grand harangues from the Pitt-and-Fox pair of lips of Lord Derby, and after you had showered hard words upon his career, you would still find, even if you were armed with a forty-*Junius* power of destructive defamation, that you could not raze the name of Lord John Russell from history's page, or the generous recollection of his country.

His name will stand as that of one who, born with a frail body, had a firm soul, and who, with less of the inventive force of genius, and without the governing qualities of the greatest of his predecessors, yielded to none in thirst for the true glory of serving the land that bore him; it will stand as that of one who, in times when the cause of Reform was unfashionable, gave such attraction to it by his argumentative advocacy, as to extort praise from the lips of the classic Canning; it will stand as that of one who, in a Parliamentary Revolution, held a foremost place, and upon whose acts and words important eventualities depended; it will stand as that of one who did not change with the changelings, or fall away from his faith, like the feeble; who, in days when his party was in gloom and dejection, was never faint of heart, but pressed onwards in the van, though opponents of might and power were drawn in array against him; it will stand as that of one who often quickened the public mind with high-souled expressions of thought and principles worthy of a British statesman—and after the panegyrics of friends and the invectives of enemies will be alike forgotten, after the fever of an agitated age shall have passed away, and when other celebrities of his time shall have perished in the dust,

the storm-beaten name of 'J. Russell' will signally stand to distant generations as that of a Parliamentary worth, whose frequent faults as a Chief of Party caused many ephemeral evils, but whose faithful services to the cause of freedom worked great permanent good, and endeared his memory to the Commons of England.

MR. GLADSTONE.

His personal antecedents partly explain the contrarieties of Mr. Gladstone. Close inspection reveals the strata in which his opinions lie in layers together. Scotch by descent, he is of Liverpool by birth, and of Oxford by sentiment. With the new aristocracy (the 'plutocracy' of Cole-ridge), and with the old Church, his personal sympathies are equally strong. A pre-Lutheran in his theology, he is a post-Cobdenite in his political economy, and while his contemporaries believe in the Constitution, or in utilitarianism, or in Church and State, Mr. Gladstone's sole trust is in his logic. Yet after trying to split himself into metaphysical hairs, he remains as great a riddle to himself as to his neighbors. Nature has not given originality sufficient to assimilate his antagonisms, and thus greatly gifted, but not great, he remains an incarnate political conundrum, always puzzling to friends, and often most amusing to his foes, in spite of his abilities.

For a man who perplexes his followers can never become powerful. He who is always making his mind up, and setting the sentiments of to-day against those of yesterday, cannot be a lord of thought. Opinion spurns the control of tremulous volition, and seeks the sway of intellects that can wield free minds with the sovereignty of will. In our age a mere dialectician could never dominate, for the time is past when the rulers of Christendom were selected from the serfs of Aristotle. A statesman like Mr. Gladstone—so subtle, so sharp, and so indecisive—can only realize the unsatisfactory mission of a Parliamentary Erasmus. He can sap one side more easily than he can strengthen the other. Admired and dreaded by both, he can never enshrine himself in the affections of either.

One of Mr. Gladstone's finest dis-

plays of talent was in the debate in which Lord Derby's Cabinet in 1852 fell from office. On that occasion, the concluding night of the discussion was occupied nearly altogether by Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone; and those who were present will not forget the displays of eloquence made—worthy of the proudest days of Parliament. Mr. Disraeli confessedly made an extraordinary *tour de force*—under very trying circumstances, calculated to depress and dishearten an orator. Jaded with excessive fatigue, from being the main man of business in his party—with an unexpected coalition of hostile parties in his front, personally assailed by a host of adversaries, and representing a sectional and then defeated cause—the member for Bucks stood up to the last encounter with desperate energy, and fought for his flag with those dauntless qualities which always obtain admiration from a large audience of Englishmen. Scalping his assailants right and left, bearding with unfaltering nerve his coalesced and triumphing opponents, he denounced their projects, and criticised the antecedents of some of his political censors with galling severity. Exulting in his command of language, he met bitter taunts by thundering invectives. In a vehement and fiery style of declamation rarely heard now-a-days, he poured forth a flood of invidious rhetoric, and with buoyant self-reliance appealed to the prejudices of his partisans and lashed their passions. The circumstances of the crisis, and the speaker's eloquence made this one of the most effective oratorical displays heard within the walls of Parliament in modern times. It was the stag at bay, and fighting under the smart of his ministerial death-wounds. To reply to such a speech required talents of a rare order. It was two hours past midnight, and the House was eager to divide. If the orator who had just sat down had spoken under circumstances calculated to dishearten, the orator who had arisen had the difficulties to contend with of an audience at once excited and jaded, and the advanced period of the debate. Disregarding the signs of impatience in his hearers, Mr. Gladstone rapidly and artfully wound himself into the ears of the

Commons. Roused, himself, by the great effort of his adversary, he strained his powers to the uttermost, and became grand with natural passion. For two hours he enchained the attention of that audience, and with masterly art he vindicated the policy of Free Trade, and inveighed against the Protectionists. Nor was there any other debater than Mr. Gladstone who possessed the union of financial knowledge, readiness of logic, and rare Parliamentary eloquence requisite for replying to Mr. Disraeli on that eventful night. This was the greatest success as a speaker ever attained by him, and was in itself enough to stamp his name in the annals of Parliament.

It was, indeed, a curious circumstance, that on that night both Protectionists and Free Traders were satisfied with the efforts made by the two Parliamentary debaters who had wound up the prolonged struggle with so splendid a display of personal prowess. Here were two men, who had in that last and crowning debate of a Parliamentary campaign publicly carried the palm of superior eloquence from a host of emulous rivals. One was the son of a Liverpool merchant who had risen from being a small shopkeeper; the other had fought his own way to reputation and power by pen and tongue. Neither belonged to the 'great families' of England; neither had the prestige of traditions and territorial sway. Each owed his political power and his personal ascendancy in the Senate to his own genius.

Journal of my Life during the French Revolution. By GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOTT. London: Richard Bentley. 1859.

IN PRISON.

In the morning I was taken into the prison, a dreary place; however, it was better than St. Pelagie. Here I found no prisoners but felons. I was placed in a very large room, which had been previously to my arrival occupied by about three or four hundred rabbits, and was offensive and dirty. I am sure that there was room for at least forty beds. In one corner was a miserable truckle-bed, with two old chairs and a dirty old table, a candle and candlestick, dogs and fire-irons, and a

fireplace where an ox might have been roasted at full length. I had indeed an immensely large fire, which looked comfortable. For the whole time I stayed in that prison, I was never refused fire, as they were at that time burning all the gates and barriers, rails and green posts, which were in the woods and parks round Versailles.

I was now examined and visited by the deputy who was commanding in the department of Seine et Oise. He was the terror of everybody about there; but I was fortunate enough not to displease him in the conversation we had, and ever after I found him inclined to treat me better than the other prisoners. I was much annoyed at having in the next room to me a poor Jew, who was condemned to be executed the following day, for having robbed and murdered a farmer at Rambouillet. He made a most terrible lamentation, and cried all night, which made me very unhappy. I talked to him early in the morning from my grated window, exhorting him to trust in God for pardon, and to suffer his punishment with resignation. I told him that I myself might soon be in a similar situation; and that though I had committed no crime which merited death, yet I should not complain as he was doing. They brought the cart for him at eleven o'clock in the morning, and he confessed the crimes, and died very penitently.

This event, and my own cruel situation, brought me into so nervous a state the whole day, that I knew nobody, nor did I even swallow a bit of bread, though I understood that as I had money in my pocket I might have anything I pleased to eat or drink. About eight o'clock in the evening, as I was sitting crying by my fire, the gaoler and his wife came into the room with a bed like mine. They were kind to me, and said they were happy to tell me that I was going to have a companion. I asked, who? They said, a very old man, and that he was English. I was hurt at the idea of having a male companion.

However, when the poor prisoner came in, I found that it was old Dr. Gern, an English physician, who had been forty years in France, and who was eighty years of age. I was indeed much hurt to see a man of his great

age entering such a wretched place. He was himself much shocked and surprised to see me there, as he had heard that my fate was soon to be decided. He knew that he ran no risk of being murdered; for he was a *philosopher*, and I am sorry to say an atheist. He seemed to want much to talk of these subjects to me; but I used to entreat him to leave me in what he called ignorance, for religion was my only comfort in all the trying, miserable scenes I went through. That alone supported me to the last, while he, poor man, was in despair at being shut out from the world and every comfort. I used to try and divert him, and make him laugh. He then would burst out into tears, and say: 'You seem contented and happy, when you may probably in a few days be dying on the scaffold; while I, a miserable old man, am regretting a few paltry comforts.' I used to make his bed, and clean his part of the room, wash his face and hands, and mend his stockings; in short, do every office for him which his great age and weakness prevented him doing himself.

At that period we were allowed candles till ten o'clock, at which time the prison was shut up. My old friend used to go to bed at seven o'clock, but I remained up till ten o'clock at work. He used to get up at four o'clock and uncover the wood fire, and light a candle and read Locke and Helvetius till seven o'clock. Then he would come to my bedside, and awake me; and many a time has he woken me out of a pleasant dream of being in England, and with my friends, to find myself in a dreary prison expecting my death-warrant every time the door opened.

My old friend frightened me sometimes, as I feared that he might die in the night, and the gaoler lived at the end of the court. Besides, we were barred into our rooms with the felons next to us. When Battelier, that was the name of the deputy, came, I asked to have an audience of him. I told him before all the *Comité* of Versailles, who were there, that this poor old man might die suddenly, and asked that he might be transferred to some other prison, for that I had not strength enough to support so tall a man when he was in his fainting fits. I said,

moreover, that it was cruel to leave me alone with him; and that they should allow his old housekeeper to come there and take care of him. As he was a Republican, I said, I could not conceive why they should not let him remain in his own house with a guard, whom he had no objection to pay.

The deputy said that he thought as I did; and that he should leave the prison the next day, and be confined at his house at Meudon. I never felt more pleasure than in having this good news to tell my old friend. After the audience I was conducted up to my own room, where I found the poor doctor in bed fast asleep. For a while I sat and watched him. He awoke about ten o'clock, and I then told him the good news. He was delighted to go home, but he really felt unhappy about me. I had procured him his liberty, but mine was only to be obtained on the scaffold! He wept much, and so did I at parting. He never expected to see me again; but, however, we did both live to meet again, and I saw him the day before he died. He had from the commencement of his imprisonment a great regard and affection for me; and when I came out of prison used to walk a mile to see me every day. This old gentleman, who was well known in the literary world by, I believe, some writings, was grand-uncle to Mr. Huskisson, Under-Secretary of State.

Once more I was alone, but only for a very short period. The Terror gained ground so fast, that the prison was soon filled with unfortunate royalists, and we were then deprived of every comfort. The little money which we had was taken from us, and our silver spoon and fork; though, strange to say, I got mine back again two years afterwards, for when the gaolers took them from us they gave us a number, and told us that our things were sent with that number to the Hôtel de Ville. When I got out of prison, I was one day looking over some papers, and found my number, which was 79. My maid offered to go to the Hôtel de Ville with it, and see what they would say to her. On delivering in my number they gave her my spoon and fork out of many others, together with the money, thimble, scissors, knives, and

other articles, at which we were much surprised.

We were now deprived, in short, of every comfort, for we were henceforth fed by the nation. The gaoler was allowed about eightpence English a day for our food, and God knows he did not spend sixpence. We had for constant food boiled haricots, sometimes hot and sometimes cold; when hot they were dressed with rancid butter, when cold with common oil; we had also bad eggs dressed in different ways. A favourite thing was raw pickled herrings, of which they gave us quantities, as the Dutch had sent great quantities of them to Paris to pay part of a debt which they owed to the Republic. Sometimes we had what was called soup and bouilli, but we were always sick after eating it. Some of the prisoners thought that it was human flesh which was given us; but I really think that it was horses' or asses' flesh, or dead cows. In short, the poorest beggars in England would not eat the things which we were forced to do. Our bread was made of barley, and very dirty, and used to make our throats sore. At that time I had a very dangerous sore throat, and was not able to swallow the least thing for three days. I had no gargles, no softening things, or even a drop of clean water to cool my mouth, though I was in a raging fever. No creature who had not been in such a situation can imagine what I suffered. I prayed fervently for death. Though I was in a miserable dirty truckle-bed, yet I thought that anything was better than perishing by the hands of the executioner, and being made a show for the horrid crowds which followed the poor victims to the scaffold. However, without care or comfort I was miserable in finding that my throat got better, and at last I was restored to perfect health. While I was ill my unfortunate female companions were all kindness to me; they even deprived themselves of the little water they could spare for my use.

Common misfortune had made us sincere, even romantic friends, and we were always ready to die for one another. The gaoler used to fill for us in the morning a wine-bottle full of dirty water, and each prisoner had his own. That was to serve for the whole day,

for the gaolers would not have been at the trouble to fill them twice. Sometimes we used to get a drop of brandy from the turnkeys, who had always a great leather bottle in their pocket, and used to offer us a drop out of it. However nasty, I found it of great use to me, as I always washed my mouth with it, and was one of the only prisoners who had not toothache, and who indeed did not lose their teeth, from the dampness of the rooms, which were very large. The gaoler who was in that prison when I first went there had been dismissed, and one of the Septembrists was now put in his place. From that period our life was a scene of agony. Once or twice I asked the gaoler for a little warm water to wash myself. This he told me would be nonsense; for nothing could save me from the executioner's hands, and as they were dirty, it was no use to clean myself.

I was much shocked one day on going into the gaoler's room, where we used sometimes to go when we wanted anything. He was sitting at a table with a very handsome, smart young man, drinking wine. The gaoler told me to sit down, and drink a glass too. I did not dare to refuse. The young man then said: 'Well, I must be off,' and looked at his watch. The gaoler

replied: 'No; your work will not begin till twelve o'clock.' I looked at the man, and the gaoler said to me: 'You must make friends with this citizen; it is young Samson, the executioner, and perhaps it may fall to his lot to behead you.' I felt quite sick, especially when he took hold of my throat, saying: 'It will soon be off your neck, it is so long and small. If I am to despatch you, it will be nothing but a squeeze.' He was going at that moment to execute a poor Vendean prisoner in the market-place of Versailles. We had many prisoners taken from our prison to Paris to be tried by the *Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, who were all executed. I was in hopes that I should have remained long at Versailles.

About the 26th of October the news of the poor Queen's execution reached us. Nothing now surprised us; for we had then been used to nothing but horrors. We heard of the Queen's greatness and courage with admiration, and we all determined to try and imitate so great and good an example. All envied her fate, as indeed we did that of every victim when their execution was over; but there was something dreadful in being dragged through a rabble to a scaffold.





